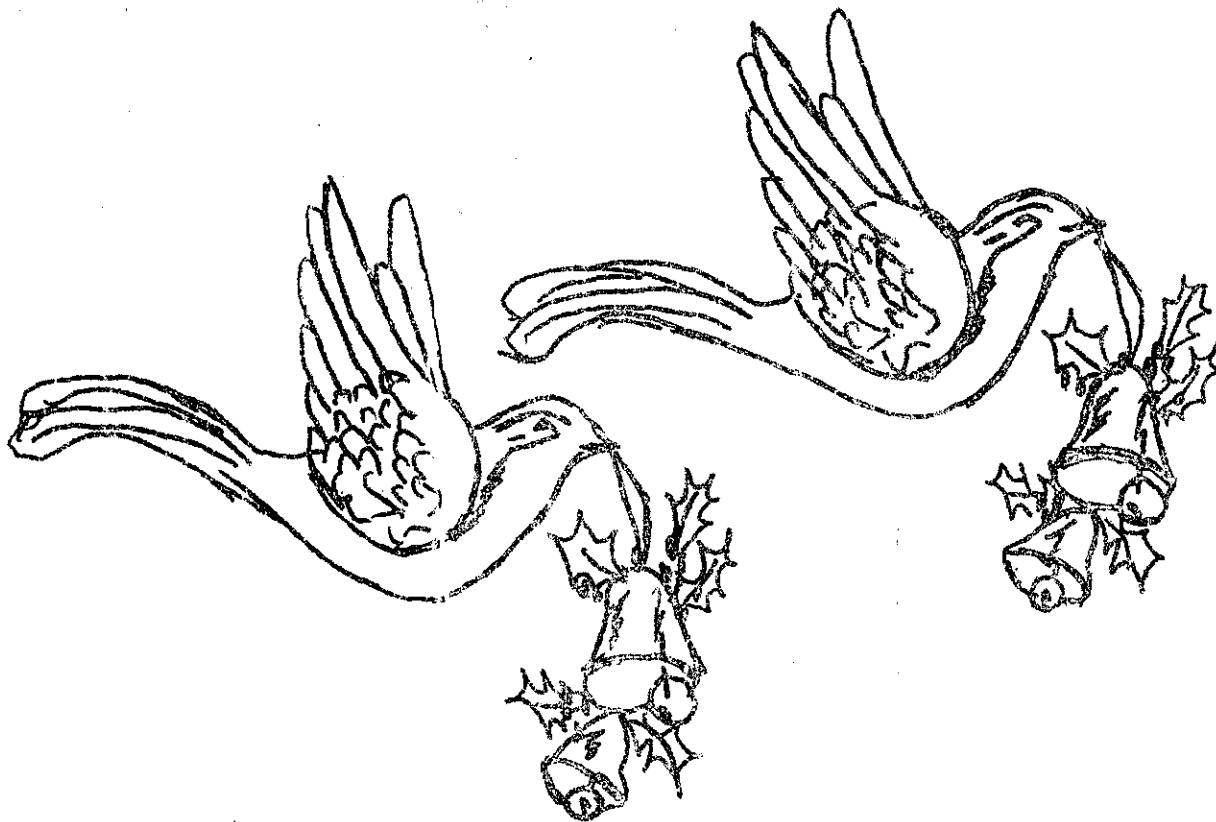


Merry Christmas





" There'll Always Be Christmas...
E. Jaques

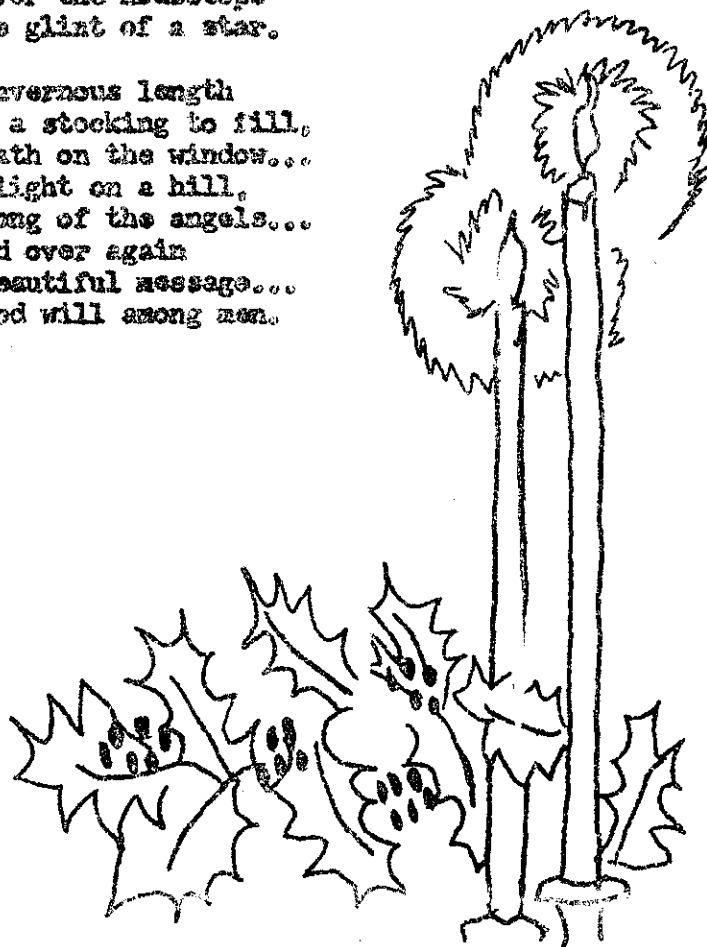
There'll always be Christmas
...as long as a light
Glow in the window
to guide folks at night,
As long as a star
in the heavens above,
Keeps shining down...
there'll be Christmas and love.

There'll always be Christmas...
as long as a tree
Grows on a hilltop...
as long as the sea
Breaks into foam
on a white pebbled beach,
As long as there's laughter
and beautiful speech.

There'll always be Christmas...
as long as a street
Gives back the echo
of homeward bound feet,
And children with mittens
and warm winter clothes
Have bright eyes that sparkle
and cheeks like a rose.

There'll always be Christmas...
with holly and snow,
And church bells that ring
in the valley below,
Shop windows lighted
and doorways ajar,
And over the housetops
the glint of a star.

The cavernous length
of a stocking to fill,
A wreath on the window...
a light on a hill,
The song of the angels...
and over again
The beautiful message...
Good will among men.





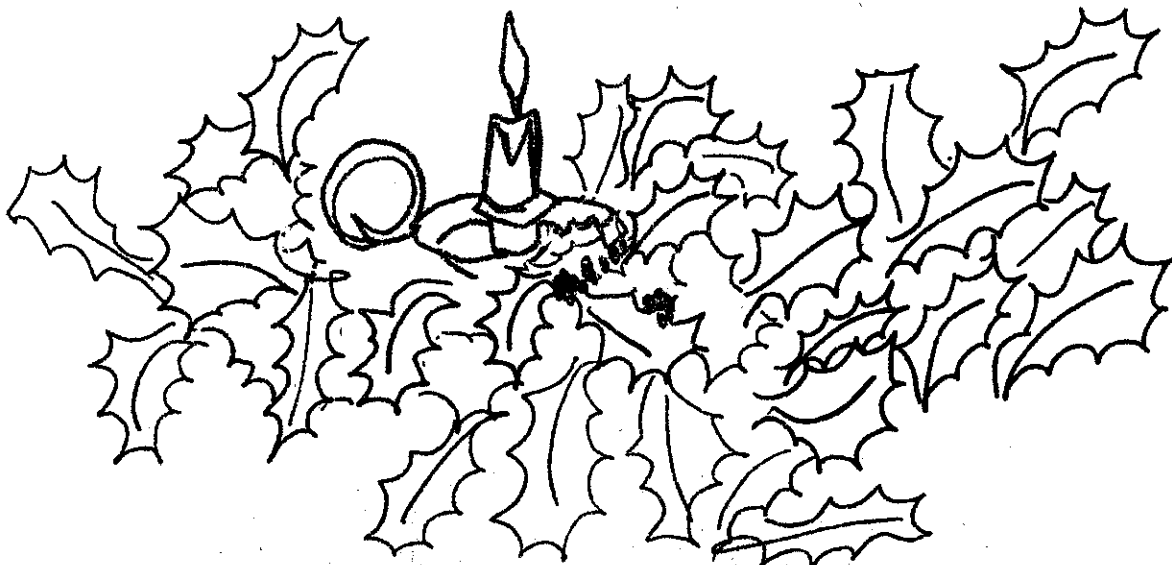
Give me the faith of an innocent child, that I may look forward with hope in my heart, to the dawn of happy tomorrows.

Renew the thought that my most cherished desires will be realized, the things closest to my heart—that I may come to an appreciation of the limitless joys and bountiful rewards of Patience, Charity and Sacrifice.

Above all, endow me with the spirit of courage, that I may face the perplexities of a troubled world without flinching, imbued with the child-like faith which envisions the beautiful and inspiring things of life... and restore the happy hours and experiences so many of us foolishly believe are lost forever.

Give to me the faith in myself and faith in my fellow man... then, the treasures and beauties of life that make man happy will spring from an inexhaustible source.

And at Christmas, when the hearts of the world swell in joyous celebration, let me cast aside the pretense of sturdy men and live, if only for a day, in the hope and joy I knew as a child.



The Story Often Told,
But Still Forever New... Rose Cordain

"Mozzy, why is there a star
Upon our Christmas tree,
And why is it so big and bright,
Please tell it all to me."

Each year a mother hears this question,
And then she must review
The story that's been often told,
But still forever new.

"Long, long ago in Palestine,
Upon a night serene,
A wondrous star flamed in the east,
The brightest ever seen.

And people wondered as they looked,
If this might be a sign,
That God would work a miracle
To show His hand divine.

And there were shepherds on a hill,
Who watched their flocks that night,
When suddenly the whole sky glowed
With a blinding, radiant light.

The shepherds were amazed and awed,
They shook with trembling fear,
Then slowly from the light they saw
An angel form appear.

'Fear not' he said, 'I bring you news
Of peace to be restored,
For unto you this day is born,
A Savior, Christ the Lord.'

The joyful shepherds left their flocks,
And started following
The shining star that would lead them
To see the newborn King.

And in another region were
These Magi, old and wise,
They, too, looked on the gleaming star
But it brought them no surprise.

This was the sign long prophesied;
The day was now at hand,
When a great new King would come
To bring peace to the land.

The Magi gathered precious gifts
Of gold and spices sweet--
A tribute to the Savior Child,
And lay them at His feet,

They mounted camels and they wrapped
Their robes about them tight.
The shepherds too, trudged slowly on
Throughout the chilly night.

Before the wanderers went the star,
It stopped at Bethlehem,
And now they know the miracle
Would be revealed to them.

About the city streets they searched
For a palace high and grand,
That would be fitting for a King
Who was to rule the land.

The star came down at last to rest,
Above a stable door,
The travelers saw animals,
And straw upon the floor.

'Where is the King that is to be?'
They asked in great surprise--
The donkeys and the cows and sheep,
Turned on them wondering eyes.

A man named Joseph greeted them,
His face was worn and thin,
'We have been quartered here' he said,
'No room was at the inn.'

'And this is Mary, my dear wife,
So gentle, pure and mild,
We've travelled far from Nazareth,
Tonight was born the Child.'

He pointed to a manger crib,
And there upon the hay,
Surrounded by a radiance,
The Infant Jesus lay.

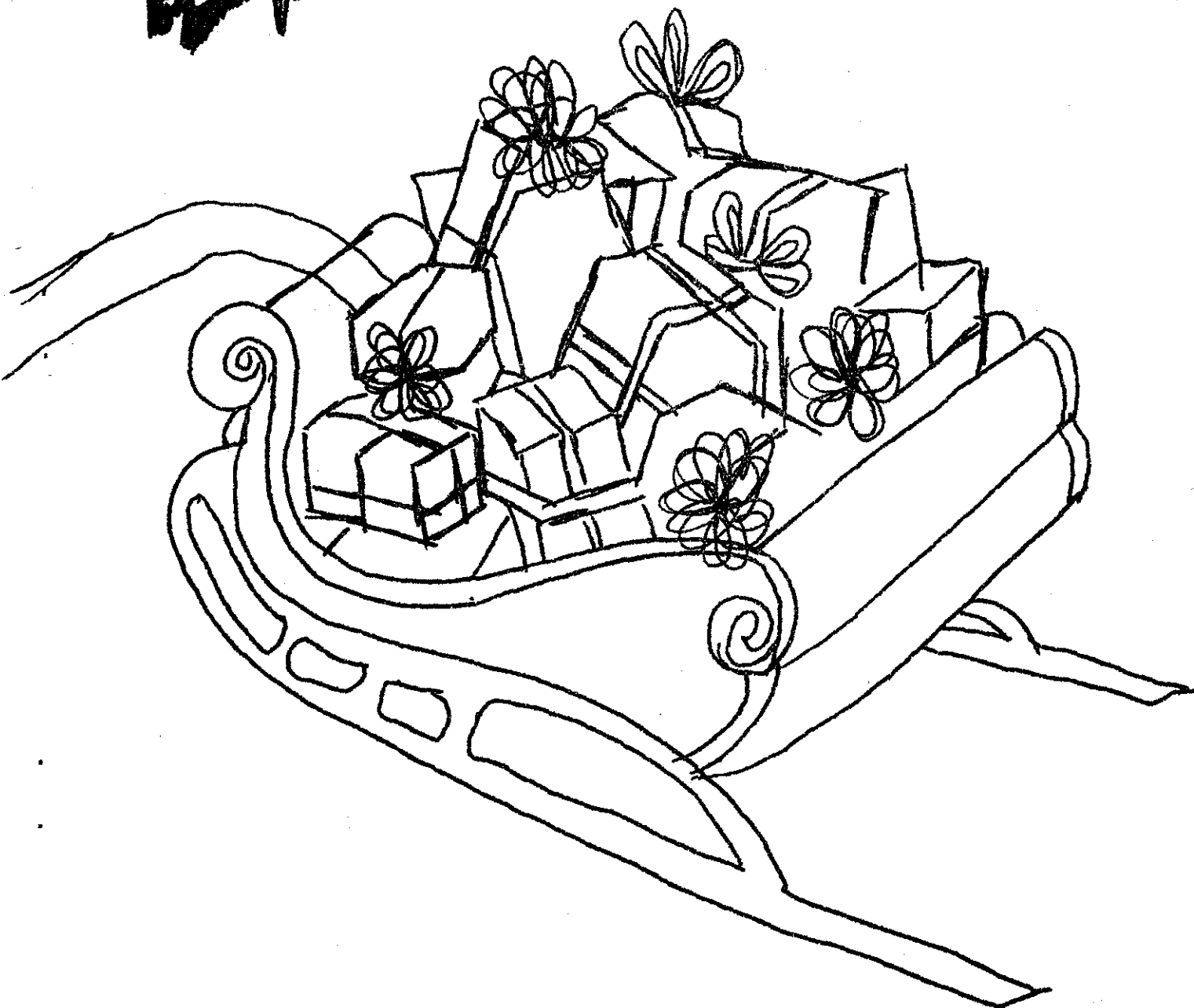
The Magi and the shepherds know
That here was Christ the Lord--
They knelt upon the stable floor,
And worshipped and adored.

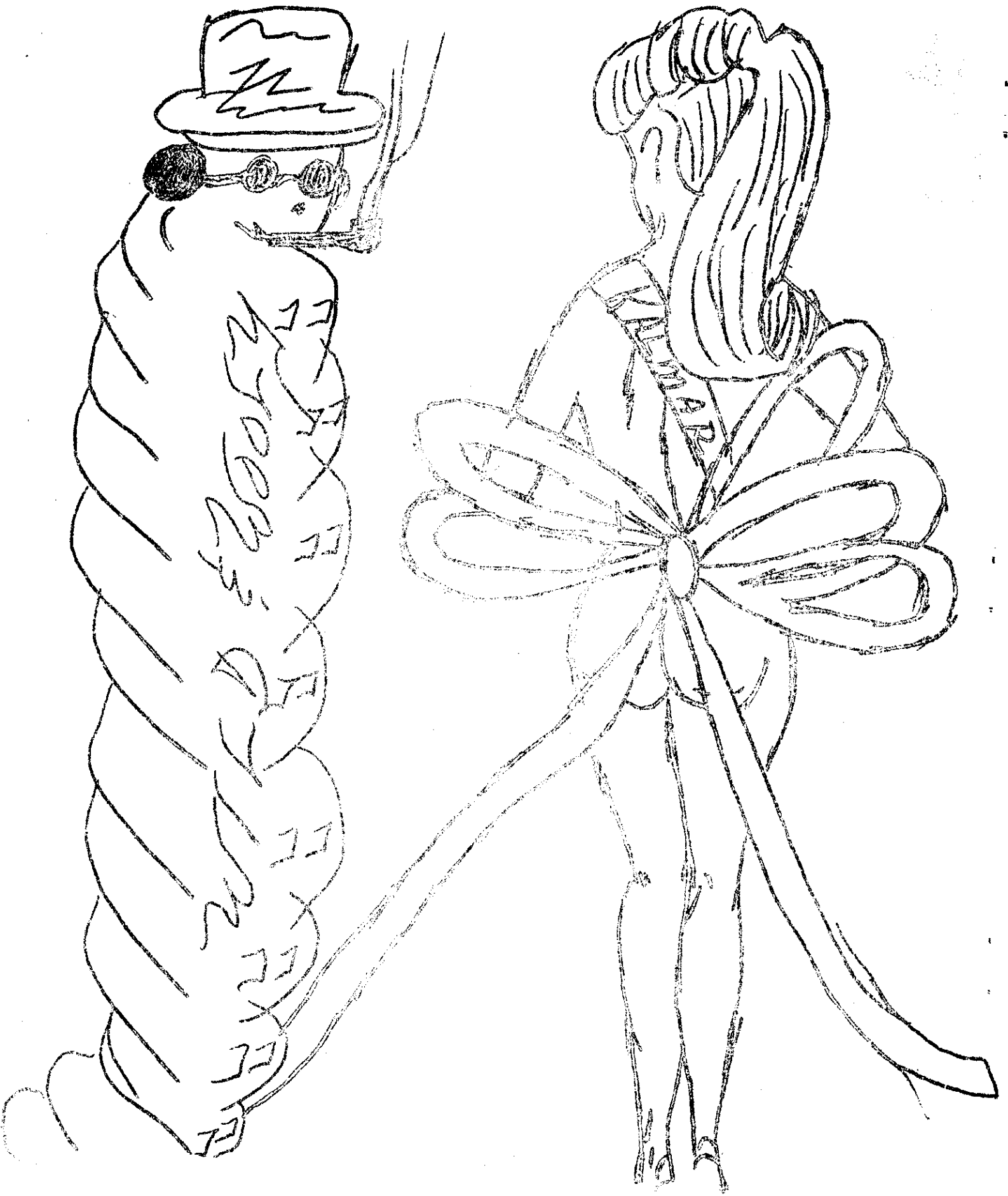
And it is said, the cattle knelt,
The sheep and donkeys too,
That God was in the tiny Babe,
In their dumb way they knew.

And high above the stable roof,
A host of angels sang,
'Glory to God in the highest,'
All night their voices rang.

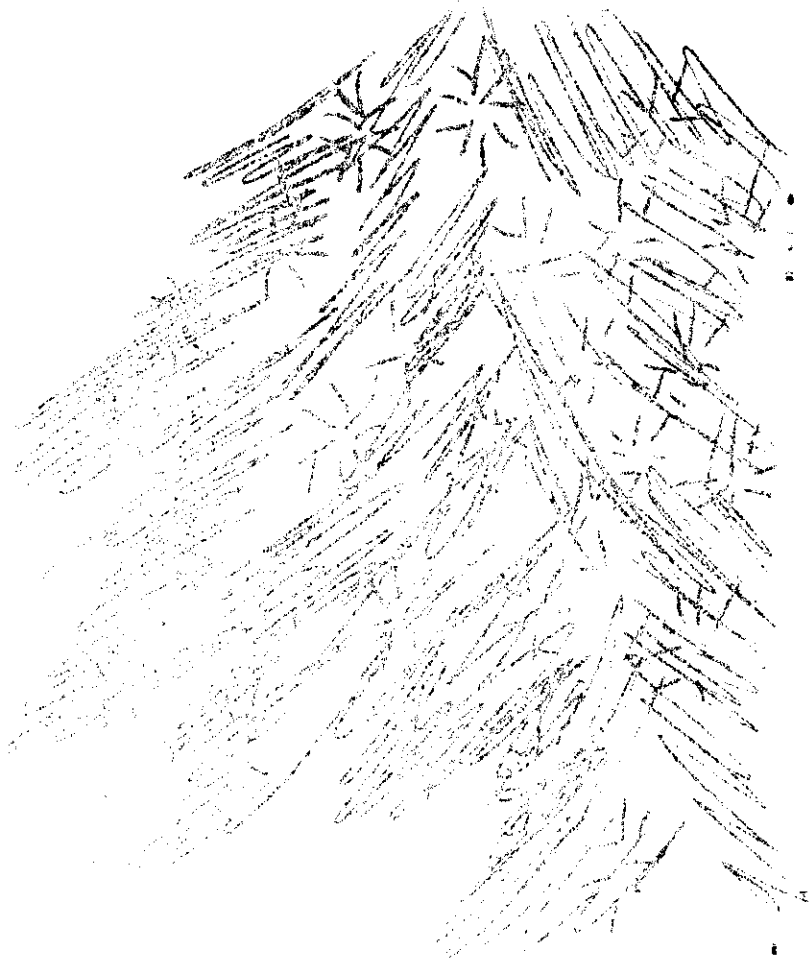
And so each year we tell the tale,
Of Jesus' humble birth,
That men may live in brotherhood,
And peace be on the earth.

And then we put the shining star,
Upon the Christmas tree,
To show God's promise to the world,
And His love for you and me."









"A Boy on Christmas Day" - by Lewis Carroll

If I could have my pick,
 It would not be for the sake
 Of that man who lives in the north,
 But it would be for the sake
 At three o'clock, on Christmas Day,
 With vapor, large and small,
 My presence in the world,
 Throughout that world I'd like
 To have a chance to say
 As much as being with you,
 A little boy on Christmas Day.

I'd like more than to be
 As much as a little boy,
 With eyes that look just as
 A heart still full of
 I'd like to feel the
 The carrying of the
 To love a thing with all my might,
 To grasp the pleasure of a thing,
 To know the meaning of a toy—
 A meaning lost to many a man,
 To be just once again a boy,
 A little boy on Christmas Day.

I'd like to be a boy
 As much as you, on Christmas Day,
 To see that man who lives
 In the north, for the sake
 Of that man who lives in the north,
 But it would be for the sake
 At three o'clock, on Christmas Day,
 With vapor, large and small,
 My presence in the world,
 Throughout that world I'd like
 To have a chance to say
 As much as being with you,
 A little boy on Christmas Day.

I'd like more than to be
 As much as a little boy,
 With eyes that look just as
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 To love a thing with all my might,
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 To know the meaning of a toy—
 A meaning lost to many a man,
 To be just once again a boy,
 A little boy on Christmas Day.

