



A Motley Christmas

By Ian Menzies

A tradition in my family is that each member has their own Christmas tree decoration.

Ours is not a glamorous, colour-themed with matching ornaments style of tree at all. Rather it consists of a motley assortment of baubles and somewhat battered and ancient decorations, each with their own character and story. There are little trumpets that only my late mother could get to sound; glittering birds with little clips to cling on to branches with; teddies, bells and snowmen still shedding glitter after decades of use; various orbs and balls; and the odd waft of unconvincing fake snow tinsel. We gave up on the dodgy lights many

years ago, about the same time our Christmas star was deemed too tatty and was also ditched. It was usurped by a glamorous angel who parked herself on the treetop to survey the festivities from on high.

Visiting relatives were often challenged to races to discover where particular favourite decorations lurked each year. I love our quirky old tree because it has character and history. It is like most families, and congregations for that matter: all are made up of an odd assortment of unmatched but precious members, that together somehow manage to combine magnificently and become a satisfying and unique entity of their own.

Reflection:

The body is a unit, though it is comprised of many parts. And although its parts are many, they all form one body. So it is with Christ.

1 Corinthians 12:12