



Ever feel frustrated because you hear messages about getting closer to God and you definitely desire this for yourself, but you are swamped with so much to do already that this only makes you feel guilty because you are too busy for God? I know I have felt this way, even in ministry, and I think we all feel the same at one time or another.

Some of you may need to carve some time out of your busy schedule for more specific time to be with God, but that isn't necessarily the only answer to this question.

Look at the following scriptures:

*I have set the Lord always before me.* Psalm 16:8 NIV

*My eyes are ever on the Lord.* Psalms 25:15 NIV

*I will extol the Lord at all times; His praise will always be on my lips.*

Psalm 34:1 NIV

I once saw a sign that read: "Your God is what you pay attention to." You see, I believe you can pay attention to God while you are doing everything else. It's all about doing everything for God and seeing God in everything we do. It's about bringing God into the boardroom, the exercise room, the living room, and the bedroom. Now of course He's already in all these places but we're talking about being aware of His being there at all times. That's what it means to set the Lord always before us.

Worship is a frame of mind that always has God in the picture. A life of true worship is one which practices the presence of God consistently. We don't need church, or Bible study, or devotions to remind us about the Lord if we're already aware of Him all the time. These opportunities then become more precious to us because we can devote all our attention to that which we have been aware of all along.

**Children's Christmas Workshop**  
**THIS Saturday, December 8**  
**10:00 am until 2:00 pm**  
**All Kids 4 years – 6<sup>th</sup> grade**  
**FREE! FREE! FREE!**  
**EVERYONE INVITED!**




### ***Slow Down and Welcome Christmas***

"The Christmas spirit comes on me more slowly than it used to," writes Joan Mills, a mother of three children, in her book *Christmas Coming*. "But it comes, it comes. Middle-aged (most of the time) and jaded (some of the time), I complain of plastic sentiment, days too brief, bones too weary. Scrooge stands at my elbow muttering, "Bah!" and "Humbug!" as I total the bills. But when I acknowledge the child I once was (and still am, somewhere within), the spirit

of Christmas irresistibly descends."

"For Christmas is truly for children those we have, and those we have been ourselves. It is the keeping-place for memories of our age in lovely ritual and simplicities.

I'm tired," I say fretfully. "There's just too much to do! Must we make so much of Christmas?" "Yes!" they say flatly.

"But bayberry, pine and cinnamon scent the shadowed room. Snow lies in quiet beauty outside. I hear someone downstairs turning on the tree lights while another admires. I lie very still in the dark. From the church in the village on the far side of the woods, carillon notes fall faint and sweet on winter clear air.

"Silent night," my heart repeats softly. Holy night. All is calm All is bright.

"As I take the stairs lightly going down, no bones weary now, my whole self is thankful; once again, I am flooded with the certainty (call it faith) that there's goodness in the world, and love endures."

### ***Saying a Prayer for the Christmas Meal***

Lee, A seven-year-old boy, was asked to say thanks for the Christmas dinner. The family members bowed their heads in expectation. Lee began his prayer, thanking God for his Mommy, Daddy, brothers, sister, Grandma, and all his aunts and uncles.



Then he began to thank God for the food. He gave thanks for the turkey, the stuffing, the Christmas pudding, even the cranberry sauce. Then lee paused, and everyone waited ... and waited.

After a long silence, the young fellow looked up at his mother and asked, "If I thank God for the Brussels sprouts, won't he know that I'm lying?"