

A Real Christmas Gift

Christmas for you was not a celebration. It was not love affirming in a house where love, and despair, were seen in the same light. (Word began coming December 25, 2003, 1:18 AM.)

Extremes of emotion were thought, in your family, to be signs of weakness. It is not so for most people.

The normal interplay of feelings did not happen for you. It seemed as if nothing you did could cause you to get attention. That is why you cry.

You get a "rush" from putting yourself in difficult situations, trying to bring forth some feeling. The effect of your upbringing was to cause you to live in death.

You must repent of your upbringing in Jesus name. It has turned you into a zombie, to use the vernacular of the movies.

There is a certain calmness that comes from knowing you are loved, that has never been felt by you or by anyone in your immediate family. That is why you eat and sleep like you do.

Your irregular patterns of life are an attempt to make you think you are more alive because you are making up the rules as you go along.

Nothing in nature works like this. Harmony is the rule in My Creation. Heart grief and despair rule in yours. For you have created of your life a living nightmare, the only waking from is My Presence.

I desire to bring you New Love. The kind you have never really wanted, because it was never really shown to you. The kind of love that was born in a stable, in a manger so poorly built that no one in your country would even call it a shack.

A love so profound that it went to the cross to pay the price of life for people who would never appreciate it. He paid the price with His life knowing that some would never accept it.

Think of that. Would you do it?

For those who will fully accept the sacrifice of My Son, there are realms of joy. There are gifts from my heart here on Earth, and in eternity.

The kind of joy you have yet to feel. The kind of love you have never walked in, though you have seen it at a distance of late.

You have held back from totally agreeing with my will for you. You have not wanted to be embraced, or scolded, by me. Turn away from all that, and face the truth.

Nothing can cause you to be unlovable to me, except your not receiving my love.

That is what I want you to receive this Christmas Morning.

Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.

(A few moments ago these words began, or rather the first two sentences did. As I wrote them, the rest of them came to me. Praise God.) Paul. First Version of this email, with several typos- Christmas Gift. Second version, with less- Resend The Christmas Gift.

Final Version- The Real Christmas Gift.