

An Uncommon Christmas Tale to Brighten Your Holiday Festivities

Here is a brief tale from Christmas past, “An Uncommon Christmas.”

In and around the grand house all were awake and enjoying the morning. The lords were in the main hall attempting to juggle five golden rings, while the ladies in the parlor were eating plump pears that had recently dropped off the tree. The partridges had arrived a few weeks earlier, making a nuisance of themselves—who knew pears and partridges go together like a horse and carriage. There had been attempts to frighten them away, but alas, they had found a home and settled in. The maidens, who had finished their chores early were once again doing the hard and often thankless job in the kitchen, but oh did it smell wonderful!

No one seemed to be able to get a handle on the exact words being sung by the choristers, but hallelujah, they came just in time— just before the lords broke everything in the house. Silly men and those golden rings. We did invite the choristers to stay as it is a celebration. We figured the more the merrier.

It was Christmas Day, and all through the house mice were running about with mischievous smiles on their little faces, having had a long and restful night's sleep. Mom and dad and the children were out in the front yard with pooper scoopers, making sure all the reindeer deposits were in those little green baggies and thrown away, so visitors wouldn't have surprises to deal with. What a family!

Good King “What's His Name” (I've learned to stop attempting to say it in front of him, as I get it wrong every time)

brought a crew over with some pots of mulled wine. We enjoyed the time thoroughly while listening to tales of the king and his exploits of his kingdom. Quite enchanting.

We did learn it was best to put the geese, hens and assorted menagerie out back as they got under foot and could create a quite a mess. The swans were out front in the pond, obviously the prima donnas of the winged family.

Speaking of prima donnas, the dancers arrived going on and on about a dream and overgrown wooden people chasing them about. The mice got interested in their story for a while, especially when they talked about a giant mouse. You could see them pondering a future conquest. I thought I heard one whisper, "What should we do today?" Our tiny dancers took over the ballroom until the maidens came and chased them out to prepare for the celebration.

The grand house was full of lords, ladies, kings and commoners. A celebration was on hand, a time of joy, remembrance and thankfulness. A proclamation, a declaration, went through out the house, up through the rafters and into the heavens: "Unto us a child was given. Unto us a child was born."

Merry Christmas from all of us here at *New Era Explorers* and Build His House.

For more on this Christmas tale, listen to *New Era Explorers* on the Charisma Podcast Network. {eoa}