

Christmas



in the Temple of Democracy

Soon across the length and breadth of this great land of ours will ring out a significant and encouraging chorus of Christmas chimes.

The sweet hush of peace will fill the air—to be broken only by the warm, chattering greeting of neighbors meeting on their way to Church—and the children's laughter as they make merry in the snow. All the ground is mantled with snow's whiteness, and again-as-white is the little house of worship illumined by the early morning sun.

It will be Christmas in America. Christmas, 1942. And from the rock-ribbed New England coast to the coast 3,000 miles away, many millions of the people will be observing the holiday, each in his own fashion.

For from each native land, and from each denomination's tenets, have come down varying customs in raiment, in food, in the exchange of gifts—and in the very spiritual observance itself. Yet such is the heart and spirit of America—that the gracious sharing of good things at Christmas time has been adopted as a custom too, even by those whose forbears' origin and faith did not call for Christmas observance.

And such is the soul and zeal of Americans that in every heart this Christmas will rise the common prayer of—"Peace on Earth: Good Will toward Men." For this is the Temple of Democracy, where all men, all women, and all children are meant to live in love and tolerance for each other's habits, traditions . . . and failings.

This is where the arms of friendship open wide—to sustain the weak as they embrace the strong, whatever a man's race, religion or creed; so long as he too is true to the meaning of Democracy.

For He whose blessed birth is so joyously remembered at this time was verily the most ardent teacher of democracy the world has ever known.

And as we re-read the story of His life and re-hear the words He spoke, there will only be reaffirmed the fact that these are the teachings which must be again carried around the world—and this is the land that now has the very sacred obligation of bringing about the vigorous and everlasting re-birth of democracy—Bury deep under their own iniquities those who, with the insidious means of fascism, would make the world again pagan—bereft of the holiness and beauty of brotherly love! Let the churches and homes of the nation be filled with prayer and song in praise of Him!

And let us do more: let each one of us go forth from this day on, and in His name become an unflagging crusader for the regeneration of the brotherhood of man, as He taught it, and still lives to teach it in the hearts of those who understand that Love and Democracy are one!

And next Christmas may the hands and hearts of all God's children be joined in peace.

The Publishers and Staff