

### Christmas In The Heart

The snow lies deep upon the ground,  
and winter's brightness all around  
Decks bravely out the forest sere,  
With jewels of the brave old year.  
The coasting crowd upon the hill  
With some new spirit seems to thrill;  
And all the temple bells achime,  
Ring out the glee of Christmas time.

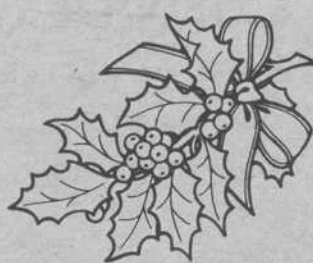


In happy homes the brown oak-bough  
Vies with the red-gemmed holly now;  
and here and there, like pearls, there show  
The berries of the mistletoe.  
A sprig upon the chandelier  
Says to the maiden, "Come not here!"  
Even the pauper of the earth  
Some kindly gift has cheered to mirth!

Within his chamber, dim and cold,  
There sits a grasping miser old.  
He has no thought save one of gain,  
To grind and gather and grasp and drain.  
A peel of bells, a merry shout  
Assail his ear; he gazes out  
Upon a world to him all gray,  
And snarls, "Why this is Christmas Day!"

No, man of ice, -- for shame, for shame!  
For "Christmas Day is no mere name."  
No, not for you this ringing cheer,  
This festal season of the year.  
And not for you the chime of bells  
From holy temple rolls and swells.  
In day and deed, he has no part --  
Who holds not Christmas in his heart?

Paul Lawrence Dunbar



What is Christmas? It is tenderness for the past, courage for the present, hope for the future. It is fervent wish that every cup may overflow with blessings rich and eternal, and that every path may lead to peace.

Agnes M. Pharo

### Favorite Time

The week after Christmas  
I like best of all;  
The rushing is over  
And friends come to call.  
The fruitcake is ready,  
The cookies are made,  
And leisure for reading  
The cards on parade.  
There's time to recall.  
The week after Christmas  
I like best of all.

Hilda Butler Farr

### The Way to See Christmas

Ruth Carter

The way to see Christmas is through a child's eyes,  
As he opens with rapture some hidden surprise;  
As he looks at the tree with its lights blue and gold;  
As he climbs on your lap, knowing arms will enfold.  
In spite of your worries, in spite of your grief,  
'Tis the child and his wonder, his trusting belief  
Renewing your faith of that Child long ago  
Reflected in your child, God's gift to bestow.  
Rock away, rock away, loveliness keep  
Of the child on your shoulder, fallen asleep.

Someone plays Christmas carols, you listen, you rock  
Save the music, no sound but the ticktock of clock.

So the way to see Christmas is you would be wise  
Is to share it with children, see joy in their eyes!  
For the world is a weary world, troubles increase;  
But the child who is loved...it is he who has peace.



### Song for the Ages

The Christmas story first was sung  
From out Judean skies  
By choirs of angels bending low  
To hear the Baby's cries;  
In narrow streets of Bethlehem  
It left a mellow glow,  
Reflected from celestial heights  
To one rude stall below.

The song, as penned that starry night,  
Has brightened all the earth,  
And brought to darkened lands afar  
A blessed Savior's birth;  
Two thousand years have failed to dim  
The story of the song,  
And we rejoice upon this day  
As did the shepherd throng.

But "peace on earth" is still a dream  
For which we humbly pray...  
A song which we would gladly hear  
In every land today;  
A song which we would gladly hear  
In every land today;  
A song which silver voices raise  
Wherever man are free,  
Wherever churches lift their spires  
And touch eternity.

Alice Kennelly Roberts



Christmas is more than a gift-laden tree, it is caring and sharing...unselfishly.

Laura Baker Jaynes

# Thoughts for Christmas

### Christmas is Together-Time

by Charles M. Schultz

Christmas is the decorations that go up on the day after Halloween...and Thanksgiving isn't even here yet!

Christmas is making a secret present for young dad at school, but it's always a calendar.  
Christmas is that awful feeling that another year has gone by.

Christmas is hearing about those partridges and pear trees until you're ready to lose your mind.

Christmas is a bowl of hard candy...that always sticks together.

Christmas is not really understanding this business about the flying reindeer.

Christmas is when people say nice things to you who otherwise don't even know you're alive.

Christmas is when you hug your little brother.

Christmas is giving your last two nickles to the Salvation Army...cheerfully.

Christmas is another box of candied fruit from your Aunt Agnes in California.

Christmas is getting all those cards from people you never sent any to!

Christmas is the church play...but why do I have to be the shepherd?

Christmas is losing your mother downtown in a crowded store.

Christmas is buying your Mom something she's always wanted...a forty-nine cent bottle of bath salts.

Christmas is when you realize how little you can buy with fifty cents.

Christmas is wishing you had gotten this stupid present gift-wrapped.

Christmas is a box of tree ornaments that have become part of the family.

Christmas is suggesting we decorate the tree with strings of popcorn and cranberries like in the old days, but we never do it.

Christmas is wishing there really was such a thing as an old-fashioned Christmas

Christmas is doing a little something extra for someone.

Christmas is a good day not to be in the hospital.

Christmas is going over the hills and through the woods to grandmother's house...except she's moved to an apartment.

Christmas is candy canes and can't I eat just one?

Christmas is waiting for the grown-ups to finish eating so we can open the presents.

Christmas is the joy of giving, but getting is pretty good too.

Christmas is watching the President light the tree on the White House Lawn.

Christmas is a time of waiting...and waiting...and waiting...and waiting.

Christmas is wishing you could have seen the Star of Bethlehem.

Christmas is a time of hope...a time of loving...a time of joy...

Christmas makes the rest of the year worthwhile.



### When the Small Ones Sing

Jane Merchant

At every Christmas season our eyes grow strangely dim  
When all the smallest children sing the dear "Cradle Hymn."

Some voices are uncertain, and some sing high, some low,  
But the round, uplifted faces are radiantly aglow.

This is the loveliest moment, we know with one accord,  
When the little ones, the least ones, sing of the little Lord.

### Souvenirs of Christmas

The souvenirs of Christmas  
Are the scattered bits of pine,  
The flecks of tinsel here and there,  
The greeting cards so fine.

The colored lights to put away,  
The letters filled with cheer,  
The candles and the Yuletide bells,  
The manager scene so dear.

But other special souvenirs  
Are those within my heart  
That linger in my memory  
Their splendor to impart--

A child's eager smiling face  
Beneath the Christmas tree,  
Reflected in the hanging balls  
For one and all to see.

A greeting spoken on the street,  
Warm wishes from a friend  
That fill the heart with Christmas joy  
That friendship knows no end.

These souvenirs of Christmastime  
I will not put away.  
Instead I'll cherish them all year  
To brighten every day.

Craig E. Sathoff



And so we come again to Christmas with all its color and joy,  
its magic and wonder, its spirit of good will and warmth. But  
how do we come to Christmas? What it means to us depends  
on what we bring to it, not in gifts and outer display, but in  
the inner offerings of love and faith that abide in the heart.

Esther Baldwin York



### No Room

Kathryn Slasor

"No room for Him," the keeper said  
That night so long ago,  
"My inn is crowded, don't you see,  
The rooms now overflow."  
"It's just a Child," he must have thought,  
"A family, poor and plain;  
My inn is filled with paying guests,  
How could I dare explain?"

And thus, he turned aside from One  
Who chose a humble birth  
To enter into human form  
And save all men on earth.  
But lo, the shepherds in the hills  
Were called, the Babe to greet;  
They followed then the brilliant star  
And worshiped at His feet!

"No room for Him," cry men today  
As through the world they plod;  
"My life is crowded, don't you see?  
I have no room for God.

How could I dare explain to all  
My friends who question me,  
That Jesus came to save my soul,  
From sin, to set me free?"

O God, forbid that we become  
As keepers of the inn,  
And have our lives so crowded  
That we have no room for Him.  
But now may we, Thy children dear,  
Unworthy through we are,  
Become as shepherds long ago  
And follow now His star!

### Christmas Cookie Baking

Baking sugar cookies,  
Happy, happy day!  
Children in the kitchen  
In each other's way.

Cutting sugar cookies,  
Stars and bells and trees,  
Filling cookie pans,  
Busy little bees.

Frosting sugar cookies,  
Red and green and blue,  
Frosting little fingers,  
Chairs and doornobs, too.

Eating sugar cookies  
As the job is done,  
Smiling dough-smearing faces,  
Fun for everyone!

