



December 23, 2014.

My Christmas Letter to Jesus

Passage: [Romans 8:31-39](#)

Key Verse: “He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things?” (v.32)

My heart sings this morning. Two days ‘til Christmas and I feel overwhelmed by the sense of belonging. God’s surrounding love makes my spirit soar. For each blessing I count for this past year, an old assurance echoes in my heart like a mantra: He never leaves His children alone in the dark valleys.

I know it. And I’m here to testify.

I just finished reading [the letter I wrote to Jesus](#) last Christmas. I remember the heaviness that brought me to write it on Christmas day 2013. It had been another very difficult year. I had gone through cancer the year before. We had a tragic death in the family just two months after the cancer surgery. As 2013 came along and other trials knocked at my door, I started having neurological symptoms that left doctors puzzled. I had no answers. Only frustration and worsening symptoms.

When December came, I felt so very discouraged. Depressed even. It was then that I wrote the letter, bringing all my weakness and sadness and laying them down at the feet of the Tree. With the pain that overpowered me, a new crossroad was before me. Would I trust Him... or would I rebel?

I remember the sense of awesome confidence Christmas morning brought. After many months in the darkness, I felt a supernatural assurance that God was with me, in spite of my “feelings”. That He had a purpose for that trial. As He always did.

And so I chose to trust Him. I chose to tell my heart who my God is. The Great I Am could not change. He would not. I would choose to trust and wait. Listen to His voice and obey. And when



I felt like giving up, when my body felt too weak to even try, I would tell my heart how to feel: "He is faithful, Heart, remember? He promised He'd use everything for my good and His glory. He has done it in the past. He'll do it again."

Bible verses were posted in 3x5 cards all over my house. My Bible received new highlights. Old passages became new again. Instead of giving in to the overpowering feelings of weaknesses, I told my heart to believe the things I read.

I look back and my heart sings for joy as I see what He has done.

I didn't know it on that Christmas morning, but the lesson I was learning through that trial was key to the blessings that Yahweh was about to send my way in the New Year.

He paralyzed me so I would listen. I didn't like it. I hated it, really.

But I chose to become still, and therefore know (experience) that He is indeed God ([Psalm 46:20](#)).

So I write another letter to Jesus today. It's also my encouragement to you, Reader, who may find yourself at a crossroad as I was, exactly one year ago. You may be facing a trial that seems to be too much to bear. Your health may be failing. Or someone you love may have left you. Your finances may be crumbling or your marriage may be a mess and in shambles. Listen to my words in this letter and take courage:

My Sweet Savior... My Conquering King,

I am overwhelmed by your goodness this morning.

You are beautiful. Your loving-kindness, patience and love for Your children never cease to amaze me.

I write this letter today to thank You and to shout out to the world about Your faithfulness.



Last year I brought a heavy box as a gift to You, dear Friend. It was loaded with pain and sorrow. I laid it by your Tree that Christmas morning and chose to praise You, even though I felt like crying.

Because I chose to trust, you turned my mourning into dancing and my sadness into joy ([Psalm 30:11](#)). You have poured down unbelievable blessings on my life this past year. You have graced me with gifts that I never dreamed I would have this time last year.

And as Jehovah Rapha, You healed me again. You healed my body. More importantly, You soothed my aching soul with the balm of your love.

This morning I bring you Joy. That's all I have for you, dear Jesus. No, life is not perfect. It's perfectly imperfect. But because I have you, I have everything. I know it, Jesus. Best of all, my heart knows it.

It's amazing what You do when we choose to trust You in spite of our circumstances.

As I sing your praises today, I pray this message will encourage some of Your children who are walking valleys too hard to bear alone.

Teach them to sing in spite of, Sweet Jesus.

Teach them to look beyond the Now and into Eternity, where Your love transcends all earthly matters.

Encourage them to keep their eyes on You, Jesus... 'til you bring them out of the valley they're in. For I KNOW that You will.

Help them to see that the gifts You have for each one of your trusting children are beautiful. These gifts go far beyond any earthly pleasure or relief. They build your children's character for eternity. They're Heavenly treasures, those which "moths and vermin do not destroy, and which thieves can't steal (Matthew 6:20).



I praise You, my Jesus. Thank you for leaving Heaven to come to this fallen world to save us from Hell... and from ourselves.

Thank You for giving true Joy for those who trust You. For Your Joy is better than happiness.

Better than any earthly comfort or gift.

Merry Christmas, Sweet Savior. Merry Christmas, my Friend.

Patricia Holbrook is a Bible teacher, writer and national conference speaker. She lives in Kennesaw with her husband and two daughters. Visit her blog to read her devotionals: www.soaringwithHim.com or email: pholbrook@soaringwithHim.com