Mourning the End of the War On Christmas

Alice Barrett

The Right's War against the War on Christmas seems to be losing. No one seems to care anymore that we say "Happy Holidays," "Seasons Greetings:" those omens of coming End Times. They've shifted their sights onto the War Against Elections. Which makes me miss the War on Christmas.

As late as 2019, the Washington Post was assuring their readers that, "Anybody who wants to say 'Merry Christmas' is legally permitted to do so." But nobody cares anymore.

Remember Megan Kelley and the 'Santa Claus Is White' skirmish? Those were the days. Little did I realize it was laying the groundwork for a renewed, re-weaponized, all out attack on black people voting, black people in general.

The study of TWOC (The War on Christmas) should be required in schools (Critical Christmas Theory). For instance, I only learned this year that Santa Claus was introduced by Jews to suppress the true story of Jesus' birth. Who knew? This laughable bomb was thrown by Gerald L. K. Smith in 1966.

He also supported the Nazi Party, and that's the point.

The TWOC was, I thought, laughable, but now, as with many things, I see the evil under what previously seemed simply ludicrous. Since the Imaginary War on Christmas began, we have had the deadliest attack on the Jewish community ever in the United States, and Nazis marching in Charlestown chanting, "Jews shall not replace us."

TWOC was a colorful scab over ugly wounds.

Our Ashfield Churches will celebrate Christmas soon. We will hear again how God was born as a baby, in a tiny backwater to an unmarried Jewish woman. This God has not yet learned to walk; he is carried by his parents for safety to a foreign land. We see pictures of their journey on Christmas cards, banners, and children's drawings: an iconic symbol of family, dependency, and exile. When he grows up, he will show us how to end the War Against Each Other, and trusts that we will carry through with it. Humans and God are in each others' hands. This is the story we take joy in this winter, wondering what kind of God this is: one who puts faith in us.

This month we declare an end to the war on each other, dress up like Santa Claus, share gifts, greet all with whatever greeting will share joy. Fulfill the joyful hope of the baby God.

Season's Greetings! Happy Holidays! Merry Christmas!