

1 Corinthians, Chapter 13 *A Christmas Version*

If I decorate my home with perfectly placed bows, twinkling lights, and shiny decorations, but do not show love to my family, I'm just another decorator.

If I slave away in the kitchen, baking dozens of Christmas cookies, preparing gourmet meals and arranging a beautifully adorned table at mealtime, but do not show love to my family, I'm just another cook.

If I work at a soup kitchen, carol in a nursing home, and give all that I have to charity, but do not show love to my family, it profits me nothing.

If I trim and spruce with shimmering angels and glistening snowflakes, attend a myriad of holiday parties, and sing in the church choir but do not focus on Christ, I have missed the point.

Love stops the cooking to hug a child.

Love sets aside the decorating to kiss your spouse.

Love is kind, though harried and tired.

Love doesn't envy another's home that has coordinated Christmas china and table linens.

Love doesn't yell at the kids to get out of the way, but is thankful they are there to be in the way.

Love doesn't give only to those who are able to give in return, but rejoices in giving to those who can't.





Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never fails.

Video games break, pearl necklaces will be lost, golf clubs will rust.

But giving the gift of love will endure.

**“It’s Christmas every time you let God love others through you...yes, it is Christmas every time you smile at your brother and offer him your hand”
-Mother Theresa-**



<http://christmas.spike-jamie.com/inspirational.html>
<https://images.search.yahoo.com/search/images>

