



How Jesus Crashed a Christmas Eve Mass



A Shortstory by Stefan Emunds

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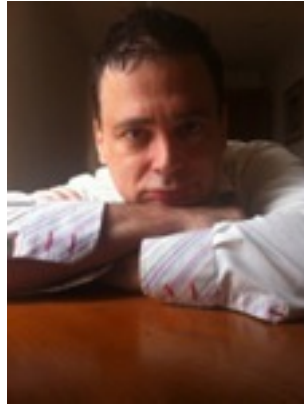
Disclaimer

This short story presents alternative interpretations of the Bible and Christianity.

Reader discretion advised.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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Acknowledgments

This short story was inspired by my editor, John Hudspith, who also made sure it looks polished. How to contact John:

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Surprise!

It's Christmas Eve and the church is packed. A sense of peace is in the air. People are in a good mood, their bellies are brimming and presents have been abundant. Everybody whispers a quick *'hello'* to friends and keeps talk hushed in anticipation of the priest's arrival.

The altar boy rings the bell and the priest takes the stage. But as he's about to begin the sermon, something unexpected happens: the front door opens noisily and a man steps into the church. His clothing is unusual to say the least: he's just wearing a long sackcloth and sandals, clean and tidy, but he seems comfortable, despite the bitter cold outside. He's a handsome man, his body is lean and strong, and his face shines with abundant health. His hair is long, white, and curly. His flair is peculiar: he looks youthful and up in years at the same time. Also, from some angles it's impossible to tell, whether he's a man or woman. But his jaw-dropping feature is a bright halo around his head sparkling with rainbow colors.

People are stunned. It's so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. Could it be? No, that's impossible! This must be a prank! The man that looks like Jesus walks through the nave and makes his way to the altar, where the priest is trembling in disbelief. He opens his arms and offers the priest a hug. The priest pulls himself together and addresses the man in sackcloth, avoiding the cuddle: "Excuse me, but we're having a Christmas Mass here."

"I know. Am I disturbing you?" the man is genuinely surprised that the priest rejects his friendly gesture.

"Uhh ... of course not ... but why don't you take a seat?" the priest forces himself to be polite.

The man ignores the priest. He takes a few turns and scans the church. "Quite pompous," he shakes his head. "Don't you know that the temple I talked about is our body, the living temple bearing the Sacred Spirit?" Then, the man spots the crucifix and knits his brows: "Oh my ... why do I look so miserable?"

"Please, take a seat!" the priest demands.

"Why are you so serious? This is a birthday party, isn't it? Why don't we all get up and dance?" the man twirls a pirouette. "I love to boogie."

"Please, take a seat!" the priest repeats angrily.

“Excuse me!” the man widens his eyes and shakes his head in a funny way. “This is *my* party!”

The priest gets down from the pulpit and grabs the man’s arm. “I think you better leave now or I will call the police.” Some men on the front benches, who feel that they have some muscles, are getting ready to intervene.

“Do you want to put Jesus in jail?” the man laughs. “I thought you’re my priest!?”

“You’re not Jesus!” the priest shouts. “That’s a sacrilege! You’re just a beggar. Get outa here!” People agree with the priest, murmuring angrily.

“They all say that when they see me for the first time,” Jesus grins. “Do you want me to prove that I’m Jesus?” he rests his hands on the priest’s shoulders. People drop back onto their benches. Thrill rattles their doubts.

“Watch me!” Jesus approaches a man on the front bench. “Matt, please tell these people: how long have you been blind?”

“Since birth,” Matt replies.

“Do you want to see?”

“Please don’t make fun of me like that,” Matt makes a sad face.

“Open your eyes and see!” Jesus exclaims in a dramatic tone.

Matt takes off his shades and opens his eyes. “I still can’t see,” he responds.

“Hmm ... wait,” Jesus scratches his head. “Something is missing ... right: no faith. You guys have even less faith than my contemporaries two-thousand years ago. Let’s do it another way.” Jesus kneels in front of the blind man and takes his hands into his. Some kind of exchange takes place through their hands and arms, the exchange of energy or substance or both. Suddenly, the blind man’s eyes widen and he exclaims: “I can see! I can see!” He hugs a man to his right and then, his wife to his left. He withdraws, stares at his wife, and frowns: “I imagined you differently!”

Jesus stands up and asks the priest: “Do you believe me now?”

The priest hesitates. “Maybe if you could turn this water into wine,” he mumbles, pointing at a bowl of holy water. The water turns red in an instant. The priest dips a finger into the red liquid and tastes it.

“It’s really wine!” he exclaims.

“Hallelujah,” a woman shouts in the back.

* * *

People jump from their seats and hurry to Jesus, touching his body, hands and clothing. Jesus beams and hugs people tightly, he even kisses some of them. "I love you all!" he shouts. Soon, it's difficult to get through to him.

"Where have you been?" someone asks.

"I had my hands full, you know," Jesus excuses himself. "There're so many other planets that need my help. But now I'm back and I'm planning to stay for a while. Things are a little off here."

"Could you heal my psoriasis?" Andrew raises his hand.

"Could you ... how about resurrecting my wife?" Peter picks up the subject.

"I need a better job," Jamie adds to the bucket list.

"My house is too small!"

"Guys, please!" Jesus says. "I'm not here to fix your problems. I'm here to redeem you."

"Whatever *that* is," Andrew makes a sarcastic remark.

The priest pushes his way through to Jesus: "Could we please carry on with the mass? Actually, would you mind waiting in my office?"

"Why?" Jesus is surprised.

"You're disturbing church affairs, you know?"

"But it's my birthday party," Jesus is taken aback. "The church ... and you, are supposed to represent me. How can I bother my own affairs?"

"This isn't a party, this is a ceremony. There're rules, you know?" the priest insists.

People are confused whom to follow: the priest or Jesus.

"What a *déjà vu*," Jesus replies thoughtful. "I also used to quarrel with the priests in Jerusalem's temple." Jesus looks at the priest in an awkward way, who lowers his eyes and stares at the floor. "How about I give a speech? I love giving speeches." The priest doesn't find a reason to deny the request and people sit down expectantly.

Jesus climbs into the pulpit and beams: "My people...!" He spreads his arms, looking at them with indulgence. "I'm a very happy man ... I'm also a lucky man. A long time ago, I stumbled upon a great secret." He makes a theatrical pause. "The secret about my ... about our true identity. We're not just people, you know? We're also ... how can I say this? ... We're *divine*," Jesus dramatically emphasizes the last word."

“All of us! Not just you, him, her, me, all people, black, white, yellow, red, big, small, strong, weak, smart, rich, and ... unprivileged. Everyone is divine. Actually, this shouldn't come as a surprise, since it's written that mankind was created in God's image and likeness. But for some strange reason, you guys need to be continuously reminded of that. The good news is that you can actually experience your divinity. And it happened to me. I saw myself ... I saw my divine self. And that changed everything.”

“You're God, not us,” Tom lodges a protest.

“No, Tom. This is the point I'm making: we are all God Child.”

“I'm not the Son of God, I'm a worker at the tire factory down the road, close to retirement, with a 250,000 dollar mortgage. Nothing divine about that,” Tom makes everybody laugh.

“You're right, little brother, you're that man, but you're also God Child. You're both. That's the great news ... and a bit funny as a matter of fact,” Jesus grins.

“What's funny about my life?” Tom's sarcasm lingers on.

“You're God Child, immortal, you inherited all of God's powers, but you work like a slave. Isn't that hilarious?” Jesus doubles up.

“Don't make fun of me like that.” Tom is close to tears.

“Don't take this the wrong way, Tom! You're a good, brave man. You're carrying your cross like I did. You're doing your thing. As a God, you could have stepped out of that factory any time. You could have forsaken friends and family to claim your place in Heaven, but you never did. You're like me, I didn't step down from the cross either. You should be pleased with yourself.” By now Tom is shedding tears, but proud ones. Someone shouts another hallelujah.

Jesus scrutinizes the crucifix again. He raises his right arm and points at it: “This is not my message! My message is that all people will have an inevitable happy end, like I had ... have. The crucifixion was just a means to an end - my glorious resurrection. I lived again and roamed this planet. Why are there no symbols of my resurrection here in this church?” People look at each other, surprised and a bit embarrassed.

“I resurrected God Child inside me and thereby, turned into a living god. Is my memorandum really lost? Was it all for nothing?” Jesus shakes his head.

“Tell us. Please tell us more about your memorandum,” someone cries.

Jesus looks at people with a melancholic expression in his eyes. Then, he takes a deep breath and carries on with the flair of someone disclosing a secret: "Look, guys. There's a way. There is a way to ... divinity. There's a way to becoming a living god. There is ... *are* many means to reconnect to God Child inside. And after that connection is made, after you realize that you are God Child, the way is open to change this," Jesus waves his hands over his body. "You can build another body - a miracle body. That's what I did: I destroyed the temple and resurrected it within three days. I got a new body. I can eat and drink with it, but actually, it doesn't need anything to survive, neither air, water, nor food. I can assemble and disassemble it at will. I can travel with it to other planets. Think, what that would mean for you! Adventures galore!"

"No more labor," Tom shouts thrilled.

"No more labor," Jesus confirms with a generous smile. "No more pain, no more suffering, neither hunger, nor thirst. Just happiness and exciting adventures. You will be freeeeeeeeeeeeee!" Jesus sings, throwing his arms into the air.

"Halleluja," people shout as the priest's jaw drops.

"How do we get that new body?" Simone asks.

"There are certain procedures...", Jesus hesitates. "Do you really know nothing of this?"

"No, nobody taught us anything like that," Simone confirms.

"I see. Hmm ... I could teach you," Jesus agrees thoughtful.

"Can we have that body now?"

"I'm afraid not. It takes decades, sometimes more than a life-time."

"Can't you just give it to us? Work a miracle!"

"The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be inherited, it cannot be bestowed. You need to take matters into your own hands. You need to redeem yourself. I can only show you the way."

"Really?" People are disappointed.

"Yep. I gave you good news, not easy news," Jesus drops the bomb. People turn quiet. They are used to the thought that they can go to Heaven if they simply avoid sins or have a priest remove them. To labor themselves into Heaven is a new, somewhat discouraging perspective.

"I think the problem is that your church is too gloomy," Jesus tries to pull people

out of their melancholy. "Let's take the stick out of our butts and have a party, shall we? Let's celebrate the wonder of being ... how do you say this? ... of being Homo sapiens. God gave you a life on this planet to work hard on the great work, but also to enjoy life!"

This seems to raise people's spirits again. Jesus gets down from the pulpit and pulls people from their seats. "Organ - music!" he demands. The organist plays a happy church chorus and people sing, some join Jesus dancing. Jesus heals some people from complaints and itches, which raises cheer to a new level. By now, people are comfortable with Jesus, they can feel him, and give in to his contagious glee.

"I love you, bro!" a woman shouts.

"I love you too, sis!" Jesus shouts back. His smile broadens as he watches people's hearts filling with love. There's a feeling in the air that everybody is a member of a great family.

The priest pulls Jesus' sleeve. "Would you have a minute? Can we talk in private?"

"Sure, why not, they can do without us for a while," Jesus agrees cheerfully.

The priest drags him into his office.

* * *

"I'm very happy that you're here and that I can meet you in person, but," the priest struggles to find the right words.

"...I should have prepared you, I know that now," Jesus is forgiving.

"No, it's not that. It's ... how can I say this? I don't think the church needs you."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The church doesn't ... we don't really need you. Why don't you do your thing somewhere else ... on another planet?"

"I really thought you guys needed me right now. There's still so much violence on this planet, people are losing their spiritual marbles, your church is closing parishes faster than the government spends taxes," Jesus doesn't believe his ears.

"That's true, that's true, but I think we can handle it. Actually, I believe you would make matters worse."

"Really? Why's that?"

"Well, if you spread that happy news you talked about earlier ... that people can redeem themselves, what about the church? What about me? We won't be needed anymore."

"Ahh, I see. Don't worry about that, little brother. People will still need you for a while. Also, you will be busy becoming a living god yourself."

"That's the thing ... I'm not sure if I really want to."

"Are you kidding me? Do you want to stay like this - a feeble mortal?" Jesus raises his eyebrows, waving both hands over the priest's body.

"I was happy before you came. Now, I don't know what will be. I worry that everything will fall apart. If people know that they can be like you, they will just do that, nothing else. They will stop going to work. It'll be chaos."

"I know. I did this many times already. It's a good chaos." Jesus sounds convincing.

"I don't think the world ... this planet is ready for that."

"You have a point, people are never ready for that, in particular priests and politicians. It has been a suicide mission every time," Jesus replies thoughtful. But this is the second time I'm around. This time it'll be smoother."

"I really don't think so. I know people. They become euphoric for a while and then ... back to the daily grind. Nobody can jump over his own shadow."

"I can ... look!" Jesus jumps over his shadow.

“Figuratively, I mean,” the priest mumbles annoyed.

“I can also jump over my shadow *figuratively*,” Jesus smiles. “I jumped over my ego and found God Child.”

“No!” the priest shouts. “Stop it! It won’t work! People cannot handle freedom. People have been managed by priests and politicians for thousands of years. They are used to being led.”

“But you’re not leading them anywhere, especially not to Heaven,” Jesus complains.

“I know. I know. But it’s better if people are led nowhere than not led at all. It’s unfortunate, but only a few can carry the burden of truth. I know the bloody truth and I do this for my people - that’s my cross. ”

“I think you’re underestimating people. Why don’t you give them a chance?” Jesus looks a bit indignant.

“Trust me: I know what I’m talking about: people are happy ... they are happy while I lead them nowhere. The way counts, not the goal, do you know what I’m talking about?”

“That’s so cynical, man,” Jesus raises his finger. “ I’m afraid I cannot accept that.” Jesus glares at the priest for a long time. He feels that Jesus is probing deep into his soul, scavenging for something. Eventually, Jesus brightens up and seems to come up with a solution, but he holds it back and asks the priest instead: “What do you suggest?”

“I suggest ... let’s make a group photo and then you go on your way. People can hang it in their living rooms. Then, they go back to work and to church. When they despair, they can look at the picture and feel happy and special.”

“But there’s a mission to be executed on this planet. What about that? Mind that God Father sent me. You don’t want to mess with Him, trust me.” Jesus peers at the priest expectantly.

“Uhh ... how about if you allow the church to execute God’s mission?” the priest inquires meekly.

“That won’t work, I’m afraid. It hasn’t worked for the past two millennia, has it? I’m not saying that the church’s mission is wrong, but it’s different from mine. My memorandum needs to be back out in the open.” Jesus waits for the priest to respond, but he runs out of words.

"I have an idea," Jesus lightens him up.

"What's that?"

"You take my place."

"What? Me? Impossible!"

"Possible. I dub you apostle."

"I cannot accept that mission, I'm afraid. I'm a priest of this church," he finds an excuse.

"I guess you can't have it all. You choose: I stay or you take my place," Jesus grins at him maliciously and then, gives him some bait: "You could make a smooth transition from catechism to my memorandum."

"Hmm ... what's the lesser evil?" the priest scratches his head.

Music flutters into the office. They hears people in the church singing: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, we all will be like Jesus! Long live Tom Christ! Hail Matt Christ! Praise Simone and Jude Christ!"

"Maybe I take your place," the priest gives in, shaking his head.

"Excellent choice, excellent choice," Jesus beams. He strips down butt-naked and hands the priest his sackcloth and sandals.

"Is this really necessary?" the priest blushes.

"I'm afraid so. It comes with the job."

"Can I keep my underwear at least?" the priests accepts the sackcloth and sandals.

"No problem." Jesus hugs the priest tightly, who tries to recoil from his nudity. Jesus puts his hands on the priest's shoulders again and examines him one last time to make sure that his heart agrees with the mission and that he will keep his word. Then, Jesus kisses him on his sweaty forehead. "Tell them that I love them dearly," he says his last words and slowly dissolves into a mist.

The priest stares at the small fog that hovers in his office for a moment before it disappears. Did this really happen? Am I going crazy? He feels the weight of the sackcloth and sandals in his hands. He hears Tom shouting in the church: "Jesus, where are you? Get your ass over here!" Slowly, the priest removes his attire and puts on Jesus' clothes. He hesitates before the door. He feels awkward. Eventually, he opens it. A bright light and happy people welcome him. "Maybe it's not that hard after all," he thinks. "If Jesus is my jolly brother, God Father must be my big-hearted

old man.

Let's make him proud!" The priest takes his first step into his new life.

###

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading this short story. We hope you enjoyed it and discovered an inspiration or two. Please take a moment to leave us a review at your favorite retailer.

Although this is a work of fiction, all spiritual facts presented here are based on thorough research and study. If you feel that something is unclear, far-fetched, if you have a question, or simply want to chat about the story, you can drop us an email with the subject '*How Jesus Crashed a Christmas Eve Mass*' here: stefan@emunds.me.

There is more where this came from. If you are interested in our body of work, please drop us an email with the subject '*Newsletter*' here: stefan@publeace.com. Our newsletter features ongoing work, new publications, and relevant blog posts.

Warm regards,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Stefan Emunds". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.



Stefan loves to write spiritual fiction. He was born in Germany and enjoyed two years backpacking in Australia, New Zealand, and South-East Asia in his early twenties. For almost three decades, Stefan has pursued a spiritual career at B.O.T.A., a modern mystery school covering Tarot, Qabalah, Gematria, esoteric Astrology, and Alchemy. After getting married, Stefan chose a necessity-career in the telecommunication industry. Since then, he has worked as a business development manager in Europe, Middle East, and in Asia. 2012 Stefan kick-started his hobby career as a writer. Around the same time, he stumbled upon the mechanical translation of the Genesis authored by Jeff Benner. He almost couldn't recognize the Bible. He felt like a literary archeologist when he dived into the Bible's unexpected mysterious realms. This inspired him to author the God Child tetralogy, deliberately written with the purpose of bridging the gap between religion and spirituality.

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The God Child Tetralogy

When I wrote the first version of God Child in a six months frenzy in 2012, I ended up with 250,000 words, too much for a book. Due to content and structure it wasn't possible to separate it into three even parts; thus, I decided to expand it a bit and turn it into a tetralogy - one book for each universe ;-).

- God Child, Part 1, The Grand Awakening, has already been published.

- God Child, Part 2, The Dragonslayer, wrestles with evilosis - the great misunderstanding. The voice has more anecdotes, dreams, and visions in store for George, but also takes him out into the streets of Philadelphia to get him involved with new people. Until the book's completion we will publish chapters on a weekly basis here: <http://bit.ly/gcpeep>.

- God Child, Part 3, The Great Work, will introduce God Mother and detail the great work. I guess I need another year for that.

- God Child, Part 4, The Science of God, will introduce God Father and how he designed the four universes. It will have to wait till 2017 or even longer, since I'm inclined to complete a couple of smaller books first.

The following pages introduce the first eight chapters of God Child, Part 1, The Grand Awakening.

Enjoy and thank you for reading!

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