

REFLECTIONS

December 23, 2007

...the days were completed for her to be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger...

Luke 2:6-7NKJV

A Precious Moment

The night was to be a long one. It began as we snuggled peacefully on the sofa watching TV, expecting, but not really expecting now. The signal came swiftly. It was time. I don't remember much for a while after that except I was in a state of both excitement and confusion. I could not remember the doctor's name and I fumbled to find his phone number. I don't remember driving to the hospital or checking Janice in to it. But I do remember hours later when our first child was born.

I remember looking through the window at my beautiful infant son. He looked so perfect. I was in awe and perhaps disbelief, totally unaware of how our lives would change. Little did I know then how our entire days would be controlled by caring for the needs of our newborn son; but later a precious moment would make it all worthwhile.

There is a precious moment when a tender little smile crosses the face of an infant child for the first time. Mothers usually see it first as it was in our home. Janice shared the moment with me as soon as she could. And we hovered over our son and played with him to see if he had a smile for his dad too. I wonder if there is any other moment more filled with tender joy than when parents see the smile of their infant child for the first time—an endearing smile that quietly says, “I love you.”

The events of that first Christmas season many years ago must have been much the same. Mary and Joseph surely were expecting, but maybe not expecting now. The signal came swiftly. It was time. I wonder if Joseph felt the excitement and confusion I did. I wonder if Joseph was in awe and disbelief the first time he looked on his infant son. And I wonder how Mary and Joseph later felt that precious moment when a quiet little smile appeared across Jesus' face for the first time. Surely it was a precious moment of tender joy when they gazed on the first smile from their infant son—an endearing smile that quietly said, “I love you.”—only this one was the smile of God.

God smiled on the world that first Christmas season and He still smiles upon us now. As that of an infant child, His is an endearing smile that quietly says, “I love you.”

Pause to see it. It will be a precious moment.

Merry Christmas

Richard +

www.reflectingthesavior.org.

Permission is hereby granted for reproduction and redistribution of this edition of *Reflections* provided all applicable copyright laws are properly observed.

Your comments are welcomed and encouraged. Richard may be reached at richard@reflectingthesavior.org.