

The Christmas Gift

A few years ago I found myself walking through the rooms of the old farm house one last time. After nearly a century the family farm would be auctioned and an era of life for the Edmondson family would come to an end. In the living room I found the old rocking chair my Grandmother would sit in and read stories from the Bible to me. In the kitchen was the lingering scent of flour and grease and an old Dr. Pepper that my Aunt Renie loved to drink so much. As I went from room to room memories flooded my senses like old friends.

At last I went into my fathers' old bedroom. I say "old" bedroom, because after he moved out they added indoor plumbing. His former sleeping quarters became the first bathroom this house had ever had other than a path to a one holer. The room smelled of the powder and Secret my Grandmother and Aunt had liberally used over the years. As I opened the old flowered shower curtain on the ancient tub I saw it and smiled. "It" was a 25 year old Water Pic Shower Wand. The very first Christmas gift I ever gave my Grandmother.

After getting my very first job I was so proud to be able to buy my Grandmother Margaret a gift. I searched and searched for "just the right thing." Knowing that she was "old", as all grandmothers are to young boys (and young men), I decided on a practical gift that would help her. I got the brand new Water Pic Shower Wand. It had a 36 inch chrome wrapped cord and 4 nozzle settings, including a massage feature. It cost me about \$24 and I was more than happy to install it. After nearly 25 years . . . there it was, just as shiny as the day I put it in. I wept.

I am sure over the years I got my Grandmother many gifts, but none were more special than that "first one." It is also the only one I remember. Do you know why I remember? Because she did. She used it everyday, lovingly cleaning it and often commenting on how much it helped her in life . . . just like her Bible.

Off the bathroom was my Grandmothers' bedroom. In it, next to the old feather tick bed was a dresser. On the dresser was her Bible. In the Bible was a piece of paper she used as a bookmark. In her strong wavy handwriting she had penned "My Daily Prayer List". The first name on her prayer list was me. It is a grand thing to be loved and appreciated, even when we are not around as much anymore.

I think of that first gift I gave, with my own hard earned money, and how special it was for me to give it. All because I loved her . . . and always will. I will see her again one day because of another first Christmas gift . . .the best one of all . . . Jesus! As I said, it is a grand thing to be loved and appreciated. "For God so loved the world (you and me) that He gave His only begotten Son (Jesus) that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Remember the First Christmas Gift! It's always the best.