

Every year we go through the same thing—the issues surrounding Christmas, the birth of Jesus, the nativity, what to call it, what not to call it, when and where it's appropriate to say, "Merry Christmas."

Why all the anger and unrest over something so happy and beautiful? Christians love Christmas. So do a lot of other people. We aren't set apart by the decorations put on the house or the fact we have a tree with presents. Lots of people decorate for the season whether they have a religion or not.

Yes, it's a celebration of the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ. That is what is in my heart. But those who don't believe that still enjoy the season and they come together with friends and family to be merry—to love and sing and eat and rejoice.

People with darkness in their souls are trying so hard to tear away something so precious to the rest of us. Why the cruel agenda? What do they have to gain?

Would they possibly be any happier in December if there was not a jingle bell or piece of greenery in sight? Would they find peace if the word God was removed from their money and from every state or federal building in the nation? Would they have joyful hearts if the Bible and every piece of Christian literature ever written were removed from the shelves?

The answer is no and no and no. People who are unhappy with anything and everything someone else does is really only unhappy with themselves and their own lives.

The lights of December won't bring them happiness. The smells and sounds of Christmas won't put joy in their hearts. Being with friends or family won't give them lasting peace.

The thing is, the thing that holds all of the happiness and love and joy is the thing they so adamantly reject.

There was a time while living in Denver when I wondered if I offended anyone by saying Merry Christmas because so many retailers and others said Happy Holidays. I felt unsure and uncomfortable about saying what had always come so natural for fear I'd upset someone.

Now, I don't care. I am over 50, over being intimidated, over being vain, over being apologetic for my love of Christ and the ways of my faith, over worrying about someone else's lot in life, and over being sympathetic to people who say their rights are being taken away.

Thank you, God, that I was born into a Christian family. Thank you, God, for coming to Earth as a tiny baby to live among us. Thank you, God, for your Word and your promises. If we do as we're told to do maybe someday the ones who are so dead set against you will be the ones at the front of the battle defending who you are.

For now, they can do as they choose and we will have to fight to keep our favorite holiday bristling with excitement. Believe me, the words "Merry Christmas" will cross my lips every chance I get.

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