

## Chapter 1 : The Parable of the Birds | Celebrating Holidays

*A Parable for Christmas - author unknown The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere on Christmas Eve in years, since his wife had passed away.*

Just one begger sharing with other beggers where he has found food. He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened and a homeless man stepped through. Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers, told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm up. He turned and opened a wide mouth Thermos and handed it to the stranger. Stew â€ made it myself. Steam was rolling out of the front. The driver was panicked. The block looked cracked from the cold, the car was dead. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck, and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. He turned and walked back inside the office. The thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. Well, at least he got something hot in his belly, George thought. George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. He knew the wound needed attention. Pressure to stop the bleeding, he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. Something for pain, George thought. All he had were the pills he used for his back. These ought to work. He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. The guy that shot me is still in the area. Bullet went all the way through. Good thing it missed the important stuff though. Best in the city. The front door of the office flew open and in burst a young man with a gun. Somebody else might get hurt. Now give me the cash! He turned his attention to the young man. If you need money, well then, here. Now put that pee shooter away. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best we can. The gun just went off. Sirens could be heard approaching, and then the sound of a car skidding to a halt out front. Two cops came through the door, guns drawn. Glad you figured out I needed help. The guy ran off into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran. Boy lost his job. That ought to solve some of your problems. He pulled a ring box out of it. She said it would come in handy some day. An airplane, a car and a truck appeared next. They were toys that the oil company had left for him to sell. I thought you left? I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned. A golden light began to fill the room.

## Chapter 2 : Parables - The Encyclopedia of Mormonism

*Parables For Christmas [John R. Killinger] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Retells twenty-five of Jesus's parables in terms of modern-day life and our current celebration of Christmas.*

The Parable of the Birds Author: Louis Cassels, Reading Time for story text: Louis Cassels was born and raised in South Carolina. Over the course of his three years in the army, Cassels worked as a communications officer and then a first lieutenant. Soon after the war ended, he took a position as a correspondent with United Press International. He served in this capacity for twenty years before becoming senior editor in , a position he held for the remainder of his life. Some of his notable publications were: *Your Bible* , *The Real Jesus: Yet, he never compromised his conviction that truth in religion really mattered. A Comparison of the Faiths Men Live By*, in which he carefully outlined the core doctrines of many religions. Millions of people today, including many nominal members of Christian churches, are inclined to answer in the negative. In fact, they are simply subscribing to a very old type of religion called syncretism. When the prophets proclaimed that there is no other God than Jehovah, they were resisting the syncretism of the Babylonian civilization that surrounded Israel. Then, as now, syncretism presented itself as an extremely tolerant and reasonable kind of faith. Babylon was perfectly willing to add Jehovah to its idol-cluttered altars, if the Jews would abandon their claim that He was the only god. Had the Jews not been "in the eyes of their Babylonian neighbors" narrow-minded and fanatical in rejecting these terms, the religion of Judaism would have been simply swallowed up without a trace five thousand years ago. The Roman civilization into which the Church was born was proud of its open-minded attitude toward all religions. When Christianity first reached Rome, it was accorded a warm reception. The emperor Alexander Severus added a statue of Jesus to his private chapel, which already contained figures of numerous pagan gods. The story appeared in newspapers and on radio broadcasts across the country. It was so popular that it was and continues to be reproduced every Christmas. One of the most notable voices to introduce the story on the air was Paul Harvey the master storyteller of 20th century radio. In his parable, Cassels addresses some of the significant reasons why God chose to come into the world as a man "to demonstrate his love for people, to show his intimate understanding of human life and to personally deliver the message of salvation. Enjoy this moving story. Retrieved October 15, from Gale Literary Data-bases. Much of the biography for Louis Cassels is drawn from this source. He was generous to his family and upright in his dealings with other men. And so he stayed, and they went to the midnight service. Shortly after the family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window to watch the flurries getting heavier and heavier. Then he went back to his fireside chair to read his newspaper. Minutes later he was startled by a thudding sound. Then another and another "sort of a thump or a thud. At first he thought someone must have been throwing snowballs against his living room window. But when he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. That would provide a warm shelter, if he could direct the birds to it. Quickly he put on a coat and galoshes and then he tramped through the deepening snow to the barn. He opened the doors wide and turned on a light, but the birds did not come in. He figured food would entice them. So he hurried back to the house, fetched breadcrumbs and sprinkled them on the snow. He made a trail to the brightly lit, wide-open doorway of the stable. But to his dismay, the birds ignored the breadcrumbs and continued to flap around helplessly in the snow. He tried catching them. He tried shooing them into the barn by walking around them and waving his arms. Instead, they scattered in every direction, except into the warm, lighted barn. And then he realized that they were afraid of him. To them, he reasoned, I am a strange and terrifying creature. If only I could think of some way to let them know that they can trust me "that I am not trying to hurt them but to help them. Any move he made tended to frighten and confuse them. They just would not follow. They would not be led or shooed, because they feared him. Then I could tell them not to be afraid. Then I could show them the way to the safe warm barn. But I would have to be one of them so they could see and hear and understand. The sound reached his ears above the sounds of the wind. And he stood there listening to the bells pealing the glad tidings of Christmas. And he sank to his knees in the snow. Used by permission of United Press International. Note that the original story was not available.

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### Chapter 3 : The Parable of the Christmas Tree

*The Pine Tree Parable & Christmas Tree Fun For Asa's part of homeschooling, I'm taking a page from Five in a Row and reading the same book to him every single day for a week. Then we do activities based on that book.*

Fiction has to make sense. That enabled me to find the one I remembered, at last. So for the cynics and the skeptics and the unconvinced, I submit a modern parable: And so he stayed, and they went to the midnight service. Shortly after the family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window to watch the flurries getting heavier and heavier, and then went back to his fireside chair and began to read his newspaper. Minutes later he was startled by a thudding sound, then another, and then another, sort of a thump or a thud. At first he thought someone must be throwing snowballs against his living room window; but when he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. That would provide a warm shelter, if he could direct the birds to it. Quickly he put on a coat, galoshes, tramped through the deepening snow to the barn. He opened the doors wide and turned on a light, but the birds did not come in. He figured food would entice them in, so he hurried back to the house, fetched breadcrumbs, sprinkled them on the snow, making a trail to the yellow-lighted, wide-opened doorway of the stable. But to his dismay the birds ignored the breadcrumbs and continued to flop around helplessly in the snow. He tried catching them; he tried shooping them into the barn by walking around them waving his arms. Instead, they scattered in every direction, except into the warm, lighted barn. And then he realized that they were afraid of him. To them, he reasoned, I am a strange and terrifying creature. Because any move he made tended to frighten them, confuse them. They just would not follow; they would not be led or shooped, because they feared him. If only I could be a bird, he thought to himself, and mingle with them and speak their language! Then I could tell them not to be afraid. Then I could show them the way to the safe, warm. At that moment, the church bells began to ring. The sound reached his ears above the sound of the wind, and he stood there listening to the bells pealing the glad tidings of Christmas. And he sank to his knees in the snow.

### Chapter 4 : A Christmas Carol as a Parable for Innovation – Innovation Excellence

*Find background and history, as well as text for "The Parable of the Birds" -- a great classic short story for Christmas reading.*

For such a young tree he was very strong, tall, and majestic looking. The men who came twice a year to trim and shape him had done their work well. The pride he felt in his appearance made him stand even straighter. But for all he had to feel good about, it seemed that something was missing. He was becoming frustrated with the monotony of his daily life. Everyday it was the same old field with the same boring sights and sounds. He had heard the rumors. He hoped against hope that they were true. It seems, so some of the trees said, that humans came every year and selected some of the special trees to go and live with them. The thought of living in a human house – to be warm in the winter – to be free of those pesky birds and bugs – to be given a place of honor – to have new sights to see In December of his fifth year the rumors became reality. His hope changed to horror as he watched the first of the men take the trees near him. He had somehow thought they would stake all of the tree. It never occurred to him that they would cut them away from their roots. How could they stand? How could they eat? They will feed us from them and in them we can stand as straight and tall as ever. Finally his day came. It hurt far more than he imagined to be cut away from his roots. The tree stand was real, but not all that he had hoped it would be. The food turned out to be a strange tasting water. But it was nice to be warm. Best of all was the attention he was receiving. He had been decorated with all kinds of things that were not nearly as pesky as those birds and bugs. Everyone who came in raved about how beautiful he was. What they said about him made him forget, for a while, the pain he felt. However, things began to change. They were even complaining about his drying needles. He was dying and he knew it. Now he realized that when he was cut away from his roots he was cut away from his life support. We need to understand that Jesus and His church are our root system and when we cut ourselves away from the root system we cut ourselves away from our life support. However, unlike a tree, we can reconnect to our support system. We need to repent of our sins and get back on the straight and narrow road that leads to life!

### Chapter 5 : Storypath Â» The Pine Tree Parable

*The Paperback of the Parables for Christmas by John R. Killinger at Barnes & Noble. FREE Shipping on \$25 or more!*

Although this book is recommended for children ages , I believe that this would be a great book for older children and adults about stewardship and tithing. A farmer and his family nurture tiny seedlings for many years until they grow to be fragrant Christmas trees that they can sell to their neighbors. On Christmas eve, a poor family comes to the farm to cut down a ragged, drooping tree because it is the only one that they can afford. Then their young daughter notices the tallest, most beautiful tree with the gold star and asks her parents if they can buy it. This book is the fourth book in a seasonal series that all feature the farmer and his wife and kids. Each book in the series is brimming with vibrant, colorful watercolor illustrations that warm the heart. It is about giving out of generosity and the joy and love that comes each Christmas season. Although the farmers give their best Christmas tree to a poor family that visits their farm, they are not perceived as being financially wealthy either. But out of generous hearts, they give their most prized possession to another family in need. If the farmers were a wealthy family, then it would be easy not to relate to their generous gift, but when the reader recognizes that they are just simple farmers, then the reader can appreciate the price of their gift even more. This story is about so much more than the gift of a Christmas tree. The farmers could have given any tree from their lot, but they chose to give the tallest, most beautiful tree of all to the poor family. When we are called to give of our time, talents, and treasures to the ministry of the church, we are not called to give whatever we have leftover. We are called to give our best. The author cites 2 Corinthians 9: How would you feel about giving it away to someone in need? How would the person in need feel about receiving it? What are some things that you are willing to give generously? What are some things that you are trying to keep for yourself? What keeps you from giving generously?

### Chapter 6 : A Parable for Christmas | Honest about my faith

*The news brought to mind a parable from the mids. In the opening scene of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol, Ebenezer Scrooge is approached by two earnest gentlemen. "At this festive.*

Then we do activities based on that book. I cry every single time I read it! Until one day when a too-poor-too-even-buy-a-tree family comes to their farm. She suddenly realizes she has to give the tree to them. Are you catching the parable yet? Christmas is not really about a birthday party. And being found in appearance as a man, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to death—even death on a cross! I told you it was good! So, we have about 4billion of them. I filled up a tub with red, white and green puffballs. Then added a few plastic ornaments from Ikea. The kids mainly like to pick them up with tongs or chopsticks. I think Asa must be trying to eat this one. Then I got out these cute Christmas tree muffins tins. So, I quickly glued the sticks together and let Asa glue the buttons on. I usually squeeze white glue into a muffin cup and let him use a q-tip to apply it. He was really into this and did every bit of it by himself. The last thing was this fun magnet game. He just puts the magnets on the circles. I thought it would be like he was decorating the tree. I made those puffball magnets with hot glue, the metal surface is a cookie sheet and I got the printable from 2 Teaching Mommies! Tommy Nelson provided the book for giveaway.

### Chapter 7 : gdcritter: A Modern Christmas Parable

*Parable is your home for Christian books, bibles, music, DVDs, church supplies and much more!.*

Posted on December 8, by honestaboutmyfaith This story explains why Christmas is so important to me. It is AD and there is an opportunity to end the war that had seemed like it had lasted forever. A commando was needed to go into the dangerous and hostile enemy-occupied territory. The Commander-in-Chief needed to send someone they could trust, someone brave, someone who was willing to risk everything for the sake of the mission. Many soldiers had volunteered but nobody knew who was selected. On the day the mission began the entire army gathered to watch. They saw the commando walking to the launch pad, kitted out with his robotic blast-resistant exoskeleton, his database-linked awareness-augmenting helmet and his instant-teleport device on his back. He was armed to the teeth with the latest techno-weapons. And then they gasped as the Commander-in-Chief ordered that the robotic blast-resistant exoskeleton be removed. One of the Generals protested: He could easily be injured, or worse. He would only be able to use the transport available on the planet. The Generals all had serious misgivings about this, but when the Commander-in-Chief ordered the soldier to leave behind all of his weapons they protested loudly: And finally he ordered that the database-linked awareness-augmenting helmet be removed. The soldier would not have access to all of their knowledge. But that was not what made the crowd gasp. It was the identity of the soldier who was being sent on what seemed like a suicide-mission. He gave his son a hug and as he went to the launch pad the Commander-in-Chief gave him his final advice: Talk to me and rely on me. As the son departed, the father wept. He wept because he knew the sacrifice that would be required of his one and only son, but mixed with this were tears of joy as he thought about the people that his son was going to save. God sent his son Jesus into this world and the Bible says that he became flesh and lived among us John 1. The indestructible God came in a fragile human body. We all want to be in a strong and secure position, but God asked his son Jesus to live and minister from a place of vulnerability and weakness. This parable is one of a series that have been written to help churches to think about how they can engage with people in the world Advertisements.

### Chapter 8 : Christmas - Parable Christian Stores

*Now I know why You had to do it - A Christmas Parable. Homily for the Second Sunday after Christmas. by Fr. Tommy Lane "Once upon a time there was a man who looked upon Christmas as a lot of humbug.*

A Modern Christmas Parable -- With A Happy Ending December 23, By Mike James Here begins a Christmas story about a thief, the homeless, a symbol of authority, the press, and a year-old Howard County high school student who did the right thing and became a hero. But stories about heroes are rare. And rarer still are stories with a lesson to be learned. Not only was it a hectic time, but it was the middle of the Christmas season. The money was to be used for food and blankets that the students planned to donate to 60 homeless county families. But with every cent stolen by a thief, who took the money from a locked closet at the school, the Dec. I asked Jason if he and the other 30 students who raised the money were going to give it another shot. Downs said he thought people might make contributions if they knew what had happened. A newspaper story might help, he said. I write about crime all the time, but not the type of crime Jason was calling about. I write about people being shot, stabbed and arrested. But Jason gave me that special moment in my job, when I could say to myself, "My involvement might make a difference. And I felt very good about being able to help; it was Christmas, after all. When I called him to confirm the reported theft, he demanded that I tell him who told me about the incident. He told me that none of his students had the authority to call newspaper reporters without his permission and he intended to discuss this transgression with Jason. I explained that Jason struck me as a sincere person who wished nothing more than to try to come up with a plan to help the homeless families. It was that a newspaper should never be contacted without careful prior discussion, if at all. In this case, it meant that even a good-hearted teen-ager should never, ever cross the lines of authority, even if talking to the newspaper would mean a chance for a handful of homeless people to enjoy some happiness at Christmas. To me, the rule seemed harshly absolute. Most likely, it would have prevented the newspaper from getting involved. The feeling I had from Markley was that he was suspicious of reporters. But if such a rule does exist, can there be no instance in which a student, clearly motivated by kind intentions, does not need prior approval from the principal? We ran a short story the next day, with quotes from Jason that he hoped the community would care enough about the homeless to make donations. It was a simple item with a simple message: For its community interest value, the article ran over the Associated Press wire.

### Chapter 9 : Christmas Homily Sermon - Christmas Parable

*During this week leading up to Christmas I've been sharing some Christmas stories. Some of them have been Modern Day Parables. Modern day parables come in many forms and through many ways, but they show up just in time to touch ones soul, move our spirit and humble us in the process.*

See this page in the original publication. Howe, Susan Parables are short didactic narratives that make use of characters, situations, and customs familiar to their audience. They are meant to convey a spiritual message, but the reader usually must infer the message from the story, which generally is a presentation of some aspect of daily life. Because they are stories, parables are sometimes more memorable and more interesting than direct exhortation. Parables are seen to have several layers of meaning and may be understood differently, depending on the sensitivity and spiritual preparation of the hearer. For those in the New Testament that he reworked, because he recognized that the meaning of a parable is in its relevance to the original audience, he used as a key for interpretation the situation that drew the parable from Christ TPJS, pp. Then under inspiration he interpreted virtually all the parables of Matthew 13 to apply to the latter days or to the mission of the restored Church of helping to prepare people for the second coming of Christ cf. For example, Doctrine and Covenants section 86 interprets the parable of the wheat and the tares cf. The JST applies this parable to the latter days: These angels and messengers are called to strengthen the wheat in the last days before the wicked will be destroyed. The focus of this parable thus becomes the time just before the end of the world cf. The JST version of the parable of the ten virgins Matt. The Doctrine and Covenants also refers to this parable: Of the parable of the mustard seed Matt. He also saw a comparison with the Book of Mormon: Let us take the Book of Mormon, which a man took and hid in his field And it is truth, and it has sprouted and come forth out of the earth, and righteousness begins to look down from heaven, and God is sending down His powers, gifts and angels, to lodge in the branches thereof [TPJS, p. In discussing other parables, Joseph Smith compared the three measures of meal in which a woman hid leaven Matt. The treasure hidden in a field for which a man "sellet all that he hath, and buyeth that field" Matt. To the "householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things that are new and old" Matt. Other parables were used in the Doctrine and Covenants to offer counsel for particular incidents. In a revelation received by Joseph Smith on December 16, , two parables suggested appropriate action. A nobleman sends servants to his vineyard to plant twelve olive trees and then to protect the vineyard by raising a hedge, setting watchmen, and erecting a tower. His servants at first obey but then become slothful. An enemy comes at night, breaks down the hedge and the olive trees, and takes over the vineyard. These parables, as well as others he employed cf. Bibliography Brooks, Melvin R. Parables of the Kingdom. Salt Lake City, Discourses of the Prophet Joseph Smith, pp. The Parables of Jesus. A Type and Shadow of the Plan of Salvation.