

The Old Christmas

Not so very long ago Christmas had an active spiritual meaning, outside of the observances held in the churches. Although Santa Clause and the presents brought delight and joy to the adults as well as the children, there was deep reverence and thankfulness toward God and Jesus Christ.

In very few homes today does a person see the story of the Pilgrimage and the Sacred Birth being read to the children on either Christmas Eve or Christmas morning. Oh yes, it is represented by the small figurines of Mary, Joseph, the Baby, shepherds, wise men and such. But hasn't the scene become just another thing to be dragged out of the Christmas box from the attic or closet, to be put in one place for about a week, and then to be packed away again for another three hundred and fifty two days?

Tommy's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And Tommy couldn't sleep,
He lay awake listening,
Not making a peep.

Then all of a sudden,
From up on the roof,
Come the pattering sound
Of a reindeer's hoof.

Another and another
Started prancing about,
Then next came the sleigh,
From which Santa jumped out.

Down the chimney went Santa,
With his large bag of toys,
And reached the bottom
With a great deal of noise.

Old Santa worked quickly,
And before Tommy knew,
He'd gone back up the chimney,
And away he flew.

Tommy heard him shout greetings
As he took off in flight;
And Tommy called softly,
"Merry Christmas, Good Night!"
by Linda Nicol 10-6
Dallas Senior High

Has Christmas developed to have only a materialistic meaning? Is this the only meaning to be passed down to our children's children? If the answer is "yes" then this will only be another stepping stone toward the goal of our Communist and atheistic friends.

Even though our leaders in our various churches are doing everything in their power to prevent this from happening, it is up to us, the majority of the population, to make the next step and to revive the teachings of God and the true meaning of Christmas.

Gail Kelley
Lake-Lehman High School

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve is coming
And children just can't wait.
Christmas Eve is coming;
Now, Santa, don't be late!

Christmas Eve is nearing
And boys and girls are gay.
Christmas Eve is nearing
And Santa's on his way.

Christmas Eve is here now;
The night will seem so long.
Christmas Day is here now;
Let's sing a happy song.

by Dwaine Edwards 6-B
Lehman Elementary

Santa's Little Elves

Santa's little elves
Are helping him today,
To fill up all his shelves
With toys for Christmas Day.

Santa's little elves
Are filling up his sleigh
With toys that you and I
Will get on Christmas Day.

Santa's little elves
Have done their jobs this year
To bring to every boy and girl
A lot of Christmas cheer.
by Dwaine Ann Edwards 6-B
Lehman Elementary

Christmas to Me

Christmas to me is a wonderful time
The new falling snow and the bells own sweet chimes
The stores all aglow with tinsel and light
I'll go shopping for presents from morning till night
For Daddy and Mother and brother, Dave, too
Only the very best presents will do
And last but not least, a heart full of love
To the wee baby King who looks down from above

by Barbara Bates 6
Noxen Elementary

Alexanders' Christmas

Alexander just couldn't get to sleep. It was Christmas Eve and she was so excited. "Tomorrow," she had told her Uncle Niklas that afternoon, "I will have my very own horse."

Alexander Johan was the only child of Isabella and Ludwig Johan. They had come from Sweden with Niklas Johan, Alexander's uncle, four years ago in 1856 when Alexander was six.

Ludwig was a big man who tried to farm his acre of land with great profit, but there was never a good crop no matter what he did. The Johan's lived in a two story log cabin in North Dakota. It had four rooms, a kitchen and living room down stairs and two bedrooms upstairs. Ludwig had made the furniture himself.

Niklas Johan was better off than his brother. It seemed his crops just couldn't fail to produce bountifully. Niklas loved little Alexander and hoped his surprise would arrive on Christmas. She had talked to him of nothing but the horse she was getting, which she just knew she would get.

Finally Alexander drifted into a fitful sleep, but instead of having visions of sugarplums dancing in her head, there was a white horse prancing about.

At the first sign of light, Alexander jumped out of bed and went as fast as she could down the rickety ladder. Though it was very cold she didn't bother to light a fire, instead she went to see the Christmas tree, which was poorly decorated with strings of popcorn and holly, but to her it was beautiful. Under the tree was one present for her. As she was about to open it mother and father appeared. Mother said they should eat breakfast first and asked Ludwig to build a fire. Since it was Christmas they had mush with honey on it.

After they had eaten, they went into the other room to open their presents. For Mother there was a handkerchief, made by Alexander, with 'Mother' embroidered in blue, and gingham cloth, from father, to make a new dress out of. To Father, Alexander gave a cornucopia pipe and mother had knitted a muffler and matching mittens. From her parents, Alexander has gotten a wooden doll. Even though she knew they loved her and had crimped and saved to get it for her, her heart was heavy. "Oh!" she thought. "My horse! Where is my horse?" But she knew there was no horse.

For dinner they went to Uncle Niklas'. As she climbed down from the wagon, Uncle Niklas came running out to greet them. "Alexander, kom! I haf presen for you." And he grabbed Alexander by the hand and ran with her to his barn. There, on the straw in one of the stalls, was a newborn colt. Alexander cried with joy. She'd gotten her horse after all. "Thank you, uncle, thank you," she exclaimed. Alexander threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug, then she ran to get her mother and father to show them Uncle Niklas' wonderful gift. They all stood looking and exclaiming over the beautiful white colt.

"Kom, I am hungry," said uncle Niklas. "The colt vill still later be here. Then he is veened, he vill home wif you go." So laughing and gay they went into the house, but Alexander had to kiss her colt, her very own horse before she would leave.

by Sandy Agnew
Lake-Lehman High School



Christmas Eve

It was Christmas Eve, I went to bed.
"I hope Santa Claus comes," I said.
Yes, he came. But oh so fast,
That my house he went right past!

But when he came back,
The chimney was black.
And he said to Mack,
(The new reindeer in back.)
"Come and make the chimney bright,
So I can go down it tonight.

The tree was very very nice,
But Santa's feet were cold as ice.
He put out the little toys,
For all the good girls and boys.

by Steven Patton 5
Noxen Elementary

Mothers At Christmas

Every year when December 24th comes around, Mothers the world over enter into a state of traumatic shock. It starts with the first nerve shattering explosion of little feverish fists pounding on the bedroom door with little feverish voices bewailing the fact that Santa Claus is coming and they haven't put up their tree yet. All mothers are painfully aware of this phenomenon which gets children up no later than 6:00 a. m. on days off while it takes a major disaster to rouse them on school days. So on Christmas Eve they scurry about, giggling and slamming doors until the matriarch of the family gathers enough courage to poke her head out from under the blanket and crawl out of bed to greet the anxious clan that awaits her.

Any mother who is worth a grain of salt never lets Christmas Eve sneak up on her without preparing a list of what must be done—how, why and by whom. There are a thousand things to do—wash the dog, stuff the turkey, trim the tree, iron the curtains, clean the bird cage and buy Castor Oil. Somehow it seems impossible to do everything. If she can last through this day, she could survive wars, famines, floods, droughts, hurricanes, snow slides and elephant stampedes.

But there are many eager helpers. The husband, whom we shall call Harold for want of a more affectionate term, insists on playing Daniel Boone, spending the morning sharpening an axe which hasn't been used since grandfather's day and the afternoon out in the woods hacking down a beautiful tree on private property for which he receives a nice, big fine. He ends up buying a tree and paying double to a grinning thief of a dealer who was probably in league with the forest ranger all along.

There is also six-year-old Mary who insists on making four-year-old George scream with terror by telling him that Santa Claus is bound to get stuck in their chimney and Daddy will have to shoot him. The last member of the aid brigade is Jock, a St. Bernard more human than canine, who loves raisins and chews on Christmas wreaths.

After burning the last batch of Christmas cookies and sewing up the turkey with a broken needle, it is time to bundle up the kids and do some last minute shopping for relatives who weren't supposed to come in from out of town but did, and to get the green umbrella for Harold's Aunt Margaret who has been dropping hints since last January and holds grudges. The kids are all trussed up in boots and snow suits, when Mary suddenly feels the call of a force greater than a patient mother's, and everything has to come off again. In the meantime George finds little holes in his gloves where he has been sticking the wool in his mouth. In exasperated maternal spirit, partly to shut him up and partly to keep him from getting frostbite, the sighing mother gives him hers.

Before the family can get to town, the car stalls twice at crowded intersections where all the other 9,000 late shoppers have congregated; a Salvation Army bell ringer runs front of the car and drops his hat; and there aren't any parking places. The kids are whining that they want to see Santa Claus although they've already told every Santa Claus in every store in town what they want for Christmas. The dog decides too that he doesn't want to stay in the car while everyone is gone. He's bigger than Mother, so she doesn't argue—he goes along.

The green umbrella is the most difficult thing to find. The kids groan and their feet are sore. The bunion on poor Mother's right toe is acting up. They find the green umbrella finally in an Army Navy surplus store. It's sort of a camouflage color but by this time she doesn't care if it's decorated with pink bathtubs. It's just as easy to get the rest of the presents here—thermal underwear for Uncle Hank, a bayonet for the little boy, it's dull, and an authentic World War II poncho for Sarah. They probably won't be around again for another three years anyway.

It's time to go home. The children have disappeared. George is sauntering around like a chubby little mummy not able to move anything but his feet behind a fat lady with the same kind of coat as his mother. Really, one would hope that the boy would be more perceptive. Mary is sitting on Jock in the doorway with her eyes closed holding her hand out for pennies. They say everyone

has a sense of humor, but by this time the poor mother is wondering if perhaps she doesn't belong to some rare species of animal that lacks one.

Ah, home again . . . to find Harold, the tree and the ornaments all over the living room floor. He valiantly offers to decorate the tree. The children are ecstatic. They jump up and down landing on a few of the Christmas lights that Harold has just tested. The dog chews on the branches which are emaciated enough as it is. Tip-toeing over shattered glass, Mary decorates George with tinsel while throwing some on the tree. George plays handgrenade with the ornaments.

But Harold is a dear. Soon the tree is transformed into a glittering rainbow arrayed in silver, red, blue and green. The children go off to bed without so much as an "I don't wanna," and at last Mother can sit down in front of the tree with a cup of hot coffee. It would be silly to ask her . . . of course she'd say "It was worth it."

by Sandra Rossi
College Misericordia



Sally's Christmas

It was a week before Christmas and Sally told her parents what she hoped to get from Santa Claus. She wanted a talking doll and a big stuffed animal. Her father said that he couldn't afford the things she wanted. He didn't want to break five year old Sally's heart because she believed that Santa Claus brought the toys. After Sally kissed her parents good-night, her mother tucked her in the bed and turned out the light. The mother went to the kitchen and said, "If you wouldn't buy her them, I'll raise some money and I'll borrow the rest from someone. We'll need about twenty one dollars."

Three days later she had raised fifteen dollars, and had to go shopping because the stores would be closed tomorrow for the holidays. She still needed six dollars so she went to the neighbors to borrow the money. The neighbor gave it to her. Then Sally's mother asked her to baby sit. Miss Black said "OK". Sally's mother went shopping for the gifts. When she got home Sally was right by the door so she left the gifts in the car. After supper Sally went to her bedroom. While she was in there her mother got the gifts, wrapped them, and then hid them in the closet. Then the Mother told Sally's father, Dan, that she got the gifts, and had five dollars left over. She gave Dan four dollars to get gifts, she kept one dollar to get a gift for him. At five thirty the whole family went shopping so Sally took two dollars from her piggy bank. She always thought that Santa Claus brought little children toys, but she would have to buy her parents gifts.

Four days later it was Christmas. Sally got up bright and early to see what she got. The first thing she did was wake her parents. They all hurried to get down-stairs. The first gift the mother opened said, To Mommy Love Sally. Sally got her jewelry. The next she opened said To Ruth Love Dan, he got her an electric beater. Then it was Dan's turn to open his gift, it said To Daddy Love Sally. She got him a tie clip and cufflinks. The next gift said To Dan Love Ruth, she got him a shirt. Next was Sally's turn. One of the gifts said To Little Sally From Santa Claus. She couldn't wait to open it, it was a talking doll. The next gift said to Sally Love Daddy, that was a dress. The next said To Sally Love Mommy, it was a big stuffed animal. She was so happy that she cried. Her father asked Sally, "Did you like the gift Santa Claus gave you?" and smiled.

by Eleanor Belcher 7-2
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