**Christmas Sermon**

**Text:** Isaiah 52:7–10

**Theme:** Socks for Christmas

 What is Christmas? For many people, Christmas is sleigh bells, rain deer, lots and lots of Christmas lights and especially presents under the tree.

Did you get any socks this year? Now there's a gift. What's more practical and boring than socks? What's more everyday? What says Christmas more than socks? Now don’t get me wrong, I am not talking about those cute exciting socks that have decorations on them or fun sayings. I am taking about every day plain dark or white socks. I can't think anything less exciting than plain socks.

 But socks are something our feet need – every day, especially during winter. Socks keep our feet warm. Socks are boring yes, but they are needed. We need them for everyday use. To cover our feet. And our feet we need every day too. To stand, walk and run. And today our feet are even more special. Our **Christmas socks** cover and keep warm the beautiful feet that will share the good. News. The Savior is Born!

Isaiah writes: ***“How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of a herald,***

***who proclaims peace and preaches good news, who proclaims salvation,***

***who says to Zion, “Your God is king****!”* Picture this. A city has been at war. It's been a long fought battle. The enemy is strong and fierce. The city is under a cloud of fear. Their soldiers went off to fight the enemy as they approached. They went up over the hill and out of sight. Who is winning? The women and children wait in the safety of the city walls – waiting to hear word. Over the hill, someone appears. Who is it? He is carrying a flag. Is it the enemy with their banner raised high and the whole company of soldiers coming behind to lay waste the city? The conqueror claiming victory? No, look he is alone.

 It's is the herald. The messenger. And he's running. He's filled will joy. You can see it in his face. His message is urgent. His news is good. He brings good of great joy that will be for all the people. Victory! The war is over. The people are safe. Death will not win the day. Peace! Peace at last!

 The watchmen on the city walls see him, and they know what it means!

They start to sing together – a song of joy – a song that hasn't been heard for a long time. Ever since this terrible war started. Soon the women and children join in and the whole city raises its voice together.

**The voice of your watchmen—they lift up their voices.**

**Together they shout for joy,**

**because with both eyes they will see it**

**when the Lord returns to Zion.**

**Break out, shout for joy together, you ruins of Jerusalem,**

**because the Lord is comforting his people.**

**He is redeeming Jerusalem.**

**The Lord lays bare his holy arm before the eyes of all the nations,**

**and all the ends of the earth will see the salvation from our God.**

But it all started with those feet. The feet of the messenger. Beautiful sight for sore eyes, feet.

 The tiny feet peeked out of the swaddling cloths. Mary gently held one in her hand. Those cute tiny toes, soft beautiful feet. More innocent than any human babe ever born, these are the feet of the holy one of God. The Herald that would bring the best news ever. That would be carried over every mountain and through every valley. His arrival is the beginning of the good news. God has come to save. To comfort Jerusalem. To redeem his people.

 Those tiny soft beautiful baby feet would grow. They would walk the walk of a perfect life. A life we cannot walk ourselves because of sin. They would not stumble, even though we do. The strings of his sandal John was not worthy to untie. Neither would we. We walk in sin. He did not!

But he walked into the river to be baptized for us. His feet carry him to the wilderness for us. He would go up to Jerusalem for us. His feet would be anointed with a woman's tears and perfume for burial. And those feet would be nailed to a cross for us. But they would also walk him out of the grave for us. And they would ascend in glory for us.

Yes, the serpent bruised his heel, but that same foot would crush the head of our old foe, destroying him and his power over us forever. The warfare is over. Jesus' feet bring peace. They are beautiful feet, indeed.

 All I want for Christmas is the Christmas socks. Jesus saving grace that covers my feet and more than my feet, all of me. He takes away my sins And that's just what I get, and so do you, the Gospel, the message of salvation in Jesus Christ, and that is enough.

 All the presents under the tree will pass away. Moth and rust will do their work. But the word of God stands forever, the promise of Christ stands forever, and we, with our humble but faithful feet, can always stand on that sure rock, forever. Merry Christmas!

Amen