

Yard Sale Angels

By Lynda Savage, M.S., LMFT, LPC

A yard sale this past summer held a special Christmas treasure for me. Looking through a bin, standing in the warm—moving toward hot—sunshine, I was transported to a snowy evening.

I was suddenly five years old, sitting on our piano bench, my eyes at the level of the opened piano key cover. I was comfortably next to one of my older sister's. My eyes were angled up to the music holder where a wonderful book resided. It was red and in it were golden angels.

In the evenings, both of my older sisters' ages fifteen and sixteen, seeming to me so wise and accomplished, would often play songs as winter enveloped our little house. It was the short, red, wide-paged Christmas song book that held me enraptured. Whether I was looking at the book on my lap by myself when the older ones were at school, or hearing the songs being played from it, this book was showing me a world I knew in my heart was real.

In those cold-outside evenings, when I heard the notes begin to sound out the Christmas carols, I hurried to my special spot on the piano bench, to sing the songs, and most importantly look at the majestic angels surround each scene on each page.

As my Sisters played along, sometimes missing a sharp or a flat, each turned page changed into another angel-filled scene.

My older siblings were kind enough to tell me over and over about Mary, Joseph, and the baby Jesus until it was just too much for the four of them. (Two Brothers; 'the boys,' were between 'the girls' and me.) By the time they tired of telling me the story, the faraway look was over my face as I entered my own inner world, experiencing the journey on the donkey to the birth of Jesus; angels watching of course.

As the pages drifted by on the piano music holder, accompanied by Sister's playing, my mental picture suddenly interrupted in a blink to my age of 60 something on the warm day. A gentle voice asked; "do you think you will buy the book?" The yard sale find became mine for 25 cents. No one but me knew I held a lifetime worth of Christmas close to my heart as I walked to my car.

The beautiful angels accompany me on my piano today. In this season as I pray and play through the book, I carol love songs to my most glorious treasure: Jesus. I am certain the beautiful angels representing Jesus' love are around me and my loved ones today. The world where angels and God's love is visible is real and so near; as near as the book shows. Oh Dear Heavenly Father, let Thy kingdom come and Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Let Your kingdom come and Your will be done around our loved ones and our choices every day. Thank You for the presence of Your heavenly host and most of all for the most precious gift of Yourself. Emmanuel, God with us, thank You.

(Sidebar) Jesus calls people of all ages to Himself. The wonderment of His birth is not only meant for small children. Big people too are blessed to be able to respond to the joy AND to the romance of God calling us to Himself. Pray that our loved ones of every age will have a sharpened ability to be transported, to be open and alive to the Truth of Emmanuel.

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