

## Peace

The Psalmist reminds us to take refuge in God. My soul is at peace when I rest in Him. Haggai directs us to follow God's priorities.

My life is at peace when I expend my energies for God's purposes.

Revelation teaches us to persevere in the way of truth. My mind is at peace as I seek His Truth and discern His will.

Jesus reminds us to seek inward purity. My heart is at peace when I am united with the perfect will of God.

The world laments that peace is elusive. The Christian knows that peace is found when we accept the reconciliation offered in Christ. The world seeks to distract us during this season. The Christian knows that when we accept God's Christmas gift and follow the simple teachings of God's Word, we will know a peace that passes all understanding.

The song of Christmas delights us, as it

delighted the Shepherds so long ago. Like those Shepherds let us listen to the Song of Peace. Let us rejoice in its message. But then, let us seek the Giver of Peace. His name is Jesus.

*"Praise be to the Lord,  
for He showed His wonderful love to me."  
Psalm 31:21 NIV*

~ Barbara Moulton  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*Dear Friend,*

*I once was an enemy, I am now Your companion. I once was an outcast, You are now my Brother. I was once weak in my own strength, I am now able to do even greater things than You did. I was once lost in my own despair, I am now upheld and comforted by Your Never Leaving Presence. I was once devastated by sin, I am now set free by the provision of Your Gift. All of that brings peace, a sense of accomplishment and worth, and my eternal thanks. Amen*

### *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*

*It came upon the midnight clear,  
that glorious song of old,  
from angels bending near the earth  
to touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
from heaven's all-gracious King."  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
to hear the angels sing.*

*Still through the cloven skies they come  
with peaceful wings unfurled,  
and still their heavenly music floats  
o'er all the weary world;  
above its sad and lowly plains,  
they bend on hovering wing,  
and ever o'er its Babel sounds  
the blessed angels sing.*



*And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
whose forms are bending low,  
who toil along the climbing way  
with painful steps and slow,  
look now! for glad and golden hours  
come swiftly on the wing.  
O rest beside the weary road,  
and hear the angels sing!*

*For lo! the days are hastening on,  
by prophet seen of old,  
when with the ever-circling years  
shall come the time foretold  
when peace shall over all the earth  
its ancient splendors fling,  
and the whole world send back the song  
which now the angels sing.*