

A Christmas Story  
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First United Methodist Church

It was a cold December afternoon. All day long Pastor Jerry and Jim had been delivering Christmas boxes to families, many of which would get nothing else for Christmas that year. The pickup had been loaded when the two men started out, but now only one box remained.

The address on the card meant a drive of several miles beyond the city limit, and the weather was getting worse. "What do you think?" Jim asked. He was the driver and it was his truck. Pastor Jerry knew what Jim was thinking. Why drive way out in the country when we could give this last box to someone close by and be home in thirty minutes? It was a tempting thought. Jim, however, answered his own question, "Well, let's give it a try. If we can't find the place, we can always come back and give the box to someone else."

The rain was pouring down by the time they reached the address on the card. The old white framed house stood on a hillside overlooking the valley. The men slipped and slid as they carried the box up the hill. The red clay offered no foothold. They climbed the high steps to the porch, and set the box down. They straightened up just in time to glimpse the face of a small boy at the window. He'd been watching them coming up, and now announced their arrival with excitement, "They're here, Grandma, they're here!"

The door opened and an older woman in a plain dress and white apron greeted them. "I told you, they would come," a child's voice said from behind her. The little boy rushed to the box and began pulling at the goodies inside.

The woman told them that she and her grandson were all that was left of her family. The father and mother had divorced and gone their separate ways. The little boy had been left behind for Grandma to raise. She said, "I am so glad you are here. He was up early this morning looking for you. He sat by that window all day. I wasn't sure you would come and I tried to prepare him in case of a disappointment. But he just said, 'Don't worry, Grandma, I know they will come.'"

That young boy didn't know it, but in a sense, he was speaking for all of us. A thankful people, more than one billion of us around the world, pause for a few moments this season and pray with faith, "We knew He would come."