

# Thank God for Jesus



by Rob Pue

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We've been living in days of very bad news for a very long time now, and every day it seems to get worse and more intense. Our country – and the world – has become something I never thought I'd live to see. I suppose every generation experiences some of that as they reminisce about the "good old days." And in retrospect those "good old days" were not as good as we probably remember them, but again I never thought I'd see the day when \_\_\_\_\_ (*fill in the blank*): there are plenty of options to choose from.

But today I want to try to put all of that stuff aside. Quite honestly, I'm tired of it. Sick to death of the "new normal," the mandates, the commands, the New World Order, the Great Reset, the Jab, the depopulation agenda of the globalists, the lies of the mainstream media, the filth of Hollywood and the censorship of the truth. I will need to get back to reporting on what's happening soon enough. But this week, as a Christian, I'll be celebrating Christmas with my family. And even THAT is controversial now.

After this message goes out, I'll undoubtedly get plenty of flack from well-meaning "Christians" who don't celebrate Christmas and feel the need to correct me. As always happens, I'll be told it's a pagan holiday, that we were never told, in Scripture, to celebrate the birth of our Savior, that it's a "Catholic thing," even that it's satanic. It's not bad enough that most retail stores have now banned the word "Christmas"

or that God Himself has been thrown out of every public institution. Cities ban nativity scenes from public property. The White House doesn't allow Christian-themed decorations on the official Christmas tree. The very use of the greeting "Merry Christmas" will draw the ire of many in our post-Christian America now. It never used to be this way.

When I was growing up, we always looked forward to this time of year. It was a wonderful time of year, starting with Thanksgiving. I remember how special those family Thanksgivings were. My parents had six children; three girls and then three boys. I'm the second to the youngest, number five out of six. By the time I came along, all my sisters were all pretty much grown up and moved away. Thanksgiving was a special time when everyone would be home again and I looked forward to my sisters and their husbands joining us. My Mom was an amazing cook, and I remember the smells of the turkey in the oven, the stuffing, the pumpkin pie. The fun we had when the family was all together.

And I remember that the Christmas season would really begin right after Thanksgiving. There was no such thing as "Black Friday," – or "Cyber Whatever" – when I was a kid. But right after Thanksgiving we'd start spending all of our Saturdays at church. That was when us kids would start practicing for the annual Sunday School Christmas program. Usually, it was a play depicting the Christmas story. Each of us kids would play a different part. Being a part of the Christmas program taught us many things, not the least of which was diligent Bible study and learning to experience and teach God's Word ourselves, as we would study and then act out the parts, and read Scripture aloud to the grown-ups in the audience.

When it was over, the church gave everyone a special gift bag of Christmas treats. I remember there was always a popcorn ball and always an orange, among other candies and sweets. The church Christmas program was always a centerpiece of the entire Christmas season. My own kids took part when they were

young. But then, over the years, it became more and more difficult for the church to find grown ups willing to organize and put the Christmas program together. Eventually they quit doing them altogether. It's a shame that kids today will never experience that. It's even sadder to think that most kids today don't have a clue as to Who Jesus is or understand their need for the Savior, why He came to Earth, what He taught us, why He was crucified, died, was buried, rose again and where He is now – and that He most definitely IS coming again soon.

We also celebrated Christmas in my public school. Students performed an annual Christmas Concert. This was different from the church's program, because there were songs about Santa Claus and Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer. But there were ALSO songs like "Silent Night," "Joy to the World," "O Holy Night," and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Nobody ever complained about the Christian Christmas carols – much less sued the school district over them – and there was no confusion that the celebration at hand was, indeed, Christmas. Imagine that. Today even Linus is censored and cancelled – no longer allowed to speak the true meaning of our celebration in "A Charlie Brown Christmas."

One of my favorite memories was, every year, about the first week in December or so, my Dad would bring home the Sears Wish Book. How fun was that?! Of course, you would pass right over the front half of the catalog, because that was all clothes and boring stuff. But in the second half... now THAT was where the fun began! I remember many times, laying on the floor in my footie pajamas, paging through the Wish Book and seeing all the neat things that looked like fun. And my parents would make sure there were good things for each of us kids under the tree every year.

And us kids also took what meager funds we had available and either made or bought modest gifts for our parents and each other as well. Even though we were kids, we knew what it was

to be thoughtful and generous, and to do nice things for one another. That it was more blessed to give than to receive. We received our Christmas gifts with gratitude and thankfulness. And they were good gifts too... fun things. Craft projects, model airplanes, science kits, things that helped us learn, be creative, productive and responsible.

When I look at the way kids experience Christmas today, I'm sad for them. Christ has been all but totally removed. If they somehow happen to hear about Jesus and ask their parents about it, the parents, in most cases, are not even able to tell them what Charlie Brown knew. No more Sears Wish Book either. Today, kids make their lists on their smart phones using Amazon Prime. And the gifts they ask for are not wholesome, creative or learning tools. They're usually the most expensive, newest digital device or video game on the market... these things don't encourage learning or creativity or productivity. They just dumb the kids down further into a mind-numbed cyber stupor.

It's not a whole lot better even if you're a regular church-goer. Christmas celebrations in churches run the gamut from such nonsense as "Ugly Christmas Sweater Sunday," to pastors dressing up like Santa Claus and twisting Scripture to include the man in the red suit in the Nativity, to big theatrical productions with rock bands, fog machines and laser lights.

Public schools can no longer include traditional Christmas Carols in their *"Holiday Celebrations."* For that matter, they cannot even suggest there ever was such a person as Jesus Christ. Of course, they have no problem forcing kids to recite the Five Pillars of Islam or sending them on a field trip to a mosque. But sing "Silent Night?" Mention the name of Jesus? How intolerant and bigoted!

If kids seem different today, it's because they are. How could they not be, growing up in this sort of atmosphere, where God is removed from everything in public, and shunned by

all? Unless, of course, "God" is defined as "allah," or perhaps, "The Force." Today, they open their presents and complain they didn't get better things; or more things or the RIGHT things... Instead of being thankful for what they've received, they're thankful what they received came with "gift receipts," so they can return them for cash. And then, when all the gifts have been opened, instead of relishing the warmth and love and togetherness of family, we have a group of people sitting in the same room, but each one tapping away on their Smart Phones, iPods, iPads, Kindles, tablets and laptops. Nobody talking... all you hear is the "tap," "tap," "tap," of fingers hitting screens. Heads down. Like always.

Pious Christians look with disdain on the annual "naughty or nice list" to see which stores will say "Merry Christmas" to them and which ones won't. But it doesn't change their shopping habits. Not really. Worst of all, most do virtually nothing at all to be salt and light in their communities the rest of the year. Like the ungodly, they don't speak of Jesus or serve as the hands and feet of Jesus throughout the year. Most don't even try. To say His name out loud is actually an embarrassment to them! When they see the atrocities committed by abortionists, they turn the other way. When they see homosexuals redefining marriage, they see that as "politics." *"Ewww, so distasteful, I'm just not interested in POLITICS."* And with more information available at our very fingertips than ever before in history, most Christians prefer to remain ignorant, while the world is turned upside down and inside out by New World Order globalists, and they obey satanic commands, dutifully wearing their face masks while standing in line with their kids to get yet another "jab" of poison.

Liberals and progressives love to talk about inclusiveness and tolerance. When it comes to this time of year, one has said, *"Why do I wish people 'Happy Holidays?' Because from November first to January 15th, there are approximately 29 holidays observed by seven of the world's major religions, and I don't*

*think mine are the only ones that count."*

You see, in America today, we've become so "inclusive," that we're sensitive to everyone – except, of course, those bigoted Christians. But what are these so-called "seven major world religions?" Here's a list: Buddhists, who celebrate "*Bohdi Day*." Never heard of it? Me neither. The followers of Kemetic Orthodoxy, the religion of ancient Egypt from 4500 BC. who celebrate "*The Day of the Return of the Wandering Goddess*." (I'm not making this stuff up, folks, this is what they list as being one of the most important celebrations and one of the world's most major religions. THIS IS WHY we must say "Happy Holidays!" and not "Merry Christmas").

Then there are Muslims, who celebrate Eid al-Adha. (The dates of Muslim holidays, however, change every year, because the Islamic calendar is based on phases of the moon; since they worship the mood god). Then there are the Aborigines and American Atheists and pagans who celebrate the Winter Solstice. Of course Hannukah, celebrated by Jews, and though it sticks in their throats to say it, *Christmas*, celebrated by Christians.

Yes, I'm sad for the children of today, growing up without Jesus, or growing up with a "fake Jesus" as taught to them by so-called "progressive churches." We've lost our reverence for God, our awe for His Son and we've become so intimidated by a spirit of political correctness that we've trashed not only our own history and heritage but even our once-deeply-held Christian faith. The true meaning of Christmas is not being passed on to our young generations. In fact, it was lost a long time ago. Is it any wonder that today, 39% of our young people, in homes all across this country, will be asking for Christmas presents that will help them celebrate their newly embraced "LGBT" or "transgender" identities? Is it any wonder that many won't gather with family at all if their loved ones aren't fully 'jabbed?' Is it any wonder that even as families gather together in living rooms on Christmas Eve,

they'll be sitting six feet apart, wearing their masks – just to be safe?

Friends, I'm going to celebrate Christmas with my family, and continue to instill some of the wonderment and awe, and reverence I had as a child at Christmastime into the lives and hearts of my own children. To me, the Ghosts of Christmas Past are fond memories of a simpler time, a more innocent time. A time when God was God and it was ok to love Him, sing praises to Him and to thank Him for all the many gracious blessings He's continued to shower us with – even as we sojourn here among a world of depraved minds. I hope you do the same. And hold your loved ones close. Hug them. Tell them you love them. Reverence God and teach your children what the truth really is. And in the new year, endeavor to make your lives count by being always in the service to the King of Kings. We can never go back to yesterday, but we can teach our children again what "Normal" is like, and together we can look forward to the glorious return of our Savior, who really IS Christ the Lord – and the only answer to all the evil, wickedness, lies and nonsense this world continues to heap upon us. Thank God for Jesus.

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