

Gazette Article
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I got the flu.
It wasn't on my Christmas List!
I didn't say, God, I need you to slow me down
put me flat out in bed so I'll remember the
true meaning of Christmas—
the part about hours of prayer in darkness and
remembering who is the source of my strength and hope.

About not being able to eat and remembering
those who struggle daily to find food.
About not changing out of my pajamas for
several days and remembering those who
never have to consider what they will wear because they
only have one set of clothing.
About struggling to breathe through my upper respiratory
infection and remembering those on oxygen
for whom every breath is a struggle.
About shaking in cold from chills and fever and
thinking of those who don't have warm jackets
and blankets like I have.
About delirious dreams—remembering that for
some people life is a continuing series of
delirious dreams.

No, I didn't ask for this flu,
but when I wake up on the other side of it,
renewed in strength and ready to live again,
I hope I remember what it taught me about
opening my heart to Christmas
and the message of Jesus Christ when he said
that what really matters in life is
bringing good news to the poor,
release to the captives,
sight to the blind,
and liberty to the oppressed,
and proclaiming this a year of God's favor.

So, on this Christmas Eve, may God favor you
With peace, joy, love and good health.