YOU KNOW ME
BY
Al, Himself

Almost two thousand years ago a child was born. There were no vital statistics kept in those days; no birth certificates issued. Yet as nature must have been then as it is today, probably thousands of other children were born on the same day. We have a written record of only one.

His life was a tragedy from beginning to end. It had to be that way because His career mingled with the human race whom He had come to save. His Father knew, in our weakness, that we remember longer the unpleasant things.

The three wise men who came to pay Him homage started a rumor that He was King of the Jews. They did not mean an earthly king as we understand the meaning, they meant a spiritual King. But King Herod misunderstood them and ordered all male babies two years old and under killed. Later when this child was only twelve, He disregarded the wishes of His family because He had to be on His Father's business.

As a man He met mostly the halt, lame, blind and sick according to records kept by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. All tell the same story. His life from birth to the cross is tragic, but because of it we have a faith that steps in and takes over and strengthens out the world when all else has failed. We have named this faith after Him. We call it Christianity.

This week we celebrate His birthday anniversary. We have made it a joyous affair and it should be so. He would want it that way. There never has been a man born on earth whose birth has been celebrated with greater joy. He taught us that it is more blessed to give than receive. How true this is, for Christmas is the one day in all the year when ALL of us get more pleasure out of giving than receiving. If we could only remember that for the rest of the year what a better world this would be.

Christmas is a family affair. Because of Him families are knit closer.

We've had fun all our lives, but the greatest came every Christmas morning. Our five kids jumped out of their beds and rushed into our room (they were allowed one peek to see if Santa had come) and then we all marched to the tree; first, the two girls, then the three boys, followed by Mom and Pop.

Foolish? Of course. But don't we have the most fun doing foolish things?

As families grow up they disband, but if they don't separate more than a couple of hundred miles, may still have family Christmas. No one expects the kids home on Christmas Day. They have families of their own, but Mom and Pop, after the kids had gone, always have their Christmas in the week-end between Christmas and New Year's Day.

Who knows whether Jesus was born on December 25th or not? To us, His birthday is any day at this time of the year when our family can get together. That's all we want for Christmas—all our kids around us, the week-end between the 25th of December and January 1st.

There has been some talk this year that this may not be possible; one kid has this problem, another has something else he has to do, and unselfish Mom seems to be going along with them, but not us. The kids are coming up for that week-end, as usual, if we have to hire a bus and gather them. That's all we want for Christmas.

No, we want something else and we've already got it. It's the nicest present we've ever received. A friend of ours whom we pick up on the way into work occasionally if we happen to get to his corner before the bus, has offered to pay us for this service but we would never take his money. First, because we enjoy his company and second because it may obligate us to stop for him every day which sometimes we cannot do. So one day while out into the woods he cut down a white birch to make himself one of those decorative mantle pieces, to cover with ground pine and with four holes for candles. You may buy them for a couple of dollars, but if he had done that he knew we wouldn't have enjoyed it, so while cutting his own, he thought of us, and cut one for us too. All it cost him was the price of four candles, and that is one of the things we like. Who doesn't like to receive inexpensive gifts from persons who are thinking of them? What we liked best was that he chose Christmas to give us this present. He could have offered something on the Fourth of July or Memorial Day, but had he, we wouldn't have accepted it. He knew that we couldn't take anything for doing something we enjoy, we enjoy his company. But Christmas, that is different. It is the time for giving and making others happy by receiving. This is what Jesus taught.

We wish everyone as merry a Christmas as we know we are going to have.

Third Annual Carol Sing

The William G. Moss home and garden on Carverton Road, Trucksville, has been chosen by Back Mountain civic minded folks as the setting for the third annual carol sing tomorrow night, Saturday, December 22.

'Twas the Night before Christmas . . .

when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave luster of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky
So, up to the house top the courses they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
And sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight"

Let the bells ring out and the carolers shout—a joyous holiday season be yours, from us, to you.

Grace Cave Shoppe
Main Street Dallas

Santa's saying Merry Christmas to you—and in this greeting we join him too.

Jacob Anderes
Fireplaces, Patios, Terraces, and All Concrete Work
Center Hill Road 528-R-3 Dallas, Pa.

May the light of peace shine down upon us in this year, and the years to come.

Jack Nothoff's
Make your reservations now for New Year's Eve
Sunset Harveys Lake

The Holiday Special brings you a caboose full of happy holiday wishes. May the year ahead be a bright one.

Fred L. Parry
"YOUR NASH DEALER"
Bennett Street Luzerne

We send you all wherever you happen to be—good wishes for Christmas and thanks for your patronage.

Crompton's Tot-n-teen Shop
Shavertown Pa.

Here's wishing you a lot of Christmas cheer and also, a very happy New Year.

Martin's Service Station
"In the 'Y'" Trucksville

May your holiday tree be laden with the good wishes we send your way. A Merry Christmas from us all.

Woolbert's Funeral Home
90 Ferguson Ave. Shavertown

Our Christmas greetings to you are as bright as a little child's face when he sees his Christmas tree.

SHOP AT THE
Dallas 5c, 10c and $1 Store
Open Every Night 'til Christmas Eve
MAIN STREET DALLAS

We join St. Nick in sending you showers of good wishes for Christmas and the new year.

Smith Beauty Shop
27 Machell Avenue Dallas

Our sincere appreciation and thanks for your welcome patronage in the past year. A very merry Christmas.

Kozy Korner
THOMAS SIMON, prop.
3 Main Street Shavertown

Down the chimney Santa comes, with a sack full of our thanks for your loyal patronage in the past year.

"Duke" Isaacs
Main Road Trucksville

Our employees all join us in wishing you and your family the happiness of Christmas seasons and a prosperous year.

Henry L. Deater
PLUMBING and HEATING
Harveys Lake Penna