

Merry Christmas from the One Who Hung the Stars

My family used to have this crazy Christmas tradition of hanging a big blue star atop the triangular steel TV antenna that towered 40 foot above my Grandpa's roof. Once lit, the star could be seen from miles around. It was the talk of Shaw Mississippi.

Come every December I'd watch with envy as my uncle Joey scampered up the tower and duct taped it into place. I wanted to do it so bad, but my Papa would always wrinkle his Italian brows, "Nooo... You'll break-a your neck-a der boy!"

I was a young teen before my uncle finally went off to college and left the chore to me. The whole family came out to watch as usual. I sniffed confidently, hitched up my pants, and heaved that heavy welded steel star over my shoulder. I'd made it only a few feet above the roof when I stopped to ponder a startling new discovery, something not readily noticed from the ground. I WAS AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!!

"Keep-a going der boy," my Papa yelled, but it was too late. I'd lost my nerve. I slunk back down with my tail between my legs.

For the next few years my little brother Heath courageously mounted that blue star. He became the family hero. Me... well I hung my head and conveniently made excuses to be elsewhere while he preformed the daring deed.

Mercifully the day finally came when we both had grown too heavy to reasonably be expected to climb that pole safely. I'm sure Heath was just as relieved as I. For the next decade the old blue star laid in moth balls. Shaw just wasn't the same.

I'd conveniently forgotten about the star until one day I accidentally came across it rummaging through Papa's barn. Just seeing it hit me like a slap in the face. Was I still going to let a little fear keep me from attaining the great heights to which I was called? After all, I was a man now, married with a kid on the way.

I drug the star out and started up the pole. Papa must've thought Santa's sleigh had landed on his house when my 220 pounds hit the roof.

"Nooo...", he cried, rushing out. "You'll break-a your neck-a der boy!"

That antenna was swaying like crazy, but I just kept my focus and pressed on, one rung at a time. After some pretty harrowing moments, and some aerial acrobatics that nearly brought a halt to the traffic on the 61 highway, I finally taped the star to the top and scooted back down to gloat.

Papa's furrowed his brows, "But it ain't Christmas yet der boy!"

What's my point? I don't know... but if I'd been willing to attempt something so totally void of common sense just to display my own feeble courage, how much more confidence should I have now that God is on my team?

I mean, come on. Let's get the true Christmas spirit here. To us was born Emmanuel! (*Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.* **Matthew 1:23** KJV) Surely if we've got the One who hung the whole universe full of blue stars at our side we can overcome any obstacles that lay between us and our destiny! Put your trust in Him.

Of course I feel like I should take a moment and give some kind of official disclaimer to all you testosterone monkeys like me who'll want to run out and climb all over God's nerves by tempting the Lord your God with some fool act.

"DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME!"

Please make sure you hear from the Lord before ever even contemplating any hair brained notions to the likes of this. You see, the next spring that rusty antenna collapsed. I could've been killed... or worse, sued by kinfolk!

But anyway- That old star is safely tucked away up in my own attic nowadays. But don't worry, it no longer presents a danger. I've got cable.

Merry Christmas!!!

-Guy Sheffield 12-14-06