



No Room

November 28, 2010

Chateau Élan Story

Read Luke 2: 1-7

- His birth is an event so glorious that literally the heavens were filled with Angels singing about it
- A star pointed to the very manger He lay in
- An angel proclaims the glad tidings of great joy in words that never lose their sweetness

“For today in the city of David there has been born for you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord”

Since that time, this child has grown and left the manger. He has spoken as no man has ever spoken. He has shown Himself to be the wisdom of God and the Power of God. He has gone to the cross for man’s redemption. He has broken the bonds of death. He truly is the Savior, Christ the Lord.

But in spite of ALL this, for vast multitudes this holy season will be Christmas without Christ.

- This will be true not simply for those who have never heard the Good news of the Savior.
- It will be true also of those who, having heard, for one reason or another, have failed to accept it.
- It will be true even of many of us who have heard the good news with joy and have received it. I sometimes fear that we who call ourselves Christians are least Christian during Christmas. There are those who permit things at this Holy season that they do not permit at any other time of year.

For multitudes of people there will be no room for Jesus this Christmas. For those I wanted to use the Inn keeper as an example and reminder for all of us.

Why did not this Inn keeper make room for Jesus? Why do not we? There are many possible reasons. I wanted to mention three.

1. *This innkeeper may have failed to make room because he was not expecting Him.*

He perhaps had neither thought nor hope of His coming. This is certainly the case with multitudes of us today. We have, in large measure, lost our expectancy. We are exceedingly short on hope. Very few of us are standing upon our watchtower, scanning the horizon in the faith that something big is about to take place. Our attitude is just the opposite to that of the Early Church. These first Christians lived on tiptoe of expectancy. There was a word that was constantly upon their lips, that was “Maranatha” – “the Lord is coming!” They greeted each other with that bracing word when they met in the morning. They cheered each other with it as they went to face death, or horrible tortures worse than death. At any moment, they felt, the Lord was likely to come in glory upon them.

This should be our attitude. One of expectancy. One where every day we expect the Lord to show up. Every time we are together we expect the Lord to be here. Every day He is knocking at the door of our hearts. Every hour He is seeking admission into our perplexed and troubled lives. There is no doubt that He will call on every one of us at this Christmas season. But our lack of expectancy may cause us to shut the door in His face.

2. *This Innkeeper may have shut the door in the face of Jesus because he did not recognize Him.*

You see he came to him as the unborn Christ. He did not have your chance and mine. He wasn’t expecting him to be born of poor parents. He was expecting a King, not a peasant child.

I do not know in just what guise our Lord will knock at your door and mine this Christmas. He may come through a hungry hand. He may come through the consciousness of our weakness or a sense of the sheer futility of life as we are living it. He may come through some call to service. He may come disguised as a little child needing our help and saying, “Who so receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me.” But in some fashion he is sure to come. If we are expecting him, we shall likely recognize him, and recognizing him, we shall receive him.

3. *Perhaps this Innkeeper did not open the door to Jesus because he did not want him.*

This may be the case for a lot of people this Christmas. By this, I do not mean, of course, that we would not desire Jesus as our guest if we could have him. But many will only want Jesus this Christmas on their own terms. But of course we cannot do this.

- When King Herod heard that a king had been born in Bethlehem he didn’t jump for joy. He didn’t want any one competing with himself.
- When the inhabitants of Gadara learned of the marvelous cure he had wrought on an insane man, also of what had happened to a certain herd of hogs, they hurried to him, not to beg him to abide with them and work other cures, but rather to depart out of their coast. For Jesus might hurt them financially.

- The Jewish nation did not want him, though they had looked forward to his coming for long centuries. About the saddest sentence ever written is this “He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

Let’s not let this be what is said about us this Christmas.

I wanted to end today with a story I heard recently. It’s not necessarily a Christmas story but I think very appropriate for today.

It is said that years ago a French nobleman was spending a few days in Paris. One night as he sat in a certain park in the city he was charmed by the music of the nightingales. He then thought of his own vast estate with its lovely parks, and wondered sadly why no nightingales spilled out their heavenly music there. When he went back home, he discovered the reason. His parks were infested by birds of prey, screaming hawks and hooting owls. He, therefore, set hunters to work killing these evil birds till not one was left. Then, one night he heard the song of a lone nightingale. The next night, there were others. Today his once song less parks are known as the Garden of the Nightingales.

A kindred transformation Christ waits to work in our hearts if we only make room for Him.

How may we receive Him? All he asks is that we be willing. If we can sing with genuine sincerity, “Come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for thee,” that is enough. In on

In one particular the story of the Garden of the Nightingales breaks down. We do not have to kill or drive out all the birds of prey that are in the garden of our hearts before Jesus will come in; we only have to be willing to let him come in and He will drive them out.