

Christmas 1979

# STORIES

*from*

Grandma's  
and  
Grandpa's  
Files

Some of the best now difficult  
to find elsewhere

E X P L A N A T I O N

Christmas 1979

Dear family,

For Christmas this year we give you another "big" book --containing stories from Grandma's and Grandpa's files --Some are to inspire, to teach; some are to enjoy together in your families; some are to be used when giving talks, teaching lessons, doing missionary work, etc.; some are to entertain and teach little children; some are to share with others; some are just for a good laugh.

We have compiled them in a loose-leaf binder that you may add to them, that you may take them out and use them and then return them so they won't get lost, that you may "match" sheets to get the story correctly.

This is another "sample", "reference" book --there are many more in our files and in yours. There are also many others in other compilations we have sent you from time to time. We have tried to not duplicate them. We plan to send you some patriotic ones in February. You all have many favorites of your own and of course the Fritzens, Blairs, Sabins, Herrings, Colbys, Nelsons, Pratts, Strattons, Hansens, Hubbles and Jensens all have stories for you or already in your possession to treasure. Many of these stories have been in our files for many years - some so old that we have had no concern for "copyrights" etc. as, upon checking, we have found them "out of print" - "no longer available", etc. We have, however, tried carefully to somewhat document and give references when possible. We trust there is no problem in this regard.

We find again we have allowed this collection to "grow up like Topsy" -- and now that we have learned the copying could have been done on both sides, that there are faster ways of reinforcing the punched holes, etc., etc. we determine next time to make more efficient use of such available helps ---but this(home-) should be of value now and later - maybe even more than if it had been done more perfectly mechanically.

After experiencing how wonderfully helpful Mary Jane's index to our other big book is, (and how grateful we are to her for this "going the extra mile" because there was a real need for that index) --we are putting an index with this one.

Some of the stories lend themselves well to giving in public--dramatic readings, Christmas stories for programs or better still, for family gatherings, etc. Many you have heard each other or us give or have given yourselves.

The pictures are also mainly from our files --hence if it appears some of you find your pictures used as illustrations more frequently than others -- that's because we found pictures from you in our files. Sometimes pictures are inserted to tell their own stories --without words.

You will especially treasure Dad's anecdotes in his own handwriting.

We hope you will still call at times and say..."Mom--do you have a story I could tell....." --"Dad, where can I find that little experience you mentioned..."

Indeed you are the reason for our Christmas joy and all other joys -via our beloved Savior - Above all else, may these stories strengthen your testimonies and gratitude for Him and his true Church and the privilege we have as a family to give our all to build the Kingdom--especially in our own homes.

Always,

Mother and Dad Groberg

I N D E X

CHRISTMAS

<u>Title:</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
The Nativity (Luke 2) . . . . .	3-4
The Night Before Christmas . . . . .	5-6
The Little Engine That Could . . . . .	7-9
Miracle at Midnight . . . . .	10-11
The Christmas I remember Best (Brown-Japan) . . . . .	13-15
The Lost Word . . . . .	20-26
The Bird's Christmas Carol . . . . .	27-31
The Man Who Missed Christmas . . . . .	32-34
The Christmas I Remember Best (Mason-Teacher) . . . . .	35-36a
A Certain Small Shepherd . . . . .	37-43
Annie and Willie's Prayer . . . . .	44-46
The Faded, Blue Blanket . . . . .	47-48
Pink Angel . . . . .	50-64
Our Richest Christmas . . . . .	65-66
The Other Wise Man . . . . .	67-69
About the Poem-Visit from St. Nicholas . . . . .	71-72
About the Story - A Christmas Carol . . . . .	73-75
About Handel's Messiah . . . . .	76-78
About the Song - Silent Night . . . . .	79-80
To Come Unto Me . . . . .	81-83
No Room for Him . . . . .	84-91
Teakwood Chest (given by Jennie at Open House) . . . . .	94-98
One Solitary Life . . . . .	99-
Jest 'Fore Christmas . . . . .	100
A Christmas Carol (Children's drama) . . . . .	101-108

JOSEPH SMITH

Introduction --relating to Joseph of Egypt . . . . .	
Anecdotes by Preston Nibley . . . . .	1-2
Anecdotes by Parley P. Pratt . . . . .	3-4
Anecdotes by Wilford Woodruff . . . . .	4- 6
Anecdotes by Parley P. Pratt . . . . .	6-9
Anecdotes in books by Hyrum Andrus & Ivan Barrett	13-23
Latter-day Prophets bear testimony of Joseph Smith	

FAMILY

Prayer - by President Kimball . . . . .	1-2
The Mailbox . . . . .	3-6
Golden Wedding of Parents-poem by Jennie . . . . .	7-11
including poem by Aretta Young	
Lifeboat Number Five . . . . .	12-16
Ubasute Yama (Forsaken Parents) told by Del Del . . . . .	17-18
The Baby Who Came to Stay . . . . .	19-20
What is a Boy . . . . .	21
What is a Girl . . . . .	23
The Pilot Collapsed at the Controls . . . . .	25-28
<i>H. Burke Peterson</i> . . . . .	24

FAMILY

Prayer (Story in Relief Society Magazine. . . . 29-31  
A Bridge of Helping Hands. . . . . 33-38  
The Story of Samuel P. Cowley . . . . . 39-42  
Could You Have Loved so Much? . . . . . 44-46  
An Immortal Romance . . . . . 47-51  
Widdsoe story by President Tanner . . . . . 52  
The Faith of a Child - Elder Monson . . . . . 53-56

MOM and DAD

Omie . . . . . 1-2  
The Hat in Her Life . . . . . 3-6  
Life Without Her . . . . . 6a-9  
Just Like a Man . . . . . 10-13  
Potatoes at Fair by Dad . . . . . 24-25  
George Washington on Profanity in Army . . . . . 27-28  
Suspended Sentences . . . . . 30-32  
He Was with the Prophet by Dad . . . . . 33  
A Father's Counsel by Dad . . . . . 34  
Leaders We Met "on the Highway" by Dad . . . . . 35-38  
The Good Humor of a Prophet . . . . . 39  
John Carmody Reads Beautiful Story . . . . . 40-42  
"Little Johnny Slept Here" . . . . . 43-47  
The Search for the Immortality Pill . . . . . 48-55

YOUTH

Out of Darkness . . . . . 3-6  
With Trust in God . . . . . 7-9  
The Martyrdom of Andy . . . . . 11-13  
The Blizzard . . . . . 30-37  
A Scoutmaster Saves the Day . . . . . 38-39  
A Football for Grandma . . . . . 40-43  
Greater Love Hath No Man Than This . . . . . 44-46  
Jeni . . . . . 47-49  
My Most Unforgettable Character . . . . . 50-56  
The Last Leaf . . . . . 57-59  
*Eagles in Action* . . . . . 15

CHILDREN

Mrs. Brant. . . . . 31-34  
Epaminondas . . . . . 35-37  
I Am a Child of God . . . . . 39-46  
Peter's Adventure . . . . . 47  
Good Morning Tommy . . . . . 49-50  
Valentines for Bobby . . . . . 51-52  
Receiving the Gift of the Holy Ghost . . . . . 53-54  
Frown and Smile picture . . . . . 56  
If Ever You Are Lost . . . . . 57-58  
The Lost Cows . . . . . 59-60  
The Boy Organist . . . . . 61  
Camping Out . . . . . 62-63  
Happy Things . . . . . 64-65

## CHILDREN

Donnie's Day . . . . .	66
Cindy Learns to Cook . . . . .	67-68
The Boy Jesus in the Temple . . . . .	69
Flags for Our Soldiers . . . . .	70-72
If a Flag Could Talk . . . . .	73
Washington . . . . .	74
Lincoln . . . . .	75
Song: Blessed America . . . . .	76
Ammon . . . . .	77-78
Nephi . . . . .	79-80
Nephi, Son of Nephi . . . . .	81-82
Alma . . . . .	83
Moroni . . . . .	85-86
Backwoods Boy . . . . .	87-89
Haunting Questions . . . . .	90-92
A Morning for a Miracle . . . . .	93-95
An Angel from on High . . . . .	96-98
Land Robbers . . . . .	99-100
A Lonely Road . . . . .	101-106
A New Beginning . . . . .	103-104
Marks of a Murderer . . . . .	107-108
Long Walk in the Wilderness . . . . .	109-112
Talofa Lava (Elder Monson) . . . . .	113-114
Hiding . . . . .	114a-115
Mr. Rabbit . . . . .	116
The Sun is First to Rise . . . . .	117
The Little House . . . . .	118-119
Mrs. Brown . . . . .	120
It Was . . . . .	121
Halfway Down . . . . .	122
Indian Children . . . . .	123
Three Little Witches . . . . .	124
Thank You Lord . . . . .	125
It's Snowing . . . . .	126
Christmas Morning . . . . .	127-128
Sweet and Low . . . . .	129
Trains-Mud . . . . .	130
The Christmas Story (Marie from her mother) . . . . .	131-133

## SHORT STORIES

A Precious Memory . . . . .	1
I'm Going on a Mission . . . . .	2
Lost on the Plains . . . . .	3-4
What Time is it at Home . . . . .	4
Stories Told by President Kimball . . . . .	5-6
Courage . . . . .	7
Two Great Sons . . . . .	7
Procrastination . . . . .	8
Never Lie to an Indian . . . . .	8
Stories of President McKay . . . . .	9-10
The Gift . . . . .	11

## Short Stories

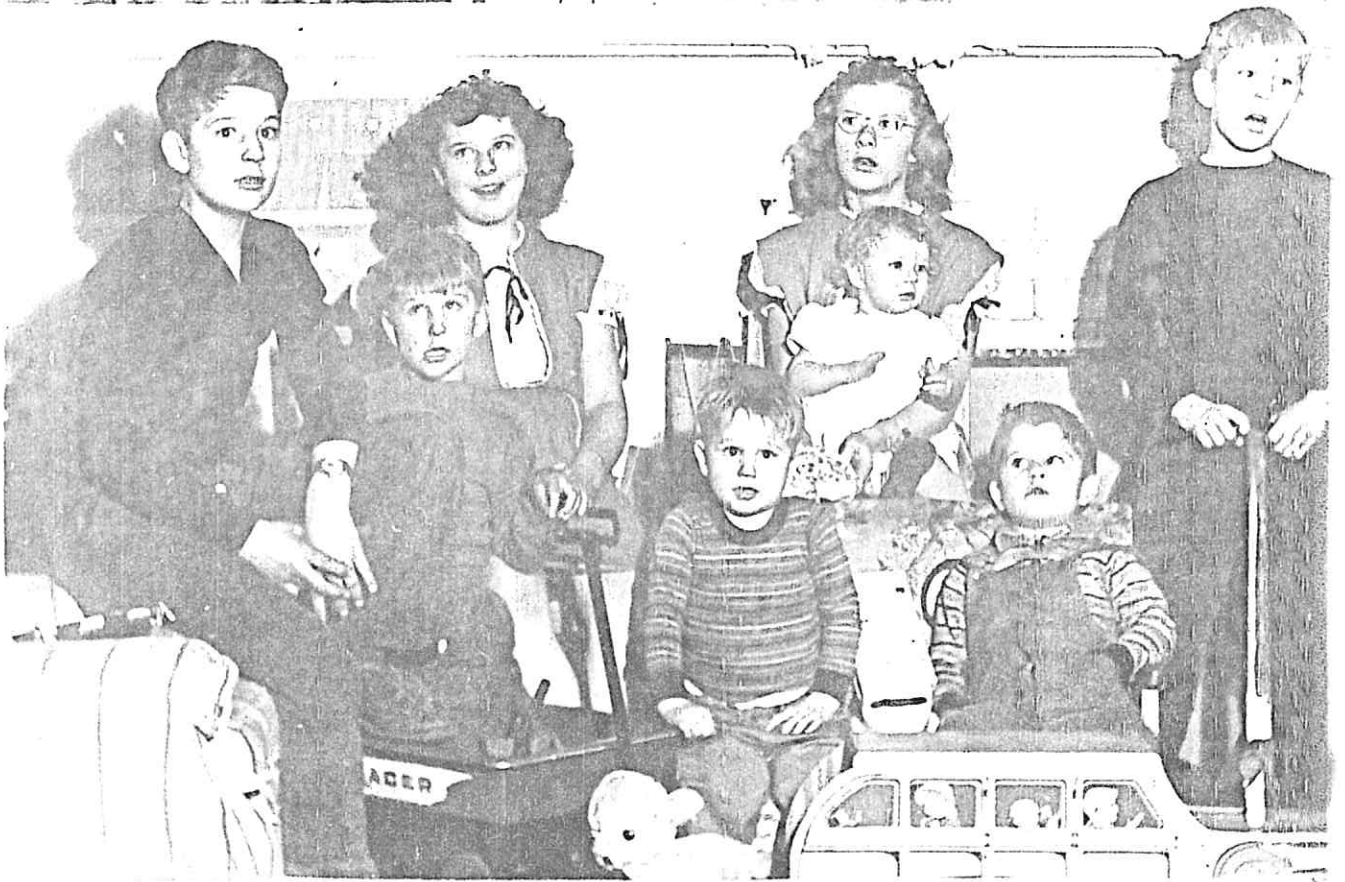
The Lost Knife . . . . .	12
"As Men Now Is". (Lorenzo Snow). . . . .	13
Prophecy about Heber J. Grant . . . . .	13
A Good Name -George Albert Smith . . . . .	14
Letter by President Grant about Testimony . . . . .	15
Going to the Temple . . Pres. Grant . . . . .	15
Elder Kikuchi . . . . .	16-17
Patterns . . . . .	18
Power of Prayer and Priesthood..Cowley . . . . .	19
Russians witness to the True Church . . . . .	20
"Their Faces Shine" (B.Y.U. students) . . . . .	20
Congressman witnesses about Mormon Church . . . . .	21
The Chinese Ferryman . . . . .	22
The Greater Cleverness . . . . .	22-23
The Two Voices . . . . .	23
Stories by President Harold B. Lee . . . . .	25-26
Little Jeff (Scoutmaster story) . . . . .	27
Michelangelo--vision . . . . .	28
Giving Thanks . . . . .	28-29
Faith Promoting Stories . Wilford Woodruff . . . . .	29
Faith Promoting - William Budge . . . . .	30
Keep Sabbath Holy - Wisdom . . . . .	30
Spiritual Blindness . . . . .	30-31
The Reverent Prince . . . . .	31
He Refused to Become Discouraged -Eli Whitney . . . . .	31-32
Invented for Community - Edison . . . . .	32-33
True to the Faith - Daniel Wells -Gandhi . . . . .	34
A Leader is Courageous . Jacob Hamblin . . . . .	35
A Leader is True . . . . .	36
A Leader is Unselfish -Cowley . . . . .	36
A Leader is Humble . . .George Albert Smith . . . . .	37-38
Painting by Blackfoot Indian artist . . . . .	35a
Story of Conversion via Radio (Elder Monson thru Glo. . . . .	39
About Jonah and the Whale . . . . .	40
Kirkham-Churchill-Schweitzer-Sandburg-Paderewski . . . . .	31

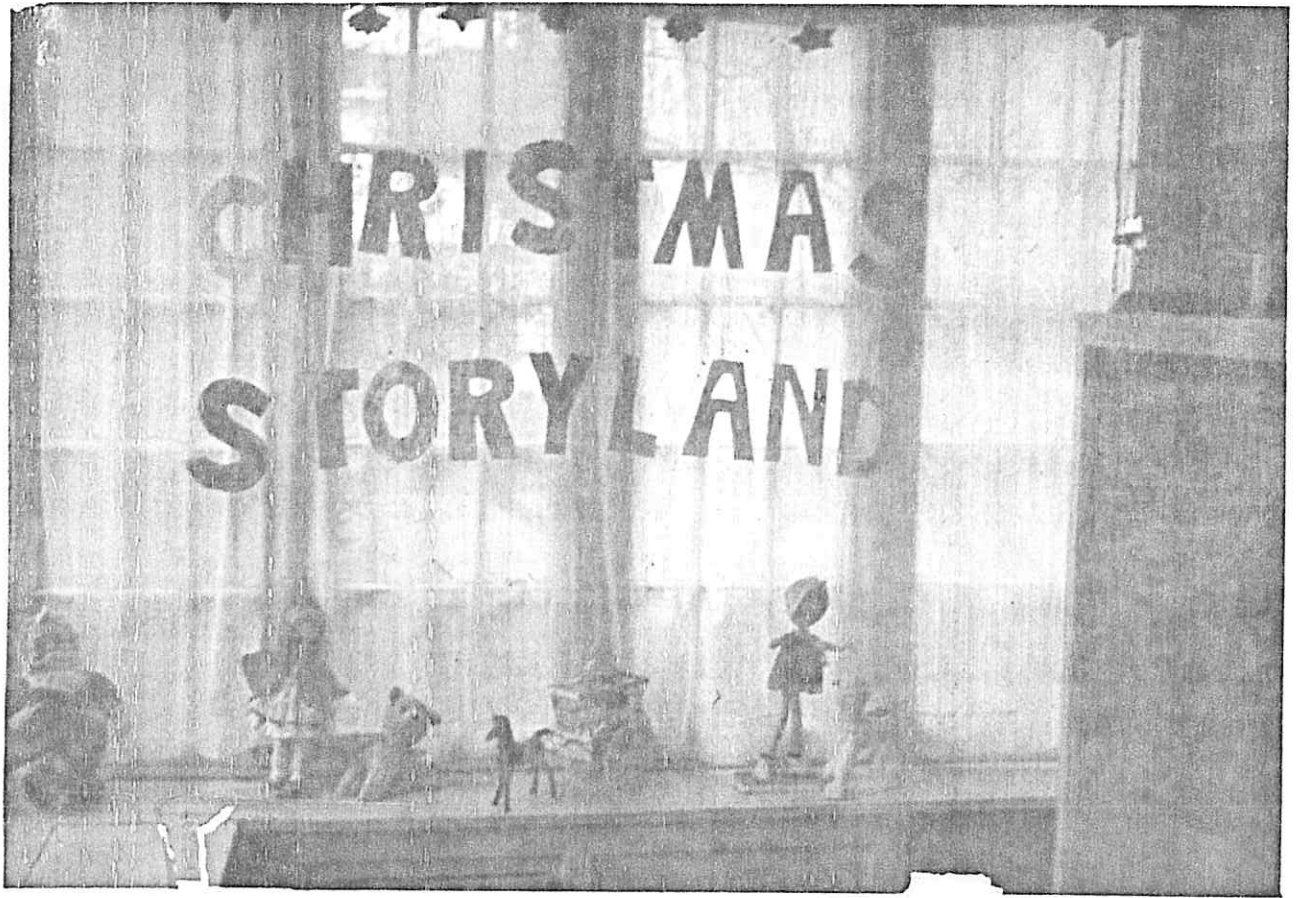
## POETRY

Weeng - Indian Slumber Song . . . . .	1
Japanese Lullaby . . . . .	2
Annabel Lee .. . . .	3
Cuddle Doon . . . . .	4
We Are Seven . . . . .	5-6
The Touch of the Master's Hand . . . . .	7
Groberg Family Song . . . . .	8



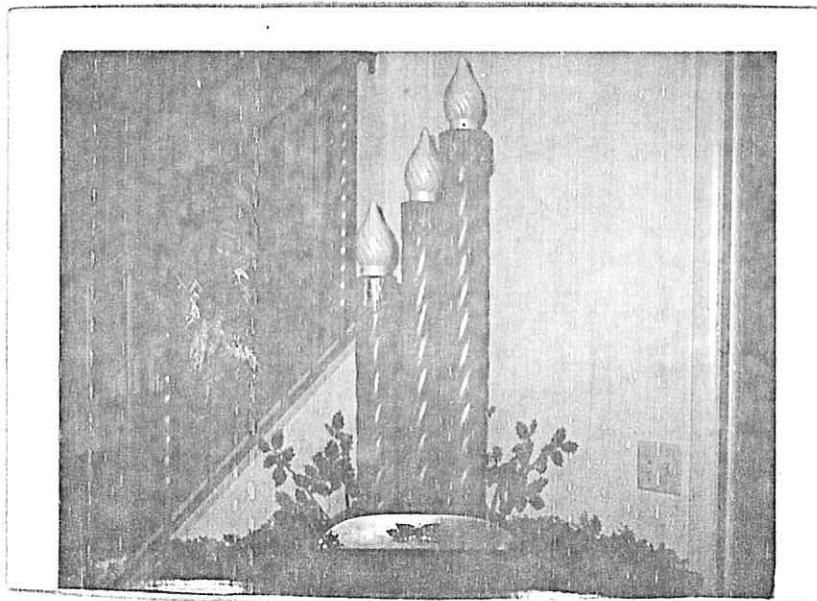
Merry Christmas Memories!





ONE OF OUR CHRISTMAS OPEN-HOUSES FOR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

ABOUT DECEMBER 1964



Christmas 8





Del

Jan



Erik



Travis



Bobby



Anna

Oh, please, please  
tell it again!!



Brenda



Gretch



Nancy

'Cause that's the



John Enoch

goodest story



Steph + Todd



Jer



of all!!!



Randy



Kristin

Christmas 2



Kim

PAINTING: THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS by HENRI LEROLLE,  
reproduced for the INSTRUCTOR by Wheelwright Lithographing Co.





*given by Dad*

"..in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed..and Joseph also went up from Galilee ..unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem..to be taxed, with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child..While they were there..she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger. (Luke 2)

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.... and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

(Matthew 2)

"And Samuel, the Lamanite..said unto them: 'Behold, I give unto you a sign for five years more cometh and behold then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name...this will I give unto you for a sign at the time of his coming, for behold, there shall be great lights in heaven, insomuch that in the night before he cometh there shall be no darkness insomuch that it shall appear unto man as if it was day..one day and a night and a day as if it were one day and there were no night..the night shall not be darkened and it shall be the night before he is born. And behold, there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld; and this also shall be a sign unto you. And behold this is not all, there shall be many signs and wonders in heaven.. ye shall all be amazed and wonder insomuch that ye shall fall to the earth..."

(Helaman 14)

"But there were some who began to say that the time was past for the words to be fulfilled, which were spoken by Samuel, the Lamanite..they did make a great uproar throughout the land..there was a day set apart by the unbelievers that all those who believed in those traditions should be put to death except the sign should come to pass which had been given by Samuel the prophet... Nephi, the son of Nephi...went out and bowed himself down upon the earth and cried mightily to his God in behalf of the people.. who were to be destroyed because of their faith in the tradition of their fathers. ..he cried mightily unto the Lord all the day and behold the voice of the Lord came unto him, saying:

Lift up your head and be of good cheer for behold the time is at hand and on this night shall the sign be given and on the morrow come I into the world....

And..at the going down of the sun there was no darkness and the people began to be astonished because there was no darkness when the night came. And there were many who had not believed the words of the prophets who fell to the earth and became as if they were dead...and they began to know that the Son of God must shortly appear...all the people were so exceedingly astonished that they fell to the earth...

And..there was no darkness in all that night but it was as light as though it was mid-day...the sun did rise in the morning again according to its proper order and they knew it was the day that the Lord should be born because of the sign which had been given.. And it came to pass also that a new star did appear according to the word (III Nephi 1)

Christmas 4



*given by Beth*

'T WAS 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 SAINT NICHOLAS SOON WOULD BE THERE.  
THE CHILDREN WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,  
WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS.

AND MAMMA IN HER K'ERCHIEF..

AND I IN MY CAP,  
HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN 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 A LUSTER OF MIDDAY TO OBJECTS BELOW,  
WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING 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 COURSERS 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, DONNER 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 COURSERS THEY FLEW  
WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS, AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO.  
AND THEN IN A TWINKLE 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.  
HIW 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.....  
HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A LITTLE ROUND BELLY  
THAT SHOOK, WHEN HE LAUGHED, LIKE A BOWL FULL OF JELLY.

HE WAS CHUBBY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF,  
AND I LAUGHED WHEN I SAW HIM, IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

A WINK OF HIS EYE, AND 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.

HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A WHISTLE,  
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN ON A THISTLE.

BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM AS HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT,  
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."

Florence Sarah Winship



THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

*Given by George*

retold by Watty Piper

Chug, chug, chug. Puff, puff, puff. Ding-dong, ding-dong. The little train rumbled over the tracks. She was a happy little train for she had such a jolly load to carry. Her cars were filled full of good things for boys and girls. (for Christmas)

There were toy animals--giraffes with long necks, Teddy bears with almost no necks at all, and even a baby elephant. Then there were dolls--dolls with blue eyes and yellow curls, dolls with brown eyes and brown bobbed heads, and the funniest little toy clown you ever saw. And there were cars full of toy engines, airplanes, tops, jack-knives, picture puzzles, books and every kind of thing boys or girls could want. (for Christmas)

But that was not all. Some of the cars were filled with all sorts of good things for boys and girls to eat--big golden oranges, red-cheeked apples, bottles of creamy milk for their breakfasts, fresh spinach for their dinners, peppermint drops, and lollypops for after-meal treats.

The little train was carrying all these wonderful things to the good little boys and girls on the other side of the mountain. She puffed along merrily. Then all of a sudden she stopped with a jerk. She simply could not go another inch. She tried and she tried, but her wheels would not turn.

What were all those good little boys and girls on the other side of the mountain going to do without the wonderful toys to play with (on Christmas) and the good food to eat?

"Here comes a shiny new engine," said the funny little clown who jumped out of the train. "Let us ask him to help us."

So all the dolls and toys cried together:

Please, Shiny New Engine, won't you please pull our train over the mountain? Our engine has broken down, and the boys and girls on the other side won't have any (new) toys (for Christmas unless you help us."

But the Shiny New Engine snorted: "I pull you? I am a passenger engine. I have just carried a fine big train over the mountain, with more cars than you ever dreamed of. My train has sleeping cars, with comfortable berths; a dining-car where waiters bring whatever hungry people want to eat; and parlor cars in which people sit in soft arm-chairs and look out of big plate-glass windows. I pull the likes of you? Indeed not!"

And off he steamed to the roundhouse, where engines live when they are not busy.

How sad the little train and all the dolls and toys felt! Then the little clown called out, "The Passenger Engine is not the only one in the world. Here is another engine coming, a great big strong one. Let us ask him to help us."

The little toy clown, waved his flag and the big strong engine came to a stop.

"Please, oh please, Big Engine," cried all the dolls and toys together. "Won't you please pull our train over the mountain? Our engine has broken down and the good little boys and girls on the other side won't have any (new) toys (for Christmas) unless you help us."

But the Big Strong Engine bellowed: "I am a Freight Engine. I have just pulled a big train loaded with big machines over the mountain. These machines print books and newspapers for grown-ups to read. I am a very important engine indeed. I won't pull the likes of you!" And the Freight Engine puffed off indignantly to the roundhouse.

The little train and all the dolls and toys were very sad.

"Cheer up," cried the little toy clown. "The Freight Engine is not the only one in the world. Here comes another. He looks very old and tired, but our train is so little, perhaps he can help us."

So the little toy clown waved his flag and the dingy, rusty old engine stopped.

"Please, Kind Engine," cried all the dolls and toys together, "Won't you please pull our train over the mountain? Our engine has broken down, and the boys and girls on the other side won't have any (new) toys for Christmas unless you help us."

But the Rusty Old Engine sighed: "I am so tired. I must rest my weary wheels. I cannot pull even so little a train as



yours over the mountain. I can not. I can not. I can not."

And off he rumbled to the roundhouse chugging, "I can not. I can not. I can not."

Then indeed the little train was very, very sad, and the dolls and toys were ready to cry.

But the little clown called out, "Here is another engine coming, a little blue engine, a very little one. Maybe she will help us."

The very little engine came chug, chugging merrily along. When she saw the toy clown's flag, she stopped quickly.

"What is the matter, my friends?" she asked kindly.

"Oh, Little Blue Engine," cried the dolls and toys. "Will you pull us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down and the good boys and girls on the other side won't have any (new) toys for Christmas..unless you help us. Please, please help us, Little Blue Engine."

"I'm not very big," said the Little Blue Engine. They use me only for switching trains in the yard. I have never been over the mountain."

"But we must get over the mountain before the children awake," said all the dolls and toys.

The very little engine looked up and saw the tears in the dolls' eyes. And she thought of the good little boys and girls on the other side of the mountain who would no have any (new) toys(for Christmas) unless she helped.

Then she said, "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can." And she hitched herself to the little train (of toys)

She tugged and pulled and tugged and slowly, slowly, slowly they started off.

The toy clown jumped aboard and all the dolls and the toy animals began to smile and cheer.

And the Little Blue Engine smiled and seemed to say as she puffed steadily down the mountain, "I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could."

(and all the good little boys and girls got their new toys for Christmas.)



M I R A C L E   A T   M I D N I G H T

*given by Gloria*

Author unknown

(original loaned and lost so not  
(too correct in detail)

The Characters are: Miss Annie Hewlett (head nurse in the Children's Hospital)  
Roger, a little boy with an incurable disease- an orphan boy.  
Bud -another boy, seriously injured in an accident.  
Bud's parents  
Doctor  
Betty Darkis, another nurse.

Story: It was Christmas Eve in the hospital. Miss Hewlett and the doctor visited the patients. When they came to Roger's room, they saw a Christmas tree the orphanage had sent over for him.

The doctor knew there was no hope for Roger but he tried to make him happy. Roger asked the doctor and nurse about the boy who had just been brought in and whose parents were in the hall crying.

Miss Hewlett answered Roger and said the boy's name was Bud and that he had been playing with his father's gun and it had accidentally gone off and the boy had shot himself. She explained that the doctor was going to operate and try to repair the damage.

Roger asked her if the boy would get well and can tell at once by her evasive reply that she hardly thinks he will. Then Roger says:

"I don't think I'll hang my stocking. I don't really believe in Santa Claus anyways. But please wake me up at midnight because midnight on Christmas eve is a holy time because that's when Baby Jesus is born and miracles can happen then. And I want a miracle to happen. I want that boy over there to get well."

Miss Hewlett promised but to herself she said it was really Roger who needed a miracle. She loved Roger very dearly and kept on hoping, without real hope, that he could get better.

It is obvious that the parents of Bud, the injured boy, are frantic. They try to talk about faith and they try to talk about God but they are really all mixed up. Then they try to pray but find the only thing they can do is to cry as the time comes and the doctor operates on their boy in a desperate effort to save him.

Miss Hewlett wishes the operation would hurry so at midnight she can tell Roger about the boy. Then Miss Hewlett decided she would pray and she did -not for the little injured boy however, but she prayed for Roger - prayed that his faith would not be damaged if there were no miracle at midnight.

But Roger was praying too, praying with much faith that his prayers would be answered.

Miss Hewlett went to Roger's room at midnight as she had promised and she found him kneeling by his bed in prayer. She waited until he had finished and then carefully and lovingly lifted him back into his bed.

"Did you say your prayers?" she asked Roger.

Roger replied, "It wasn't a prayer exactly. You don't pray for a miracle. You just believe in them."

Miss Hewlett leaves long enough to fill Roger's stocking but waits a bit before she takes it in to him. Just at that moment she sees Betty Darkis coming from surgery, with a wondering look on her face. She tells Miss Hewlett that Bud, the other little boy nearly died during surgery - but the most amazing thing happened - right at midnight something very strange took place -- All of a sudden Bud revived and at once gave signs he was past the crisis and was actually going to make it, starting to get better --

"Why," she reported to Miss Hewlett, "it was just as if somebody had said, 'Let's not take him after all, let's take someone else this time.'"

Annie Hewlett, with the stocking in her hand, suddenly left Betty Darkis and rushed to Roger's room --those words were vividly on her mind --"It was as if somebody had said, 'Let's not take him after all, let's take someone else this time.'"

She knew before she touched Roger what had happened but she tried hard not to cry as she discovered Roger had died.

Then she went out to where the parents of the wounded boy were and she handed them the Christmas stocking she had filled for Roger telling them that Roger had wanted them to be very happy and for their son, Bud, to have the stocking-that Bud was going to bet well.

There had been three prayers that night: Annie Hewlett has prayed for a child's faith; Bud's parents had prayed for their son's life, and Roger-I guess Roger had not really prayed at all--he had simply believed --and it had come to pass.

# LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

(LET IT BEGIN WITH ME)

By SY MILLER and JILL JACKSON





*given by Lewis*

THE CHRISTMAS I REMEMBER BEST

by

Kenneth J. Brown

I watched him turn from the street and climb the path leading to our shelter. He was groping, hesitating. As he came near, he folded his umbrella and stood quietly a long moment. His thin coat soon dampened from the cold rain that was falling from the same sky that had brought death to nearly half his townspeople three short months before. I concluded that it must take some special courage to confront one's conquerors without invitation. It was little wonder that he hesitated.

His polite bow to me was no bow of submission. Rather his squared shoulders and lifted head let me feel as if I were looking up at him even though I towered over him a foot or more. I recall being disturbed that I hadn't yet become used to the near sightless eyes of those who had looked heavenward that morning when the bomb dropped. If one looked deeply enough he could almost see the reflection of a searing, blinding flash in those eyes.

Dignity commands respect in all quarters and I respectfully asked if I could be of service. His clear English told me that his educational pursuits had taken him beyond the home islands. He introduced himself as Professor Iida. The title fitted him well.

"I am Christian," he said. "I am told this is the head minister's office. Are you a Christian? It is good to talk with a follower of Christ; there are so few Christian Japanese."

I took him to the inner office of the division chaplain and watched while the two men conversed. Professor Iida stated his request briefly. He was a teacher of music in a Christian girl's college until it was closed by Imperial command. Afterward he had been imprisoned because of his professed Christianity. After being released he had returned to Nagasaki and continued his music instruction in his home even though it was forbidden. He had been able to continue a small chorus and would be pleased if it could be arranged that they sing a concert for the American Marines.

"We know something of your American Christmases," he said. "We should like to do something to make your Christmas in Japan more enjoyable."

I felt sure the chaplain would give a negative reply. Our unit was one of hardened fighters, four years away from home, who had fought the enemy from Saipan to Iwo Jima. Their hatred had hardly had time to cool. A troupe of girls appearing before them on stage, perhaps daughters or sisters of the ones who had killed their buddies, might provoke an incident humiliating to the occupation authorities. Yet there was something about the man that bespoke sincere desire to do a good deed so that his request could hardly be denied.

Permission was granted. The concert would be Christmas Eve.

The rain had stopped and a calm settled over the atomic bowl reminiscent of the calm that night long ago. The concert was well attended; there was nothing else to do. The theater, now turned amphitheater, had been cleared of its fallen roof and men were sitting on the jagged walls. The usual momentary hush fell over the audience as the performers filed on stage. As the music began, the hush swelled to complete silence that strangely lasted the hour.

The first thing we noticed was that they were singing in English and we became aware that they didn't understand the words, but had memorized them for our benefit. Professor Iida had taught his students well. They sang beautifully. We sat enthralled as if a choir from heaven were singing for us. Of course it was wonderful to hear these familiar carols again. Yet, it wasn't so much what they sang as the way they sang, as if Christ were being born anew that night.

The closing number was a solo, an aria from the Messiah. The girl sang with all the conviction of one who knew that Jesus was indeed the Savior of mankind and it brought tears. After that, there was a full minute of silence followed by sustained applause as the small group took bow after bow.

Later that night I helped Professor Iida take down the trimmings. I could not resist asking some questions that propriety forbade but curiosity demanded. I just had to know.

"How did your group manage to survive the bomb?" I asked.

"This is only half my group," he said softly, but seemed unoffended at my recalling his grief so that I felt I could ask more.

"And what of the families of these?"

"They nearly all lost one or more members. Some are orphans."

"What about the soloist? She must have the soul of an angel the way she sang."

"Her mother, two of her brothers, were taken. Yes, she did sing well. I am so proud of her. She is my daughter you know."

The next day was Christmas--the one I remember best. For that day I knew that Christianity had not failed in spite of people's unwillingness to live His teachings. I had seen hatred give way to service; pain to rejoicing; sorrow to forgiveness. This was possible because a Babe had been born in a manger who later taught love of God and fellowmen. We had caused them the greatest grief and yet we were their Christian brothers and as such they were willing to forget their grief and unite with us in singing "Peace on earth, good will to all men."

The words in Miss Iida's song-testimony could not be stilled--  
"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." They seemed to echo and re-echo over the half-dead city that day.

That day also I knew that there was a greater power on earth than the atomic bomb.

*from Desert News -  
Dec. 24, 1960*

Kenneth J. Brown  
F139 Wyview Village  
B.Y.U.  
Provo, Utah



"AND THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL, THAT THEY MIGHT KNOW THEE THE ONLY TRUE GOD, AND JESUS CHRIST, WHOM THOU HAST SENT." (JOHN 17:3)

"WHEN THE LIGHT RESTED UPON ME I SAW TWO PERSONAGES, WHOSE BRIGHTNESS AND GLORY DEFY ALL DESCRIPTION, STANDING ABOVE ME IN THE AIR. ONE OF THEM SPAKE UNTO ME, CALLING ME BY NAME AND SAID, POINTING TO THE OTHER, "THIS IS MY BE-LOVED SON. HEAR HIM!" (JOS. SMITH 2:17)



ACTS 4:12:  
"For there is none other name under heaven give among men, whereby we must be saved.."(referring to Jesus Christ)

### THE LOST WORD

(taken from "Blue Flower" collection) by Henry Van Dyke

"Come down, Hermas, come down! The night is past...Christ is born today. Come down!"

A little group of young men were standing in a street of Antioch, in the dusk of early morning, fifteen hundred years ago.... training for the Christian church....

But Hermas was not asleep. He had been waking for hours.. thinking..of all that he had given up to become a Christian. Only two years ago he had been one of the richest young men in Antioch. Now he was one of the poorest...Doubtless he had found the true religion, but..only as a task, a burden; its joy and peace had slipped away from him.

"Come down, Hermas. It is Christmas morn!"

"I am coming,"..only have patience a moment...Herms stepped out..tall, broad-shouldered..as if to show what the flower of the race should be.But the light in his eyes was clouded and uncertain... He joined his companions with brief greetings...and they passed together down the streets...As they entered the Basilica..with multitudes of other Christians..to keep the new holy-day--the birthday of their Master, Hermas could look easily over their heads and survey the sea of people. But today his heart was a rock that stood motionless...There was singing and prayer, then John of Antioch stood, the man who had drawn him from his father's house. Hermas knew that John had never been more potent, more inspired as he rebuked their sins, touched their sorrows, hushed them into reverent silence as he led them tenderly, with the wise men of the East, to the lowly birthplace of Jesus,..to honour and adore with trembling joy, the Son of God, to whose name be glory, on this His birthday, and forever and forever. But the soul of Hermas did not answer. Was it for this that he had forsaken his inheritance, narrowed his life to poverty..What was it all worth? Never had he felt so utterly lonely.



He went out with his companions like a man departing from a banquet where all but he had been fed. As they bid him farewell, Hermas did not look back nor wave his hand...

He went out by the Western Gate and climbed the hill to the Grove of Daphne.. The richest of all the dwellings was the House of the Golden Pillars, the mansion of Demetrius, his father who had disinherited him when he became a Christian, and drove him from his door...Hermas sat down beside a gushing spring..and gave himself up to sadness.

"How joyful the world would be..how easy to live in, without religion! These questions about unseen things..these restraints and duties and sacrifices..if I could only forget them all, then I could live my life as I pleased, and be happy."

"Why not?" said a quiet voice at his back.

He turned and saw an old man with a long beard and a thread-bare cloak..standing behind him and smiling curiously.

"How is it that you answer that which has not been spoken?"said Hermas..."Are you one of the keepers of the Grove?" ....

"Not at all..I am a priest of Apollo...But you? You are of a sad countenance for one so young and so fair.."

The words and tone of the speaker fitted Hermas' mood as a key fits the lock so he told him the story of his life; his luxurious boyhood in his father's house; the irresistible spell of John's preaching of the new religion.."And today," said he, "I have been thinking..there is nothing in it but a dream, a thought of God, which does not satisfy me."

The singular smile deepened on his companion's face. "You are ready, then," he suggested, "to renounce your new religion and go back to that of your father?"

"No; I renounce nothing, I accept nothing. I do not wish to think about it. I only wish to live."

"Do you believe in magic?"

"I do not know whether I believe in anything."

"Well," said the old man as he plucked a leaf from the laurel-tree.."Let us see what this leaf tells us. It is already turning yellow. How do you read that?"

"Wealth" said Hermas, laughing as he looked at his mean garments.

"And here is a bud on the stem that seems to be swelling. What is that?"

"Pleasure," answered Hermas, bitterly.

"And here is a tracing of wreaths upon the surface. What do you make of that?"

"What you will,"..said Hermas, not even taking the trouble to look. "Suppose we say success and fame?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "it is all written here. I promise that you shall enjoy it all. And there is only one thing that I ask. This is the season that you Christians call the Christmas--when you exchange gifts..Well, if I give to you, you must give to me. It is a small thing, and really the thing you can best afford to part with; a single word--the name of Him you profess to worship. Let me take that word and all that belongs to it entirely out of your life so that you shall never hear it or speak it again.. I promise you everything, and this is all I ask in return. Do you consent?"

"Yes, I consent," said Hermas, mocking. "If you can take your price, a word, you can keep your promise, a dream."

The stranger laid the long, cool, wet leaf softly across the young man's eyes. An icicle of pain darted through them; every nerve in his body was drawn together there in a knot of agony.

Then all the tangle of pain seemed to be lifted out of him. A cool languor of delight flowed back through every vein, and he sank into a profound sleep. It was such a sleep that he could not tell whether it was long or short. But when he awoke he hurried back toward Antioch--the ground seemed to spring beneath his feet;. Already his life had changed..something that did not belong to him had dropped away; he had returned to a former state of being. He was buoyant and free, without a care, a doubt, a fear.

As he drew near to his father's house, the old steward ran down to meet him.."Lord, we have been seeking you everywhere. The master is at the point of death, and has sent for you; he calls your name continually. Come to him quickly."

Hermas entered the house at once. His father lay on an ivory couch.."My son - Hermas, my son! ..I have changed everything..you are my heir..Hermas, life is passing and my soul is empty--nothing beyond--very dark--I am afraid. But you know something better. You found something that made you willing to give up your life for it--what was it you found? Tell me, what is it? Your secret, your faith--give it to me before I go."

"Father, I will gladly tell you all that I know...Father, you must believe with all your heart, and soul, and strength in...."

Where was the word--the word that he had been used to utter night and morning..What had become of it? "Father, wait- I have forgotten something--oh, wait!"

"Tell me," whispered his father,"tell me quickly --"but Hermas, now Master of the House of the Golden Pillars, was keeping watch by the dead.

The break with the old life was as clean as if it had been cut with a knife...His new life was full and smooth and rich.. The estate of Demetrius was even greater than the world had supposed.. The friends of Demetrius gathered around Hermas and made him welcome to their circle. Chief among them was Libanius, whose daughter, Athenais, had been the playmate of Hermas in the old days.

He had left her a child. He found her a beautiful woman....

The news of his return to the House of the Golden Pillars, and of his new life as its master, filtered quickly through the gossip of the city. His Church friends sent messengers and letters but as he read the letters there were words blotted out which made the full sense unintelligible. His old friends came to reprove him but when they came to name the one whom he had displeased and to whom he should return --he heard nothing; there was a blur of silence in their speech. At last Hermas refused to see them any more.

One day John of Antioch was announced and Hermas sent him a collar of gold and jewels as a token of remembrance or to spend for the poor. But John let the golden collar fall to the marble floor. "Tell your master that we shall talk together again, in due time."

When Athenais entered the House of the Golden Pillars as a bride, all the music of life came with her, and when a child came to them, a strong, beautiful boy, worthy to be the heir of such a house, the soul of Hermas could hardly contain his happiness. But strangely enough it began to press upon him, to trouble him..he felt as if there were something yet needed to complete and secure it all. He spoke of this to Athenais.

"Yes," she answered,"I too have felt this unsatisfied longing. I think I know what it means. It is gratitude. There is no perfect joy without gratitude. Let us take the boy with us and give thanks."

Hermas lifted the child in his arms and turned with Athenais into the depth of the garden..He lifted his voice:

"For all good gifts, for all perfect gifts, for love, for life, for the world, we praise, we bless, we thank..."

As a soaring bird, struck by an arrow, falls headlong from the sky, so the words of Hermas fell. At the end of his flight of gratitude there was nothing--a blank, a hollow space...There was no meaning in his happiness. No one had sent it to him. There was no one to thank for it.

"Let us go back," he said sadly to Athenais; "the child is heavy upon my shoulder..We were mistaken. The gratitude of life is only a dream. There is no one to thank."

And in the garden it was already night.

No outward change came to the House of the Golden Pillars but inwardly there was a subtle, inexplicable transformation, a vague discontent

Everything that Hermas touched prospered. He bought a tract of land and emeralds were discovered..He sent a fleet of wheat-ships to Italy and the price doubled while it was on the way. He sought political favor with the emperor and was rewarded with the governorship of the city. His name was a word to conjure with.

The beauty of Athenais lost nothing with the passing seasons-"Fair as the wife of Hermas" was a proverb in Antioch and soon men began to add: "Beautiful as the son of Hermas" -At nine years of age he was straight and strong, firm of limb and clear of eye..He was the jewel of the House of the Golden Pillars, the pride of Hermas.

That year another drop of success fell into his brimming cup. His black Numidian horses, which he had been training for the world-renowned chariot races of Antioch, won the victory over a score of rivals. Hermas received the prize carelessly from the judge's hands and turned to drive once more around the circus, to show himself to the people. He lifted the eager boy into the chariot beside him to share his triumph. A great shout of applause filled the amphitheatre. "Hail, Hermas, master of success! Hail, little Hermas, prince of good luck!"

The sudden tempest of acclamation startled the horses. They dashed violently forward and plunged upon the bits. The left rein broke. They swerved to the right, swinging the chariot sideways with a grating noise and dashing it against the stone parapet of the arena. In an instant the wheel was shattered. The axle struck the ground and the chariot was dragged onward, rocking and staggering.

By a strenuous effort Hermas kept his place on the frail platform, clinging to the unbroken rein. But the boy was tossed lightly from his side at the first shock. His head struck the wall. And when Hermas turned to look for him, he was lying like a broken flower on the sand.

They carried the boy in a litter to the House of the Golden Pillars and summoned the most skilful physician of Antioch to attend him. For hours the child was as quiet as death but at last his eyes opened. But the fire of fever was burning in the eyes, and the lips were moving in a wild delirium.

Hour after hour that sweet childish voice rang thru the halls and chambers of the splendid, helpless house...In the heart of Hermas there was no song, no bloom, no light--only speechless anguish-He was like a man in a nightmare. He saw the shapeless terror that was moving toward him but he was impotent to stay or to escape it. He had done all that he could. There was nothing left but to wait. He paced to and fro, now hurrying to the boy's bed as if he could not bear to be away from it, now turning back as if he could not endure to be near it. Even Athenais feared to speak to him, there was something so vacant and desperate in his face.

At nightfall on the second of those eternal days, he shut himself in the library. Athenais knelt beside him and speaking very low: "Hermas--it is almost over--the child. Is there nothing we can do? Is there no power that can save him? Is there no one to pity us and spare us? Let us call, let us beg for compassion and help; let us pray for his life!"

Yes; this was what he wanted--this was the only thing that could bring relief: to pray; to pour out his sorrow somewhere; to find a greater strength than his own and cling to it and plead for mercy and help...How could he let his boy suffer and die, without an effort, a cry, a prayer?

He sank on his knees beside Athenais.

"Out of the depths--out of the depths we call for pity. The light of our eyes is fading--the child is dying. Oh, the child, the child! Spare the child's life, thou merciful...."

Not a word; only that deathly blank....The heart of Hermas was like a lump of ice in his bosom. He rose slowly to his feet lifting Athenais with him.

"It is in vain," he said; "there is nothing for us to do. Long ago, I knew something; I think it would have helped us. But I have forgotten it. It is all gone. But I would give all that I have if I could bring it back again now, at this hour, in this time of our bitter trouble."

A slave entered the room while he was speaking and approached hesitatingly- "Master," he said, "John of Antioch, whom we were forbidden to admit to the house, has come again. He would take no denial. Even now he waits..and the old man is with him, seeking to turn him away."

"Come," said Hermas to his wife, "let us go to John."

In the central hall the two men were standing-the old man with disdainful eyes and sneering lips..John spoke: "My son, I knew that I should see you again, even though you did not send for me. I have come to you because I have heard that you are in trouble."

"It is true," answered Hermas, passionately; "we are in trouble, desperate trouble, ..our child is dying. We are poor, we are destitute, we are afflicted. In all this house, in all the world, there is no one that can help us. I knew something long ago, when I was with you - a word, a name--in which we might have found hope. But I have lost it. I gave it to this old man. He has taken it away from me forever."

The old man's lips curled scornfully. "A word, a name?" he sneered. "What is that? a thing of air- Who would go about to rob any one of such a thing as that?-Besides, the young man parted with it of his own free will. He bargained with me cleverly. I promised him wealth and pleasure and fame. What did he give in return? An empty name, which was a burden--"

"Servant of demons, be still!" The voice of John rang clear, like a trumpet, through the hall. "There is a name which none shall dare to take in vain. There is a name which none can lose without being lost. There is a name at which the devils tremble. Go quickly, before I speak it!" The old man shrank into the shadow of a pillar and vanished.

John turned to Hermas, -"My son, you have sinned deeper than you know. The word with which you parted so lightly is the keyword of all life. Without it the world has no meaning, existence no peace, death no refuge. It is the word that purifies love and comforts grief and keeps hope alive forever. It is the most precious word that ever ear has heard, or mind has known or heart has conceived. It is the name of Him who has given us life and breath and all things richly to enjoy; the name of Him who, though we may forget Him, never forgets us; the name of Him who pities us as you pity your suffering child; the name of Him who, though we wander far from Him, seeks us in the wilderness, and sent His Son, even as His Son has sent me this night, to breathe again that forgotten name in the heart that is perishing without it. Listen, my son, listen with all your soul to the blessed name of God our Father."

The cold agony in the breast of Hermas dissolved like a fragment of ice that melts in the summer sea. A sense of sweet release spread through him from head to foot. The lost was found. The dew of peace fell on his parched soul and the withering flower of human love raised its head again. He stood upright and lifted his hands high toward heaven.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! O my God, be merciful to me, for my soul trusteth in Thee. My God, Thou hast given; take not Thy gift away from me, O my God! Spare the life of this my child, O Thou God, my Father, my Father!"

A deep hush followed the cry. "Listen!" whispered Athenais breathlessly.

Was it an echo? It could not be, for it came again--the voice of the child, clear and low, waking from sleep, and calling "Father!"

\* \* \* \* \*

ELDER BOYD K. PACKER, GENERAL CONFERENCE, APRIL, 1972:

"...Someday you will hold a little boy or a little girl in your arms and know that two of you have acted in partnership with our Heavenly Father in the creation of life. Because the youngster belongs to you, you may then come to love someone more than you love yourself...then know..what the word FATHER means when it is spoken of in the scriptures. You may then feel something of the love and concern that he has for us. It should have great meaning that of all the titles of respect and honor and admiration that could be given him, God himself, he who is the highest of all, chose to be addressed simply as FATHER..."



*Delightfully told by Mary Jane*  
THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

by

Kate Douglas Wiggin

It was very early Christmas morning, and in the stillness of the dawn, with the soft snow falling on the housetops, a little child was born in the Bird household. As Mrs. Bird lay in her room, weak, but safe and happy, with her sweet girl baby by her side and the heaven of motherhood opening again before her, through the windows came the sound of music from the church next door — "Carol brothers, carol, carol joyfully, carol the good tidings for all your fellowmen, carol brothers, carol, Christmas Day again."

"Why, my baby," whispered Mrs. Bird, "I had forgotten what day it is. You are a little Christmas child and we will name you Carol — our Christmas Carol."

Perhaps because she was born in holiday time, Carol was a very happy baby — her cheeks and lips were as red as holly-berries; her hair was for all the world the color of a Christmas candle flame; her eyes were bright as stars; her laugh like a chime of Christmas Bells; and her tiny hands forever outstretched in giving. "Why is she like that?" asked her brothers.. "Perhaps because she is a little Christmas child and so she has a tiny share of the blessedest birthday the world ever knew!" answered the mother.

It was December, ten years later, but Christmas was not as merry as it had been for the little child lay month after month a patient, helpless invalid, in the room where she was born. She had never been very strong in body and it was with a pang of terror her mother and father noticed soon after she was five years old that she began to limp, ever so slightly, and to complain too often of weariness and to nestle close to her mother, saying she "would rather not go out to play, please."

Carol was in her elaborate room visiting with Uncle Jack: "I want to tell you about my plans for Christmas this year. It will be the loveliest I have ever had. It isn't because it is Christmas nor because it is my birthday, but when I first began to be ill, I used to think when I waked on Christmas morning, 'Today is Christ's birthday--and mine!' I did not put the words close together, you know, because that made it seem too bold; but I first said, 'Christ's birthday,' out loud, and then, in a minute, softly to myself, -- 'and mine' -- 'Christ's birthday -- and mine.' Mother says she supposes ever so many other children have been born on that day. Oh, I do hope none of them are poor or cold or hungry. I wish they were all as happy as I, because they are really my little brothers and sisters. I'm going to make somebody happy every single Christmas that I live and this year it is to be the Ruggleses who live in the little house at the end of our garden."

Down in the house where the Ruggles lived, Mrs. Ruggles read a letter with pride and joy: Dear Mrs. Ruggles, I am going to have a dinner party on Christmas Day and would like to have all your nine children come -- every one, please, from Sarah Maud to baby Larry. Dinner will be at half-past five and the tree at seven so you may expect them home at nine o'clock. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am, yours truly, Carol Bird.

And now the big day had come: "Susan, you and Kitty wash up the dishes; Peter, spread up the beds; Clem, you and Con hop into bed with Larry while I wash yer underflannins. Twon't take long to dry 'em. Yes, I know it's bothersome, but yer can't go intascity thout takin' some trouble. Bily, run out and ask Mis Cullèn ter lend me a pair of stockins for Peory. 'N tell her if she will, Peory'll give Jim half her candy when she gets home, won't yer yer, Peory? Sarah Maud and me goin' ter give yer sech a washing 'n combin' 'n dressin as yer never had before 'n never will agin likely 'n then I'm goin' to give yer two solid hours trainin in manners. 'N twon't be no foolin neither."

When they were all clothed and ready, Mrs. Ruggles surveyed them. "Well, if I do say so as shouldn't, I never seen a cleaner, more stylish mess o' childern in my life -- now I want ter see how yer goin' to behave when yer git there tonight. Pile into the bedroom and show me how yer goin to go int the parlor." The bedroom was small and there presently ensued such a clatter that you would have thot a herd of wild cattle had broken loose.

Mrs. Ruggles looked severe. "There, I knew her'd do it in some sech fool way. Go back and try it again, every last one o' ye." They backed

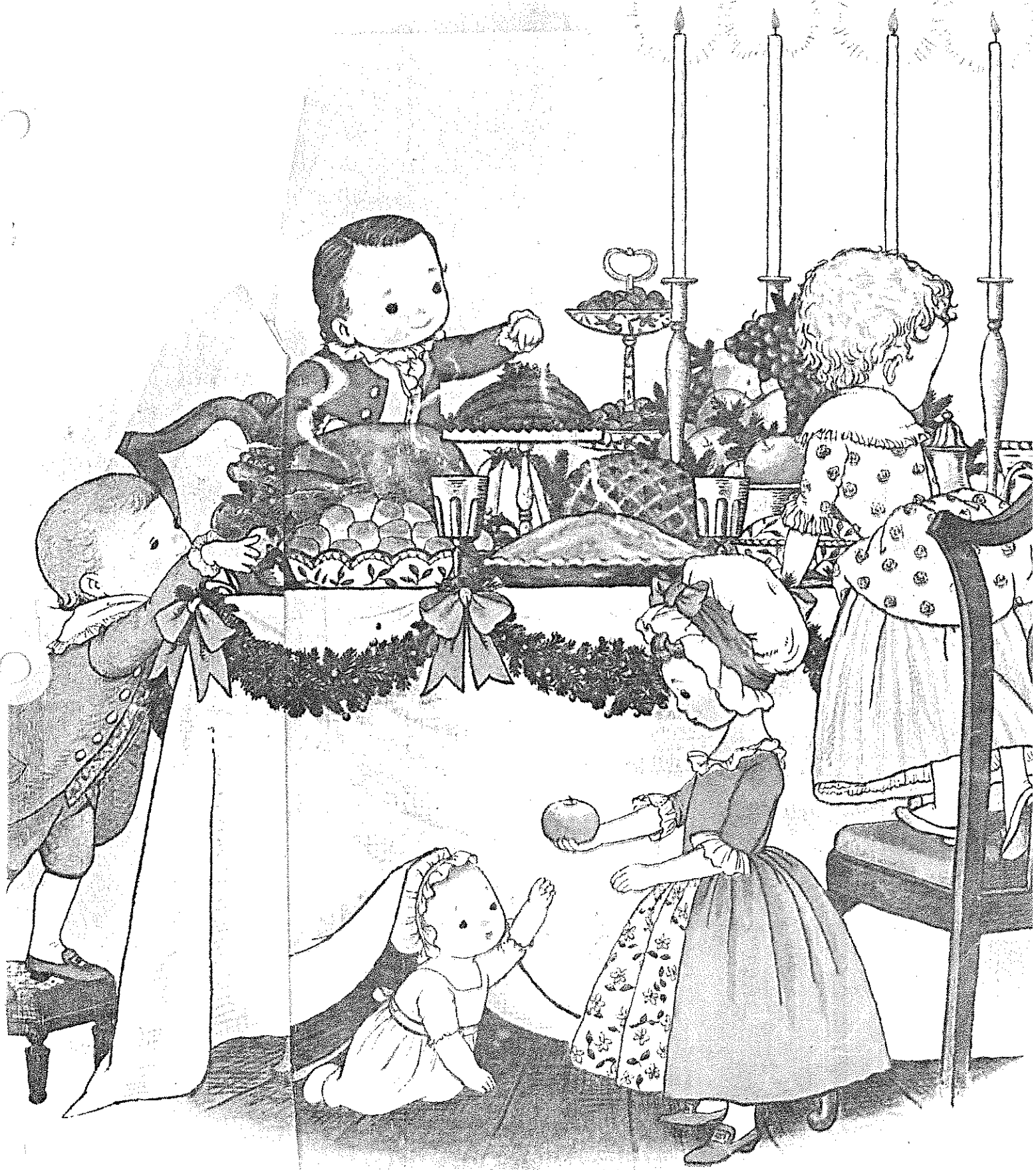


into the bedroom, issuing presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression on every countenance. "No, no, no -- that's worse yet, yer look for all the world like a gang o' prisoners." The third time brought success. "Now yer know," said Mrs. Ruggles, "there ain't enough decent hats to go round. You're only goin' just round the corner, so when yer git int the parlor, 'n they ask yer ter lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up 'n say it was such a pleasant evenin 'n sech a short walk that yer left yer hats to home. Now we won't leave nothin' to chance. Speak up Sarah Maud." "Ma thot -- it was -- sech a pleasant hat that we'd, we'd better leave our short walk to home," recited Sarah Maud in an agony of mental effort. An earthquake of suppressed giggles swept all along the line. "Oh, whatever shall I do. I spose I've got to learn it to yer," which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"If they have napkins, Sarah Maud down to Peory, put 'em in their laps 'n the rest of ye tuck 'em in yer necks. Don't eat with yer fingers. Don't grab no vittles off one nother's plates. Susan, keep your handkerchief in yer lap where Peory can borry it if she needs it 'n I hope she'll know when she does need it. Now we'll try a few things -- 'Mr. Clement, do you eat crambry sarse?' "Bet yer life!" cried Clem. "Clement McGrill Ruggles, do you mean to tell me that you'd say that to a dinner party? I'll give ye one more chance. Mr. Clement, will you take some of the crambry?" "Yes, marm, thank ye kindly, if you happen ter have any handy." "Very good indeed, but they won't give yer two tries tonite -- remember that. Miss Peory, do you speak for white or dark meat?" "I ain't perticler as ter color; anything that nobody else wants will suit me," said Peory. "First rate! Nobody could speak more genteel than that. Now is there anything more ye'd like to practice?" "If yer tell me one more thing I can't set up an eat. I'm so cram full of manners now, I'm ready ter bust, thout no dinner at all!" cried Clem. "If the 'mount of manners yer've got on hand now troubles ye, you're dreadful easy hurt. After dinner about once in so often, you must git up 'n say, 'I guess we'd better be going,' 'n if they say, oh no, set a while longer, yer can set, but if they don't say nothin', you've got ter get up 'n go." Sarah Maud mourned, "Seems as if this whole dinner party set right square on top 'o me. Mebbe I could manage my own manners, but to manage nine mannenses is worse 'n staying to home." "Oh, don't fret -- yer can go now. Remember bout the hats. Susan, lend yer handkerchief ter Peory. Larry keep holt o' Sarah Maud. Whatever you do, all of yer, never forget for one second that yer mother was a McGrill."

The children went out the back door and were on their way. Sarah Maud stumbling along -- "it wassuchapleasanteveninsuchashortworkthat we thot we'd leaveourhats t tome -- it wassuchapleasantevenin n suchashort walk, thatwe thotwe'dleaveourhatstohome."

Peter rang the doorbell. A servant admitted them and whispering something in Sarah's ear drew her downstairs. The other Ruggleses stood in horror as the door closed on their commanding officer. A voice said, "Come right upstairs, please." Oh woe, where was Sarah Maud? Mrs. Bird said, "Did you lay your hats in the hall?" Peter felt himself elected by circumstance the head of the family -- "It was so very pleasant that...that..." To help him out, Susan bravely offered, "We hadn't good hats to go round."



She then froze with horror that the words had slipped out. Mrs. Bird said, "Of course you wouldn't wear hats such a short distance. Come right up to Miss Carol's room."

Carol's bed had been moved into the farthest corner. She was lying on it dressed in a wonderful gown that looked like a fleecy cloud. Her golden hair fell in fluffy curls over her white forehead. The children told their mother afterwards that she looked as beautiful as the angels in the picture books.

At half-past five a screen was removed and the dinner was revealed. It blazed with tall candles, gleamed with glass, and blushed with flowers, groaned with food. Larry ran at once for the high chair, climbed into it, clapped his hands and shouted, "I beat the hull lot o' yer!" "I declare to goodness," murmured Susan, "there's so much to look at I can't scarcely eat nothin." "Bet yer life I can," Carol laughed until she cried.

When the feast was over, a door was opened and there stood the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree. Each child had a gift all made by Mama or Carol. Carol had told Papa at Thanksgiving, "Please let me go without part of my presents this year and give me the money for the Ruggleses." "You can have both," said Papa. "But that isn't the thing. It wouldn't be mine. Besides, if you buy everything, it doesn't show so much love," declared Carol.

All the family said they had never seen so much happiness in the space of three hours; but it had to end. The candles flickered out; the children left.

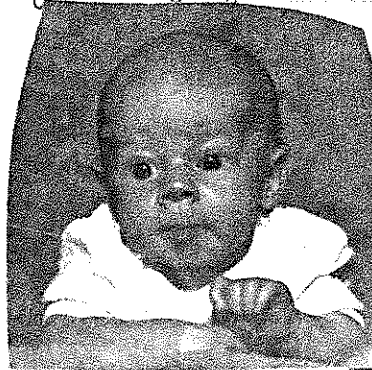
Mrs. Bird came to Carol. "Oh," said Carol, "Wasn't it a lovely, lovely time. I shall never forget Kitty's smile when she kissed her dolly nor the tears in Sarah Maud's eyes when she thanked me for her books, nor Peter's when he saw his watch." "But we musn't talk any more tonight. You are too tired dear." "But, Mama, I have felt well all day. Not a bit of pain!" "Well, dear, I shall leave you now, but Papa and I will steal in by and by to see if you are all right. I have opened the window so you can hear the music and through the shutters this morning I saw one bright beautiful star that I had never noticed before and I thought of the star that guided the Wise Men to where Baby Jesus was -- Goodnight, my precious Christmas Carol." "Mama, I do think we have kept Christ's birthday this time just as he would like it."

Downstairs Mama joined the others and they listened to the choir in the church next door -- "Carol brothers, carol, carol joyfully, carol the good tidings - carol merrily." Then the solo voice sang, "Like a bairn to it's mither, a wee birdie to it's nest, I fain would be gangin noo unto my faether's breast. For he gaters in his arms helpless, worthless birdie to its nest. I fain would be gangin noo unto my faether's breast; for he gaters in his arms, helpless worthless lambs like me and carries them himself to his ain country."

There were tears in many eyes, but not in Carol's. The loving heart had quietly ceased to beat, and the wee birdie had flown to its home nest. But as to the song, I think perhaps she heard it after all.

In the freshness of their grief Carol's mother and father were glad their darling had slipped away on the loveliest day of her life — when all the world was brimming over with joy. As the years come and go, Carol lives again in every chime of Christmas bells that peal glad tidings and in every Christmas anthem sung by childish voices.

*Always enjoyed by children*



Sam



Gretchen + Brenda



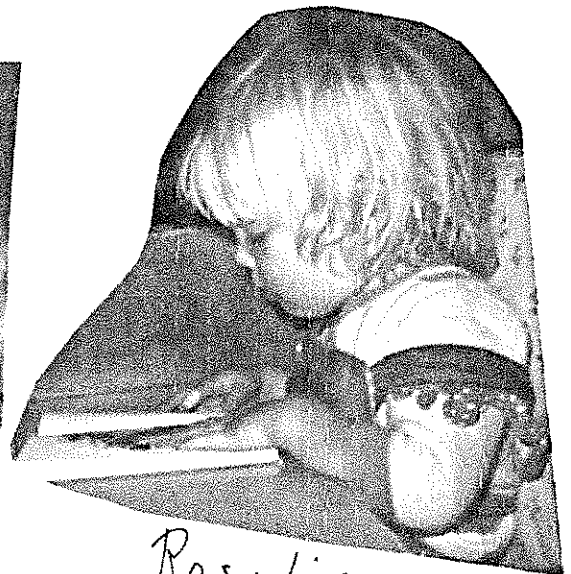
Sarah



Susan



Anny



Rosalie



Jennie Marie

*Returning to his office, George Mason came to realize a most disturbing truth.*



## THE MAN WHO MISSED CHRISTMAS

The Instructor -December 1957

by J. Edgar Park

It was Christmas Eve; and, as usual, George Mason was the last to leave the office. He walked over to a massive safe, spun the dials, swung the heavy door open. Making sure the door would not close behind him, he stepped inside.

A square of white cardboard was taped just above the topmost row of strongboxes. On the card a few words were written. George Mason stared at those words, remembering ...

Exactly one year ago he had entered this self-same vault. And then, behind his back, slowly, noiselessly, the ponderous door swung shut. He was trapped-entombed in the sudden and terrifying dark.

He hurled himself at the unyielding door, his hoarse cry sounding like an explosion. Through his mind flashed all the stories he had heard of men found suffocated in time vaults. No time clock controlled this mechanism; the safe would remain locked until it was opened from the outside. Tomorrow Morning.

Then the realization hit him. No one would come tomorrow-tomorrow was Christmas.

Once more he flung himself at the door, shouting wildly, until he sank on his knees exhausted. Silence came, high-pitched, singing silence that seemed deafening. More than 36 hours would pass before anyone came-36 hours in a steel box three feet wide, eight feet long, seven feet high. Would the oxygen last? Perspiring and breathing heavily, he felt his way around the floor. Then, in the far right-hand corner, just above the floor, he found a small, circular opening. Quickly he thrust his finger into it and felt, faint but unmistakable, a cool current of air.

The tension release was so sudden that he burst into tears. But at last he sat up. Surely he would not have to stay trapped for the full 36 hours. Somebody would miss him. But who? He was unmarried and lived alone. The maid who cleaned his apartment was just a servant; he had always treated her as such. He had been invited to spend Christmas Eve with his brother's family; but children got on his nerves and expected presents.

A friend had asked him to go to a home for elderly people on Christmas Day and play the piano-George Mason was a good musician. But he had made some excuse or other; he had intended to sit at home, listening to some new recordings he was giving himself.

George Mason dug his nails into the palms of his hands until the pain balanced the misery in his mind. Nobody would come and let him out. Nobody, nobody . . .

Miserably the whole of Christmas Day went by, and the succeeding night.

On the morning after Christmas the head clerk came into the office at the usual time, opened the safe, then went on into his private office.

No one saw George Mason stagger out into the corridor, run to the water cooler, and drink great gulps of water. No one paid any attention to him as he left and took a taxi home.

There he shaved, changed his wrinkled clothes, ate breakfast and returned to his office, where his employees greeted him casually.

That day he met several acquaintances and talked to his own brother, Grimly, inexorably, the truth closed in on George Mason. He had vanished from human society during the great festival of brotherhood; no one had missed him at all.

Reluctantly, George Mason began to think about the true meaning of Christmas. Was it possible that he had been blind all these years with selfishness, indifference, pride? Was not giving, after all, the essence of Christmas because it marked the time God gave His own son to the world?

All through the year that followed, with little hesitant deeds of kindness, with small, unnoticed acts of unselfishness, George Mason tried to prepare himself . . .

Now, once more, it was Christmas Eve.

Slowly he backed out of the safe, closed it. He touched its grim steel face lightly, almost affectionately, and left the office.

There he goes now in his black overcoat and hat, the same George Mason as a year ago. Or is it? He walks a few blocks, then flags a taxi, anxious not to be late. His nephews are expecting him to help them trim the tree. Afterwards, he is taking his brother and his sister-in-law to a Christmas play. Why is he so happy? Why does this jostling against others, laden as he is with bundles, exhilarate and delight him?

Perhaps the card has something to do with it, the card he taped inside his office safe last New Year's Day. On the card is written, in George Mason's own hand;

"To love people, to be indispensable somewhere, that is the purpose of life. That is the secret of happiness."





THE CHRISTMAS  
I REMEMBER BEST

Mrs. Pearl B. Mason

I was teaching fourth grade in my home town in Wyoming. It was the day before our Christmas program was to be given. School routine was forgotten as we sang carols and rehearsed plays under the magic spell of the lighted Christmas tree. Names had been drawn and apparently all the pupils had brought their gifts.

In this class was a girl who was different from the rest of the pupils, because of her almost indescribably unkempt, frowsy appearance. She came from a family of nine healthy, robust, aggressive children. There was none of this in Louise. I never think of her but I picture a frail child standing before me in a long, loose dress, pinned at the neck with a big safety pin, and a sash wound around her waist to try to keep the oversized dress on her tiny frame. Her mousy hair always stood out like a cocklebur and she would wait for me every morning at the top of the stairs and stammer, "G-g-good morning," to me. I always responded kindly to her greeting, and her face would light up with a smile that would almost turn her inside out. If Louise had any enthusiasm for anything, it was to find someone who would befriend her.



I had wondered who had drawn Louise's name. Since I had heard nothing, I had supposed everyone had accepted the name he had drawn with kindness and all was well.

As I returned to my room after dismissing the class for the day, I was surprised to find one of the girls waiting beside my desk. She held a small square box in her hand and quietly she began to tell me her story.

Walter, the most popular boy in the class, had drawn Louise's name and had wrapped a big piece of coal in tissue paper for her. It was easily recognizable under the tree. Hazel was afraid it would make Louise cry. Could she please replace it with this present? She had earned it by helping her father in his general store after school.

Well, the big moment finally arrived. The Christmas program was over and Santa had come in to distribute the presents. No one recognized the janitor behind the genial Santa mask as he began calling names and handing out gifts. I realized that this tree and the gift under it would be all the Christmas Little Louise would know. Her eyes were dancing and she could hardly keep her seat for excitement as she listened eagerly for her name to be called.

The boys were excited, too. They knew which name Walter had drawn and they were curious to see what he had done about it. He was anxious, too--to prove to his buddies that he had no affection for the person whose name he had drawn.

Finally Santa called "Louise." She almost climbed over herself to get out of her seat and to claim her present. Each gift so far had been a nice one.

The sound of snickering among the boys stopped and all eyes were on Louise as she was handed the little square box. Nervously she began unwrapping the package. Suddenly a feeling of real joy filled every heart as we saw the wonderful expression of happiness and surprise that came to Louise's face as she lifted her gift from its box.

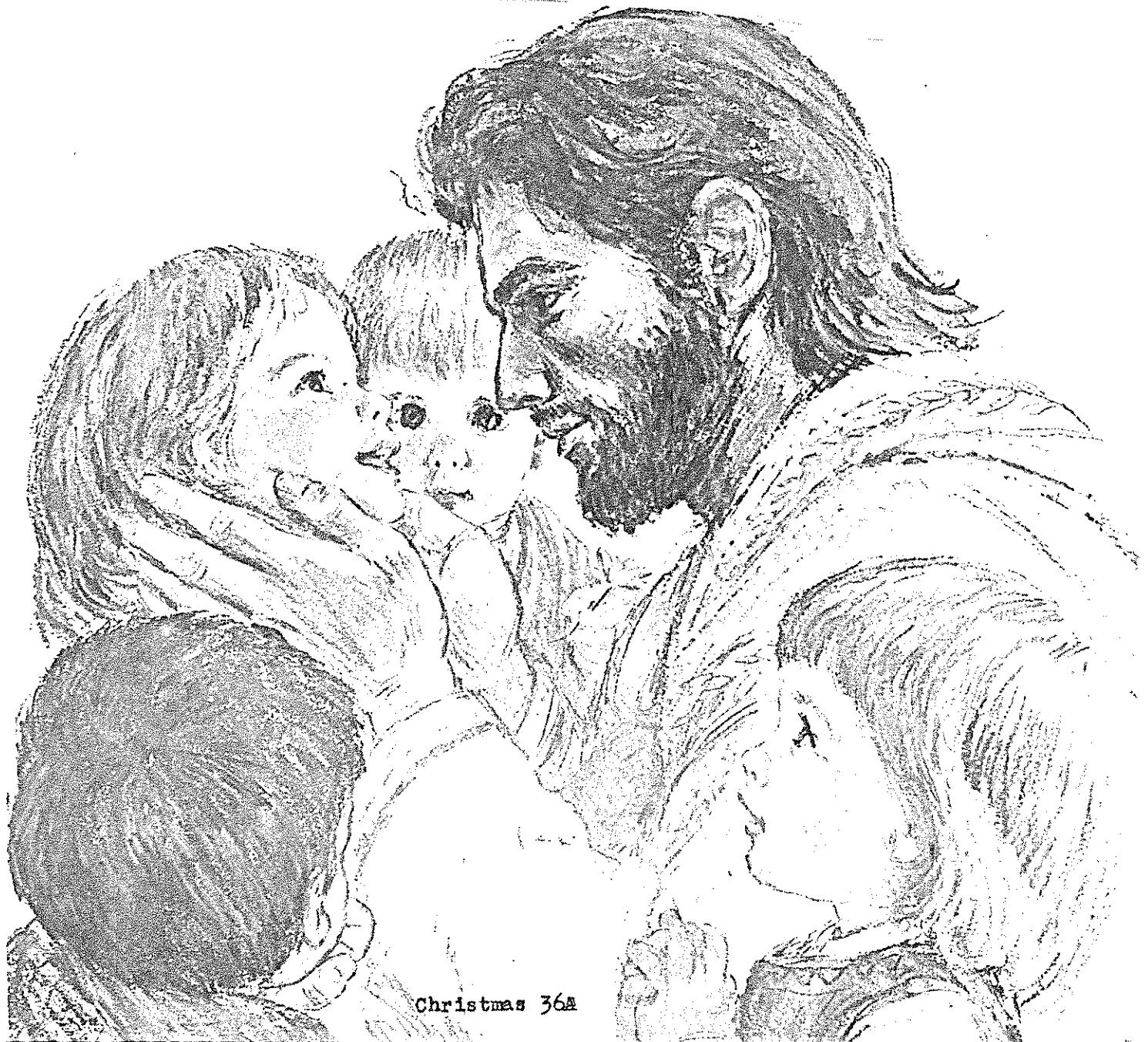
"A doll!" she whispered, cuddling it to her and rocking it tenderly in her arms as she returned to her seat, where she continued to pour out upon it all the love and affection for which she so earnestly yearned.

To Louise the doll was not a gift from anyone--rather a Miracle of the Christmas Tree.

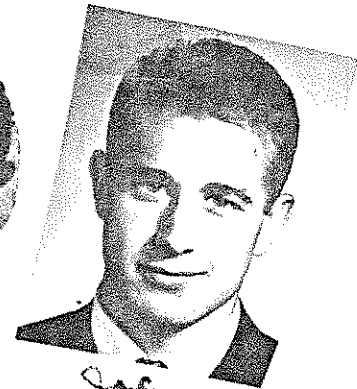
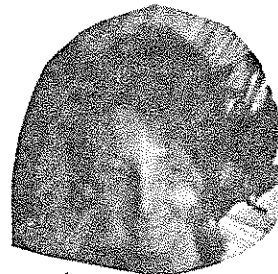
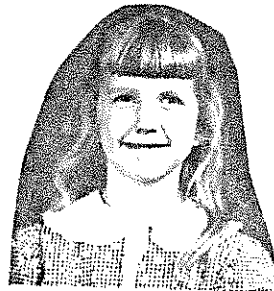
To the rest of us, it was the Miracle of Christmas!  
A dramatization of the fact that it is blessed to make some-  
one happy. No one had really meant to hurt or be unkind.  
Hazel, in her remembering "one of the least of these," had  
made it possible for the true spirit of Christmas to be  
magnified in every heart that day.

It was as though our little Louise had become the Christ  
Child before our very eyes.

Mrs. Pearl B. Mason  
1136-15th East  
Salt Lake City, Utah







*Anna* *Jonathan* *Kristen* *Jeanne* *Joe*  
*A story both parents and children enjoy*

A CERTAIN SMALL SHEPHERD

BY Rebecca Caudill

Woman's Day, Dec. 1965

This is a story of a strange and a marvelous thing. It happened on Christmas morning at Hurricane Gap, and not so long ago at that. But before you hear about Christmas morning, you must hear about Christmas eve, for that is part of the story. And before you hear about Christmas eve you must hear about Jamie, for without Jamie there would be no story.

Jamie was born on a freakish night in November. The cold that night moved down from the north and rested its heavy hand suddenly on Hurricane Gap. Where Jamie's house stood, the wind doubled its fury and battered the doors of the house. Father laid more logs on the fire—flames licked at them and roared up the chimney. Father took the new-born baby and held it on his knee. He called, "Saro, you and Honey come and see Jamie."

"He's such a little brother," said Saro.

"Give him time, he'll grow. When he's three, he'll be as big as you Honey; when he's six, he'll be as big as you, Saro. Want to hold him?" Father laid the bundle in Saro's arm and went back to comfort mother. That night Jamie's mother died.

Jamie ate and slept and grew. Like other babies he cut teeth. He learned to sit alone and to crawl. When he was a year old, he toddled about like other one-year olds. At two he built towers of blocks and knocked them down. Everything that other two-year-olds could do, Jamie could do, except one thing. Jamie could not talk.

The old women shook their heads. "His mother ought to have brushed him with a rabbit's foot," said one. "Or wiped him with lard" said another. Father explained: "Jamie gets everything he wants by pointing. Give him time. He'll learn to talk."

At three Jamie could zip his shirt and tie his shoes. At four he followed father to the stable at milking time and milked the kittens' pan full of milk. But even at four Jamie could not talk. He could only make strange, grunting noises.

One day Jamie found a litter of new kittens in a box under the stairs. He ran to the cornfield to tell Father. He wanted to say he had been feeling around in the box for a ball he'd lost, and suddenly his fingers felt something warm and squirmy, and here were all these kittens. But how could you tell somebody something if when you opened your mouth you could only grunt? Jamie started running. He ran past the cornfield, til he reached the orchard. There he threw himself face down in the tall grass and kicked his feet hard against the ground.

One day Honey's friends came to play hide-and-seek and Jamie played with them. When it came Jamie's turn to count, he covered his eyes with his hand and began to count and the children said, "Listen to Jamie" -they all laughed and laughed. Jamie ran after them. He fought them with both fists and both feet, and honey helped him. Then Jamie ran all the way to the orchard and threw himself face down in the tall grass and kicked the ground.

Later, when father was walking through the orchard, he came across Jamie lying in the grass. "Jamie, there's a new calf in the pasture. I need you to help me bring it to the stable." Jamie wiped his eyes and went with father. Together father and Jamie found the cow with the wobbly calf beside her. Together father and Jamie drove the cow and the calf to the stable. Together they brought nubbins from the corncrib. Together they made a bed of clean hay for the calf. And the next morning father said, "Jamie, I need you to help plow the corn. Jamie rode on the horse's back and father walked in front. The next day Jamie helped father set out sweet potatoes. Other days he helped him mend fences. When father lay on his back in the shade of the tree to rest, Jamie lay beside him and father told Jamie the names of the birds flying overhead.

Whatever father did, Jamie helped him.

One day father took Jamie across pine mountain to see a doctor. Dr. Jones said, "Maybe Jamie could learn to talk but he would have to be sent away to a special school for several months--maybe two or three, probably four years - it is a long time."

"And the pocket is empty," said father.

Usually father talked to Jamie when they drove along, but this time they drove all the way home without father saying a word.

In August school opens at Hurricane Gap. When Jamie was six father handed him a book, a tablet, a pencil and a box of shiney, new crayons. "You're going to school, Jamie", said father, "And I'll go with you the first morning."

Miss Creech, the teacher, shook her head. -"with so many children, so many classes, so many grades, in the one-room school- she hadn't time for a boy who couldn't talk and what would Jamie do all day long?" she asked. "He will listen," said father. So Jamie took his book and his tablet and his pencil and his shiney, new crayons and sat down in the front row. Every day Jamie listened.

He learned the words on the pages. He learned to write numbers. He drew pictures and colored them and one day Miss Creech said Jamie had the best paper in the first grade and she held it high for all the children to see.

One rainy day the children played a guessing game inside and Jamie knew the answer that no other child could guess. But he couldn't say the answer. He didn't know how to write the answer and he could find nothing to point to that showed he knew the answer. When Jamie went home he threw his book into a corner; he slammed the door. He pulled Honey's hair; he twisted the cat's tail and the cat yowled and leaped under the bed.

"Jamie," said father, "cat's have feelings just like boys."

Every year the people of Hurricane Gap celebrated Christmas in the white-steeped church that stood across the road from Jamie's house. On Christmas eve the children gave a Christmas play and people came from miles to see it.

One afternoon in November Miss Creech announced it was time to begin the play practice. Jamie laid his book inside his desk and listened carefully. Miss Creech said Joan - who lived up Pine Mountain - would be Mary. She asked Honey to bring her doll to be the baby Jesus. She gave the part of Joseph to Henry who lived at the head of Little Laurel Patch. She asked Saro to be an angel. She chose three big boys to be wisemen and four big boys to be shepherds. The rest of the boys and girls would sing carols, she said.. Jamie listened. Yes, Miss Creech expected him to sing carols.

Every day after school they went to the church across from Jamie's house to practice the play. Every day Jamie stood in the front row of the carolers. The first day he stood quietly. The second day he shoved Milly, next to him. The third day, he pulled Honey's hair. The fourth day he grabbed a ball and began bouncing it. Miss Creech said, "Wait children. Jamie, how would you like to be a shepherd?" "He's too little" said the big shepherds. "No he isn't!" said Saro. "If my father was a shepherd, Jamie would help him."

So that afternoon Jamie became a small shepherd and after school he ran home to tell father. Father couldn't understand what Jamie was telling him but he knew Jamie had been changed into somebody very important.

One day Miss Creech said to the children, "Forget you are Joan and Henry and Saro - just remember you are Mary and Joseph and an angel and that strange things are happening in the hollow in the cow's stall.

That night, at bedtime, father took down the Bible and Saro and Honey and Jamie gathered around the fire and father read to them: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night, and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto

them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people...And as the angels were gone away from them, the shepherds said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us, And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger."

Jamie was listening - but not just to father - He was far away, on a hillside, tending sheep. And even tho he was a small shepherd and could only grunt when he tried to talk, an angel, wrapped around with dazzling light, was singling him out to tell him of the wonderful thing that had happened down in the hollow in the cow's stall. Jamie fell asleep listening. And father pulled from under his bed, the trundle bed in which Jamie slept. He turned back the covers and picked Jamie up, oh so tenderly, and laid him gently in the bed.

The next day father went across Pine Mountain to the store. When he came home he handed Saro a package. In it was cloth of four colors, green, gold, white and red. "Saro, make Jamie a shepherd's coat like the picture in the Bible," said father. Then father went into the woods and found a crooked limb of a tree and made it into a shepherd's crook for Jamie.

Jamie took his shepherd's coat and his shepherd's crook to school the next day. All day Jamie waited patiently to practice the play. All day he sat listening. But who could tell whose voice he heard? It might have been Miss Creech's. It might have been an angel's.

Two days before Christmas, Jamie's father and Clive's father drove a pick-up truck a long Trace Branch Road until they spotted the tree. They chopped it down and father had to open the doors of the church very wide to get it in. Then the mothers and the children came to trim the tree. When they were finished, Saro opened the door. "Look, look everybody, how it is snowing!"

The next morning Jamie looked out on a world such as he had never seen - hidden were the roads and the fences, the woodpile, even the swing under the oak tree. Saro and Honey joined him at the window. "Can't even see the church" said Honey. Jamie turned to them with big questions in his eyes. Honey said, "Well, Jamie, if it had been snowing that night in Bethlehem the shepherds wouldn't have had their sheep out--and so they wouldn't have heard what the angel said --all shut indoors, would they father?"

"When angels have something to tell a shepherd," said father, "They can find him in any place, in any sort of weather. If the shepherd is listening, he will hear."

At eleven o'clock the phone rang. The latest weather report says the storm is going on all day, into the night..do you think?? ...When the telephone started ringing it wouldn't stop..whether it was one short and two longs or two shorts and one long or two longs and two shorts, -everyone on Hurricane Gap lines listened. Drifts were ten feet high. Toads were closed. Mary couldn't get down from Pine Mountain. Joseph and the others at Little Laurelpatch couldn't get out. Then the phone went dead.

At supper Jamie sat at the table staring at his plate. "Shepherds must eat, Jamie," said father. "Honey and I don't feel like eating either Jamie but see how Honey is eating." Still Jamie stared at his place. "Know what," said Saro, "Because we're all disappointed we won't save the Christmas stack cake for tomorrow; we'll have a slice today. -As soon as you eat your dinner, Jamie." Still Jamie stared at his place. "You think that play was real, don't you, Jamie?" said Honey. "It wasn't real. It was just a play we were giving, like some story we'd made up."

Jamie could hold back his sobs no longer. His body heaved as he ran to father. Father laid his arm about Jamie's shoulders. "Sometimes, Jamie," said father, "Angels say to shepherds, 'Be of good courage!'"

On thru the short afternoon the storm raged. "Being the popper, Jamie, and I'll pop some corn for you," said father. Jamie shook his head. "Want me to read to you?" asked Saro. Jamie shook his head. "Jamie still thinks he's a shepherd," said Honey.

After while Jamie stood at the window again. Then he squinted and stared. Then he motioned to father to come quick and look. Saro and Honey came too. Thru the snowdrifts trudged a man, followed by a woman. Father flung open the door to them. "Come in out of that cold". The man and woman stepped inside. They stamped their feet and followed father into the front room. Father sat them down before the fire and told Saro to bring for them.

"Where did you come from?" said father.

"The other side of Pine Mountain" said the man.

"Why didn't you stop sooner?"

"We did stop. At three houses. Nobody had room."

"How far were you going?"

"To her sister's."

"You'll never get thru tonight."

"Maybe," said the man, "Maybe there'd be a place in your stable."

"We could lay pallets on the kitchen floor" said father.

The woman looked at the children. She smiled gently. Then she shook her head, "The stable will be better," she said.

"The stable is too cold," said father.

Again the woman looked at the children. She winced slightly. "The stable will do," she said.

When they had dried and warmed themselves, father took an armful of quilts and an old buffalo skin and a lantern and led the way to the stable. He returned soon and took the teakettle and another lantern. "It's cold in that stable, bitter cold - don't wait up for me, children. I may be gone a good while." He took a bucket filled with supper for the man and woman and left.

At seven o'clock honey said, "I wish father would come." At eight o'clock Honey said, "Why doesn't father come?"

"Hang up your stocking and go to bed," said Saro. "Jamie, you hang up your stocking and go to bed, too." Jamie did not answer. He just stared into the fire.

"That Jamie, he still thinks he's a shepherd," said Honey as she hung her stocking.



At nine o'clock Saro hung her stocking. "Jamie, aren't you going to hang your stocking and go to bed?" She pulled out the trundle bed and turned back the covers. Jamie stared into the fire. A strange feeling was growing inside him. This night was not like other nights... something mysterious was going on.

Jamie was alone now. What was that he heard? The wind? Only the wind? He lay down on his bed with his clothes on. He dropped off to sleep. A rattling at the door waked him. He sat up quickly. There, there it was again!--it sounded just like singing, singing, - "Glory to God! on earth peace." Jamie lay down again and pulled the quilts over his head.

"Get up, Jamie" he heard father saying. "Put your clothes on quick and come with me." Jamie opened his eyes. He jumped out of bed and dressed. Father was calling, "Saro, Honey, come quick." "What's happened, father?" "Come with me," said father. "Where are we going?" "To the stable?" "No, the stable was no fit place. Not on this bitter night. Not when the church was close by, and it with a stove in it, and coal for burning."

Out into the cold, silent, white morning they went. Father led the way thru the drifted snow. The others followed, stepping in his tracks. Father pushed open the church door. The fragrance of the tree rushed out at them. The pot-bellied stove glowed red with the fire. muffling his footsteps father walked quietly up the aisle. Wonderingly, the others followed.

There, beside the tree, where the play was to have been given, they saw the woman; she lay on the old buffalo skin, covered with quilts. The man sat beside her. The woman smiled at them.

"You came to see him?" she asked. She lifted the cover. Saro went first and peeped under the cover. Honey went next. "You look too, Jamie" said Saro. For a second Jamie hesitated. He leaned forward and took one quick look. Then he turned, shot down the aisle and out of the church. Saro ran after him but father called, "Wait, Saro."

Inside the house Jamie hurriedly pulled his shepherd's robe over his coat. He snatched up his crook from the chimney corner. Then he glanced at the fireplace. There hung Saro's stocking, and Honey's and his. And there was the bulge, made by the orange. He felt his stocking. Yes, there was the dime, just as on other Christmas mornings. He hurriedly emptied his stocking. With the orange and the dime in one hand and the crook in the other, he made his way towards the church. Father opened the door for him. Without looking to left or right, Jamie hurried up the aisle

Beside the pallet he dropped to his knees and in loud, clear, strong words, Jamie spoke, "Here's a Christmas gift for the child" said Jamie.

"Father," gasped Saro, "Father, listen to Jamie!"

The woman turned back the covers from the baby's face.

Jamie gently laid the orange beside the baby's tiny hand.  
Then in loud, clear, strong words, Jamie spoke again,  
"and here's a Christmas gift for the mother."  
He put the dime in her hand.

Father, trembling with wonder and with joy, fell to his knees beside Jamie. Saro, too, knelt; and Honey, and the man.

"Surely," the woman spoke softly, "The Lord lives this day."

"Surely," said father, "The Lord does live this day, and all days. And he is loving and merciful and good."

In the hush that followed, Christmas in all its joy and majesty came to Hurricane Gap.

And it wasn't so long ago at that.



*David*



*Dargony*



*Kjerstin*



*Lorraine*



*Heather*

*Christmas '83*

*Randy*

*Jan*

*Kim*

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER

by Sophia P. Snow

(from Best Beloved Poems of American  
People selected by Felleman)

'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good night," had been said  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,  
For tonight their stern father's command had been given  
That they should retire precisely at seven  
Instead of at eight--for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard of than ever before.  
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,  
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been,  
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.  
And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,  
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,  
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast as'leep?"  
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,  
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,  
For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'  
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,  
For he came every year before mamma died;  
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,  
And God would hear everything mamma would say,  
And maybe she asked him to send Santa Claus here  
With that sackful of presents he brought every year."  
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did den,  
And ask Dod to send him with p'resents aden?"  
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more  
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,  
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.  
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe  
That the presentswe ask for we're sure to receive;  
You must wait very still till I say the 'Amen,'  
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee.  
I want a wax dolly, a teaset, and ring,  
And an eboy workbox that shuts with a spring.  
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he;  
Don't let him get fretful and angry again  
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen."  
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down tonight,  
And b'ing us some p'resents before it is light;  
I want he should div' me a nice 'ittle s'ed,  
With bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted red;  
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,  
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,  
With hearts light and cheerful, again, sought their beds.  
They were lost soon in slumber, both peaceful and deep,  
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,  
Ere the father had thought of his children again.  
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,  
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.  
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;  
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,  
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,  
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;  
But, just to make sure, I'll go up to their door,  
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."  
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers,  
His Annie's 'Bless papa' drew forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.  
"Strange--strange--I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,  
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh."  
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."  
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,  
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,  
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!  
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything  
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,  
That the various presents outnumbered a score.

Then homeward he turned. When his holiday load,  
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.  
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;  
A workbox well fitted in the center was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed,  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled  
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red!"  
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books, pleasing to see,  
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree!  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop.  
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,  
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,  
"I'm happier tonight than I've been for a year;  
I've enjoyed more pure pleasure than ever before;  
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more!  
Hereafter, I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have SantaClaus visit us each Christmas Eve."  
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,  
And, tripping down stairs, retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied;  
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.  
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night  
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light;  
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus', papa, I know";  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be,  
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said  
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
Used to kneel down by the side of her chair,  
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.  
"Den we dot up and prayed just well as we tould,  
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"  
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,  
And knew just what presents my children would please.  
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,  
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,  
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?  
'Twas the Being, who bade you steal softly upstairs,  
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.





### THE FADED, BLUE BLANKET

(Instructor, October, 1964)

by Fred Bauer

The most frightened shepherd that night was little Ladius, just 10. He cowered behind his three older brothers when the blinding star lit the hillside. When the angel appeared, he hid behind a huge rock.

Yet after Ladius heard the glad news, fear left him and he limped back to his brothers who were planning to set out for Bethlehem.

"Who will tend the sheep?" asked Samuel, the oldest at 16. Ladius, leaning against his shepherd's crook to support a crippled foot, volunteered:

"I'd only slow you down. Let me stay with the sheep." He bit his lower lip as he talked. The brothers weakly protested then made plans to go.

"We must each take a gift," said Samuel. One brother chose his flint to start a fire for the Christ Child. Another picked meadow lilies to make a garland for the King. Samuel decided on his most precious possession, his golden ring.

"Here, take my blanket to Him," said Ladius. It was badly worn--faded, with patches.

"No, Ladius," said Samuel tenderly. "The blanket is too tattered to give even a beggar--let alone a King. Besides, you will need it tonight."

The brothers departed, leaving Ladius alone by the fire. He laid his head upon the blanket and buried his face in his hands. Tears forced their way between his fingers, but soon the hush of night soothed the boy's heartbreak. The world in silent stillness lay.....

"Are you coming, Ladius?" called a voice. Standing nearby was the same angel who had brought the news. "You wanted to see the Child, didn't you?"

"Yes," nodded Ladius, "but I must stay here."

"My name is Gabriel," said the angel. "Your sheep will be watched. Take my hand--and bring your blanket. The Child may need it."

Suddenly, Ladius was outside a stable. Kneeling by a manger were his brothers. Ladius started to call out, but the angel lifted a finger to his lips.

"Give me the blanket," Gabriel whispered. The angel took it and quietly covered the Baby. But the blanket was no longer faded. Now it glistened like dew in the brilliance of a new day.

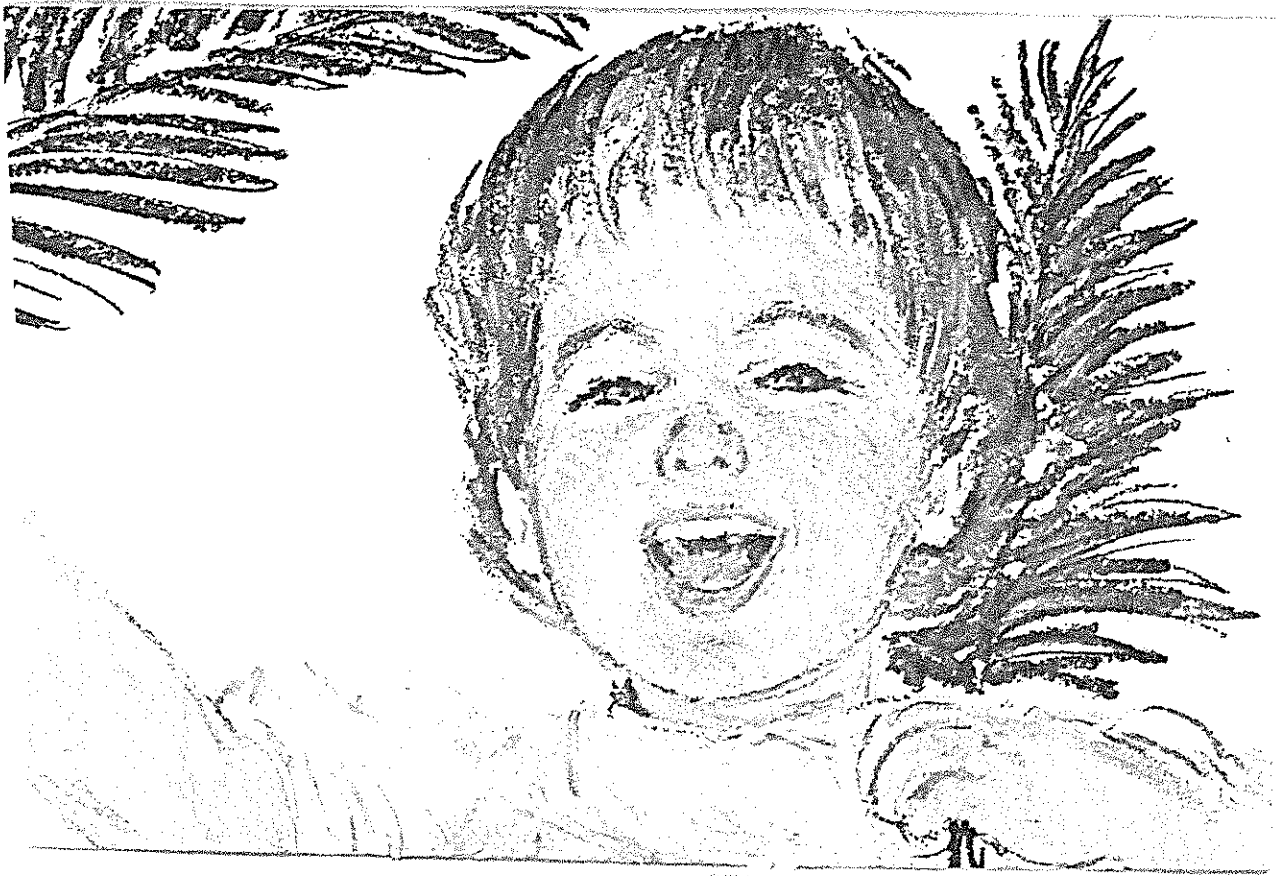
Returning, Gabriel squeezed Ladius' hand. "Your gift was best because you gave all that you had..."

"Wake up, Ladius, wake up." The boy rubbed his eyes and tried to shield them from the glaring sun. Hovering over him was Samuel.

"Did you find Him?" asked Ladius.

"yes," smiled Samuel, "but first tell me why you were sleeping without your blanket."

Ladius looked about wonderingly. The faded, blue blanket was nowhere to be found--then or thereafter.



## P I N K   A N G E L

by Val Teal

There's always a special minute when it comes. Every year, Christmas, I mean. Sometimes it's when the tree is up and trimmed and you step back from it and see it sparkle for the first time and hear it tinkling a little. And you smell that smell--of a piece of the woods brought indoors.

Sometimes it's a time when you find just the right present for someone you're very fond of and you bring it home and work over the wrapping. Or you get some special thing you never dreamed you would. Like that time I was emptying my stocking and I saw the box underneath it move and the cover pushed up and two green eyes looked out and it was Magnolia, the black kitten. That was the minute that year. Often it's a song--on the radio or in church or once even the garbage man singing Joy to the World while he banged frozen-in-grapefruit peels out of our can.

But it's always a minute that's special and then Christmas is there, it's come for you. It hits you and leaves bells ringing in your ears.

It came twice that year for me. The first time was on a Thursday and we had only the next week and a half to go before vacation.



I had been feeling low ever since after Thanksgiving when they gave out the parts for the Christmas program. My brother Pud came home all hepped up over getting a speaking part in his school play. My little brother Bumps is going to be one of the three kings of Orient. Even my tiny sister --she's going to be an angel in the Benjamin School play. Four rooms in her school and a little five-year-old kid gets a solo part. I'm the dumb one. The big brother in junior high, that's me. I get nothing.

Mother glowed when they told her. That's a nice thing about Mother. If you do something good, you sure get appreciation.

"Just think! (she said) "Such smart children I have. Some People have one smart one, one that gets into things. Look at me. Every single one. Jean, singing a whole verse of Away in a Manger by herself. King Balthazar Bumps, Innkeeper Pud." (She looked at me.) "and ROD," (she said.)

(I laughed. I made it gay.) "Yeah," (I said) "And Rod".

"Well, (Mother said,) "playing in the orchestra isn't to be sneezed at. Playing a trumpet in an orchestra is fully as important as anything else" (she said.) But she swelled her voice a little too much on it. She was felling sorry for me. She was proud of the others. (She was sorry for me.)

So it was her face lighting up that I saw on Thursday when Miss Phelps told me. Even before I got home, before I ever told her; That's what I could see. Mother's face glowing with pride. (Christmas had come. Only this time it doesn't last)

It began to snow on the way home and that made everything perfect. I ran the last block. I would have flown if I could fly. Golly! Snow for Christmas and me with the lead in the Christmas play! I couldn't wait to tell it. I couldn't wait. Would Mother's eyes shine! The lead! It was too bad about Jim having to go to California and give up the lead, but golly, me!

I stood for a minute by the door watching the snow, catching flakes on my tongue, trying to get myself quiet before I went in. I didn't want Mother to think I cared so much. I wanted to sound like it wasn't so much, my getting the lead.

I'd have to get a shepherd costume, sheepskin thing they wanted, but Mother would do that. She was good at things like that.

"We must have a sheepskin some place," she'd say, "under some of this junk around here," (she'd say and her eyes would be shining at me. Hardly believing it. She'd pooh-pooh the costume. "I'll get one." she'd say.) "My goodness, for the boy with the biggest part in the play, we'll find a costume. We'll buy a sheep and skin it if we have to," she'd say. "Just you leave the costume to me."

I took a big gulp of the Christmas air and went in.

"Our program's Wednesday afternoon," I said. (Just casual.) Nobody knew yet I was the star.

"Wednesday," Mother said. "that's the twenty-first." She was piling cookies into a can. "Here, take one," she said.

It crumbled when I bit it. Pecans inside.

(A lock of hair was in Mother's eyes and she pushed it away with her arm. She looked tired. She said,) "Rod, can you come right home after school and stay with Jean."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said. "Unless you have to practice." (I took a big breath. "You see," I said, trying not to act excited, "I")

"That's good," (Mother said.) "I've simply got to go downtown. There's Mabel and Lucile I haven't even looked for presents for yet. (And Jeanie's presents for the neighborhood children. I'll have to take her along for that.) And I haven't any of the family presents yet."

"I have a lot to do too, Mother," (I said.)

"I know, I know," (Mother said.) "Everybody's busy. It's getting so that's all there is to Christmas any more. Rush, rush, rush. I hope Father can address cards tonight. He just has to take that over. When you come home, Rod. stop in at Rich's and see if you can get a box that would fit that stuff." She nodded to a chair full of packages in the corner. "I'll have to get that off right away or it'll never get there for Christmas. Just think! Only two weeks away. It drives me crazy when I think of it."

About a week for me. A week to learn that part! (it kind of drove me crazy too.)

"Mother," (I said.) "I need a lot of time myself for--" but she was putting the can of cookies out on the back porch and talking.

"But not this noon," she was saying.

"There's a salad in the refrig. Get it out, will you?" She (came back in and) started putting dishes on the table. "We really haven't time to eat any more, (she said) "Where are Bumps and Pud, anyway? Look out the window, Rod, and see what's keeping them. Then Jeanie get your bib on and start eating. I should start you at eleven-thirty, the way you dawdle."

I gave up trying to tell her then. A thing like that you can't blurt out. I called my brothers.

(They came in and) dropped their jackets and Bumps said, "I have to have that king of Orient's costume, you know."

(Mother sighed and dried her hands on the towel by the sink) "Butter a roll for Jean, Rod," She said. "What do kings of Orient wear? Bright colors, mostly, I guess. I'll look in the trunk. I know!" she said then. "Maybe I can borrow that bright blue flannel peignoir of Barbara's and work from there."

"What's a peignoir?" Bumps said. "I'm not going to wear girl's clothes!"

"It's a robe," Mother said. Kings have to wear robes. Don't worry. I'll figure out something real kingly. I always do, Don't I? Why couldn't you just have been one of the singers--in every day clothes? Why did you all have to be so darn talented--you smart childre, you!" She grinned. "Making me so much work! I have to think up kings costumes while I'm pushing through the crowds looking for some little thing for the woman who was so nice to us up north last summer."

My gosh , she didn't have time to listen to me tell about getting the lead, much less find a costume for me. You couldn't help being sorry Mother was so busy she had to eat on the run. You couldn't help being sorry Christmas was so much work for her she looked tired enough to drop. But it made you kind of mad ,too. That she had to be so busy when you had such an important thing to tell. So busy she couldn't stop long enough to hear. My gosh, this was big stuff. This was big. Not just a verse of a song. Not just a speaking part, not just a king of Orient. This was the lead.

You don't have to send that woman up north a present," I said. "you don't have to."

"Well, I want to." Mother said. "But it's that angel costume for Jean which has me whirling right this minute. Angel costume, indeed. They're balmy over at that school."

Jean's lip shook a little and she pushed a piece of pear around with her fork. Mother was pouring hot water over her drink in her cup. She put the kettle back on the stove quick and patted Jean's shoulder.

"Oh, don't worry, darling. I'll do 'er up brown.

"Not brown." Jean said unsteadily, "Pink".

"Yes, pink," Mother said. "You'll be the angest angel in town. Just you put some salad into that angel mouth."

Jean's eyes were stinging wet and she ate a big bite of salad.

"I know my part." (she said.) Gosh, her eyes were almost dancing out of her head! For Jean it was new. It was the first time. As long as I live I'll never forget that first time in kindergarten. The Magic Star-maker, that was me. I remembered, (looking at Jean) how wonderful I felt when I came home and told it--how it was, that day. A sea of faces--with clapping hands beneath them. And Mother in the second row. That's the way it would be for Jean. The Christmas tree would sparkle in the corner, the people would smell wintery and Mother would be watching! On, it's always wonderful but the first time its magic.

"I know it perfect," Jean said. "Want to hear it?"

"Darling, I can't hear it too often," Mother said and Jean dropped her fork and stood up on her chair and sang it, bobbing her head with the rhythm of it, her long blond hair bouncing, her eyes big and dark and serious.

"The cat-tle are lowing the poor baby wakes  
The little Lord Jesus no cry-ing he makes.  
I love thee Lord Jesus look down from the sky  
And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh"

She sure hits the down beat, Jean does.

"On, It's so wunnerful," (She said.) "Wasn't I lucky to get pink for my angel suit, Mother? They pulled the colors out of a box and Alice got blue and Gail got white and pink

was left for me and that's best." I guess we'd heard about it a hundred times but Jean was still feeling it with gusto. Mother was listening with gusto too, her face beaming at Jean.

So I decided to wait. I decided not to tell my Mother the big news till later, till she wasn't so busy that having to find a shepherd costume wouldn't be the last straw. I'd wait till I was alone with her so I could have all that gloating for me alone.

Mother gathered up all her dishes and put them in the sink and sat Jean down again. She kissed the top of her head. "Eat the lettuce," she said, "You're going to have an angel suit that'll knock their eyes out. You know what I found this morning? An old pink formal I had once. You're going to be a stiff little pink tulle angel, darling. Finish eating and I'll show you. Tonight we'll cut it out. It isn't the gown that worries me. It's those wings. But we'll figure it out. Do you know your part, Bumps?"

Did he know his part? Wait'll she heard about me. The whole lead to learn in a week.

"Sure," Bumps said. "You know: Murr is mine. Its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom sawring sighing bleeding dying sealed in the stone-cold tomb oh oh."

"Oh myrrh, " Mother said. "No, I haven't. But I'll look around. Goodness, you make it mournful. Don't you know how to sing it?"

"I don't sing it," Bumps said. "I just march it."

"What?" Mother said, surprised. "I thought it was your rich voice you were picked for but you just march it? It was your gorgeous physique and kingly carriage you got chosen for --well, well. And your costume-resourceful mother, perhaps. Pud, you stop at Benson's shop for sure and get that cloak you are going to wear so I can wash it tonight. Oh, Rod, you are a comfort to me! I like people whose talents run to playing trumpets in school orchestras in plain suits of clothes."

Well, it wasn't exactly a good opening for it but: "Mother, I'm not going to play in the orchestra," I said.

"Oh," (Mother said, A sharp little "oh.") "That's too bad," (she said.) "But don't you care, Rod. It's fun just to sit and watch. We have watchers too. We have to have audiences or there couldn't be any programs."

"Well, I'm not going to---" I began but just then Jean stood up and handed her plate across to Mother.

"See, I cleaned it up, " she said. "I better practice my part again, Mother."

"Oh, you know that thing frontwards and backwards," Bumps said.

"I do not, " Jean said. "We have to march too. We have to march up when they play the piano. You can't go too fast. 'The catt-tle are low-ing the poor baby wakes---"

And all of a sudden I saw red. (What if she was little, what if I was the oldest? Mother was my mother too.) Why couldn't I even have a chance to tell her about me?

"Oh, keep still a minute!" I said. "Mother! I'm not going to watch."

"Rod!" Mother said, "Let her practice her part, My goodness it takes practice to march and sing like an angel." And then she lowered her voice. "She's little, Darling. Let her enjoy it. Remember how it is the first time."

(Sure, " I said.) I could wait. My news would bowl her over when it came. I could wait.

I worked on it while I was staying with Jean. And by dinner-time I just about knew it. Mother came home with Father, both of them loaded with packages. Mother's face sagging with tiredness. She sank into a chair and kicked off her shoes and closed her eyes.

"Poor Father," she said, "IF I had to battle that street-car gang every night I'd give up. Get my slippers, Pud. Get Father's slippers."

"It's not quite that bad all the time," Father said.

"I'd like to fall into bed," Mother said, "without undressing. Thank goodness for automatic ovens anyway. We come home, open the magic door and there it is-- meat loaf and scalloped potatoes. All we have to do is set the table.

"It's wonderful." Father said. "I'll have to learn that trick. What number do you set it at to get turkey?"

"There's a little more to it than that," Mother said, "But I do have one trick I'm going to need you for tonight, I'll show you how. All you have to do is sit in the chair by the desk and put a pen between your thumb and forefinger and turn your back to us. There's a list and a pile of envelopes and in about three hour's time, presto--addressed Christmas cards all ready to go." I stacked the dishes and went up to my room to study. I studied my part. As soon as the kids went to bed I'd tell Her. And when I told her, I'd know it. . . . She could hold the book and I'd rattle it off. Nothing nice and average about me. I get a lead in the morning and by night I knew it.

I was doing it in front of the mirror without the book when I heard her call.

"Everyone!" she called. "Hey, come and look. Just come and look!"

Pud ran down ahead of me and Bumps came banging out of the bathroom. Father had come in from the study and stood with his pen in his hand. Mother was in the middle of her floor and there were pink scraps all around her and pink threads and scissors and pins in a box and over at the far end of the living room was Jean.

My breath stopped. And for a second it was all pure Christmas--something you quite keep but can only remember a little.

There was Jean, A fluffy pink glittering angel, too beautiful to believe. It went straight from her neck, the gown, clear down to her ankles and her arms were lost in it and it was like pink foam glistening spun sugar, ready to disappear; and floating above it, with sparkling wings just showing in back Jeanie's wide-eyed face. I never knew she was that pretty. All creamy pink and her mouth a little open and her eyes round and big and dark and her hair a soft golden crown around her head.

"My gosh, that's pretty !" Bumps said.

And Pud said. "Eeeeeegad!"

And Father said. "Oh, honey, don't look so beautiful or someone's going to steal you away from us!"

And Mother said, "Isn't she darling?"

And Jean put one hand over her mouth and drew in her breath a little gaspy delighted laugh and wriggled her shoulders and then Father said "I'll get my lights. I'll get my camera, we have to have a picture of that!"

Father took the pictures and then my world went spinning.

"Couldn't they let you off from work, Father?" Jean said, "Couldn't they let you off from work for a good program like that? It's gonna be awful good!"

"I don't know but what they might," Father said. "I don't know but what they'd almost have to. When is this affair?"

"It's two o'clock," Jean said, "but we have to come ahead of time."

"Two o'clock Wednesday," (Jean said.) "Of course, Wednesday. There isn't any school on Thursday silly".

Mother unfastened the angel gown and pulled it over Jean's head.

"Wednesday?" I said. Standing real still. "The twenty first?" I said.

"Yup," Jean said, pulling her undershirt down over her stomach. "Wednesday, December the twenty-first at two P.M. and everybody better get there early to get a good seat. You get there early. Mother, and then you can sit right in front."

Mother smiled down at her. "Hurry now," (she said.) "It's past bedtime. It's bedtime for all of you. What's the matter with you, Rod? Don't stand there dreaming. It's late."

I followed them upstairs. I went to my room and closed the door. I put the copy of the play in the drawer of my desk and locked the drawer. It was a long time before I could get to sleep.

We practiced every morning before school. We practiced every day during school. We sometime practiced after school. By the end of the next week I knew it frontwards and backwards. I knew it sideways. I knew the leading part of that play in less than a week with nobody helping me. I knew it but it wasn't any good. Nobody was going to see me. Why should I care? Who cares if I'm good?



It was the way they had the schools in our town. All of us in different schools, that was why. They didn't plan it for people who had more than one child. Jean went to Benjamin, a little four-room school near home. Bumps and Pud went to West Side now they were through Benjamin. Me. I went to Junior High. What did they care about people who had kids in Benjamin and West Side? People weren't supposed to have kids a lot of different ages. What did they care if the programs came the same day, the same hour? What was that to them?

I couldn't even tell her about the costume. I didn't know what to do about that. Maybe I was a softy but I couldn't do that to Jean. I'd look at her at mealtime, jabbering away about their program, jabbering happy and I'd think about it. I'd think about how it would be if I was to say, "Hey, Mom, I've got the lead in our Christmas play, Wednesday, December twenty-first at two p.m. and I've got to have a shepherd costume. I've got the lead, Mom." I don't know how it would have come out. I don't know what Mother could have done about it. If she came to see me it would break Jeanie's heart. I knew that. If she didn't come--it was better for Mother not to know about it at all than to have to know and not come. I kept still.

So on Monday Miss Phelps says I'm no good. "I thought you were better than Jim had been," she said. "You read it so well that first day. What's happened to you? Please try harder," she said. "Try to think how you'd feel if you were that shepherd boy and had to stay behind when the others went to Bethlehem. You're the one that's left out, the one that nothing big can happen to. Try to make it like that."

"Okay," (I said.) What did they expect of a just-average kid? What did they expect?

"And you'll have to have that costume by tomorrow," (she said.)

"Okay," ( I said.)

I didn't care what I wore. I went up in the attic at noon and looked in the trunk. My gosh, who cared what a shepherd boy wore? Who cared anyway? Sheepskin. What did they think? That people had sheepskin lying around their houses?

There wasn't anything in the trunk, Satin Dresses, striped pants, silk scarves. I bundled the junk all up and rammed it back in and closed the lid. It was cold up in the attic but I didn't care. I dropped down on the rug in front of the trunk and put my head on my arm, my face down. Maybe I'd catch cold so I couldn't be in the play. I didn't care. Christmas sure

was a lot of bother and work. That's the way it is. I guess, when you grow up. I was getting old was all. It's kind of tough, outgrowing Christmas.

You can't blame a kid for crying when he feels that blue. I felt better after a while. I sat up and wiped my eyes on my sweater and waited a few minutes before I went down so my eyes wouldn't be red. Mother thought I was hiding Christmas presents or something up there. It sure was cold. I couldn't find a shepherd costume and I didn't give a hang. Maybe they'd take the part away from me. I shrugged my shoulders and put the rug around my legs to keep them warm. It was an old fur rug made from the hide of a cow or something that Grandpa got once. I stood up and picked up the rug. My gosh, it was just the thing. All I needed was a hole for my head. I took it to my room and cut one and tried it on.

It looked kind of sad after all but I sneaked it out to school anyway. It sort of covered me up at least.

The teacher fastened it together on the sides and between the legs with staples.

"I guess it'll have to do," she said, "It certainly doesn't look like a sheepskin though." She sure looked worried. What was so important? Nobody was going to see it.

"Sometimes sheep are black," I said.

"Yes, I know," Miss Phelps said. "But this is brown--or red. Are you sure it was a cow? It has such long hair. And sheep are curly."

"Sheep," I said, "Maybe it's a buffalo from the western prairies."

"If it was a buffalo," she said, "it must have died of old age. Well, cow or buffalo, it'll have to do. You aren't supposed to look glamorous after all."

I certainly didn't. I sort of looked like an old buffalo getting ready to die with its hide getting too loose for its frame. I felt like one too.

We got the Christmas tree up that night and I could feel almost happy again looking at it. Every reddish pink ball made me think of Jean in the angel costume. I was sure glad I hadn't spoiled it for Jean. What the heck? Christmas is for kids.

On Tuesday Mother went to West side to see Bumps march the King of Orient and carry the myrrh in an old Chinese brass pot she'd borrowed and to hear Pud say his two lines.

"They were wonderful" she told Father that night. "Just wonderful! Aren't we lucky to have such gifted children?" she said. "Bumps was kingly and steady and--and inspired-looking. I was proud of him."

Bumps beamed. "It was sure hard to walk that slow," he said.

"I'll bet, " Mother said. " And Pud was wonderful! You'd have thought he really owned that inn. You were wonderful, Pud."

"That's what everybody said," Pud said.

"And now tomorrow's Jean," she said. "My goodness what would I do if I had eight children? I couldn't take it, I'd be so worn out running from one program to another."

Suddenly mother stopped talking, "Rod!" she said. "I forgot! Oh, Rod! I forgot all about you. Have I missed it? What day is your program. I completely forgot!"

"That's okay," I said. "It's tomorrow. You can't go to both."

"Oh, Rod," Mother said. "I did so want to hear you play in the orchestra. Oh, golly, what am I going to do?"

You should have seen Jean! she looked like the end of the world.

"Well, you have to go and see Jean," I said, and it was worth it seeing her come alive again. "Anyway," I said, "I'm not going to play in that old orchestra."

Mother sank back in her chair. "I don't know, Rod," she said. "You always do things right, somehow. Every mother ought to have a child like you. You never complicate things, you never ball things up. You always make things come out right and I Love you. You'll play in the orchestra for the spring concert. I know you will and we'll all go to hear you. Wouldn't you like to stay out and come and see Jean be an angel, Rod?" I'll write you an excuse. Why don't you?"

"I better go to ours," I said.

"That's right," Mother said. "That's right. You had better. We wouldn't want anyone to think you were jealous or anything because you didn't get chosen to play with the orchestra this time."

Rod, you always do things right somehow. I kept thinking about mother saying that, when I was getting my cowskin on.

The teacher was extra excited. "Please do your best," she said to me. "Do it the way you did that first day, the day you read it. Make it good, Rod," She said, "and then they won't notice your costume. I wonder if it would help to trim off some of that hair."

So she tried it. It gave it more of a French poodle look and Miss Phelps looked sad and said pleadingly, "Do your best, Rod. Please."

Okay, I will, I thought. I'm the one that always does things right somehow.

It wasn't hard, I'll say that. It wasn't hard to act it. It was the way I felt. I just acted me. The way I felt upstairs there in the attic the day I found the cowskin. I was getting too old for Christmas. That was for kids. I was left behind now. Left behind while Jean and Bumps and Pud went ahead and had Christmas, Left behind while the others went to Bethlehem to see the Baby King in the manger. I was the shepherd boy who had had to get his own costume, who was left behind to tend the sheep so the others could go. My gosh, it wasn't hard at all.

I even got weepy over it. Nobody wants to be left behind while the others go on and see the miracle. Nobody wants to grow up, I guess and take responsibilities, give up things so others can have them. It wasn't hard and I was doing it! I was doing it like a breeze. I threw myself into it. Moth-eaten old cowskin and all. And I knew I was good.

I could see Miss Phelps in the wings. Poor Miss Phelps, I'd sure let her down till now. Her face looked droopy and ready to cry. My gosh, I was good. Miss Phelps was dead on her feet, she was so tired and nervous. She'd had to wait through all the orchestra playing, through all the carol singing, nervous because I was a flop. Now she could hardly believe it. I was good. I felt sorry for Miss Phelps. She was like me. Nobody cared enough to help her. Until now. I hadn't thought about her side of it. Well, I was grown up now. I had to think about those things. It was a sad thing to miss out on Christmas but you needn't spoil it for other people.

Only I had that one little cry when no one was looking. Up in the attic on the cowskin. And I could cry here in the pasture after the others were gone and I knew I had missed out.

I pillowed my head on my arm in the grass of the stage pasture and cried. It came easy. The rest might not be so easy but the crying was. Next came the hard part. In a minute I'd hear the quartet singing softly from up in the rafters: "Peace on earth"---and then would come the hard part. Then I'd have to get over that sob stuff, then I'd have to raise my head in wonder and let it show in my face.

Out of the dusky background on a raised place, lights would come up on the nativity scene. The shepherd boy would see it after all and I'd have to show how wonderful he felt about it. I hadn't done it right yet. I'd been told often enough. I just couldn't make Nancy and Timmy seem wonderful enough to get excited over till now. Not even all dressed up in Bible clothes and leaning over the manger with tableau lights and a fine screen in front of them. Not even with the wonderful animals Perry'd got from his fathers market. Not even when the shepherds came and the wise men came. Not even in costume. I guess I'm just not made that way. I just kept trying to figure out whose bathrobes they were wearing.

Maybe today, though, I could. It was knowing Mother wouldn't get to see that made me lousy up to now. But now there was Miss Phelps. I tried hard to think about how much it meant to Miss Phelps. And I started to raise my head, slowly, the way I was supposed to, as the quartet sang softly up above me.

Then I sat up like a shot! Something was goofy. Someone was patting my head! I sat up like a host and turned around and I didn't need to act to look surprised - to look dumbfounded! A glistening pink angel was patting my head and my mouth dropped open and I was dumbfounded!

Jean!

And that's When Christmas came the second time. That's when the glory hit me. Hit me with a bang that burst my eardrums, with a blaze that split eyeballs.

For just one second I looked everywhere because it was too much for me. I couldn't get it, see? And afterward they said that was good. As if I was wondering where the music came from, where the angel had come from. And I saw Mother.

She was standing in the wings beside Miss Phelps. Was she ever glowing! Maybe she had been proud of Pud and Bumps. Maybe she had been proud of Jean. She was superproud of me. Not just because I had a lead. That was small stuff compared to the other. I could see it plain as day. She was proud of me not spoiling it for Jean. She smiled a wonderful smile and then she motioned with her eyes and I took Jeanie's hand and turned and looked at the tableau and if that audience couldn't see the glory shining in my face, they must be blind. It was blinding me.

Sometimes I think that's the peak. I'll probably never again have Christmas hit me like that. Right between the eyes. I hardly heard Mother explaining how Jean's program wasn't long and she felt badly about me being the left-out one and so she gathered her up, wings and all and came on over. How they'd told her then and let them stand in the wings. How wonderful I'd acted, so wonderful that Jean had been taken in and had run to comfort me.

I was still standing there when they all crowded around, squealing and jumping and Miss Phelps squeezing my shoulder and crying and telling me we were chosen for the museum. Out of the whole city, our play was going to be put on at the museum, with the sheepskin lining of an old coat of Father's instead of the cowskin, Mother said, and even with Jean. Most people thought it was planned that way, with Jean.

It didn't worry me any. I could do it again. With Mother watching, I could do it easy. I was grown up, I was good and the bells were ringing in my head.

Maybe Christmas will come again like that some day. But it can never be the same. That will always be the peak--the year I grew up and the glory of Christmas hit me so hard.





Sharon

De l. De l

Dee

OUR RICHEST CHRISTMAS

by

Margery Talcott

The trouble was that my husband and I were never business people. During the Depression, Bill was illustrating children's books, and I was writing verses for greeting cards at anything from \$2 to \$4 for a four line verse--when we had work.

And there was Pete, our little son, to bring up. The year he was six, and starting school, we were really up against it. We managed to provide the bare essentials for him, but nothing more. We felt we were rich, however, in things of the spirit and imagination. That was a comfort of sorts to us, but nothing a six-year-old could understand.

Christmas was coming, and certainly on Christmas a little boy needs a present he can hold and keep and show his playmates. That year we just couldn't afford it. We did manage to get a tree, though. It was small and scraggly, but it smelled fragrant and piney.

We had a few decorations from the previous year. No lights, no colored balls, no angels, no candy canes or cornucopias. But we did have silver tinsel, and a gold star for the top of the tree. To fill the gaps, we got white and pink popcorn at the candy store and the three of us strung it--yards and yards of it--around and in and out of the branches.

"This is fun," said Pete, laughing and popping pink kernels into his

mouth. Our laughter was not quite so hilarious.

With Christmas only a few days off, we felt we had to tell Pete that there wouldn't be any store-bought presents this year. Obviously the news was a blow. "But I'll tell you what we can do," said his father, with the sudden inspiration born of heartbreak. "We can make pictures of presents we'd like to give each other. We can draw them or cut them out of magazines or make them out of anything we can find around the house." Pete's face scarcely had had time to fall before it lifted in anticipation of the enterprise ahead.

During the next few days the house was full of secret activity. On Christmas morning the tree looked pretty enough with its popcorn decorations and its lofty gold star celebrating the original star of wonder, star of light. But never was a Christmas tree surrounded with such glittering riches! The presents were only pictures of gifts, to be sure, but they were luxurious beyond dreams.

There was a sleek black limousine, a red motorboat and an airplane for Bill. There was a diamond bracelet, a royal-blue velvet dress and a chinchilla coat for me. Pete's presents were toys cut from advertisements of the most captivating and expensive playthings anyone could imagine. Our "best present" to him was a huge picture, painted by Bill, of a fabulous camping tent complete with wonderful Indian designs.

Bill's "best present" to me was a water color he had painted of our dream house—white with green shutters, with lilac and forsythia bushes of the lawn.

My "best present" to Bill was a sheaf of verses I had written over the years—verses of devotion and of the sorrows and joys we had shared together.

Naturally we didn't expect any "best present" from Pete. We thought the luxury cars and jewels and furs he had so laboriously cut out or painted for us were more than enough. But at last, with squeals of delight, he told us he had a "best present" for us, too.

It turned out to be a crayon drawing executed in the flashiest colors and the most modernistic technique. But it was unmistakably the picture of three people laughing—a man, a woman and a little boy. They had their arms around each other and were, in a sense, one person. Under the picture he had printed just one word: US.

For many years we have looked back on that day as the richest, most satisfying Christmas we have ever had.





THE OTHER WISE MAN by Henry Van Dyke

You have heard the story of the three wise men and of how they followed the star to worship at the manger cradle of Bethlehem. But have you heard the story of the other wise man who saw the star in its rising and set out to follow it? Artaban was his name. And he lived in the city among the mountains of Persia. He was a wealthy man, but he sold all of his possessions and bought three jewels to offer as tribute to the Christ-child; a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl.

He was to meet the three wise men at the Temple of the Seven Sphered at an appointed hour. He must indeed ride wisely and well to keep this appointment for the path lay across deep mountain gorges, thru dangerous passes and across many smiling vales. Towards evening of the tenth day, Artaban came to the city of Babylon. Gladly would he have stopped to obtain rest and refreshment for himself and his horse but the hour was already late and he must reach the Temple by midnight so he did not stop but hurried on.

Just outside the city his horse suddenly slackened its pace, then stood stock-still before a dark object in the road. Artaban quickly dismounted and found a man suffering in the grip of a deadly fever. Artaban turned away with a thot of pity but as he did so the man clutched at his robe. Artaban's heart stood still. If he went on the man would surely die; if he tarried he might lose

his quest. "God of Truth and Mercy," he cried. "Guide Thou me." Then quickly he carried the man to a palm tree. Here he skillfully administered water and herbs and ointment. After several hours the man opened his eyes and said, "Who art thou?" "I am Artaban and I go in search of the King who is to be born at Jerusalem. I can stay no longer, but here take this sapphire. You can go to Babylon and there find lodging and help." The old man raised his hand in blessing "I can give thee nothing in return - only this - the Christ Child is to be born, not in Jerusalem but in Bethlehem of Judea."

It was long past the midnight when Artaban again mounted his horse and rode swiftly onward. The first rays of morning had sent their beams against the sky ere he reached the Temple of the Seven Spheres. He could find no trace of the other wise men. He rode all around the hill and finally climbed to the highest point. There was a piece of papyrus on which was written, "We have waited long past the midnight and now go on - follow us across the desert." Artaban bent his head and wept for he could not go across the desert without first returning to Babylon and obtaining camels and provisions. Perhaps because he tarried to show mercy he should not see the King.

Three days after the Three Magi had come to Bethlehem and laid their treasures at the feet of the Christ-child, the Other Wise Man entered. Weary and spent he could find no trace of the King but hearing a mother crooning a lullaby in a near-by open cottage, he asked of her if the King had been born. She told him of the heavenly manifestations, of the Three Wise Men and how that same night Mary and Joseph and the babe had fled. It was whispered they had gone to Egypt. "And there must I follow," said Artaban. The mother laid her babe in the cradle and rose to prepare food for the strange guest. A gentle peace filled the room, but it was suddenly broken by the sound of a horrible tumult down the street. Swords were clashing and clanging and women were screaming - "Our babies, our babies, they are killing our babies." The young mother's face whitened. She quickly clasped her babe to her bosom. Artaban rose swiftly and stood in the doorway. His powerful frame filled the opening. To the Captain of the soldiers who approached, amazed at the sight of this imposing stranger, Artaban spoke - "I am all alone here and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent Captain who will leave me in peace." He dropped his hand and there in his palm glistened the ruby like a great drop of blood. The Captain's eyes widened at the splendor of the jewel and he clutched it eagerly. "March on," he cried. "There is no one here!" And Artaban raised his eyes to heaven - "God of Truth, forgive my sin - I have said that which is not to save the life of this babe. Perhaps I am no longer worthy to see the Christ-child." The voice of the young mother sobbing with joy came to him - "Because thou hast saved my little one may God bless thee and prosper thee."

Artaban sought the Christ in Egypt, but to no avail. He traveled from place to place and though he found none to worship, he found many to help. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited those in prison and cared for those in want. Three and thirty years of his life passed away thus and he was an old man. He came to Jerusalem for the last time - still in search of his King. This day there was a strange excitement among the people. The old man approached a group and asked the cause of the tumult. "Have you not heard? Three men are to be put to death; two thieves and another who calls himself King of the Jews and he claims

to be the Son of God." How strangely these familiar words fell upon the ears of Artaban. Perhaps after all he would be able to see his King and to offer his pearl as ransom for Him. So with tottering steps the old man followed the crowd to the gates of the city.

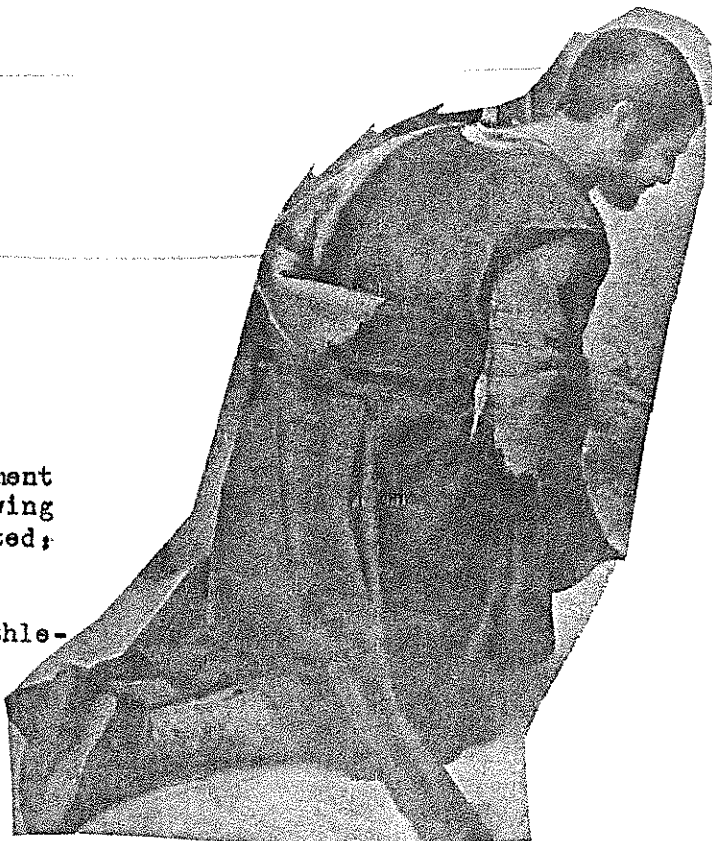
Just beyond the guardhouse he came across a group of Macedonian soldiers dragging a young girl who was to be sold as a slave. When she saw Artaban she wrenched herself free from her captives and flung herself at his feet. "Save me - save me - from worse than death." Artaban's heart stopped beating. Twice the gift which was dedicated to the worship of the Christ had been given to the service of men. Here was the third trial. The final choice. Gently he placed the pearl in her hands. "Daughter, this is thy ransom. It was to have been for the King." And even as he spoke the sky darkened, tremors shook the earth, the soldiers fled. The old man and the girl crouched beneath the walls of the praetorium. Artaban was not alarmed. What had he to fear? His quest was over and he had failed.

A heavy tile was loosened from the building and falling struck the old man on the head. The young girl pillowed the white bleeding head in her lap. Then suddenly came a voice, like distant music in which the notes are heard but the words are lost. The old man moved and she heard him faintly whisper. "Not so my Lord, for when saw I Thee hungered and fed Thee; or naked and clothed Thee? When saw I Thee sick and came unto Thee or in prison and visited Thee? Three and thirty years have I sought Thee but never before have I seen Thy face, my King - my King."

Again the voice came but this time the girl understood the words. "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you do it unto the least of these, thou has done it unto me." A great radiance lighted the calm face of Artaban. His quest was over; his gifts were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found his King.

(If musical accompaniment  
is used, the following  
songs are suggested;

"Star of the East"  
"O Little Town of Bethle-  
hem,"  
"Asleep-Asleep"  
"He Died, the Great  
Redeemer Died"



THE POEM - VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

(Salt Lake Tribune-This Week Magazine, December 20, 1965)

On the afternoon of December 24, 1822, Clement Clarke Moore, a spare, dignified professor of Greek and Oriental literature, hurried out of Chelsea House, his spacious home at 22nd Street and Ninth Avenue in New York and called for his sleigh and horses.

Snow had been falling for almost 24 hours and great banks of it were piled in the streets. Behind Chelsea House's tall windows, the professor's six children watched with vast excitement. Daddy was going downtown to Washington Market to buy the Christmas turkey.

New York was very conscious of its Dutch traditions in those days, and children heard and believed many stories about "Santeklas" as St. Nicholas was called. But no one who knew him ever dreamed that Professor Moore, a scholar whose fame had just won him a place on the new General Theological Seminary near his home, paid attention to such childish imaginings.

Moore was a devoted father, however, and he had already decided he wanted to bring his youngsters something special this Christmas. He decided the perfect gift was a poem about a visit from St. Nicholas.

He bought the turkey in Washington Market and all the way uptown, he composed the poem in his head. By the time he reached Chelsea House he had all 28 couplets memorized. In the house, the children crowded around him, eager to hear about his visit to the market. Instead, he sat them down and began reciting, "'Twas the night before Christas when all through the house..."

Neither Moore nor the children had the least suspicion that they were hearing for the first time the most famous Christmas poem in the English language.

#### A Big Hit at Home

The poem was a household success. A lady cousin was so delighted with it she copied it into her album. A few months later she showed it to a friend, Miss Harriet Butler, daughter of a churchman in Troy, N.Y., and Miss Butler promptly took the poem to Orville L. Holley, editor of the "Troy Sentinel."

On December 23, 1823, Holley published it as "An Account of a Visit from St. Nicholas." He thus had the honor of giving the poem a title--something its author had neglected to do.

The following Christmas, several more newspapers reprinted the poem. Year by year, a snowball of enthusiasm grew bigger and bigger. All this only caused Clement Moore to squirm with embarrassment. He did not think the poem was dignified enough to claim. He had written serious poems in the dreamy romantic style of the time, and "A Visit from St. Nicholas" stood out among them like a comedian in a cathedral. Not until 1829 did anyone connect his name with the poem, and even then he maintained a resolute silence. In 1837 the poem was included in a collection of New York

poetry - finally and definitely over Moore's name.

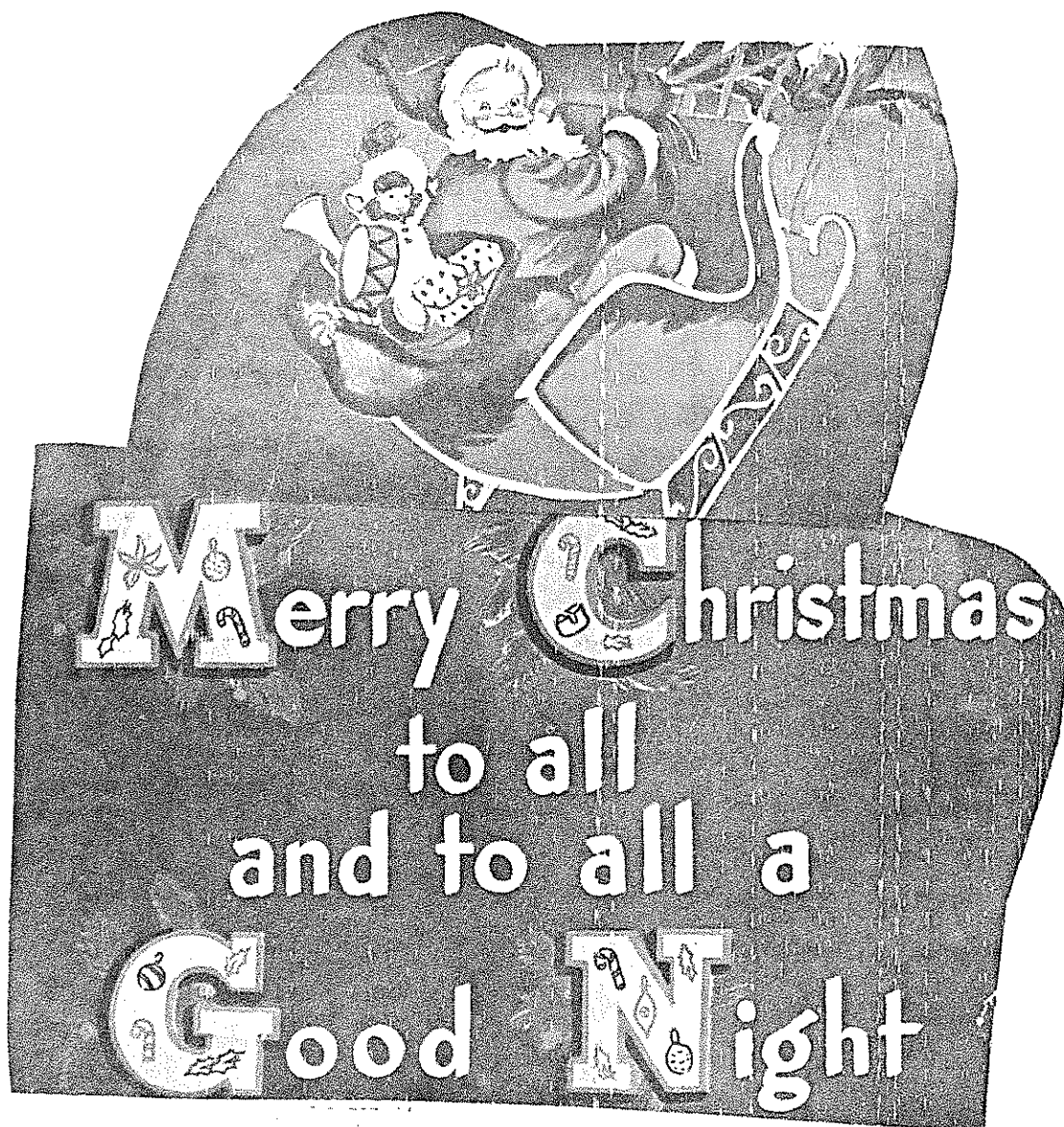
Moore published a collection of his poems in 1844; by then the "Visit" was so famous, Moore (or his publisher) could not resist including it again in the volume. Since that day the poem has been reprinted more than any other piece of poetry in the English language, translated into almost every foreign tongue on earth, embossed in braille, and recited on stage, screen, and television.

Moore's description of Santa has frequently been hailed as "the greatest piece of genre word painting in the English language."

#### Children's service

In recent years there has been an annual Christmas service at Moore's grave in Trinity Church cemetery on New York's Upper Broadway. After hearing the vicar read "A Visit from St. Nicholas" girls and boys of the Chapel of the Intercession lay a wreath on the grave and sing a series of carols.

Clement Moore, who wrote his poem neither for fame nor money, but simply to give pleasure to children, would be pleased. T.F.J.



# THE STORY - A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens needed to pay a debt

Like most writers, Charles Dickens was always in a stew over money. Autumn of 1843 found him simmering with exceptional violence. His novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," had not been selling very well. His publishers, Chapman and Hall, had advanced him 150 pounds a month against expected profits from "Chuzzlewit." It now looked very much as if Dickens would have to refund some of this money, which he had already spent, plus somehow pay a blizzard of year-end bills. His wife, meanwhile, was pregnant with their fifth child.

Gloomily contemplating his expensive London house and his lavish way of life, Dickens began wondering if he would not be better off raising his brood in Italy or France, where they could all live more cheaply.

During the first week in October, on a visit to Manchester, a different vision of deliverance struck him. Why not do a small story about Christmas? He had a ready-made plot in a sketch from one of his earlier triumphs, "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," about a mean old miser named Gabriel Grubb and some Christmas ghosts who made him reform.

Dickens rushed back to London and began working day and night. He wrote one friend that he was so busy toiling on his "little carol" that he "never left home before the owls went out and led quite a solitary life." He told another friend that he "wept and laughed and wept again and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition" and while thinking it out frequently "walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed."

He turned the manuscript over to his publishers before the end of November and was so elated he frankly admitted he acted "like a madman."

Aiming at a killing, Dickens published the book on "commission terms" whereby he was to be charged the full cost of production, and was to receive the entire profits, less ten per cent commission to the publishers. Alas, Dickens was no businessman. He proceeded to insist on hand-colored plates by John Leech, one of the best artists of the time. He fussed over variant title pages, and papers and chapter headings, apparently never thinking all these elegant rouches were going on his bill.

## A quick success

Moreover, in those pre-automation days, printing even a small book on such short notice required tremendous effort--24,000 plates had to be colored by hand, 6,000 gold-blocked cases prepared and 18,000 edges gilded.

The book was an instantaneous success- though contrary to

legend, it did not sell out its entire first edition of 6,000 copies the first day. Not until December 24, nine days after publication, did Dickens write his lawyer, exultantly informing him that "the Carol was in its sixth thousand; and...it would soon be necessary to reprint." To an American friend, he wrote, sending him a copy on January 2, "its success is most prodigious. And by every post all manner of strangers write all manner of letters about their homes and hearths and how this same Carol is read aloud there and kept on a little shelf by itself..."

To a close friend, Dickens reported "a very happy happy Christmas with the evil spirit of money troubles effectively exorcised." Dickens needed about a thousand pounds to pay his bills and finance a badly needed vacation abroad. It is not hard to imagine his horror when he opened a statement from his publishers on February 10, 1844, and found that his profits from "A Christmas Carol" were only 230 pounds.

"Such a night as I have passed," he wrote his friend and biographer, John Forster. "I really believed I should never get up again until I had passed through all the horrors of a fever. I found the Carol accounts awaiting me and they were the cause of it.. What a wonderful thing it is, that such a great success should occasion for me such intolerable anxiety and disappointment. My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific, that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad."

#### Profits soared

Poot Dickens' fears were needless. The book sold steadily throughout 1844 and after the ninth edition, the hand-colored plates were dropped and Dickens' profits soared. He produced other Christmas books but none could compare to the success of the Carol. There is no record of Dickens' lamenting these comparative failures. With that guileless emotion that was both his best and worst characteristic, he loved the Carol as thoroughly as his readers.

It was Tiny Tim, Scrooge and company who launched Dickens on a second, tremendously lucrative career. He gave a public reading of the book for one of his many charities, and the reception was so enthusiastic, he decided to go commercial. The public reaction was fantastic, and Dickens soon prepared "reading copies" of the Carol and other books. In his first reading, the Carol had taken three hours. By drastic cutting, he reduced it to two hours, rewriting much of it in the process. Whole areas of text were blocked out with red ink and changed wordings were scribbled in the margins in bulging balloons. He soon added stage directions, such as "rising action," and "Scrooge melted."

#### Actors studied him

Dickens was a magnificent actor. Without moving from the center of the stage, he could create the pinched avaricious countenance of Scrooge, with his harsh and grating voice, and follow

it an instant later with the innocent eyes and piping voice of Tiny Tim. Often the first rows of his readings were filled by professional actors, come to study how he achieved his effects.

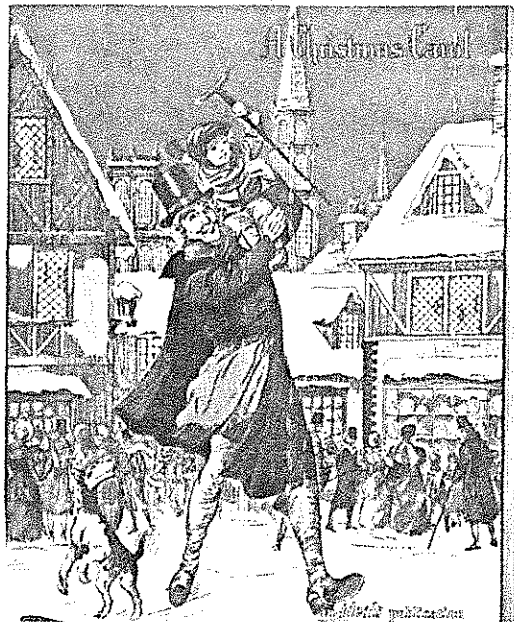
In Dublin, Dickens wrote home that the crowd on the third night "had broken all the glass in the pay boxes. Our men were flattened against walls and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins against my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps." Of his manager, Arthur Smith, Dickens cheerfully wrote, "Arthur bathed in checks, took headers into tickets, floated on billows of passes, dived under weirs of shillings, floated home, faint with gold and silver."

In the next 12 years, Dickens gave 423 readings, earning some 45,000 pounds. But just as he failed to reckon the cost of his first edition of "A Christmas Carol," he did not realize, until too late, that the tremendous expenditure of nervous energy on the stage was undermining his health. During the last readings, he was often so exhausted he had to be carried to his dressing room where it would take him ten minutes to find the strength to speak. Even then, only frantic pleas from his family and friends persuaded him to abandon the applause he loved so much.

Always his favorite

"A Christmas Carol" remained his favorite book, to the end. But if Dickens were alive today, even he would find it difficult to believe its world-wide success. The original manuscript is one of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. The book has been translated into Gaelic, Russian, Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese and Esperanto, to name only a few unlikely languages; there are dramatic versions, records and exquisitely illustrated gift editions.

Pause a moment, and you can almost hear Dickens cheering at all those royalties rolling in. In fact, if he were around you would probably see him on television, reading his "little Carol" via Telstar to the world--for a fee that would have made Scrooge smile. F.F.J.





World of Music Encyclopedia, p. 56-7: The word Hallelujah means "The Lord be praised" --The word is well known from Handel's Oratorio, The Messiah, in which the Hallelujah chorus forms a triumphant conclusion to the second part of the work. When The Messiah was first heard at Covent Garden in 1743, the King (George II) and the whole audience rose and stood throughout the chorus and this custom has been maintained ever since.

## HANDEL'S MESSIAH HAS UNIQUE HISTORY

by Harold Lundstrom

Deseret News - December 1970

Handel composed the oratorio "Messiah" during the summer of 1741. The first performance was in Dublin, Ireland, April 13, 1742.

These are the simple facts but the supporting detail is much richer.

Handel was in the habit of keeping in the manuscripts an accurate record of his progress in composing a work. And the manuscript of "Messiah" is clear that he composed it in 24 days.

In London, things had gone badly during the season of 1741. Handel's last opera, "Deidamia," composed for that season, had received only three performances. Italian opera had become completely out of fashion. On March 14, 1741, Handel had given a concert for the "benefit and increase of a fund established for the support of decayed musicians and their families." A program on April 8, for the same fund, he intended as a sort of a formal farewell.

It must have been heartening for him then, to receive an invitation from William Cavenish, Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for a series of concerts in Dublin. Handel arrived in Dublin November 18. A successful season followed with two series of six subscription concerts each.

And, finally, came "Messiah." The first performance was again a charitable affair.

Not only was the performance a financial success but also it was an artistic and popular one, - so much so that when it became apparent ahead of time that "something of a crush at the concert"- "above 700 people" attended. A splendid advertisement requested the ladies to come without their hoops, the better to accommodate more of them.

This was all very agreeable and no doubt it was very cheering to Handel. But there is nothing either in the origin of the work or in the circumstances surrounding the premiere to suggest that

228 years after it was composed "Messiah" would have become, beyond any reasonable doubt, the most frequently performed major work in the history of music. That is where it is now.

Yet, for all the frequencies of performance, a complete performance is extremely rare, because of the conflict between the length of the work in its entirety and the practicalities of modern concert giving.

In the original, the three parts are of approximately the same length. To bring the work within the usual limits of a concert, abbreviations are customary, varying with the season and the preference of the conductor. Thus, performances at the Christmas season concentrate the abbreviations in Parts II and III.

A wealthy bachelor, Charles Jennens, compiled the libretto for Handel- or possibly supervised the compilation- from the King James translation of the Bible. Two things are remarkable about the libretto:

First: the narrative draws largely on the prophetic books of the Old Testament, the Psalms, and the epistles of the New Testament, only minimally on the Gospels themselves.

Second: Jennens was able to keep alterations in the wording to a minimum, so that Handel had some of the most majestic prose in the English language to set his music to. The literary quality of the libretto, is, therefore, far above the general level of what composers of the period, Handel included, had to work with.

No one can estimate how much of "Messiah's" popularity is fashion or tradition by now. Yet, no matter how shoddily it may sometimes be sung by amateur choruses, poorly conducted, its power is undeniable. Its music is called "heavenly" and "divine" by clergy and public alike. There is something inherent in its measures that impresses the listener paradoxically with both his own smallness and his potential greatness as a man.

Musically, the "Messiah" appeals to the professional as well as to the amateur musician. Perhaps this is because it covers all moods, from the simplicity of the "Pastoral Symphony" to the grandeur and majesty of "Lift Up Your Heads"; from simple tenderness to the musically and religiously profound.

Its "Hallelujah Chorus" is a sort of Festival Anthem to millions of people. It expresses the epitome of ecstasy and pure joy at the high moments of the Christian year.

Two things seem odd: One, that George Frederick Handel, a German by birth and education, should have been so completely adopted by his foster country, England, as to be claimed to be an honored son. He spoke an imperfect, broken English to the end of his days. Yet his music speaks directly and clearly to the ear of his adopted land. Even today it is seldom sung in German.

Another strange fact is that the "Messiah" only one-fifth of whose measures are concerned with the Nativity, should be so universally sung as a Christmas oratorio. Handel meant it to be sung at the Easter Season. But for many years on both sides of the

Atlantic, it has been a regular Christmas Season feature, its  
Lenten portions seldom being done at all.

\* \* \* \* \*



*The Messiah*  
G. F. HANDEL



And His Name shall be called



Wonderful, Counsellor, The



mighty God, the everlasting



Father, The Prince of Peace.

## THE SONG SILENT NIGHT

A priest and a schoolteacher happened on this classic

(Salt Lake Tribune)

(This Week Magazine, Dec.20, 1964)

On December 23, 1818, a 26-year-old priest named Joseph Mohr was called from his church in the little Austrian village of Oberndorf to visit a home deep in the forest. A woodchopper's wife had just given birth to a child.

It was a long, exhausting trip and Mohr did not reach the house until after dark. But he was glad he had come. The young mother's joy filled the little hut with radiance. All the way back through the still forest, with the winter stars glistening overhead, the priest marveled at the sight of the mother beaming down on her little boy in his cradle. In its simplicity and peace, the scene irresistibly called to mind the stable in Bethlehem.

At home, the young priest sat down at his desk and poured his feelings into a poem, recalling both the natural and spiritual beauty he had just seen. Not until four a.m. did he finish writing it. He called it "Silent Night."

The next morning he hurried to the house of his best friend, 31-year old Franz Gruber, who was the village schoolteacher and church organist. He and Mohr both loved music and sometimes whiled away Sunday afternoons singing and accompanying themselves on a guitar. The villagers loved to listen to them.

Gruber liked the poem. "Set it to music," Mohr urged, and on that day before Christmas Gruber went to work on a melody and soon had the song ready to play. He took it to his friend. "It was easy, he said. "Your words sang themselves. Let's play it." Mohr's first thought was of the church organ, which was broken, but Gruber chuckled and told him that he had written it for two voices and guitar.

### A Song for the World

That night, Christmas Eve, after the elevation of the host at Midnight Mass in the Church of St. Nicholas, Franz Gruber picked up his guitar. He sang the base part, Father Mohr the tenor, and the simple carol was introduced to Oberndorf.

It filled the parishioners with awe and devotion, but it was not until months later, when the church organ was finally repaired, that the song began its journey around the world. To test the restored instrument the repairman asked Gruber to play, and he complied with "Silent Night." The organ expert, who obviously knew something about music, memorized the song, and that Christmas it was played in his village, as well as in Oberndorf.

There were four children named Strasser in his village - two sisters and two brothers--who had beautiful voices. Their father was a glovemaker, and they went to Leipzig every year to sell gloves. There, one year, the music director of the Kingdom of Saxony heard them singing "Silent Night." The following year he persuaded them to sing it at one of his concerts.

A number of royal personages were present when the Strassers sang, and they liked the song immensely. But it took a long time to get it into print and then the title was lost. It was called simply "The Tyrolese Song."

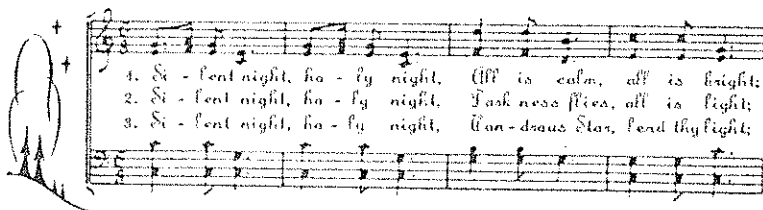
In the early 1850's the full choir of the Imperial Church in Berlin sang it for King Frederick William IV, who instituted a search for its composers. Father Mohr had died in 1848 but Gruber received the king's personal congratulations.

That is apparently all Gruber ever received in the way of reward. Neither he nor Mohr ever published another musical composition. But Gruber's family retained a lively proprietary interest in "Silent Night." On December 25, 1918, the musician's grandson celebrated its Centennial Anniversary by singing it, accompanied on the same guitar on which it was first tried out. The guitar is preserved today in the Municipal Museum at Hallein as a relic of the greatest day in Oberndorf's otherwise obscure history. T.F.J

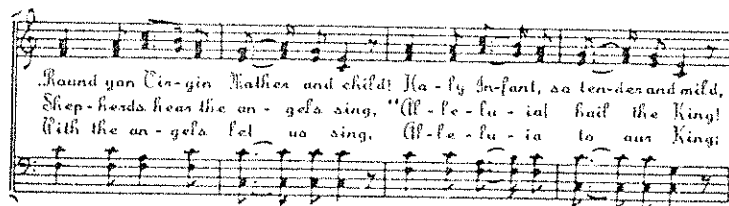
## Silent Night

JOSEPH MOHR

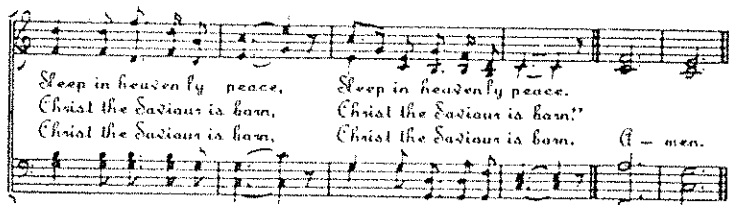
FRANZ GRUBER



1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Tush nose flies, all is light;  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Wan-draus Star, lead thy light;



Round you Vir-gin Ma-ther and child! Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,  
 Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!  
 With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



Sleep in hea-venly peace, Sleep in hea-venly peace.  
 Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born!  
 Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born. (A - men.)

# Ensign

DECEMBER 1978



# Single Bells



Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
Over the fields we go

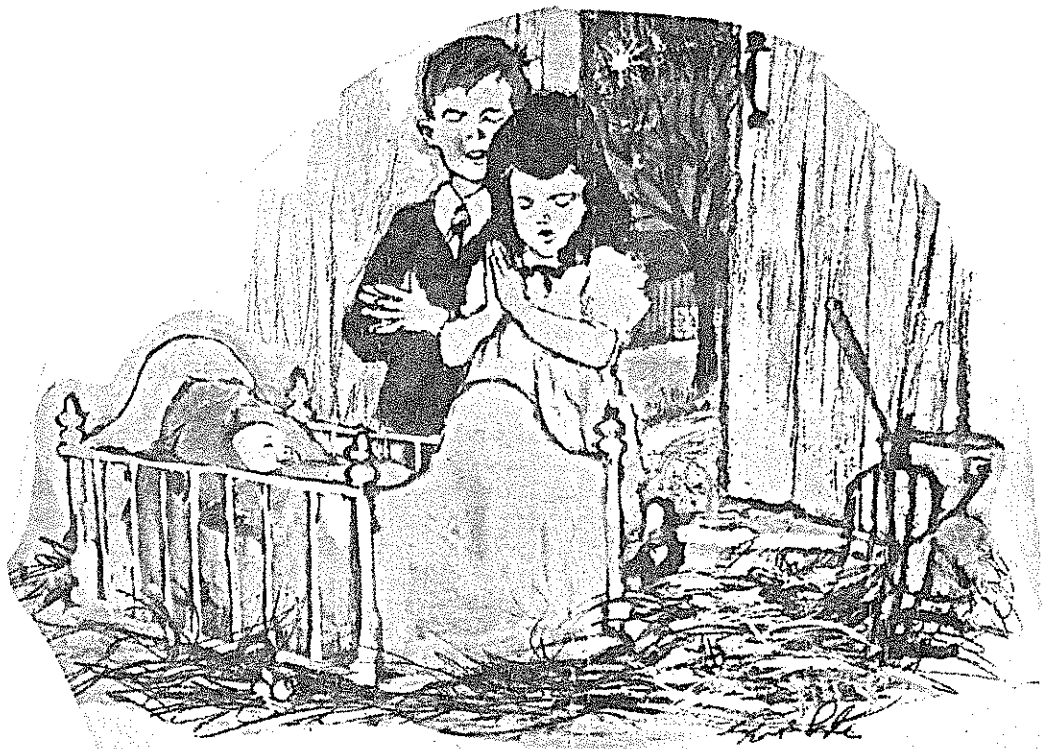


Laughing all the way  
Bells on our toes  
And caroling a bright



What fun it is to ride and sing  
A caroling song tonight!





*"Let's pray," Lettice told Henry, certain that she knew who the baby was.*

T O C O M E U N T O M E

by Robert Nathan

(Family Weekly, Post Register, Dec. 22, 1963)

That year there were very few houses for rent anywhere, and people lived wherever they could. Only the rich were able to buy an entire house, with wood and plaster walls, a rose garden and a bathroom.

Nevertheless, on Christmas Eve both rich and poor enjoyed the spirit of the season for the rich gave each other gifts and the poor were delighted with the sight of the Christmas trees which, painted white, blue, and even green, and decorated with colored lights, twinkled everywhere along the public highways.

At the house of a very famous man a party was in progress. Since this man was the president of a motion-picture studio, his guests were for the most part motion-picture actors and actresses which is to say that they were the most beautiful and famous people in the world. This did not make them as happy as might have been expected and they joined in the singing of Christmas carols with hearts no less lonely and empty than those of poor people who also wished to be loved.

Among these famous and beautiful people were two children, Henry and Lettice. Everybody in the world knew what they looked like, what they talked like, what their favorite games were, what they wore, and what they liked to eat. But what no one knew was what was in their hearts because their hearts were the hearts of children.



And so, while the fiddles scraped, while the great singers sang, and while the footmen passed about among the guests with glasses of champagne and punch and little sandwiches in the shape of snowflakes and crescent moons and gingersnaps for the children, Lettice went tip-toeing to Henry in one corner of the great room and asked him, "What are you doing?"

To which Henry replied, "Nothing."

However, nothing to a child is so crowded with dreams as nothing. And so, when Lettice said, "I know a wonderful secret," Henry followed her out of the room and down the long hall and out into the garden, prepared for all the beautiful things without a name which he had been dreaming about.

But all he saw at the end of the garden was a kind of stable, with a little light over the door.

"I don't think that's so wonderful," he said.

"That's because you don't know," said Lettice.

"Don't know what?" asked Henry.

In answer, Lettice opened the door of the stable, and there, lying in a crib made of an old manger, was a baby.

"Now what do you think?" said Lettice triumphantly.

"I don't think it's wonderful at all."

"Do you think maybe it's Baby Jesus?" asked Lettice.

"I don't know," said Henry. "I never saw it before."

"I wish it was Baby Jesus," said Lettice, "because then we could pray."

"You can pray if you want to," said Henry, "on account of you wouldn't know who it was till afterward anyhow."

"I can say, 'Now I lay me' and the Lord's Prayer," said Lettice.

"All right," said Henry. "I don't mind."

So the two children knelt on the floor of the tool shed, in front of the baby, whose father and mother, having no other place to live at the moment, were helping the cook at the big house wash dishes in return for a place to stay.

"Our Father which art in Heaven," said Lettice. "Hallowed by Thy name....."

And all around them as they knelt, the invisible air was peopled with the unseen faces of the past, with saints and captains, beggars and kings, with the smiling children, the dreaming children into whose hands, year after year, God had delivered His world, into whose hearts, endlessly renewed, He had put His love, into whose keeping He had given His Son.

For it is in the hands of the children that all things are placed, both good and evil, the poem and the sword, the knowledge of distant worlds, the hope of peace, and the fruitfulness of earth.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

In the big house they sang "O Little Star of Bethlehem," and Lettice's mother and Henry's father wondered where they were. And in the kitchen the two new helpers smiled at each other across the soapy water. They did not expect very much for their child. Perhaps he might grow up to be a good carpenter.





### NO ROOM FOR HIM

Family Weekly, Dec. 25, 1960

by Taylor Caldwell

At one time in the past--and only yesterday in the reckoning of God--a devoted husband came to his wife and told her that, according to the decree of the tyrant who occupied their country, they must both go to the city of the origin of their families to be registered in a world-wide census. The young wife, who was hardly past the age of 14, heard this with dismay. She was about to have a child, she who was hardly more than a child herself. Moreover, it was winter, stark and blossomless and bleak, the wintry hills blasted and lifeless, the ground hard and dry.

Her husband was a poor carpenter; their only means of transportation was a small ass. There would be no warm vehicle for her in the sleety rain and the harsh wind, no comfort, no money so that she could stop occasionally in a comfortable inn to rest and gather her strength and sit by the fire and eat good food. It would be a difficult journey of pain and misery and cold and hardship and anxiety. The young girl thought quietly of the child in her body, who was almost at term.

"I know," her husband told her, "but there is nothing we can do. We are an occupied and oppressed country, and we have to obey. Let us, then, dear wife, dress as warmly as we can and take as much food as we can carry and trust in God. Our donkey is strong, if small, and I am here to help you, and we must remember Him who gave you this child. We can do all things in Him who strengthens us."

He counted the few coins in his purse and sighed. Then he prayed, not for himself but for his wife, the young girl almost on the eve of her delivery. How would she be able to endure that terrible journey over mountains, over creaking bridges, over empty, crumbling stretches of land filled only with loneliness, where there was no fruit on the trees and where there was only an occasional well in the wilderness?

The little towns and villages they would pass on the way would, themselves, be so swollen with people on the same journey that it would be impossible to find shelter, especially for a young couple so poor. Innkeepers notoriously raised their prices on these occasions.

The anxious husband looked at the two or three blankets which his girl-wife had woven herself, and he sighed again. The land was full of caves; if they could find one unoccupied by wild beasts or cattle or other poor people like themselves, there they would have to spend the nights of the long journey, huddled and bone-weary and hungry, trying to keep a little fire alive in the wind and rain.

The young girl, Mary, was up long before dawn, though her light body was heavy with child, Joseph, her husband, found the poor breakfast waiting for him. He stood with his wife and prayed in the tiny yellow candlelight--for the cold sun was not up yet--and he asked the protection of the God of his fathers for his wife. Then he and Mary ate their bread and cheese and drank a little of their wine, the grapes of which he had nurtured himself on the hot vines of summer. He saw, with thankfulness, that the wind had dropped and that there was no rain. But that meant it was very cold outside, beyond this little fire. It meant, perhaps, that some snow would fall on the tops of the mountains. The valleys would be bleak and the roads muddy, and all the streams would be bounding from the long seasonal rains.

Mary laughed as her husband wrapped her in long yards of wool and bundled her in one of the blankets. Her shining hair was hidden; her serene and lovely face peered between folds of cloth, the face of a confident child. Her eyes glowed with blue sweetness on her husband. He looked at the sky with a countryman's shrewed conjecture. The very rounded tops of the long hills were just beginning to be haloed with sharp gold. At least, it would be a fair day, if chilly. He took up his sturdy staff, grasped the rope-bridle of the ass, and the carpenter and his girl-wife started on their long journey.

It was rough and lurchy going, and very slow. To encourage them both, Mary would sing the ancient songs of their fathers, and Joseph would sing also, on a deeper and more sober note. "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem!" they sang. "Praise your God, O Zion! For He had strengthened the bars of your gates, He has blessed your children within you!"

To Joseph, that song of David had a special meaning. Mary's Face was lifted to the gold and green sky of the morning. She appeared exalted and remote, as if hearing voices Joseph could not hear. Joseph, with sudden courage, sang: "Happy he whose help is the God of Jacob, whose hope is in the Lord, his God!--The Lord sets captives free, the Lord gives sight to the blind. The Lord raises up those that were bowed down--The Lord shall reign forever; your God, O Sion, through all generations. Alleluia!"

"May my mouth speak the praise of the Lord, and may all flesh bless his Holy name forever and ever!" Mary cried out in her returning son, as if she sang not only of this moment but for all eternity.

The man and the ass with its mysterious burden trudged along, stumbling sometime, avoiding boulders that had fallen from the hills to the muddy path. It was so lonely, so abandoned, in this dreary winter land. If only, Joseph thought, this were the spring of the year, and not the winter! "The Lord is just in all His ways and holy in all His works!" sang Mary.

They spent their first night, as Joseph feared, in some far, abandoned cave. The villages were bustling with travelers on the same journey, and from the sound of revelry Joseph could guess that wine flowed and that prices were high. He built a fire, and Mary warmed the slabs of cold meat they had brought and put the cold bread on hot stones. Her serenity and confidence were as strong as ever, though her

child-face was pale and drawn. Joseph, as he lay on his thin blanket, which he had spread over the pebbly floor of the cave, prayed to his God, but he could not help thinking: "There is no room for us, anywhere. We are sheltered as the animals are sheltered. He began to have real anxiety about Bethlehem, where they must finally arrive to be registered in the census. Would there be room for Mary there, and himself? Every inn would be full. He groaned before he slept. Mary was already aslepp, a childlike shape in the faint glow of the fire.

The next day was as the first, except that there was a brief fury of rain and wind. But when Joseph would look at her with fear, she would smile at him gently and encouragingly. The night was pure misery. It was raining again, and Joseph could not keep a fire alight on the stones of another cave.

It was the same the next day and the next night. On the last day, along the roads which the Romans had built, and which were wide and straight, they encountered hundreds of fellow travelers whose destination was theirs, Bethlehem or Jerusalem. Some were as poor as themselves; babies and children squalled restlessly. Some few were rich and rode in fine chariots, pulled by fine sleek horses, and with servants about them. The crowds jostled Mary and Joseph and their little ass on which Mary swayed with fatigue. No one noticed them or cared about them. Joseph's heart grew heavier and heavier. No room for us, anywhere, he thought. Not even the warmer countryside could lift his heart; not even the sight of large villages could encourage him. He and Mary would not enter Jerusalem; they would skirt the mighty city to reach the little town of Bethlehem, with its falt yellow roofs, its tiny, wandering streets, its mean little shops, its two or three inns. It was a poor town, and only the poor could be found there. Still, the inns would be crowded.

Groaning in himself, footsore and aching and trembling with tiredness and worry, Joseph urged the little ass along as fast as he dared. They must reach bethlehem before it was totally dark, or sleep along the road, completely without shelter.

"Do not be afraid, Joseph," said Mary. Her voice, as always, was sweet and tender, but now Joseph heard pain in it. Her words ended in a gasp.

"It is your time!" he cried.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I think it is."

She was not afraid, but Joseph was filled with terror, a terror too strong for prayer. Roughly he pulled on the beast's halter, stumbling, sometimes falling, his ankles turning on unseen stones in the weary half-dark. He forgot his own exhaustion and misery. Somewhere, he had to find shelter for Mary in Bethlehem. His few coins jingled in his pouch. So few of them! Who would take them? They . . . the refugees, the poor, the oppressed?

Gasping with relief, Joseph could finally see the feeble lights of Bethlehem just ahead now, beyond the next turn in the road. Mary was utterly silent, except for an occasional softmoan, smothered and suppressed. The little beast on which she rode struggled on, as if aware that he must hurry. Now it was very dark. But they reached the outskirts of Bethlehem, and lanterns shone on closed doors and lamps stared at them weakly through slits of windows. Joseph caught the sleeve of one man as he passed.

"Please!" he stammered, "where is the nearest inn? MY wife . . ."

"Ho!" said the man, impatiently, pulling his sleeve away. "There is no room in the inn!"

He hurried away, and Joseph stood still for a moment, drawing up his last strength. No room in the inn. He feared that, but now the fact confronted him starkly. Then he felt Mary's hand on his shoulder, pressing it slightly, and he moved on with tears in his eyes, and with exhaustion.

When he saw the inn, he knew it was hopeless. The courtyard milled with asses and horses and an occasional camel or two. Noise poured through every window and door. "Wait," Joseph said to Mary. He pushed his way through the mobs in the small public room, Joseph blinked in the light. The room was warm, and the noise was shattering.

Desperately, at last, Joseph hurried after the host, a fat and ruddy man wearing a dirty white apron. Finally he caught him. The man turned to him angrily. "There's no room at the table!" he yelled over the clamor. "You'll have to wait!"

"No, no," said Joseph. "We have some food. It's my wife--the child--her time is on her. She is in labor..."

Guests were shouting at the host for more service. But he paused and looked at Joseph with pity. "There is no room in the inn," he said. "The other inn is filled, too."

"Where shall we go?" cried Joseph in his extremity. "The child cannot be born on the street or in the fields! We must have shelter."

The host balanced his huge tray on his broad shoulder. He looked at the poor man before him. He said at last, "There's only one place, the stable, the cave at the end of the road. It is full of our cattle, but it is shelter, and it is warm. God be with you," he added hastily and raced off. Stupefied with his despair and tiredness, Joseph left the inn. The little ass was patiently standing near the door; Mary sat slumping on his back, a huddle of clothes and blankets.

"There is no room," he said to her hoarsely. "There is only a cave with cattle nearby."

Spent, she could only nod in acceptance, and Joseph took up the halter again and led the beast and his burden down the road a little distance. Yes, there was the cave with cattle nearby; with a lantern at the aperture and, within, the donkeys and oxen stood in their stalls, knee-deep in hay.

Joseph carried Mary into the cave and placed her on a heap of straw and brought the blankets and spread them for her. She looked about vaguely, her eyes wide and glazed, and again her husband remembered how young she was, how friendless and alone except for himself. There would be no mother here to comfort and help her, no sister, no midwife. There was no one to pray for her in her extremity except her husband.

She lay on the blankets, and Joseph spread another upon her. The scarves fell from her head; her shining hair lay about her like a white halo. Her body quivered with birth pangs. Then she opened her eyes and looked at her husband, and she smiled at him with her pure serenity and faith, and he was comforted.



A pale and silvery light mingled with the lantern light of the door. It crept into the shadowy cave. It glinted on the eyes of every beast, and each stood very still, breathing audibly. It is warm here, thought Joseph, numbly. We have a protection from the night. Then Joseph recalled something, and he stepped to the door of the cave and looked at the sky. A huge soft star, as silvery as the moon, was beginning to glow overhead; it was as if it were being born at that very moment, as Mary's child was being born. Too tired to wonder, too fearful to speak, Joseph returned to his wife.

Mary had not come unprepared, for though hardly past 14 she was prudent in the ways of women. As she lay on the blankets, she nodded toward a bundle Joseph had laid down close at hand, and he opened the bundle and found the swaddling clothes for a child in them. He put them near Mary. The beasts in the cave crept nearer, fixing their tremendous eyes on the girl at their feet. Their warm breath enfolded her. They, with Joseph, waited.

The silvery light at the door of the cave became more intense, more vivid than a full moon. And then the Child was born, crying aloud, and He was in His mother's arms, and she was wrapping him lovingly and joyfully in the swaddling clothes. She held him to her breast and gave Him the first kiss and laughed happily. She was a girl again, and rapturous. "My Son," she said to Joseph and Joseph took the Child in his arms. Mary rose and lined a manger with a blanket, and Joseph laid the Child in the manger and the girl and her husband looked at Him with a bliss that only they could know.

"Now you must sleep, Mary," said Joseph, and he led her back to the blankets-covered heap of straw. She closed her eyes obediently, smiling, but she did not sleep. It was as if she were waiting for someone, or for some tidings. Joseph looked down at her, and his heart was full again with pain, remembering her sufferings and the journey and their homelessness.

He let her lie in quiet, and he glanced into the manger where the Child slept, as serene and still as His mother. Joseph's head dropped on his chest, and he went to the opening of the cave. The star in the sky was almost too brilliant for his weary eyes; it stood in its place, directly over the cave, not moving, but burning and turning on itself like a newborn planet. Joseph put his hands over his face and cried from his very heart, "There was no room for Him. There is no room for Him!"

The people in the inn, hearing of the star, came out to look at it and point and shout their wonderment and fear, but Joseph did not see them nor hear them. He could only repeat aloud, over and over, "There is no room for Him!"

There was no room for Him in the Roman world of nearly 2,000 years ago. Is there room for Him today in this modern world? Room in our hearts? Or shall we have to say; "No, there was never any room for Him. We took all that He gave us, but we had no room for HIM"?

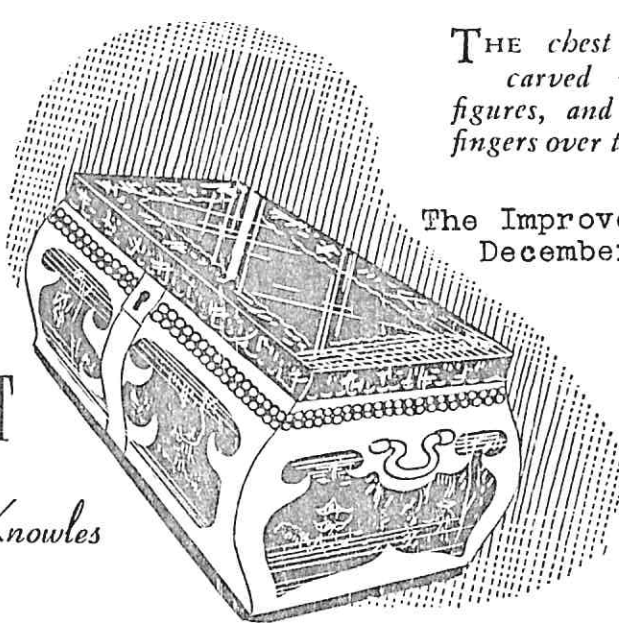
**R**ehold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." (John 1:29.)



The

# TEAKWOOD CHEST

By Mary Knowles



THE chest was heavily carved with Chinese figures, and she ran her fingers over them.

The Improvement Era  
December, 1949

AFTER the delivery man had wished them a Merry Christmas and driven away under the archway of glistening, snow-covered sycamore trees. Kathy, with Linda's help, carried the teakwood chest into the living room and set it before the fireplace. The children cried, "Open it, Mommie!" And Kathy was conscious of the pounding of her heart.

She knelt before the chest. She inserted the key in the lock, and then hesitated, suddenly afraid to open Uncle Nickolas' chest. For her whole future, and that of her children, depended on what the chest contained.

When the letter had come from the lawyer a week ago informing her that Uncle Nickolas had died at the venerable age of ninety-three, and that he had left her a legacy, it had been like a gift from heaven, and for the first time in her life it had mattered a great deal that Uncle Nick had been fabulously wealthy. Mark's untimely death of pneumonia the month before had left her with only enough insurance to cover funeral costs, make another payment on the old house on Sycamore Road, and pay expenses until the first of the year.

In those first grief-stricken days she had hunted a job, spurred on by Aunt Beulah's words, "You're my dead sister's child, and I feel it my duty to advise you. For once in your life be practical, Kathy! Mark's dead, and you have three children to support, and there's none of us who can afford to keep you!" And then two weeks ago Dr. Woodley had told her she was going to have a baby in June, and she

had retreated to the beloved old house to pray for a miracle.

Now the miracle had arrived.

"Come on, Mother!" Linda cried; and little Paul and Barry said, "Open, Mommie!"

"First let me tell you something about this chest." The chest was heavily carved with Chinese figures, and she ran her fingers over them.

"When I was a little girl, once a year, on Christmas day, all the families gathered at Uncle Nick's big house on the hill." Her family had been the "poor relations," and she could see herself, small and pathetically eager for the day at Uncle Nick's. "After dinner he would say to the children—he sounded very cross—'Into the library with you and I'll bring you something to keep you quiet!' And then he would carry in this chest."

"What was in it?" Barry asked.

"Three bags of gold and silver coins and a copy of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, some big sea shells, and a book of pressed leaves and flowers." Her cousins had played with the money, stacking it in pyramids, but she had liked the other items. Oh, the sea shells! When she held one to her ear, she had heard the pound of the sea. And the fragile delicacy of the pressed leaves and flowers! But *A Christmas Carol* with its beautiful painted illustrations had been her favorite. Curled up in the window seat she would read through it again and again. She had thought, a bit guiltily, that Uncle Nick was the image of Scrooge, with his long

face, his scowl, his thin, stooped form.

Uncle Nick had never given them presents. "You'd think he could loosen up once a year," Aunt Beulah had said. His only gift had been candy. Always Kathy had passed up the soft candy for the hardtack, and Uncle Nick would say, "You like the common kind best, eh?" And she would say, "Oh, yes, Uncle Nick. Better than any kind. It lasts a long time!" And then he would pat her head and smile and say, "It's my favorite kind too." And then he did look exactly like Scrooge—after Scrooge's reformation!

THAT last Christmas just before her family moved east—she had been ten—after everyone had said good-bye and walked down the hill, she had run back and told Uncle Nick, "Oh, thank you for all the happy Christmases!" And then impulsively she had stood on tiptoe and kissed him, said, "I love you, Uncle Nick," and then at the look on his face run pellmell back to her father and mother. That was the last time she had seen Uncle Nick.

Now Kathy looked at the circle of faces about her, at Linda, eight, her thick blonde braids hanging over her shoulders; at Barry, dark-eyed and so like Mark; at little Paul, like a blonde cherub in corduroy overalls. And she could feel the warmth of the fire on her face, hear the soft strains of Christmas carols coming from the radio, "Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie . . ." and behind it

all, like a backdrop, feathery snowflakes falling outside the big window, and it was a tableau of everything she held dear.

With a trembling hand she turned the key in the lock and lifted the lid, and then a little moan escaped her lips, and she was cold with a chill of hopelessness, for the teakwood chest contained no great fortune. It was filled with candy—hardtack Christmas mix!

She heard the children's laughter. "Oh, Mother, a whole chest full of candy!" And she wanted to cry: don't laugh! It isn't funny. This was my last, my very last hope. What shall we do now? Uncle

*WHEN the letter had come from the lawyer a week ago informing her that Uncle Nickolas had died at the venerable age of ninety-three, and that he had left her a legacy, it had been like a gift from heaven.*

Nick had so much. If only he could have left me enough to finish paying for the house! Then, some way I could manage. I could take in boarders—do something. Oh, I wish I weren't going to have this baby! And then, instantly, she took

back the wish. She was glad about the baby. Each child brought with it its own special love and blessing.

"But, Mother! Why should he leave you all this candy?"

Her heart softened, remembering Uncle Nick's almost childish delight because she had liked his kind of candy. He was ninety-three when he died, she thought—an eccentric old man. "He remembered that I liked this kind of candy best, Linda. He thought he was leaving me something extra special."

"But, Mother," Linda persisted. "Cousin Betty says he was a millionaire."

"He was a lonely old man who lived in a gloomy house that smelled of dust and cobwebs." And he must have known that people were nice to him only because they hoped to be remembered in his will. She was suddenly glad that she had run back that night and kissed him.

She got up and wearily pushed back her blonde hair. Her impulse was to burst into tears and to cry: Oh, children, we're in desperate trouble! But she fought back the tears. Since their daddy's death the children had been sensitive, quick to feel her mood. Even now they were watching her.

This above all Christmases must be happy, she thought.

"Well, come on," she cried, "let's trim the tree!" They had been trimming it when the delivery man came. She walked over to the tree, and Barry and Paul scampered after her.

She draped tinsel on the green branches, and her temples throbbed the tom-tom beat of her worried heart . . . no money . . . can't work . . . the house is mine only until the first of the year. . . .

"This is good candy, Mother," Linda spoke with her mouth full. "It's the kind Jane likes."

"Jane who, dear?" Barry handed a shiny blue ornament to her and she hooked it on the tree, her heart crying, Oh, Mark, Mark, there's no way out. . . .

"Jane Bryan, the girl who lives at Green Gables Orphanage. You remember."

Yes, now she remembered Jane, the shy little girl in the blue denim uniform who had come to play with Linda. Yes, Jane would like candy that lasted a long time.

"May I take her a bag?"

"Why, of course, dear." Why not give the whole chestful of candy to the orphanage, she thought. The exultant strains of "Joy to the World" filled the room, and despite her worry Kathy felt a joyous

*(Continued on page 852)*



*WHY not invite the children from the orphanage here for a Christmas Eve party?  
It was a beautiful, an impossible idea. . . .*

quickening of her heart. "Joy to the world, the Lord has come. . . ." This was the season when the world paused to pay homage to the King, the season when self was forgotten in the divinity of giving.

She thought: why not invite the orphan children here for a Christmas Eve party? It was a beautiful, an impossible idea, and she could almost hear Aunt Beulah say, "A party indeed! When you don't even know what's going to become of you and the children!"

But the idea was a bright flame that grew, warming her. She continued to dress the tree, and each ornament reflected the big homey room with its graceful white stairway, the old piano that gave such sweet clear notes, the crackling fire in the fireplace. Look, it's such a perfect place for a party, and it would cost practically nothing, her heart told her. A few cookies and some punch. We could dance and sing and play games, and as they left, we could give them each a red stocking filled with Uncle Nick's candy. The bunch of red tinsel bells hanging in the window seemed to tinkle, "Oh yes . . . give . . . give . . ." and the voices sang, "Joy to the world. . . ."

Kathy swung around, her cheeks bright. "Oh, children," she cried, "let's give a party! Let's . . ." she poured out the plans that were in her heart, and the children cried, "Oh, yes, yes!"

"Come then; we'll telephone the orphanage. Tomorrow night is Christmas Eve. There isn't much time. You'll all have to help!" The children took hold of her hands and danced, and hearing their laughter she thought, "I'll forget my worries until Christmas is over."

**B**UT worries thrust themselves upon her like vengeful gnomes. Early next morning the telephone rang. It was Mr. Wadsworth, the real estate man. "I have a buyer who wants to look at your house, Mrs. Holmes."

Her hand tightened on the receiver. "Yes?"

"Will you be home today?"

The children love this old house so, she thought. If people come to

look at it, they will know something is wrong. Nothing must spoil their Christmas. "I'd rather they came the day after Christmas," she told Mr. Wadsworth.

There was a pause. "I think you are making a mistake, Mrs. Holmes. These people have enough money to buy your equity."

Be practical, Kathy, her mind warned. The equity would pay your hospital bill. You could rent an apartment. But her heart wept. Sell the house? She looked about her. Mark with his skilled workman's hands had painted the woodwork satiny white, papered the high-ceilinged rooms, made the large window that overlooked the orchard and the brook and the winding road into town. Let me have my house in peace, only these last two days, she thought.

"The day after Christmas," she said. "Please!" And Mr. Wadsworth said, "Well, okay." She hung up just as the children came running down the stairs. They were washed and combed and fully dressed.

"When do we start, Mother?"

"Now, dears. Come into the sewing room." She led them into the sunny room off the kitchen. "We must make stockings for thirty-six." She spread out red tarlatan on the table. "Here, Linda. You cut them out from this pattern. I'll sew them, and then the boys can fill them with candy. Then I'll make cookies. The children from the orphanage will be here at seven."

Mrs. Bloomquist, the orphanage matron, had been delighted. She'd said, "Oh, indeed, they'll come, Mrs. Holmes. It's very kind of you."

It was just before noon when she saw Aunt Beulah's tall, thin figure coming up the walk. She had a feel-

(Continued on page 854)

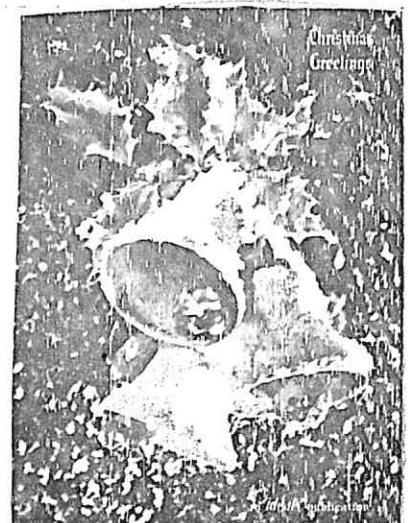


ing of panic, and she wanted to swoop up candy and stockings and hide them in a drawer, and then she thought, but why should I? I'm not doing anything wrong.

She went to the door and opened it wide. "Merry Christmas, Aunt Beulah!"

Aunt Beulah did not return the greeting. She stepped across the threshold and said, "Hello, Kathy," and her disapproving green eyes reminded Kathy that Aunt Beulah did not approve the mother of three children wearing "blujeans" and a flannel shirt, of letting her hair tumble down around her shoulders. "Where are the children?"

I've never in my life seen Aunt Beulah smile, Kathy thought. Maybe she can't. Maybe her face is frozen that way. "In the sewing room. They—" She was instantly sorry she had told her, but it was too late. Aunt Beulah was already in the sewing room, and the children were crying, "We're making Christmas stockings for the orphans!"



"Isn't that Nickolas' teakwood chest, Kathy? What's all that candy doing in there?" "That's Uncle Nick's legacy to me. He--he knew that was my favorite kind of candy." Aunt Beulah sniffed. "He was childish in his old age. But at least," she said with bitterness, "he did remember you. Cut the rest of us off without even so much as a gumdrop. Turned every cent over to charity!"

Barry held up a stocking filled with candy. "We're going to have a party tonight." "A party!" Aunt Beulah turned to her. "What nonsense now, Kathy?" Kathy saw the apprehensive look on her children's faces. "Come into the living room Aunt Beulah. You go ahead, children, and then you can help Mother cut the cookies out. How's that?"

In the living room, Kathy sank down on the couch, and Aunt Beulah sat on a straight-backed chair facing her. "Giving a party! That's just the sort of romantic silly thing you'd do! Wasting your good time making Christmas stockings when you should be hunting a job." Kathy wet her lips. "I--if I got a job I couldn't keep it. I'm going to have a baby in June." Aunt Beulah's mouth fell open and then clamped shut, biting off the words. "Well, if that isn't a fine mess. Of all the impractical things!" You don't call a baby an impractical thing, Aunt Beulah, she thought wildly. "You've always let your heart rule your head. You married Mark instead of John Cardon. John would never have left you penniless!"

John Cardon was old enough to be my father, she thought. And I loved Mark Aunt Beulah. And the years I had with him were full, happy years. Nothing, not even death, can take them from me." She looked at Aunt Beulah, sitting there, grim, unsmiling and she thought of what her mother had said. "Aunt Beulah was so terribly practical that she wouldn't say as much as "how-do" to a man unless he had a house to offer her, a good paying business, and \$5,000 in the bank." Poor lonely Aunt Beulah, she thought. She's never known any real happiness.

"But now this is once you've got to be sensible. Last night the family had a meeting." Kathy stiffened. "And we decided that I would take Linda. Grace said she'd take Barry. You could keep Paul. But now--" "Take my children away from me and separate them?" Kathy stood up, and the thought was pain, more intense than she had known when Mark died. "Oh, no!" "Well, just what else can you do? None of us has enough money to give you!" Kathy walked over to the window; she had a feeling of being trapped. "I think we're all being pretty generous," she heard Aunt Beulah say. She thought, Linda with Aunt Beulah? Oh no, not sensitive Linda who needed warmth and affection. And Grace hated boys. She's said so in so many words. And yet what could she do? "Well, Kathy, what do you say? You can't keep the house." Kathy turned around, her hands held tight behind her back. "I haven't lost it yet. I have until the first of the year." She clung desperately to the thought. There was enough food in the house to last that long, too. Aunt Beulah stood up. "And maybe by that time the family will have changed its mind. Then you can see them land in an orphanage!"

After Aunt Beulah had gone, Kathy went into the sewing room. She gathered the children in her arms and kissed them. She held them tight as if they might be snatched from her arms. "Mother, what's the matter?" Linda's voice had tears in it. "Matter? Why, nothing, darling!" She swallowed her tears and made her voice gay. "I'm just happy that we have each other. Come on. Let's get busy."

She went through the rest of the day in a sort of daze, mixing the cookies, rolling them out, watching while Barry and Paul cut out stars and brownies. Linda came into the kitchen and held up a plump red stocking. "That's the last one." "Is the candy all gone, dear?" "No. There's still a little bit left." Enough to fill their stockings tonight, Kathy thought. It was six-thirty, and Kathy went upstairs. She bathed, put on a black dress, and then she looked at herself in the full-length mirror. She looked pale, worried, and sad. I musn't look like that tonight, she thought. She opened the closet door and took down her white hostess gown. It was a lovely thing of white velvet and frothy lace. Mark had bought it for her in a burst of extravagance after Barry was born. She had said, "Oh, Mark, you shouldn't have!" And he had smiled. "But, sweetheart, it isn't every day I'm presented with a son!" And she'd put the gown on, paraded before him and he'd said, "You look like a fairy princess—no, by golly, you look like Snow White!"

Now she put the gown on and stood before the mirror again. She brushed her hair until it was spun gold. There now, she thought, that's better. Now I look like a gay hostess. She heard the chime of the front door and Linda called, "Oh, Mother, here they are!" "Yes, dear. Let them in. I'm coming."

She walked down the curved stairway. The little girls from the orphanage were standing in a group around Mrs. Bloomquist's substantial form, so shy and quiet that one would not have known they were there. As one, they lifted their faces to watch her and she heard their murmur of "Oh, pretty...pretty..." and she prayed, "Please, let it be a happy party."

And it was. She went to the piano and played gay, happy songs, and as the children sang, she could see their shyness disappear. There were games, musical chairs, and a Virginia reel. After that, punch in sparkling glasses and plates of cookies, and paper napkins trimmed with fat Santa Clauses. But the napkins they did not use. These were folded, oh so carefully, like some priceless possession, and put away in pockets.

All too soon it was time to go. Linda carried the candy-filled stockings from the kitchen and Kathy gave one to each child as they cried, "Oh, thank you, thank you!" Mrs. Bloomquist herded them out, hesitating a moment, her eyes glistening. "You've given them something they'll never forget," she said. May God bless you, Mrs. Holmes." Kathy walked to the door. "Merry Christmas, children!" she called. They turned towards her, and their faces in the moonlight were happy, and their voices rang out like bells on the still, cold night. "Merry Christmas to you!"

She thought, poor motherless children! And then--where will my children be next year? Again alone in the house, the children clustered around her. "Oh, Mother," Linda cried, "I'm so happy they came. I've never been so happy." Kathy kissed her. "That's because you feel the true spirit of Christmas dear. We had no expensive gifts to give them, but we gave of our hearts." She kissed the small boys. "Now off to bed so that Santa Claus can come!"

She stood at the foot of the stairs and watched them run up to bed, and she knew a feeling of letdown. She covered her face with her hands, and an indescribable feeling of loneliness filled her.

When all was quiet and the children were asleep, she placed their toys around the tree, and tears stung her eyelids. Oh Mark...how happy he had been selecting the electric train for Barry, the red dump truck for Paul, the doll and warm robe for Linda. And now he was gone, and she was alone. Worry swept over her again. She'd have to sell the house. You had to be practical. But separate the children..oh,no, please, no.... She took a bowl into the sewing room. There was only a thin layer of Uncle Nick's candy left in the chest. Your legacy brought happiness to many, Uncle Nick, she thought. Because of it we gave them an evening they will treasure forever.

She scooped up a handful of candy, and on the bottom of the chest she saw a long official-looking envelope. It was addressed in a shaky handwriting. "To my niece, Katherine." She opened the envelope and took out a letter. She read:

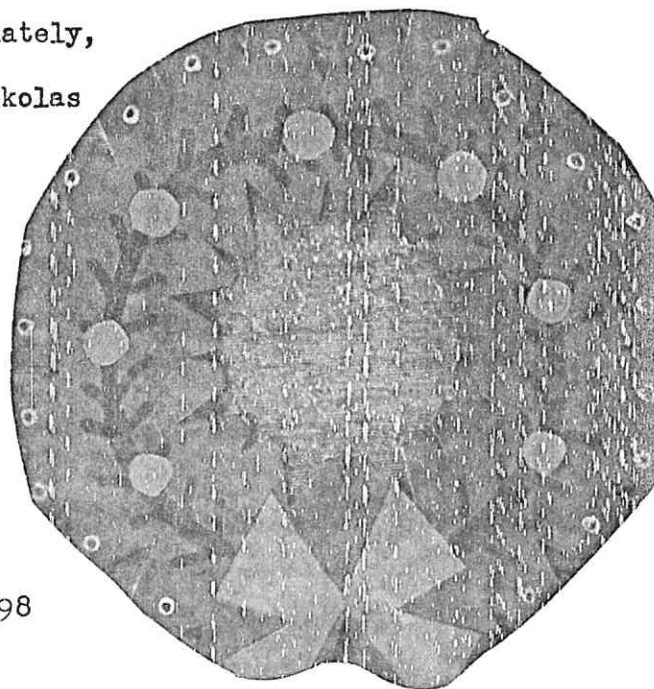
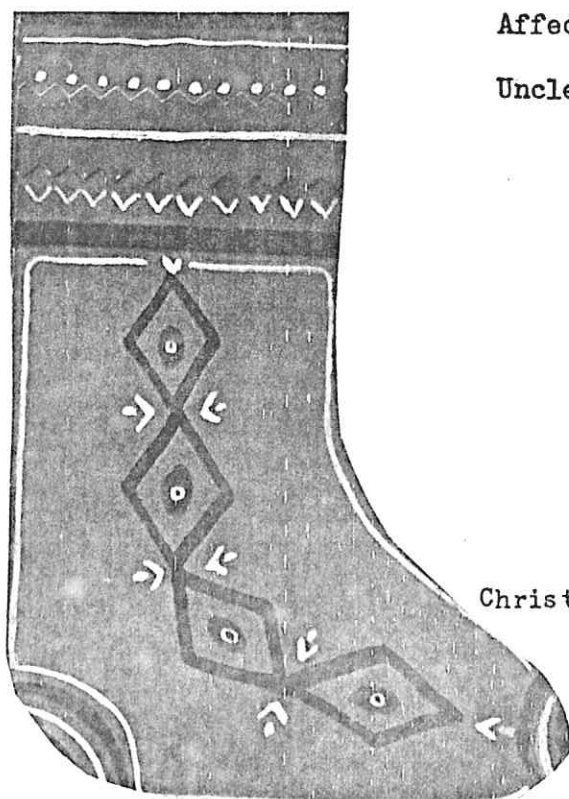
My dear niece:

Having lived too long and seen too much of the greed and selfishness of humanity, I am taking this unorthodox way of remembering you in my will.

If you are the same gentle child who preferred A CHRISTMAS CAROL, some shells and a book of pressed leaves and flowers to bags of tainted coins, you will find this letter. And if you do, will you, out of the kindness of your heart, forgive the whimsy of an old man? If you are still that dear person who preferred common Christmas candy to chocolates, you will thrust aside your own disappointment in your desire to share with someone the gift I have given you. Then and only then can I with a clear conscience pass on to you a legacy of material value. My lawyers have been instructed to hold for you until January 1, the sum of \$10,000. This is not a great fortune; I could give you many times that. But I love that little Kathy who ran back one winter night to kiss and thank an old man far too much to corrupt her or her children with great wealth. I know of your desperate need, and this sum will be only enough to give you a breathing spell, to provide for you until your children can help support themselves. And now, my dear, Merry Christmas to you.

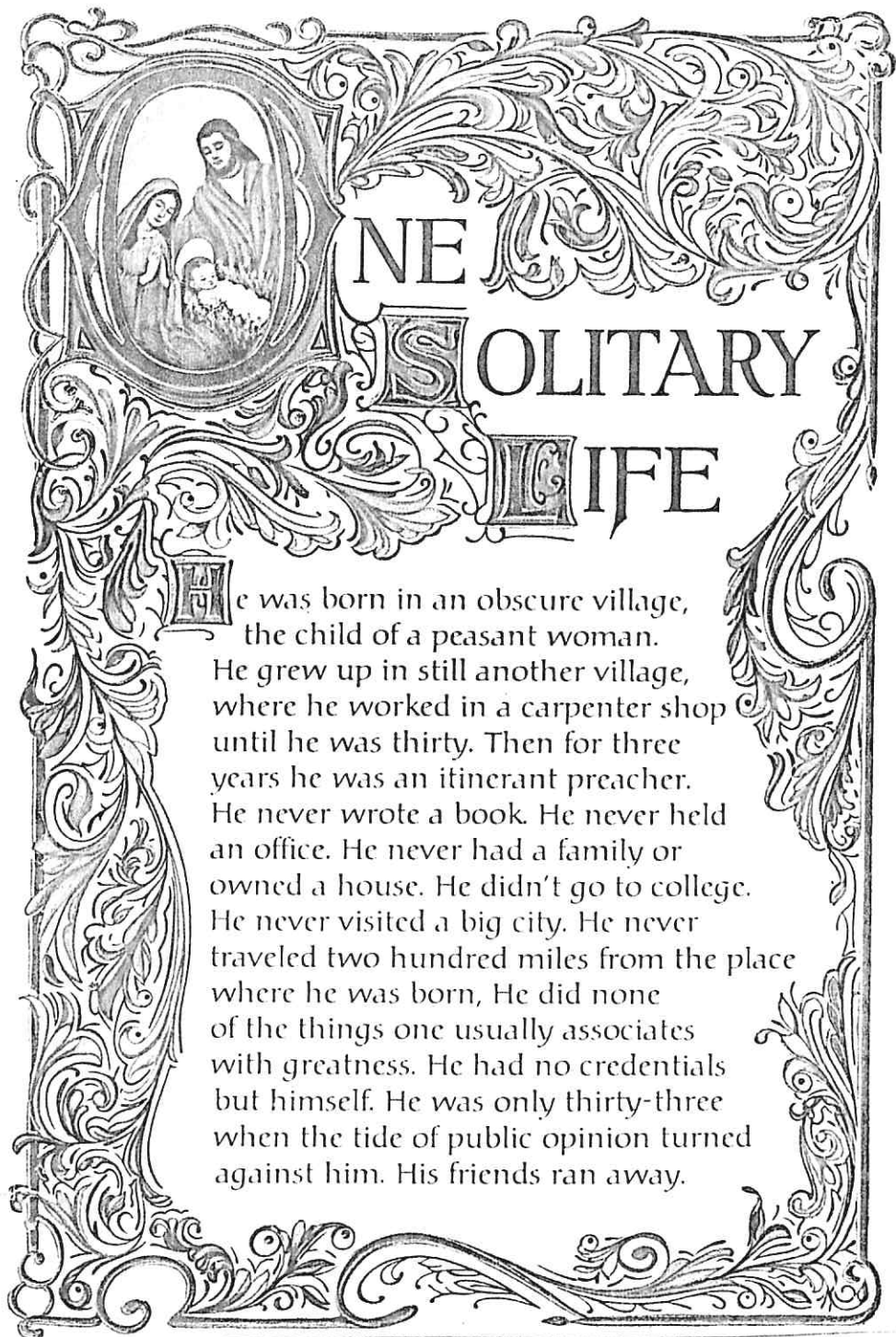
Affectionately,

Uncle Nickolas



Christmas 98





# ONE SOLITARY LIFE

**H**e was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in still another village, where he worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty. Then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never had a family or owned a house. He didn't go to college. He never visited a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He did none of the things one usually associates with greatness. He had no credentials but himself. He was only thirty-three when the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away.

He was turned over to his enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for his clothing, the only property he had on earth. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone, and today he is the central figure of the human race and the leader of mankind's progress.

All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments that ever sat, all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man on this earth as much as that ONE SOLITARY LIFE.

J E S T ' F O R E C H R I S T M A S

(A favorite for Jennie & Delbert  
when children)

by Eugene Field

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!  
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,  
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—  
Hate to take the caster-ile they give for belly-ache!  
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;  
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!  
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,  
'Long comes a grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!  
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,  
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,  
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man  
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,  
As was et up by the cannibuls that lived in Ceylon's Isle,  
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!  
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,  
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know  
That Buff'lo Bill and cowboys is good enough for me!  
*Excep'* jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,  
His eyes they keep a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"  
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become  
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!  
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,  
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"  
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me  
When jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes an' toys,  
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;  
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;  
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,  
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;  
But, thinking of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,  
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

# A Christmas Carol

By CHARLES DICKENS, adapted  
by JUDY BARRY BROWN

A Yuletide classic that never palls—the story of a stingy, unloving man who learns, the hard way, what Christmas really means. *Woman's Day* is pleased to present an adaptation of the book as a play for your youngsters and their friends to perform, with a complete roster of Ghosts and most of the famous characters, from grouchy Scrooge to lovable Tiny Tim. Complete instructions for making the easy-do sets and costumes are given in this issue, beginning on page 180.



It is Christmas Eve, and skinflint Scrooge celebrates by making the clerk in his countinghouse miserable.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS\*

In Scrooge's Office:

**BOB CRATCHIT**  
**EBENEZER SCROOGE**  
**FRED, SCROOGE'S NEPHEW**  
**FIRST GENTLEMAN**  
**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

The Streets of London:

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN** (two or more of each)  
**STREET URCHINS** (two or more)  
**CONSTABLE**  
**CAROL SINGERS** (three or more)  
**STREET VENDORS** (two or more)  
**BEGGAR**

In Scrooge's Bedroom:

**GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY**  
**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST**  
**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT**  
**GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE**

In Fezziwig's Warehouse Office:

**YOUNG SCROOGE**  
**DICK WILKINS**  
**MR. FEZZIWIG**  
**STOCK BOYS**  
**MAIDS**  
**BUTCHER**  
**BAKER**  
**MILKMAN**  
**CHIMNEY SWEEP**  
**MRS. FEZZIWIG**  
**FIDDLER**

In the Cratchits' Home:

**MRS. CRATCHIT**  
**BELINDA CRATCHIT**  
**PETER CRATCHIT**  
**BOY CRATCHIT**  
**GIRL CRATCHIT**  
**MARTHA CRATCHIT**  
**TINY TIM**

In Fred's Home:

**FRED'S WIFE**  
**GUESTS** (four or more)

*The play takes about half an hour to perform and can be done with a minimum of thirteen actors, providing that all of them, except for the one who is Scrooge, can play two or three parts. For example, the callers in Scrooge's office can participate in the London street scene, the Fezziwig party and the Cratchit family dinner. Some parts can be dropped, and many can be added. The larger the cast, the fewer the costume changes and the smoother the performance.*

## SCENERY

The stage is set with a permanent backdrop—a London street scene painted on muslin and hung on the wall or on a line. The office and home interiors are created with banners hung



Outside on the Christmasy London street, where choristers sing carols, a constable scolds urchins lurking about to snowball Scrooge.

on portable standards that are 1 x 2 wooden uprights, each anchored in a paint bucket filled with plaster of Paris. The backdrop and banners can be rolled up for storage or moving.

The banners are painted to look like doors, windows, a fireplace and a Christmas tree so that they can be used interchangeably to suggest an office or a home. The furniture consists of one card table, six stools, a coatrack, and a bed made of cartons, with a cardboard headboard. The street scene is set with lamp-posts—cutout cardboard lanterns at the top of standards. The graveyard scene is suggested with a cardboard headstone.

#### PROPS

Props are few—desk accessories, a large felt "sack of gold," tablecloths, tableware, paper tree decorations and pretend or real food. The furniture is set in place by stagehands, but the actors walk on with their props.

#### COSTUMES

Most of the actors can wear their own clothes, with borrowed hats, long skirts, bow ties and other items from their parents' wardrobes. Some details, such as vests and capes, can be cut out of felt; headgear, including top hats, can be made of paper and some items can be purchased inexpensively.

#### MUSIC

Suitable Christmas carols are used during the play as indicated and can also be used between the acts.

#### REHEARSALS

It is a good idea to work with small groups of actors, rehearsing the scenes, carol singing and dancing separately. Hold two dress rehearsals to put all the parts together, and to work out the costume and set changes.

#### ACT I, SCENE I

##### MUSIC: "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"

(As the curtain rises on Scrooge's counting-house, the music is lowered gradually but continues to play softly. Three banners (a window with a door on each side) make the counting-house. The door at stage left has a removable nameplate saying "Scrooge." A table, chair and coatrack are onstage.)

**BOB CRATCHIT** enters in a too-small jacket, long muffler and cap. He carries a wastebasket filled with account books, a candle in a holder, a quill pen and an eye-shade. He removes these items to the table, placing the basket under it. He takes off his cap and jacket and hangs them on the coatrack. He sits down and, giving a big shiver, wraps his muffler more closely around his neck and holds out his hands to warm them at the candle, which has a paper flame. Then he

more ▶



Scrooge is warned by the frightening ghost of his partner to love and help his fellowman.

puts on his eyeshade, opens an account book, picks up his pen and goes to work.

The music stops as **EBENEZER SCROOGE** enters from behind the door to his office carrying a huge stack of account books which he dumps on Bob's desk. **BOB** opens his mouth to say something, but changes his mind as **SCROOGE** glares at him. **BOB** sighs and goes back to work. **SCROOGE** turns on his heel and starts back to his office, as **FRED**, in coat, hat and muffler and smiling happily, enters from behind the unmarked, front, door.)

**FRED** (cheerfully): A Merry Christmas, Uncle!

**SCROOGE** (growling): Bah! Humbug!

**FRED** (laughing): Christmas a humbug, Uncle? Surely you don't mean that!

**SCROOGE**: Oh, I do! I do! Everyone running around with "Merry Christmas" on their lips. Merry Christmas, ha! What right do people have to be merry? What right do you have to be merry? You're poor enough!

**FRED**: So what right do you have to be miserable? You're rich enough!

**SCROOGE**: Humbug!

**FRED**: Come, Uncle! Don't be cross. After all, it is Christmas Eve.

**SCROOGE**: You keep Christmas in your way, and let me keep it in mine.

**FRED** (laughing): But you don't keep it.

**SCROOGE** (shouting): Let me leave it alone, then!

(**BOB** looks up and **SCROOGE** spots Bob watching him.)

**SCROOGE** (exploding): What the devil are you looking at?

**BOB** (stammering): Uh... Nothing, sir!

**SCROOGE**: Then go about your business or you'll find yourself without a job Christmas Eve!

**BOB** (in a small voice): Yes, sir.

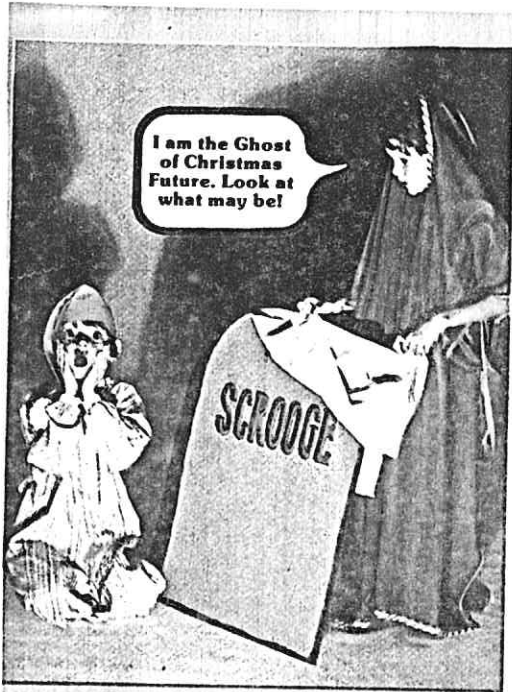
(**BOB** goes back to work and **SCROOGE** turns to Fred.)

**SCROOGE**: Now, what do you want from me? I'm a busy man!

**FRED**: I want nothing from you. I came to

# A Christmas Carol

continued



Scrooge is visited by three Spirits: **Top left** The Ghost of Christmas Past comes to take him back to his youth and a party at the Fezziwigs. **Left** The Ghost of Christmas Present arrives to take him to visit the happy Cratchits and his merry nephew Fred to see how they spend their Christmases. **Above** The Ghost of Christmas Future leads him to a lonely graveyard to show Scrooge what lies ahead if he persists in his mean, hateful ways.



Reformed by the Ghosts, a happy Scrooge visits the Cratchit home, where he gives presents—a turkey and gold coins—and promises Bob a raise.

ask you to have dinner with us tomorrow

**SCROOGE:** No!

**FRED:** But why not? Why can't we be friends?

**SCROOGE** (coldly): Good afternoon, sir!

(**SCROOGE** turns, walks toward his office.)

**FRED:** But . . . why, Uncle?

(**SCROOGE** stops at the door, but does not turn around.)

**SCROOGE:** Good afternoon!

**FRED** (trying to control his temper): I'll not let you make me angry, Uncle, not on Christmas Eve! And so . . . a Merry Christmas to you!

**SCROOGE** (shouting, but not turning around): Good afternoon!

**FRED:** And a Happy New Year!

**SCROOGE** (exploding, turning toward Fred): GOOD AFTERNOON!

(**FRED** bolts out around the door.)

**SCROOGE:** Idiot!

(As **SCROOGE** starts to go into his office, two **GENTLEMEN** with jolly faces enter through the front door. The **FIRST GENTLEMAN** carries a small notebook. **SCROOGE** turns and eyes them sourly.)

**FIRST GENTLEMAN** (checking his notebook): Scrooge and Marley's, I believe. Have I

the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

**SCROOGE** (curtly): Marley's been dead for seven years. Died seven years ago this very night.

(The two **GENTLEMEN** look at each other.)

**SCROOGE:** Well? What do you want?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN** (too heartily): Then you must be Mr. Scrooge!



(continued on page 109)

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL**  
*continued from page 103*

**SCROOGE:** What do you want?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN:** At this joyous time of year, sir, we feel that something should be done about the poor.

**SCROOGE:** Are there no prisons?

**SECOND GENTLEMAN (startled):** Prisons, sir? Oh yes, there are plenty of prisons.

**SCROOGE:** And workhouses?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN:** Yes, sir. There are plenty of workhouses, although I wish I could say that there were none.

**SCROOGE:** Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that. Now, what do you want? I'm a busy man!

**FIRST GENTLEMAN (uncomfortably):** Uh . . . We chose this time of year to raise money to help the poor. What shall we put you down for?

**SCROOGE:** Nothing!

**SECOND GENTLEMAN:** Oh, you wish to remain anonymous?

**SCROOGE (shouting):** I wish to be left alone!

**FIRST GENTLEMAN:** But, sir . . .

**SCROOGE (furious):** I do not make merry myself at Christmas and I refuse to make those shiftless, lazy people merry either. Now get out!

**SECOND GENTLEMAN (shocked):** But . . .

**SCROOGE (exploding):** Out!

**BOTH GENTLEMEN:** Yes . . . Yes, sir!

(Both GENTLEMEN almost fall over each other trying to get out the door. BOB is staring openmouthed.)

**SCROOGE (shouting):** CRATCHIT!

**BOB (nose in the books):** Sorry, sir.

(SCROOGE walks slowly to BOB.)

**SCROOGE (shouting in Bob's ear):** CRATCHIT!

**BOB (leaps up):** Yes, sir!

**SCROOGE:** You'll want all of Christmas Day off, I suppose?

**BOB (stammering):** Oh yes, sir! I mean . . . If it suits you, sir!

**SCROOGE (sneering):** Well, it does not suit me!

**BOB (in a small voice):** Oh . . .

**SCROOGE:** Do you think it fair for me to pay a day's wages for no work?

**BOB (stammering):** But . . . it's only once a year, sir.

**SCROOGE:** I suppose you must have the whole day!

(BOB hangs his head.)

**SCROOGE (spitting out the words):** Very well!

(BOB looks up, delighted.)

**SCROOGE:** But . . .

**BOB:** Yes, sir?

**SCROOGE:** Be here all the earlier the next morning!

(SCROOGE turns and stamps "into" his private office. Note: A stagehand should hand Scrooge his coat and top hat as he steps behind the door banner.)

**BOB:** Oh yes, sir! I will, sir!

(BOB takes off his eyeshade and puts on his cap and jacket.)

**BOB:** And thank you, sir! Thank you very much! (calling off toward Scrooge's office) Good evening, sir! And . . . Merry Christmas!

**SCROOGE (offstage):** HUMBUGH!

(BOB bolts out around the front door. SCROOGE enters wearing his hat and coat.)

**SCROOGE (muttering angrily):** Merry Christmas, indeed! It's all just an excuse to pick a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!

(SCROOGE turns to the audience.)  
**SCROOGE:** Christmas! BAH! HUMBUGH!  
(Curtain falls.)

**ACT I, SCENE II**

**MUSIC:** "Deck the Halls"

(The music softens as the curtain rises to show a London street. There are two banners—one, painted with a Christmas tree, at the left of the stage; the other, the front door to Scrooge's house, with a lock, a big knocker and his name, at the right of the stage. The knocker is attached to the banner so that it can be moved to reveal an opening. A couple of street-lamps are positioned between the banners. LADIES, GENTLEMEN, STREET VENDORS and a BEGGAR enter, calling out Christmas greetings.)

**STREET URCHINS** run in, tossing plastic-foam snowballs at the townspeople, shouting and laughing loudly. A **CONSTABLE** enters and tries to chase them away, but the **STREET URCHINS** gather at the side of the tree. **SCROOGE** enters, crossing the stage to his house door. He walks with his head low, never looking at anyone.)

**CONSTABLE (cheerfully):** Good evening, Mr. Scrooge. A Merry Christmas to you!

**SCROOGE:** Bah! Humbug!

**CONSTABLE (laughing):** Now, now! What a way to be talking on a fine Christmas Eve. (The sound of CAROLERS singing "O Christmas Tree" is heard offstage. EVERYONE but Scrooge turns in the direction of the singing, smiling and pointing, moving back to make room.)

**SCROOGE:** What the devil is that infernal racket?

**CONSTABLE:** Why . . . it's the children from the orphanage, sir.

**SCROOGE (muttering angrily):** They should all be in their beds at this hour! Not wandering about the streets howling like a pack of dogs!

**CONSTABLE:** But Mr. Scrooge! It's their Christmas procession. They do it every year!

(Several young CAROL SINGERS enter in single file, stage left. Continuing to sing "O Christmas Tree," they form a semicircle around the Christmas tree.)

**SCROOGE (shouting):** What a bunch of poppycock! Let me pass!  
(The **CONSTABLE** gently but firmly holds on to Scrooge.)

**CONSTABLE:** Now, Mr. Scrooge. Why don't you just stand here and listen for a moment? Do you good! It's like listening to a choir of angels!

**SCROOGE (trying to pull away):** More like listening to a bunch of bawling brats! Let me pass, I say! I'm a very busy man!

**CONSTABLE (firmly):** Sorry, sir! You'll just have to wait until they move on! (SCROOGE taps his foot and tries at intervals to pull away.)

**SCROOGE (after a few moments):** Ridiculous! (pause) Preposterous! (pause) OUTRAGEOUS!

(The singing ends. The TOWNSPEOPLE clap and the CAROLERS line up and exit right, singing another carol. EVERYONE begins to move about. The **CONSTABLE** frees Scrooge, who pushes his way through the crowd in a rage. As **SCROOGE** nears his door, the **STREET URCHINS** shout with glee and begin pelting him with snowballs.)

**FIRST URCHIN:** Look! It's old man Scrooge!

**SECOND URCHIN:** Get him!

**FIRST URCHIN (tossing a snowball):** Take this, you old skinflint!

**SECOND URCHIN (dancing around):** Miser . . . Miser . . . Miser . . .

**SCROOGE (putting his arms up for protection and shouting):** Stop that! Stop it, I say. I'll have you all arrested! Thrown in prison where you belong! Stop it! I'll have you boiled in your own pudding!

(EVERYONE gathers to watch, laughing and cheering the urchins on. The **CONSTABLE** is laughing, but he puts on a straight face and moves in.)

**CONSTABLE (laughing):** Now, now, Mr. Scrooge. They didn't mean any harm. Just having a little fun. (to the urchins): Go on, now! Run along before I run you in!

(The **STREET URCHINS** run off, stage left, laughing. **TOWNSPEOPLE**, **STREET VENDORS** and **BEGGAR** drift off, exiting left and right.)

**SCROOGE (sputtering):** Arrest them! They attacked me. I know my rights!

**CONSTABLE (interrupting in a soothing voice):** Don't get so worked up! They won't be bothering you again, Mr. Scrooge. I'll see to that.

**SCROOGE:** BAH!

**CONSTABLE:** I'll be off now. Good night, Mr. Scrooge.

**SCROOGE:** HUMBUGH!

(The **CONSTABLE** exits as **SCROOGE** fumbles in his pocket for his key. Finding it, he starts to place it in the lock when suddenly the face of **JACOB MARLEY** appears where the door knocker was. Note: **MARLEY** stands on the other side of the door and slides the knocker to one side so he can place his head in the opening.)

**SCROOGE (screaming):** Ahhhhh!  
(SCROOGE turns away and covers his eyes with his hands. **MARLEY** pulls his head back and replaces the door knocker.)

**SCROOGE:** I thought I saw old Jacob Marley's face in the door knocker! (peeking through his fingers) My eyes must be playing tricks on me. It's not there now . . . but what an awful sight it was! Made my blood run cold!

(SCROOGE slowly walks toward the door and hesitantly puts the key in the lock. The lights start to dim.)

**SCROOGE:** Strange, very strange, indeed. (The curtain comes down.)

**ACT II, SCENE I**

**MUSIC:** "Silent Night"

(The music dies away as the curtain rises on Scrooge's bedroom, created as was his office; however, the nameplate has been removed. Paper chains with cutout paper locks festoon the exterior door, stage left. A bed made up with a blanket and pillow is the only furniture. A sack of "gold" is behind the headboard out of sight of the audience. **SCROOGE** stands between his bed and the inner, closet, door at stage right; he still wears his hat and cape.)

**SCROOGE:** What a wretched time I'm having! First that numskull of a nephew. Then Cratchit and his whining. And then those horrid little beasts with snowballs. And then, then... (he shudders) that face!

(SCROOGE shudders again and looks about.)

**SCROOGE:** Gave me the creeps! Bet look around. Can't be too careful. (SCROOGE goes to window and looks out.)

**SCROOGE:** Well . . . No one can get through the window. It's three flig up!

(SCROOGE crosses to the bed, gets down on his knees, lifts the blanket to look "under" the bed.)

**SCROOGE:** And . . . there's no one under the bed!

(SCROOGE stands up and grabs the blanket, shaking it.)

**SCROOGE:** No one . . . in the bed! (SCROOGE goes to the closet door and peaks around it.)

**SCROOGE:** And . . . no one in the closet!

(SCROOGE takes off his hat and coat and holds them around the door where a stagehand takes them.)

**SCROOGE:** Too much excitement for old man like me! A good night's sleep and I'll be right as rain!

(SCROOGE takes off his pants, revealing that his shirt is really long nightgown.)

**SCROOGE (yawning):** This is what I need! A good night's sleep!

(SCROOGE sits on the bed, takes his shoes and puts on slippers. Reaching under his pillow, he pulls out a nightcap and plops it on.)

(SCROOGE sits for a moment, yawning a stretching. Suddenly, there is a sound of chains clanking and rattling [have someone offstage rat empty cans in a wastebasket])

**SCROOGE (frightened):** What's that! (The sound is heard again, louder.)

**SCROOGE (very frightened):** What's there? Answer me! Who is there?

(SCROOGE looks toward the door and sees that he has forgotten to attach the chains.)

**SCROOGE (panicky):** The door! I forgot to lock the door!

(SCROOGE leaps off the bed and runs to the door to "attach" the chain)

**SCROOGE (babbling):** Lock the door! That's right! Lock the locks! Lock the locks! Attach all the chains!

(SCROOGE stands back to look at the door.)

**SCROOGE (laughing, though frightened):** Tee, hee, hee! No one can get in here . . . now!

(The clanking and rattling becomes much louder and sound closes.)

**SCROOGE trembles, backing away.**

**MARLEY** (spooky offstage voice created by having an actor speak the line into a metal wastebasket) E-B-E-N-E-Z-E-R S-C-R-O-O-O-O-O-G-E

(SCROOGE screams and runs to grab his sack of gold. The clanking and rattling become much louder.)

**SCROOGE:** AHHHHH!

(SCROOGE drops the sack beside the bed, climbs on it and pulls the blanket over his head.)

**MARLEY** (offstage voice): E-B-E-N-E-Z-E-R S-C-R-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-G-E!!!

(SCROOGE begins to shake violently beneath the blanket.)

**SCROOGE (screaming):** AHHHHHH!

(SCROOGE stays under the blanket for a long moment, then he peeks out. Nothing happens. Slowly gets off the bed and walks toward the door.)

**SCROOGE (laughing):** Tee, hee, hee! Those chains would keep the devil here!

(continued on page 19)

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL continued

self out! (laughing louder) HA! HA!  
HA! I'm not afraid of you, whoever you  
are!

(The lights dim, then come up to  
reveal the Ghost of Jacob Marley.)

MARLEY: E-B-E-N-E-Z-E-R S-C-R-O-O-G-E!

(SCROOGE screams and runs around  
the bed, trying to hide under it.)

MARLEY (commandingly): C-O-M-E  
H-E-R-E (pause) E-B-E-N-E-Z-E-R! !!

(SCROOGE cannot fit under the bed.  
He stays on the floor, his arm out  
to push the dreadful sight away.)

SCROOGE (his voice trembling):  
Who . . . Who are you?

MARLEY: In life I was your partner,  
Jacob Marley! Do you believe in me?

SCROOGE (a little braver): I . . . I  
don't know!

(MARLEY screams, then moves stiff-  
legged toward Scrooge, arms waver-  
ing.)

SCROOGE (leaping into the air): Don't  
do that!

MARLEY: Do you believe in me?

SCROOGE (in a tiny voice): Oh, I do!  
I do! But Jacob, why do you wish to  
frighten me?

MARLEY: Because I must!

SCROOGE: But why? Why have you  
come to haunt me, Jacob?

MARLEY: I am here to help you.

SCROOGE (in a quivering voice): I  
don't understand . . .

MARLEY (sadly): In life, I never raised  
a finger to help my fellowman. So now  
I am forced to wander the earth, offer-  
ing what little help I can give. It is  
hard, Ebenezer. The chains are heavy.  
They pull me down.

SCROOGE: Why do you wear the  
chains?

MARLEY: Because I must. These are  
the chains I created during life. Each  
link is a thoughtless word, an unkind  
deed, a wretched thought.

SCROOGE: They seem very long.

MARLEY: I made them all myself. Link  
by link . . . yard by yard. You, too,  
Ebenezer, have made the chains you  
wear.

SCROOGE (his old self): Poppycock! I  
wear no chains!

MARLEY (in a terrible voice): H-E-A-R-  
M-E! M-Y T-I-M-E I-S N-E-A-R-L-Y  
G-O-N-E!!!

(SCROOGE screams and hides his  
head.)

MARLEY (kinder): I have come tonight  
to warn you. I offer you one chance to  
escape my dreadful fate!

SCROOGE: You were always a good  
friend to me, Jacob.

MARLEY: You will be haunted by three  
Spirits!

SCROOGE: Haunted? I'd rather not be!

MARLEY: Without their visits . . .  
T-H-E-R-E I-S N-O H-O-P-E F-O-R Y-O-U!!!

SCROOGE (moaning): Oh, dear me!

MARLEY: Expect the first when the  
clock starts to strike midnight.

SCROOGE: Couldn't they all come at  
once and get it over with?

(MARLEY turns and walks toward the  
door. The lights dim as he exits.)

MARLEY (in spooky offstage voice):  
G-O-O-D-B-Y-E E-B-E-N-E-Z-E-R!!!

(SCROOGE sits for a moment,  
stunned, then leaps up and runs to  
the door.)

SCROOGE: Jacob? Jacob? Come back!

SCROOGE (turning from the door):

He's gone. Vanished into thin air. It's  
as if he was never here at all.

(SCROOGE picks up his sack of gold,  
climbs onto the bed and lies down.  
After a moment he sits up.)

SCROOGE (laughing heartily): The rea-  
son he vanished is because he was  
never here! I've been having a dream!  
Humbly and poppycock! It must have  
been something I ate. A blob of mus-  
tard or a crumb of cheese. Nothing  
but a nightmare. Tee, hee, hee!

(SCROOGE lies back, laughing, puts  
the sack on the floor and quickly  
goes to sleep, snoring loudly. The  
sound of a clock striking midnight  
is heard, a slow but steady beat.  
[Have stagehand strike a large pot  
with a metal spoon.] After three  
strokes, SCROOGE begins to wake  
up. By the fifth, he sits upright.)

SCROOGE (terrified): What . . . What is  
that? The clock striking midnight?  
(SCROOGE grabs the pillow and puts  
it over his head.)

SCROOGE: Eleven . . . TWELVE!

(SCROOGE waits, but nothing hap-  
pens. Slowly he brings the pillow to  
his lap and listens intently.)

SCROOGE: MIDNIGHT!

(SCROOGE waits a few moments,  
then begins to laugh delightedly.)

SCROOGE (laughing): Midnight! Not a  
Spirit in sight. Now I know I was  
dreaming. Knew it all the time. Ha, ha,  
ha!

(The lights dim and come up again  
to reveal the GHOST OF CHRIST-  
MAS PAST, who has entered from  
stage right.)

CHRISTMAS PAST: Ebenezer Scrooge?

(SCROOGE has been sitting with his  
back to the closet and has not seen  
the Spirit enter. He leaps off the  
bed and whirls around to face the  
Spirit.)

SCROOGE (frightened): Who are you?

CHRISTMAS PAST (moving slowly to-  
ward Scrooge): I am the Ghost of  
Christmas Past.

SCROOGE (backing away): What do  
you want with me?

(The SPIRIT reaches out his hand to  
Scrooge.)

CHRISTMAS PAST: Take my hand.

SCROOGE (backing away, frightened):  
I don't want to.

CHRISTMAS PAST (taking Scrooge's  
hand): You must! Come walk with me!

SCROOGE (giving in): Very well. I sup-  
pose I must.

(The GHOST leads Scrooge to the  
window.)

SCROOGE (pulling back): Where are  
you taking me?

CHRISTMAS PAST (pointing out the  
window): This way.

SCROOGE: I can't walk out the window.  
I'll fall three stories to the ground.

Please! Don't force me to go through  
the window.

CHRISTMAS PAST: Do not tremble so,  
Ebenezer. I will hold you up. Come.

SCROOGE: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear  
me!

(The SPIRIT and SCROOGE exit  
around the window as the curtain  
comes down.)

### ACT II, SCENE II

MUSIC: "Good King Wenceslas"  
(The curtain rises on Mr. Fezziwig's  
warehouse office, furnished as was  
Scrooge's countinghouse, but with  
the name "Fezziwig" on the pri-  
vate door nameplate at stage left.  
There are two stools at the table.

YOUNG SCROOGE and DICK WILKINS  
enter, carrying account books, quill  
pens and candlesticks. They put  
these on the table, sit down and go  
to work. SCROOGE and the GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS PAST enter from behind  
the front door and stand down-  
stage at right.)

SCROOGE (to the Spirit): Why, I know  
this place! I apprenticed here. This is  
old Fezziwig's place! (very excited)  
There is Dick Wilkins! Bless me! There  
he is as big as life. Why, that's me!  
Back when I was just a lad. Oh, dear!  
Dear me!

(FEZZIWIG enters around his office  
door. Smiling broadly, he stops,  
watching Young Scrooge and Dick  
working. He pulls a large watch  
from his vest pocket, checks the  
time, replaces the watch and then  
rubs his hands together.)

SCROOGE (excitedly): Bless my soul!  
There is old Fezziwig himself! It's  
Fezziwig, alive again!

FEZZIWIG (clapping): Yo ho there!  
Ebenezer? Dick?

(YOUNG SCROOGE and DICK look up  
and smile at Fezziwig.)

FEZZIWIG: Listen here, my boys! No  
work tonight! It's Christmas Eve, Dick!  
Christmas, Ebenezer! Now clear the  
desk, my lads, and let's have a lot of  
room in here!

YOUNG SCROOGE: Yes, sir!

DICK: Right away, Mr. Fezziwig!

(DICK and YOUNG SCROOGE jump up  
and clear the table, then push the  
stools downstage right. FEZZIWIG  
crosses to the front door, laughing.)

STOCK BOYS, MAIDS, a BUTCHER, a  
BAKER, a MILKMAN and a CHIMNEY  
SWEEP enter around the door,

laughing and greeting Fezziwig  
with happy shouts of "Merry  
Christmas!" FEZZIWIG laughs and  
returns the greetings.

DICK and YOUNG SCROOGE exit  
behind Fezziwig's door, taking the  
desk equipment with them. They  
reenter carrying a bright cloth  
which they put on the table, mov-  
ing it over to the left of the stage.

MRS. FEZZIWIG follows them, carry-  
ing a huge platter of food, such as  
cakes and fruit; everyone cheers as  
she puts it on the table.

A FIDDLER enters, with a real or  
cutout cardboard fiddle, leaps up  
on a stool and strikes up "The  
Twelve Days of Christmas." He  
mimes the playing while the carol  
is played offstage. FEZZIWIG bows  
to his wife and leads her to stage  
center, where they are joined by  
other couples who form a circle.  
Starting with the Fezziwigs, each  
couple links opposite arms and  
dances out the partridge, doves,  
hens etc.; if there are not enough  
dancers to go around, some of the  
pairs can dance twice. At the cre-  
scendo and pause in the song, the  
dancers stop and raise their arms,  
then resume dancing.

SCROOGE is laughing, clapping  
and prancing about downstage.  
Suddenly a clock is heard striking  
midnight. The dancers "freeze" in  
midstep, the Fiddler in midplaying,  
the bystanders in midclap. SCROOGE  
stops prancing and looks confused.  
The sound of the clock continues.)

SCROOGE: Don't stop! Please! The party  
has just begun!

CHRISTMAS PAST: They can not hear  
you, Ebenezer. They are but shadows  
of the distant past.

SCROOGE (upset): I don't believe yo  
SCROOGE (running to Fiddler): Fi  
dler! Music, if you please! Come, la  
strike up a tune!

(When the Fiddler does not mov  
SCROOGE runs to Dick and his par  
ner, still "frozen.")

SCROOGE: Dick! Dick, old chap! Danc  
my boy. The night is young. Enjoy  
while you can!

(SCROOGE runs to Fezziwig and Mr  
Fezziwig, also "frozen.")

SCROOGE: Dear old Fezziwig. Wh  
pleasure you gave to everyone! Wh  
happiness lived within these walls!  
wish I could say a word or two to de  
Bob Cratchit. I'd tell him . . .

CHRISTMAS PAST: Scrooge, my tin  
with you is coming to an end. Far  
well . . .

(The SPIRIT exits at the right.)

SCROOGE (calling after him): Spirit  
Don't leave me here! Wait!

(As SCROOGE turns toward th  
Spirit, EVERYONE quickly and quiet  
exits, taking the platter of food ar  
the tablecloth. SCROOGE turns ar  
sees them leaving.)

SCROOGE (running after them  
Please . . . Wait! Don't go! Dick . .  
Mr. Fezziwig . . .

(The last stroke of midnight strike  
The GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESE  
enters at left.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT (in a boomin  
voice): EBENEZER SCROOGE!

(SCROOGE whirls to face him.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT: I am the Gho  
of Christmas Present. Look upon m  
(SCROOGE stares openmouthed.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT: COME WITH M  
EBENEZER!

SCROOGE (stammering): I will go wi  
you, for I know you mean me no har  
CHRISTMAS PRESENT: TOUCH A  
ROBE!

(SCROOGE goes to the Spirit ar  
touches his robe. The curtain fall.

### ACT II, SCENE III

MUSIC: "God Rest You Merry, Gent  
men"

(The curtain rises to disclose th  
Cratchit home, created with thr  
banners—one depicting a cu  
board, another a fireplace with  
fire in it and the third, a front do  
with windows. The fireplace is o  
the left of the cupboard, the wi  
down on its right. There is a table,  
stool, a coatrack and an emp  
basket for logs beside the fireplac  
SCROOGE and CHRISTMAS PRESE  
are standing downstage right.

The music dies away as Mr  
CRATCHIT enters from behind th  
cupboard, carrying dinner plate  
BELINDA follows with a tableclo  
and puts it on the table. MRS. CR  
CHIT starts putting the plat  
around.)

MRS. CRATCHIT (worried): What h  
happened to your father? And yo  
brother, Tiny Tim?

BELINDA (soothingly): They'll be hr  
shortly, Mother. I shouldn't worry.

(PETER CRATCHIT enters left, dress  
in a hat, coat and muffler, carryi  
firewood. He puts the wood in t  
basket and hangs his outdoor clo  
ing on the coatrack.)

PETER (brightly): This should  
enough firewood, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Thank you, Pet  
What a good boy you are!

PETER (embarrassed): Well . . . Af  
all, it is Christmas Day!

(continued on page 19)



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL *continued*

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** That it is, Peter. That it is! Belinda . . . Please fetch the napkins and, oh yes, the punch bowl and cups.  
**BELINDA:** Yes, Mother.  
(**BELINDA** exits and the two younger Cratchits, a **BOY** and a **GIRL**, enter wearing outdoor clothing. They carry a platter with a small roasted goose which is either made out of paper, as in our directions, or a real roasted chicken.)  
**BOY** (excitedly): Mother! Mother! Mother! Just look at the goose!  
**GIRL** (excitedly): Mother! We could smell it all the way down the street!  
**BOY:** The baker said that he roasted it with sage and onions!  
**GIRL:** Doesn't it smell wonderful!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** It certainly does!  
(**MRS. CRATCHIT** takes the goose and places it on the table as **BELINDA** enters with napkins and punch cups.)  
**BOY and GIRL:** Belinda! Look! Look at the goose!  
**BELINDA** (laughing): I've never seen a finer-looking goose!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Peter? Would you fetch the potatoes and applesauce?  
**PETER:** Yes, Mother.  
(The younger **CRATCHITS** remove their outdoor clothing, hanging it on the coatrack as **PETER** exits. **BELINDA** enters carrying the punch bowl carefully. She places it on the table.)  
**BELINDA:** Where is Martha, Mother?  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (worried again): I don't know. She's never been late for Christmas dinner before!  
(Unseen by her mother, **MARTHA CRATCHIT** enters, dressed in outdoor clothes.)  
**MARTHA:** Here's Martha, Mother!  
**BOY and GIRL** (shouting): Here's Martha, Mother!  
(**MRS. CRATCHIT** hugs and kisses **Martha**.)  
**BOY and GIRL** (jumping and chanting): Martha! Martha! Martha!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Why, bless my heart! How are you, my dear? (to the younger **Cratchits**): Hush, now! Hush!  
**MARTHA** (taking off her hat): We had a great deal of work to finish up, Mother. I hope you weren't worried.  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Well, never mind, so long as you're here. Come, sit down by the fire and warm yourself.  
(**PETER** enters with two bowls and puts them on the table. **MARTHA** hangs her outdoor clothes on the coatrack as the **BOY** pulls a stool over to the fireplace.)  
**BOY:** Here, Martha! Sit here!  
**GIRL** (looking out the window of the door): Here comes Father! And Tiny Tim!  
**PETER:** Hide, Martha, hide!  
**BOY and GIRL** (in unison): Yes! Do hide! Please, Martha!  
(**MARTHA** giggles and runs to hide behind the cupboard. **BOB CRATCHIT** enters, dressed in jacket and cap. He is carrying or guiding **Tiny Tim**, who is wrapped in a blanket and holding a crutch. **BOB** removes the blanket and gently places **Tiny Tim** on the fireplace stool.)  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (much relieved): So, here you two are! We were beginning to wonder.

**BOB:** Sorry, my dear!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** How was **Tiny Tim**?  
**BOB:** Just as good as gold!  
**TINY TIM:** I was, Mother! Really, I was.  
**BOB** (looking around): Why, where's our **Martha**?  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (sadly): Not coming.  
**BOB** (very upset): Not coming! Not coming on Christmas Day?  
(**MARTHA** peeks around the cupboard as the other children giggle.)  
**MARTHA** (laughing): Here I am, Father!  
(**MARTHA** runs to **Bob** and throws her arms around him, hugging him tightly. **BOB** hugs her back, laughing.)  
**BOB:** Martha!  
**MARTHA:** Oh, I am so glad to see you!  
(**MARTHA** goes to **Tiny Tim** and hugs him. **BOB** removes his jacket and cap, hanging them on rack.)  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Well now! Let us sit down or the goose will be stonecold.  
**BOY:** Yes! The goose!  
**PETER:** And the potatoes!  
**BELINDA:** And the applesauce!  
(**ALL** gather around the table. **PETER** carries or guides **Tiny Tim** and places him on a stool by the table.)  
**BOB:** Before we sit down, I would like to make a toast!  
(**EVERYONE** takes a punch cup and holds it up.)  
**ALL:** Hear, hear! A toast!  
**BOB:** A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!  
**ALL:** God bless us!  
**BOB:** And . . . I feel that it is only proper to raise our cups in a toast to . . . to Mr. Scrooge!  
(**EVERYONE** looks shocked.)  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (surprised and angry): Mr. Scrooge! That stingy, hard, unfeeling man?  
**BOB:** My dear, the children!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT:** He's a dreadful man! You know he is. No one knows better than you!  
**BOB** (soothingly): My dear. Have you forgotten the true meaning of Christmas? It certainly won't do you any harm to drink to his health. It is Christmas Day!  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (unwillingly): Very well. I'll drink to his health for your sake . . . and because it is Christmas Day. But . . .  
**TINY TIM** (quietly): Mother, it is Christmas Day.  
**MRS. CRATCHIT** (ashamed): All right, dear. (she lifts her cup) Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!  
**BOB:** God bless him!  
**ALL** (raising their cups): God bless Mr. Scrooge!  
**TINY TIM** (in a merry voice): God bless us every one!  
(The **CRATCHITS** "freeze," holding their cups high.)  
**SCROOGE** (very moved): Tell me, Spirit. Will **Tiny Tim** live?  
**CHRISTMAS PRESENT:** I cannot say, but I see a vacant stool by the fireside and a crutch without an owner.  
**SCROOGE** (crying out): Oh, no, kind Spirit! Tell me he will not die!  
**CHRISTMAS PRESENT:** I cannot! Come, Ebenezer. There is another place that we must visit.  
(**CHRISTMAS PRESENT** crosses to stage left as the curtain comes down.)

**ACT II, SCENE IV**

**MUSIC:** "Deck the Halls"  
(The music softens as the curtain

rises on **Fred's** home, created with the fireplace, window and Christmas-tree banners: the fireplace is in the center, window at left and tree at right. There is a table in the center of the stage and a stool downstage left. **SCROOGE** and the **GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT** stand downstage left. **FRED** and his **WIFE** enter, right, carrying a bright tablecloth and boxes filled with paper tree decorations. They place the cloth on the table, then the boxes. The **GUESTS** enter from both sides singing "Deck the Halls."  
The **GUESTS** take decorations from the boxes and begin placing them on the tree [decorations have double-faced tape on the back]. After the first verse of the song, **FRED** stops decorating. The music stops.)  
**FRED:** Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
**WIFE:** Whatever is so funny, **Fred**?  
**FRED:** My Uncle Ebenezer! Ha, ha, ha! When I stopped in to see him, to invite him to Christmas dinner, do you know what he said?  
**WIFE:** Something quite dreadful, I'm sure.  
**FRED:** Ha, ha, ha! He said that Christmas is a humbug! As I live! He believed it, too!  
(**EVERYONE** laughs and is greatly amused. They all begin singing the second verse of "Deck the Halls" and continue the decorating. After the second verse **FRED** stops again.)  
**FRED:** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
**WIFE:** Goodness, you're giddy today, **Fred**! What is it now?  
**FRED:** I've just thought up a wonderful riddle! Would you like to hear it?  
**WIFE:** Well, since you're just bursting to tell us, dear, I suppose we'll have to listen.  
**FRED** (laughing as he talks): Can you think of a rather large animal, a rather disagreeable animal, an animal that growls on one occasion, grunts on another, lives in London, walks along its streets and is not a horse, ass, cow, bull, tiger or bear?  
**WIFE** (bewildered): Oh, dear me! I'm afraid I haven't the slightest idea!  
**FRED** (roaring with laughter): **MY UNCLE EBENEZER!**  
(**EVERYONE** laughs.)  
**WIFE** (laughing): Oh, **Fred**! How you do carry on!  
**FRED:** He's a funny old man, and that's the truth.  
**PARTYGOER:** And frightfully rich, eh, **Fred**?  
(**EVERYONE** laughs.)  
**FRED:** For all the good that does him. Never spends a penny of his precious money. Never! Not even on himself!  
**WIFE:** That's true! He lives like a pauper. He does!  
(**EVERYONE** sings the third verse of "Deck the Halls" as they continue the decorating. The **WIFE** does not join, but goes to sit on the stool, looking upset. At the end of the verse **FRED** notices her and goes to her as the others continue laughing and decorating.)  
**FRED:** Is something wrong, dear?  
**WIFE:** Oh . . . I was just thinking about your Uncle Ebenezer.  
**FRED:** Well, that's no reason to have such a long face.  
**WIFE:** I think he's a perfectly horrid old man!  
**FRED** (cheerfully): I don't! I feel sorry for him, if anything. Who does he hurt

by his foul temper? Only himself. He refused to dine with us and look what happened. He missed out on a wonderful Christmas dinner.  
**WIFE** (brightening): It was a nice dinner, wasn't it, **Fred**?  
**FRED** (taking her hand): The very best. Come along now. The tree's a most finished.  
(**FRED** and his **WIFE** smile at each other and, hand in hand, join the others.)  
**EVERYONE** sings the fourth verse of "Deck the Halls" while finishing decorating the tree. At the last note the sound of the clock is heard. At the first stroke, **EVERYONE** "freezes" in an action pose. **SCROOGE** crosses to **Fred**.)  
**SCROOGE:** You're right, my boy! I've never had even the slightest pleasure from all my money. It's never given anyone a moment's joy. I've just gathered money . . . piles and piles of money, and never done a lick of good with it!  
(As **SCROOGE** speaks to **FRED**, **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** exits stage left unnoticed by **Scrooge**. **SCROOGE** crosses to the **Wife**.)  
**SCROOGE** (sadly): And you are so right, my dear. I am a horrid old man. There is not a creature on this earth that gives a fig about me.  
(**SCROOGE** crosses downstage right. **FRED**, his **WIFE** and **GUESTS** exit quickly and quietly, taking the table, boxes and stool with them.)  
**SCROOGE** (seeing he is alone): Brought it all on myself. Oh (wailing), if I had only known!  
(The last stroke of midnight sounds and the lights flash on and off. The **GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE** enters left, shrouded in a dark-green robe with a hood that almost hides his face. **SCROOGE** looks up and is startled by the Spirit. He walks slowly toward him.)  
**SCROOGE:** Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?  
(**CHRISTMAS FUTURE** nods "Yes" and **SCROOGE** backs away, frightened.)  
**SCROOGE** (his voice trembling): Ghost of the Future! I fear you most of all! But I know you mean me only good. I hope to learn to be a better man from all that you will show me. Lead on!  
(The **SPIRIT** points to the center of the stage. The lights go down, but **Scrooge** and the **Spirit** stay downstage left as curtain falls.)

**ACT III, SCENE I**

**MUSIC:** None.  
(The curtain rises on a dark stage which, unseen by the audience, is set with **Scrooge's** bedroom. At the front of the stage, light from a spot light, or flashlights held by two stagehands in black robes, reveals a black tombstone; a gray cloth obscures the name on it. **SCROOGE** and **CHRISTMAS FUTURE** stand a stage left. The **GHOST** starts walking toward the tombstone, motioning **Scrooge** to follow; **SCROOGE** takes a few steps, looking about nervously.  
**SCROOGE** (frightened): Oh, Spirit, what a dreadful place! It's so lonely . . . so forgotten and forlorn. Where are we?  
(The **SPIRIT** does not speak and motions to **Scrooge** to follow.)  
**SCROOGE** (hanging back): I know you mean to help me, but I cannot follow you. I am too frightened.  
(The **SPIRIT** again motions to **Scrooge**.)

(continued on page 196)

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

*continued*

**SCROOGE:** If I am to learn what you are here to teach me, I must do your bidding. Very well . . .

*(SCROOGE walks toward the Spirit, then stops, looking around.)*

**SCROOGE:** Is this an old, forgotten graveyard?

*(The SPIRIT nods and again motions to Scrooge. SCROOGE walks a few steps, then stops.)*

**SCROOGE:** Oh, Spirit! Why have you brought me here? What is it that you wish to show me?

*(The SPIRIT turns and points at the gravestone.)*

**SCROOGE (terrified):** Who . . . Who lies within that grave?

*(The SPIRIT motions to Scrooge to come closer. SCROOGE approaches, trembling.)*

**SCROOGE:** Answer me, Spirit! Who lies within this grave, forgotten for all time?

*(With a swift movement of his arm, the SPIRIT pulls away the cloth covering the name written in red across the stone. SCROOGE screams and stumbles backward as he sees his own name. He falls on his knees before the gravestone.)*

**SCROOGE:** Oh, no, Spirit! No, no, no! Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I have been. Tell me there is hope!

*(The SPIRIT points to the name again.)*

**SCROOGE:** Good Spirit! Why do you show me this if I am beyond all hope?

*(The SPIRIT slowly lowers his arm.)*

**SCROOGE:** Tell me that I can change what I see before me! Tell me that I can wash away the writing on this stone!

*(The SPIRIT does not answer. SCROOGE buries his face in his hands and sobs. The SPIRIT points to the stone again, then exits. SCROOGE does not see him go and continues to sob.)*

**SCROOGE:** I swear to you that I will never forget the lessons that I have been taught. I will keep Christmas in my heart . . . More than that! I will keep it all year round. I will live in the past, the present and the future, and the Spirits of all three shall shine within me! This I swear to you!

*(SCROOGE looks up to plead with the Spirit, and the lights go up. SCROOGE discovers he is back in his own bedroom.)*

**SCROOGE (bewildered):** Where . . . am I? Why, I'm back in my own bedroom! I'm here! I can't believe it!

*(SCROOGE leaps up and begins to laugh and prance about the stage.)*

**SCROOGE:** I don't know what to do! I'm as light as a feather! I'm as happy as an angel! I'm as merry as a schoolboy. I don't even know what day it is . . . or what month . . . or what year!

*(SCROOGE runs to the window. The sound of church bells, a recording played offstage, is heard.)*

**SCROOGE:** What a glorious day! Glorious! Golden sunlight! Sweet fresh air! . . . And listen . . . Merry bells! What a wonderful sound!

*(SCROOGE mimes the motion of the bells and leaning out of the win-*

*dow. Sound of bells fades away.)*

**SCROOGE (calling):** Yoo-hoo! Boy! What day is it today?

**BOY (offstage voice):** Why . . . it's Christmas Day, sir!

**SCROOGE (to the audience):** Christmas Day! It's still CHRISTMAS DAY! *(calling to the boy):* Yoo-hoo! Boy?

**BOY (offstage voice):** Yes, sir?

**SCROOGE:** Come up here, lad!

**BOY (suspiciously):** Up there? Why, sir?

**SCROOGE (laughing):** Come along, lad! I'll make it worth your while!

**BOY (still wary):** All right, sir. I'll be right up.

**SCROOGE:** That's a good lad!

*(SCROOGE dances delightedly about the stage.)*

**SCROOGE:** It's Christmas Day! CHRISTMAS DAY! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night! *(bursting into song)* On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . *(he pauses, unable to remember what comes next; then, to the melody):* de, de, de, de, de, de, de, de . . . de! On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . .

*(SCROOGE is prancing around singing as the BOY appears, stage left; he stands there, openmouthed, until SCROOGE notices him.)*

**SCROOGE (laughing):** Well, come in, lad! Come in! Don't just stand there.

**BOY (uncomfortably):** Uh . . . Yes, sir!

*(SCROOGE grabs the Boy by the arm and pulls him into the room.)*

**SCROOGE:** Come in! Come in! Now . . . You're sure it's Christmas Day?

**BOY:** Yes, sir!

**SCROOGE (delighted):** Wonderful! Now, my good lad . . . Do you know the poulterer's? The one on the next street? Around the corner?

**BOY:** Yes, sir!

*(SCROOGE grabs the BOY by the arm and swings him around, excitedly.)*

**SCROOGE:** My, oh my! What an intelligent boy you are!

**BOY (stammering):** Uh . . . I guess so, sir!

**SCROOGE:** Yes! You're quite a remarkable boy! Have they sold the prize turkey?

**BOY (startled):** What? You mean the one as big as me?

**SCROOGE (to the audience):** What a delightful boy! *(to the boy):* Is it still hanging there?

**BOY:** Yes, sir!

*(SCROOGE picks up his sack of gold, pulls out a small sack of gold and hands it to the boy.)*

**SCROOGE:** Go buy it and bring it back here. Come right back and I'll give you a shilling. Come back in less than five minutes and you can keep the change! *(The BOY looks at Scrooge, flabbergasted, then exits like a shot.)*

**BOY (over his shoulder):** YES . . . SIR!

*(SCROOGE, laughing, runs to the window and looks out.)*

**SCROOGE (laughing heartily):** Look at him run! Bless his little heart!

*(SCROOGE runs to the closet to get his hat and coat. A stagehand, standing behind the door, hands them to Scrooge, who puts them on and picks up his sack of gold.)*

**SCROOGE:** Now! I must go calling! Oh, dear! So much to do! So much to make

up for. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

*(SCROOGE goes out in a dither, unaware that he is dressed only in his slippers and nightgown, with his nightcap hanging down beneath his hat. The curtain falls.)*

**ACT III, SCENE II**

**MUSIC:** "I Wish You a Merry Christmas"

*(The curtain rises to reveal the streets of London. In addition to Scrooge's front door, there are two other front doors, without nameplates. The TOWNSPEOPLE enter, carrying gifts and shouting Christmas greetings. SCROOGE bursts out from his front door.)*

**SCROOGE (shouting to the passers-by):** MERRY CHRISTMAS! *(EVERYONE stops and stares.)*

**SCROOGE (completely unaware of his odd outfit):** Season's greetings, my friends!

**MAN (not believing his eyes):** Mr. . . . Scrooge?

**SCROOGE:** That it is, my fine fellow! And a Merry Christmas to you!

**MAN (flabbergasted):** Uh . . . Merry Christmas to you too, Mr. Scrooge.

**SCROOGE:** How very kind of you, my friend! Thank you! *(to a woman):* And isn't it a glorious morning!

**WOMAN:** Uh . . . Why yes, it is, Mr. Scrooge . . .

*(The BOY enters carrying a huge turkey, made as the Cratchits' goose was.)*

**BOY (panting):** Here you are, Mr. Scrooge!

**SCROOGE:** Why . . . Thank you, my boy! *(to the crowd):* Wonderful lad! Bright as a button! *(to the Boy):* Tell you what, my boy. You carry the turkey, and I'll double your money!

**BOY:** Oh . . . Thank you, sir! Thank you very much!

**SCROOGE (to the crowd):** Now, if you'll excuse us, we'll be off! But before I go, I'd like to say to each and every one of you that . . .

*(SCROOGE sings a chorus of "I Wish You a Merry Christmas" to the Crowd. The CROWD answers by singing one chorus to him. SCROOGE laughs and prances to the Cratchits' door. He knocks loudly, the knocks being effected offstage. BOB CRATCHIT appears around the door with Tiny Tim. The CROWD watches.)*

**BOB (stunned):** Why . . . MR. SCROOGE!

**SCROOGE:** MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOB!

*(MRS. CRATCHIT appears around the door, followed by all the children.)*

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Bob? Who is that at the door? WHY . . . MR. SCROOGE!

**SCROOGE:** A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, Mrs. Cratchit! And to all your fine children!

**MRS. CRATCHIT (stunned):** Mr. Scrooge?

**SCROOGE:** Mrs. Cratchit! Will you do me the very great honor of accepting this small token of my affection toward you and Mr. Cratchit and your wonderful family?

*(The BOY hands the turkey to Mrs. Cratchit; she accepts it, staggering under its weight.)*

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Why . . . I don't know what to say!

**SCROOGE:** Say "yes," Mrs. Cratchit, and make an old man very happy!

**MRS. CRATCHIT (laughing):** YES!

*(SCROOGE opens his money sack*

*and calls to the Cratchit children.)*

**SCROOGE:** Now . . . Come here, children. I want each of you to reach and take a handful.

*(The CHILDREN gather around, gling and laughing, and reach into the sack, pulling out gold pieces.)*

**SCROOGE (as each one reaches):** Come now! You can take a big handful than that! My, my, my! You got such tiny hands, my dear. Two! Take a big scoop! That's right!

**CRATCHIT CHILDREN (as each reaches into the sack):** Thank you, Scrooge!

**SCROOGE:** There seems to be a grand deal left . . . I know!

*(SCROOGE goes to Tiny Tim.)*

**SCROOGE:** Come, Tiny Tim! Off with your cap!

*(TINY TIM removes his cap.)*

**TINY TIM:** Yes, sir . . .

**SCROOGE:** Now . . . Hold it out . . .

*(TINY TIM holds his cap out a SCROOGE pours gold coins into it.)*

**SCROOGE:** There! That's better. You n't do to have all that gold go waste, now would it, Tiny Tim?

**TINY TIM (smiling broadly):** Oh, sir, Mr. Scrooge.

*(TINY TIM throws his arms around Scrooge.)*

**TINY TIM:** Thank you, Mr. Scrooge! God bless you!

**SCROOGE:** As for you, Bob Cratchit have just one thing to say to you . . .

**BOB:** Yes, sir?

**SCROOGE:** How you've managed to get along on the miserable wage I've paid you all these years is beyond me!

**BOB:** Well, sir, I . . . Uh . . .

**SCROOGE:** Well? Speak up, man! What are we going to do about it?

**BOB:** Well . . . Uh . . .

**SCROOGE:** I suppose I'll just have to double it!

**BOB:** Double it? Well, sir . . . I do know . . .

**SCROOGE (interrupting):** Very well! You've talked me into it. I'll just have to triple it!

**BOB (stammering):** Well . . . That you, sir, I mean . . .

**SCROOGE (interrupting):** Not another word, Cratchit! I insist!

**BOB (overwhelmed):** Thank you, sir! Thank you very much!

**SCROOGE (laughing):** MERRY CHRISTMAS, MY FRIEND! MERRY CHRISTMAS! *(SCROOGE sings "I Wish You a Merry Christmas" to the Cratchits, then the CRATCHITS and the TOWNSPEOPLE sing "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" as Scrooge dances over the third door and knocks. FR answers.)*

**FRED (dumbfounded):** UNCLE?

**SCROOGE:** A MERRY CHRISTMAS, Fred! *(The WIFE (coming to the door):* Fred! Who is calling so early in the day? Why . . . UNCLE EBENEZER!

**SCROOGE:** Am I still invited for Christmas dinner? I realize that I'm a little early . . . but . . .

**FRED (delighted):** Why, of course!

*(SCROOGE sings "I Wish You a Merry Christmas" to Fred and his Wife then EVERYONE sings "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" back to Scrooge as he dances around the stage. SCROOGE asks the audience to join in for one last chorus as the cast members take bows.)*

**CURTAIN**

Joseph Smith,  
the Prophet--  
by  
Ted Henninger

# Ensign

OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

November 1977  
Report of the  
147th Semiannual General  
Conference of The  
Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints



JACOB (ISRAEL) BLESSING HIS SON, JOSEPH --

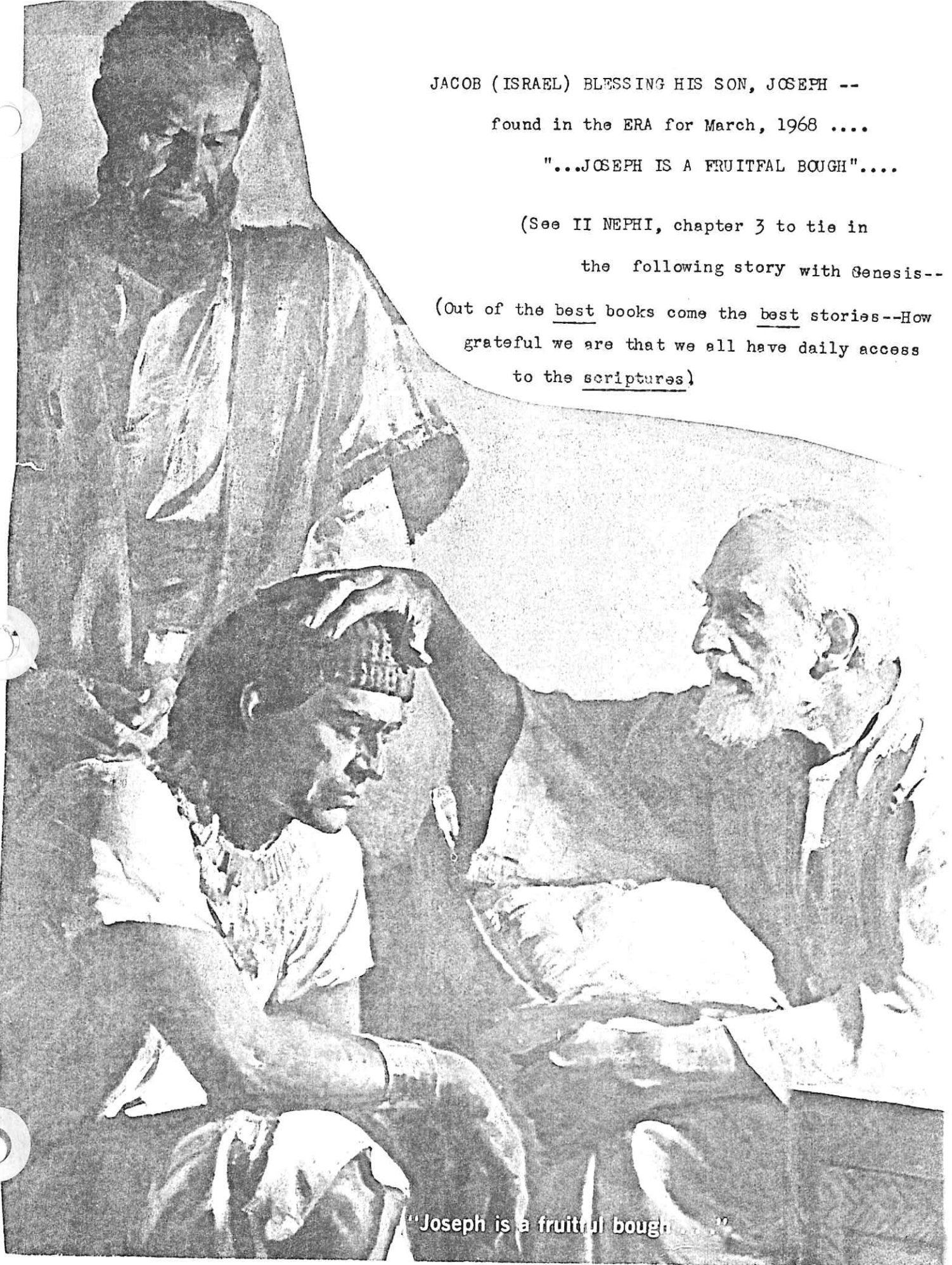
found in the ERA for March, 1968 ....

"...JOSEPH IS A FRUITFUL BOUGH"....

(See II NEPHI, chapter 3 to tie in

the following story with Genesis--

(Out of the best books come the best stories--How grateful we are that we all have daily access to the scriptures.)



"Joseph is a fruitful bough...."

For example:

Here is a story about some of your grandparents. I'll let you make out your own family group sheets and fill in your own pedigree charts.

Her name was Rebecca and his name was Isaac and when it was revealed to Abraham's trusted servant that Rebecca (also of the royal and chosen line) was the one, and he asked her to come and be the wife of Issac, she was prepared and said: "I will go."

Then we read something most amazing: "They blessed Rebecca and said unto her: 'Be thou the mother of thousands of millions.'" Yes, thousands of millions! I can comprehend being the mother of eleven children and the grandmother of fifty grandchildren for I am that--but--thousands of millions!

I have wondered if sweet Rebecca maybe took a deep breath and said, "Oh my!" And I've wondered if when she told Isaac about this matter--he wondered too, because that meant he'd be the father of those thousands of millions. But I rather suspect that Isaac, being of the royal and chosen lineage, said something like: "Rebecca dear, if that's what the Lord says, so it will be." Perhaps he even told Rebecca about his mother, Sarah, who had also really wondered when she was told she was to bear a child, at age ninety, and her husband, Abraham, at age one hundred. In fact, she wondered so much she asked the Lord how this could ever be.

And Sarah was given an answer in words that have been ringing down through the ages ever since so that all mankind might have the right answer and remember it. The answer given Sarah was in the form of a never-to-be-forgotten question: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Well, is it? No! Isaac was born to Abraham and Sarah in their old age. Rebecca has become the mother-ancestor of thousands of millions--including all of us.

She and Isaac had family challenges and problems, just as we all do. They had real concern about their sons--They knew Esau had forfeited the birthright blessings and that Jacob was the chosen and only one thru whom the royal lineage could be carried on. They knew also that this meant that Jacob must make the right marriage--knew it so well that once Rebecca cried out to Isaac: "If Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, what good shall my life do me?"

But Rebecca's faith and righteousness were rewarded and Jacob did marry right--he married Rachel and they also became your ancestors. They also learned that nothing is too hard for the Lord. But their marriage had its challenges too. Rachel and Jacob both knew as we know, that "Marriage is ordained of God for the love and care of children--that is the purpose of marriage" (McKay) and after years of pleading prayers and proving worthy and still no children, the account in Genesis says: "When Rachel saw that she bare Jacob no children, (in desperation) she said unto Jacob: "'give me children or I die!'" And finally Joseph was born to Rachel. And although she enjoyed him in this life for but a few short years, the impact of her influence remained to bless him forever. He also had been taught that nothing

is too hard for the Lord. He also became one of your ancestors.

I don't suppose when he was put entirely on his own at the tender age of seventeen, that he thought he might become the great ideal of glorious manhood for all times and places, one to whom both his descendants and his ancestors would point to with pride--because of his spotless moral purity --when he put the temptress immediately and firmly in her place, stating: "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" I, the son of Jacob (Royal House of Israel) grandson of Isaac, great-grandson of Abraham to whom the promises were given "in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Not only my ancestors but my descendants also rely on me -and so does the Lord - I hold His priesthood; I am called of Him; He is counting on me! Was not that Joseph's thinking and acting?

Of far more importance to Joseph than his high calling as the great ruler in Egypt when Egypt almost controlled the world--was his calling to be an exemplary member of his family -with the privilege of saving his father and brothers in a time of dire need. He not only became your ancestor but he became the ancestor of the Prophet Joseph Smith. And because he was a Prophet, Seer, Revelator as well as the powerful ruler in Egypt, can't you imagine him humbly recording:

"Thus saith the Lord unto me..a choice seer will I raise up out of the fruit of thy loins (family) ..and unto him will I give power to bring forth my word unto the seed of thy loins" (more family).

And I can almost see him shed a few tears of joy and gratitude as he further recorded: "And his name shall be called after me (Joseph) and it shall be after the name of his father" (Joseph).

And perhaps he felt a wee bit of extra pride when he added: "And he shall be like unto me..." (and bring my people unto salvation--including us.)

Of course Joseph Smith, knowing the scriptures, knew of this great ancestor of his and he was like him. (how grateful we are that they both kept records of their lives--proudly!) Joseph Smith also had the conviction and courage to stand alone and be proved when he was very young. He too was ridiculed, rebuked, rejected, but all the more firmly declared to a critical world:

"I had actually seen a light and in the midst of that light I saw two personages and they did in reality speak to me..why persecute me for telling the truth...I have actually seen a vision...."

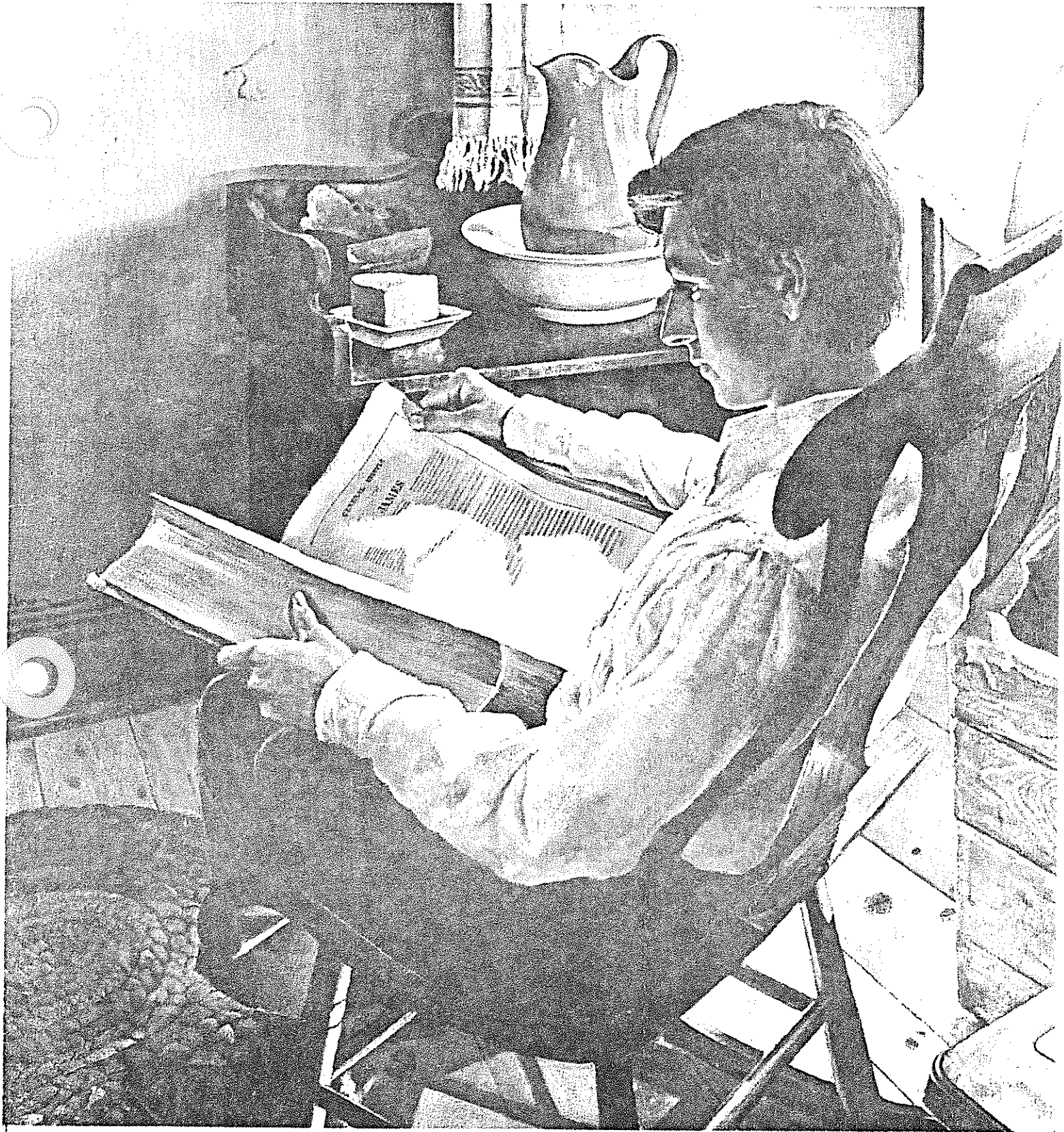
\* \* \* \* \*

The following section includes stories about the Prophet Joseph Smith.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the Angel Gabriel announced to Mary that she was to become the mother of the Son of God - and told her that Elizabeth was expecting, he also said to her: "For with God nothing shall be impossible. "(Luke 1:37)

Now for stories about Joseph Smith:



## Joseph Smith Seeks Wisdom in The Bible

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

*(James 1:5)*



STORIES about  
THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

When Joseph and Oliver got ready to translate the plates of the Book of Mormon, they had neither food to eat nor paper to write on. Joseph wrote to a friend, Mr. Joseph Knight, a prosperous farmer with whom he was acquainted and who had previously employed him and told him of his circumstances. Mr. Knight, grandfather of Uncle Jesse Knight (whose son married Jennie Brimhall, after whom Jennie Groberg was named)--Mr. Knight relates that when he received the letter, he consulted with his family about helping the boys "And they were all against me, as they did not know what it would amount to." But Mr. Knight decided to go ahead and help anyway. He relates that he bought a ream of lined paper, a small barrel of mackerel, and that he took them, with six or seven bushels of potatoes and eight or nine bushels of wheat, "down to the boys".

When he got to Joseph's house in Harmony he found that they "were out of provisions and in want." "They had been out looking for work that day," he said, "But had not found any." (Manuscript on file in the Church Historian's Library)

The Prophet of God, the greatest man then living in the world in my estimation, not knowing where the next meal was coming from. Consider that!

Elder Preston Nibley  
B.Y.U. December 3, 1958



David Whitmer tells a little story about Joseph Smith's humility (found in the History of the Reorganized Church, V. 4, p.37

"He, (Joseph) was x religious and straightforward", said David. "He had to be for he was illiterate and could do nothing of himself. He had to trust in God. He could not translate unless he was humble and possessed the right feelings towards everyone. To illustrate so you can see: One morning when he was getting ready to continue the translation, something went wrong about the house and he was put out about it; something that Emma, his wife, had done. Oliver and I went upstairs and Joseph came up soon after to continue the translation, but he could not do anything. He could not translate a single syllable. He went downstairs, out into the orchard, and made supplication to the Lord. He was gone about an hour; then he came back to the house and asked Emma's forgiveness and then came upstairs where we were and the translation went along all right. Joseph could do nothing save he was humble and faithful.

\* \* \* \* \*

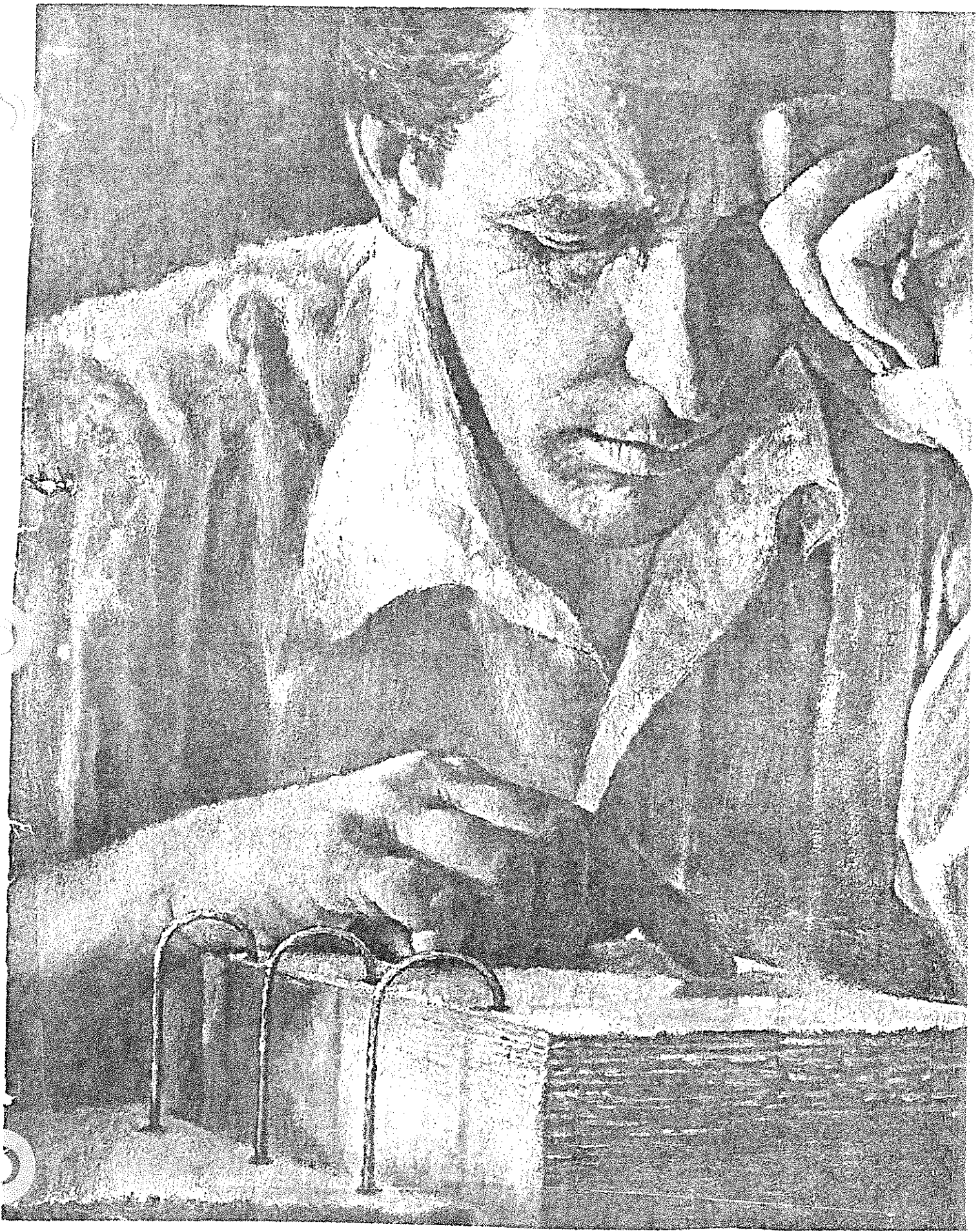
I want to say a word or two now about his ability as a public speaker--as a preacher of the Gospel. I believe that he was the greatest that we have ever had. When he stood before a congregation, the words of living light flowed from his lips and the people were taught and inspired. Lorin Farr, a Nauvoo pioneer, told me many years ago that he had never heard the Gospel preached in power, except by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

George Q. Cannon heard the Prophet speak at the April Conference in 1844. Of this sermon he wrote: "He chose for his subject the death of Elder King Follett, who had died a few days before, and he uplifted the souls of the congregation to a higher comprehension of the glory which comes to the faithful after death. His address ceased to be a mere eulogy of an individual and became a revelation of eternal truths concerning the glories of immortality. The address occupied three hours and a half in delivery and the multitude were held spell-bound by its power. It was as if the light of Heaven encircled his physical being. Those who heard that sermon never forgot its power. Those who live today, think of it as an exhibition of superhuman power and eloquence."

(Elder Preston Nibley  
at B.Y.U. December 3, 1958 -quoting  
Life of Joseph Smith by Cannon, p. 479.

\*\*\*\*\*

Said Wilford Woodruff at a Conference held in April, 1837: "The Prophet Joseph then arose and addressed the congregation for the space of three hours, clothed with the power, spirit and image of God--O that the record could be written as with an iron pen of the light, principles and virtue that came forth out of the mouth and heart of the Prophet Joseph whose soul, like Enoch's, seems wide as eternity...He is in very deed a Prophet of God."



Related by Parley P. Pratt

in his Autobiography, p. 298-9

"While visiting with brother Joseph in Philadelphia, a very large church was opened for him to preach in, and about three thousand people assembled to hear him. Brother Rigdon spoke first and dwelt on the Gospel, illustrating his doctrine by the Bible.

When he was through, brother Joseph arose like a lion about to roar; and being full of the Holy Ghost, spoke in great power, bearing testimony of the visions he had seen, the ministering of angels, which he had enjoyed; and how he had found the plates of the Book of Mormon and translated them by the gift and power of God.

He commenced by saying: 'If nobody else had the courage to testify of so glorious a message from Heaven, and of the finding of so glorious a record, he felt to do it in justice to the people, and to leave the event with God.'

The entire congregation were astounded, electrified, as it were, and overwhelmed with the sense of the truth and power by which he spoke, and the wonders which he related. A lasting impression was made. Many souls were gathered into the fold. And I bear witness that he, by his faithful and powerful testimony, cleared his garments of their blood.

Multitudes were baptized in Philadelphia and in the regions around while, at the same time, branches were springing up in Pennsylvania, in Jersey, and in various directions."

\* \* \* \* \*

Related by Parley P. Pratt

in his Autobiography, PP 210-11

"...when we arrived in Richmond as prisoners there were some fifty others..penned up in a cold, open, unfinished court house..they remained for some weeks..The Court of Inquiry..continued from 11th to 28th of November..a severe time of snow and winter weather..Elder Rigdon was taken very sick..compelled to sleep on the floor with a chain and padlock round his ankle and fastened to six others...

These guards were composed generally of the most noisy, foul-mouthed, vulgar, disgraceful rabble that ever defiled the earth... In one of those tedious nights we had lain as if in sleep till the hour of midnight had passed and our ears and hearts had been pained. while we had listened for hours to the obscene jests, the horrid oaths, the dreadful blasphemies and filthy language of our guards. ...I had listened till I became so disgusted, shocked, horrified

and so filled with the spirit of indignant justice that I could scarcely refrain from rising upon my feet and rebuking the guards but had said nothing to Joseph, or any one else, although I lay next to him and knew he was awake.

On a sudden he arose to his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, or as the roaring lion, uttering, as near as I can recollect the following words:

'Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk or you or I die this instant!'

He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without a weapon, calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground; whose knees smote together and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon and remained quiet till a change of guards.

I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in magisterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the Courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns; and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms; but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village of Missouri."

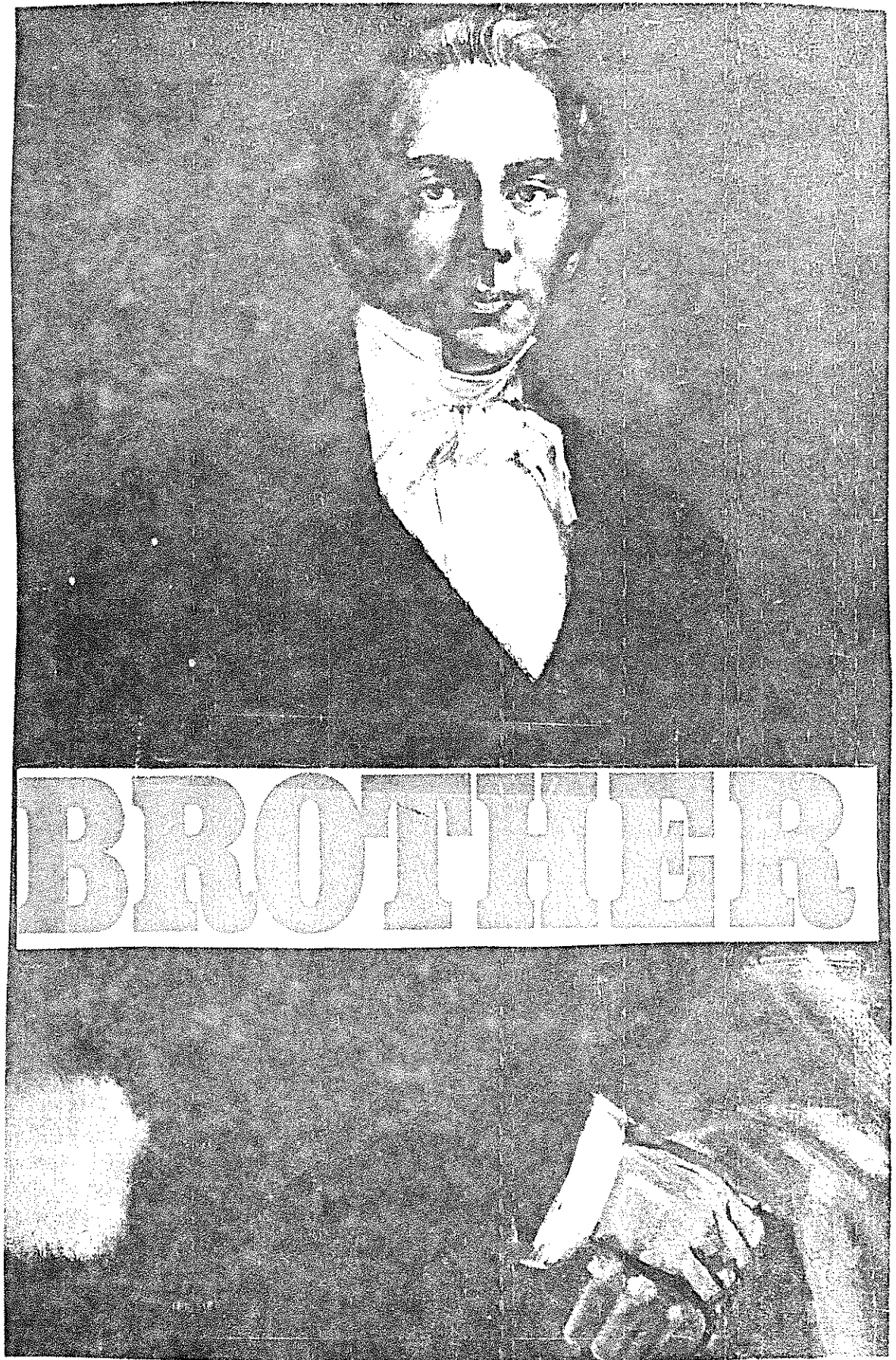
\* \* \* \*

Pres. Wilford Woodruff stated (Conf. Report, April 1898, p. 8) "The last speech that Joseph Smith ever made to the quorum of the Apostles was in a building in Nauvoo, and it was such a speech as I never heard from mortal man before or since. He was clothed upon with the Spirit and power of God. His face was clear as amber. The room was filled as with consuming fire. He stood three hours upon his feet. Said he: 'You Apostles of the Lamb of God have been chosen to carry out the purposes of the Lord on the earth. Now I have received, as the Prophet, Seer and Revelator, standing at the head of this dispensation, every key, every ordinance, every principle, and every priesthood that belongs to the last dispensation and fulness of times. And I have sealed all these things upon your heads.'"

Prior to this, Joseph had said: "I know not why but for some reason I am constrained to hasten my preparations, and to confer upon the Twelve all the ordinances, keys, covenants, and endowments, and sealing ordinances of the priesthood and so set before them a pattern in all things pertaining to the sanctuary and the endowment therein."

Having done so, he rejoiced exceedingly and said, "The Lord is about to lay the burden on your shoulders and let me rest awhile; and if they kill me, the kingdom of God will roll on, as I have now finished the work which was laid upon me, by committing to you all things for the building up of the kingdom according to the heavenly vision, and the pattern shown me from heaven." (Millennial Star, V. March, 1845, p. 151) quoted in Andrus-p. 108

Joseph Smith Jr.



**BROTHER**

**JOSEPH**

From Wilford Woodruff about Joseph Smith:

"..Joseph Smith visited me a great deal after his death and taught me many important principles. On one occasion he and his brother Hyrum visited me while I was in a storm at sea. I was going on my last mission to preside in England...We had been traveling three days and nights in a heavy gale and were being driven backwards. Finally I asked my companions to come into the cabin with me and I told them to pray that the Lord would change the wind. I had no fears of being lost but I did not like the idea of being driven back to New York as I wanted to go on my journey..when we got through we stepped on to the deck and in less than a minute it was as though a man had taken a sword and cut that gale through and you might have thrown a muslin handkerchief out and it would not have moved it. The night following this Joseph and Hyrum visited me and the Prophet laid before me a great many things. Among other things he told me to get the Spirit of God; that all of us needed it. He also told me what the twelve apostles would be called to go through on the earth before the coming of the Son of Man and what the reward of their labors would be; but all that was taken from me for some reason. Nevertheless it was most glorious, although much would be required at our hands.

Joseph Smith continued visiting myself and others up to a certain time and then it stopped. The last time I saw him was in <sup>in</sup> heaven. He came to me and spoke to me. He said he could not stop <sup>of</sup> to talk with me because he was in a hurry. ..I met Father Smith <sup>ter</sup> and..others..none could stop to talk with me because they were in a hurry. I was much astonished. By and by I saw the Prophet again and I got the privilege of asking him a question.

"Now," said I, "I want to know why you are in a hurry. I have been in a hurry all my life but I expected my hurry would be over when I got into the kingdom of heaven, if I ever did."

Joseph said: "I will tell you, Brother Woodruff. Every dispensation that has had the priesthood on the earth and has gone into the celestial kingdom has had a certain amount of work to do to prepare to go to the earth with the Savior when he goes to reign on the earth. Each dispensation has had ample time to do this work. We have not. We are the last dispensation and so much work has to be done and we need to be in a hurry in order to accomplish it."

Of course that was satisfactory, but it was new doctrine to me. (Discourses of W. Woodruff, pp. 288-9) Des. Wkly Oct. 19, 1896)

"I believe the eyes of the heavenly hosts are over this people; I believe they are watching the elders of Israel, the prophets and apostles and men who are called to bear off this kingdom. I believe they watch over us all with great interest...I have had many interviews with Brother Joseph until the last fifteen or twenty years of my life; I have not seen him for that length of time. But during my travels in the southern country last winter I had many interviews with President Young and with Heber C. Kimball and George A. Smith and Jedediah M. Grant and many others who are dead. They

attended our conference, they attended our meetings. And on one occasion, I saw Brother Brigham and Brother Heber ride in carriage ahead of the carriage in which I rode when I was on my way to attend conference and they were dressed in the most priestly robes. When we arrived at our destination I asked President Young if he would preach to us. He said, 'No, I have finished my testimony in the flesh. I shall not talk to this people any more.' 'But,' said he, 'I have come to see you; I have come to watch over you and to see what the people are doing.' Then said he, 'I want you to teach the people--and I want you to follow this counsel yourself--that they must labor and so live as to obtain the Holy Spirit, for without this you cannot build up the kingdom; without the spirit of God you are in danger of walking in the dark, and in danger of failing to accomplish your calling as apostles and as elders in the church and kingdom of God.' And, said he, 'Brother Joseph taught me this principle.'

And I will here say, I have heard him refer to that while he was living. But what I was going to say is this: the thought came to me that Brother Joseph had left the work of watching over this Church and kingdom to others and that he had gone ahead, and that he had left this work to men who have lived and labored with us since he left us. This idea manifested itself to me, that such men advance in the spirit world. And I believe myself that these men who have died and gone into the spirit world had this mission left with them; that is, a certain portion of them, to watch over the Latter-day Saints." (J.D. 21:317-318, Oct. 10, 1888-quoted in Discourses of W.W. pp 289-290)

\* \* \* \* \*

Regarding the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, Parley P. Pratt records: "1844...In the spring I went to Boston as a missionary and on business. I proclaimed the gospel as usual...Pres. B. Young and most of the members of the quorum of the Twelve were then on a mission through the Eastern States, as well as myself. While on this mission on the 27th of June, 1844, a mob murdered the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum in a jail at Carthage, Illinois, while Governor Ford had pledged the faith of the state for their protection.

A day or two previous to this circumstance I had been constrained by the Spirit to start prematurely for home, without knowing why or wherefore....I was passing on a canal boat..on my way to Nauvoo--my brother William Pratt on the same boat---as we conversed together..a strange and solemn awe came over me, as if the powers of hell were let loose. I was so overwhelmed with sorrow I could hardly speak and after pacing the deck for some time in silence, I turned to my brother William.."this is a dark hour; the powers of darkness seem to triumph..if you have any pamphlets or books on the fulness of the gospel, lock them up, show them not, neither open your mouth to the people; let us observe an entire and solemn silence for this is a dark day and the hour of triumph for the powers of darkness..." This was June 27, 1844, in the afternoon, and as near as I can judge, it was the same hour that the Carthage mob were shedding the blood of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and John Taylor, near one thousand miles distant.

..passing on to Buffalo I took steamer for Chicago, Illinois..Great excitement prevailed on board, there being a general spirit of exultation and triumph at this glorious news, as it was called...Many passengers now gathered about me and tauntingly inquired what the Mormons would do now, seeing their Prophet and leader was killed.

To these taunts and questions I replied that they would continue their mission and spread the work he had restored, in all the world. Observing that nearly all the prophets and Apostles who were before him had been killed, and also the Saviour of the world, and yet their death did not alter the truth nor hinder its final triumph. At this reply many of them seemed astonished and some inquired who would succeed him...

Landing in Chicago I found great excitement and the press had issued extras announcing the triumph of the murderous mob in killing the Smiths.

I now hastened on to Peoria and, staying over night, started next day on foot across the country to Nauvoo--distance 105 miles.

During the two or three days I spent in travelling between Chicago and Peoria I felt so weighed down with sorrow and the powers of darkness that it was painful for me to converse or speak to any one, or even to try to eat or sleep. I really felt that if it had been my own family who had died, and our beloved Prophet been spared alive, I could have borne it and the blow would have fallen on me with far less weight. I had loved Joseph with a warmth of affection indescribable for about fourteen years. I had associated with him in private and in public, in travels and at home, in joy and sorrow, in honor and dishonor, in adversity of every kind. With him I had lain in dungeons and in chains and with him I had triumphed over all our foes in Missouri and found deliverance for ourselves and people in Nauvoo where we had reared a great city. But now he was gone..and we and the Church of the Saints were left to mourn in sorrow and without the presence of our beloved founder and Prophet.

As I walked along over the plains of Illinois, lonely and solitary, I reflected as follows: I am now drawing near to the beloved city...How shall I meet the sorrowing widows and orphans? How shall I meet the aged and widowed mother of these two martyrs? How shall I meet an entire community bowed down with grief and sorrow unutterable?...With these reflections..and inquiries, I walked onward, weighed down as it were unto death.

When I could endure it no longer, I cried out aloud saying O Lord! in the name of Jesus Christ I pray Thee, show me what these things mean, and what I shall say to Thy people? On a sudden the Spirit of God came upon me and filled my heart with joy and gladness indescribable; and while the spirit of revelation glowed in my bosom with as visible a warmth and gladness as if it were fire, the Spirit said unto me: 'Lift up your head and rejoice for behold! it is well with my servants Joseph and



Hyrum. My servant Joseph still holds the keys of my kingdom in this dispensation and he shall stand in due time on the earth, in the flesh, and fulfil that to which he is appointed. Go and say unto my people in Nauvoo, that they shall continue to pursue their daily duties and take care of themselves and make no movement in Church government to reorganize or alter anything until the return of the remainder of the Quorum of the Twelve. But exhort them that they continue to build the House of the Lord which I have commanded them to build in Nauvoo.'

This information caused my bosom to burn with joy and gladness and I was comforted above measure; all my sorrow seemed in a moment to be lifted as a burthen from my back.

The change was so sudden I hardly dared to believe my senses; I, therefore, prayed the Lord to repeat to me the same things the second time if, indeed, I might be sure of their truth and might really tell the Saints to stay in Nauvoo, and continue to build the Temple.

As I prayed thus, the same spirit burned in my bosom and the Spirit of the Lord repeated to me the same message again. I then went on my way rejoicing and soon arrived in Nauvoo and delivered this message both to the people and friends individually and in the great congregation." (Autobiography pp 330-334) (excerpts)

\* \* \* \* \*

Apparently this spirit of assurance that all was well stayed with Elder Pratt and is re-expressed in an incident recorded in Church history, under date of October 6, 1845, General Conference-first held in the "House of the Lord in the City of Joseph" -Monday-p.m. session: (as recorded by clerks of the conference)

"..Whereupon Elder Parley P. Pratt addressed the conference on the subject of our present situation and prospects. He referred to the great amount of expense and labor we have been at to purchase lands, build houses, the Temple, etc. we might ask, why is it that we have been at all this outlay and expense and then are called to leave it? He would answer that the people of God always were required to make sacrifices and if we have a sacrifice to make he is in favor of its being something worthy of the people of God.

'We do not want to leave a desolate place, to be a reproach to us but something that will be a monument to those who may visit the place of our industry, diligence and virtue. There is no sacrifice required at the hands of the people of God but shall be rewarded to them an hundred fold, in time or eternity.

The Lord has another purpose to bring about and to fulfil. We know that the great work of God must all the while be on the increase and grow greater. The people must enlarge in number and extend their borders...The Lord designs to lead us to a wider field  
\*\*\*-(is this not fulfilled in Nauvoo Restoration, Monuments, etc.?)

of action where there will be more room for the saints to grow and increase..and where we can enjoy the pure principles of liberty and equal rights.....

One small nursery may produce many thousands of fruit trees while they are small. But as they expand towards maturity they must beeds be transplanted in order to have room to grow and produce the natural fruits. It is so with us...ask yourselves if you could be brought to endure and enjoy a celestial law without an experience of the kind we have passed through for the last fifteen years?

In short, this people are fast approaching that point which ancient prophets have long since pointed out as the destiny of the saints of the last days." (DHC VII: pp 463-4)

\* \* \* \* \*



JOSEPH SMITH

From an early Newspaper Illustration



"He then again related unto me all that he had related to me the previous night and commended me to go to my father and tell him of the vision and commandments which I had received. I obeyed; I returned to my father in the field and rehearsed the whole matter to him. He replied to me that it was of God and told me to go and do as commanded by the messenger.." (Joseph Smith 2: 49-50)



**A**  
JANUARY

Joseph and Hyrum blessing their father  
Joseph Smith 11

# WHAT IS COURAGE?

From a painting by  
William Whitaker



"Joseph said very decidedly, 'No, doctor, I will not be bound...I will have my father sit on the bed and hold me in his arms...Mother I want you to leave the room for I know you cannot bear to see me suffer so.

(from History of Joseph Smith by his mother...p. 57)

Joseph Smith 12

George Q. Cannon: "Think of what he passed through, think of his dauntless character..Did anyone ever see him falter? Did anyone ever see him flinch? He was like an angel of God among them.. the feeling of fear or trembling never crossed him."

\* \* \* \* \*

(Andrus and Barrett)Once a mob dragged Joseph out of his bed in Hiram, Ohio--one man openly boasted he could handle Joseph Smith himself. He and twenty others had hold of the Prophet and dragged him out of bed. Not gotten to the door when one man said: "Don't let him get his feet on the ground or he'll run over the whole bunch of us." Joseph Smith, getting his right leg free, kicked him in the face and knocked him sprawling clear out in the street. The next day (according to the report of George Albert Smith) a dent in the ground about a foot deep where the fellow hit -witnessed this.

\* \* \* \* \*

A young nineteen-year old admirer of Joseph Smith, Philemon Merrill, had gone with other loyal followers to rescue their Prophet from the hands of sheriffs Reynolds and Wilson. While returning to Nauvoo the company rested in a little grove of timber. One of the lawyers for the sheriff kidnappers boasted of his wrestling powers. He offered a wager that he could throw any man in Illinois. Stephen Markham, a bodyguard of Joseph and a huge man, also an experienced wrestler, took up the challenge. The boaster threw Stephen, and a tantalizing shout went up from the Prophet's enemies--as the taunts continued, Joseph Smith turned to young Merrill and said, "Get up and throw that man."

The boy was about to refuse, to excuse himself by saying he was not a wrestler, but the look in the Prophet's eye silenced his tongue. He arose to his feet filled with the strength of a Samson. Philemon lifted his arms and told the lawyer to take his choice of sides. The man took the left side with his right hand under which gave him a decided advantage. Merrill's friends protested--but young Philemon felt such confidence in the words of the Prophet that it made little difference to him how much advantage his antagonist took. As they began to grapple Joseph instructed him, "Philemon, when I count three, throw him!"

On the instant after the word of "three" dropped from the Prophet's lips, Merrill, with the strength of a giant, threw the lawyer over his left shoulder, and he fell striking his head upon the earth. Little wonder it is reported that "awe fell upon the opponents of the Prophet and there were no more challenges to wrestle during the journey."

\* \* \* \* \*

(Barrett) Once while out soliciting funds, the Prophet Joseph chanced upon a large group of young men who were wrestling--a most popular sport in those days. You'll recall Abraham Lincoln was fond of wrestling and very good at it, too.

Among the Nauvoo boys was a big burly chap from LaHarpe. He had thrown every young fellow in the crowd.

The Prophet greeted the crowd, passed his hat around for his true and tried friend Port (for whom he was collecting) and then went into the ring to join the boys in their games. The Nauvoo boys invited him to throw the champion from LaHarpe. The conqueror of all the other young men was eager to meet the Prophet in a tussle. He seemed to feel confident of throwing him. He never knew that only one man ever claimed to have thrown Joseph. The Prophet Joseph was willing to accommodate him and the grapple began. The first pass the LaHarpe boy made, Joseph wheeled him around, took him by the collar and the seat of his trousers and walked over to a ditch and threw him in. Then reaching down his hand he helped the wet and muddy champion up, and smiling his most contagious smile, said: "You must not mind this. When I am with the boys I make all the fun I can for them."

Could you help admiring a man like that?

\* \* \* \* \*

(Barrett) Once while traveling through a mountainous region in a stagecoach enroute to Washington D.C. (in hope of getting help) the driver of the stage left the team to get some liquor at a mountain tavern. During his absence, the horses became frightened and ran down the steep, narrow and winding road at full speed. The coach was crowded with passengers, some of whom were members of Congress. There were three ladies besides them in the coach. One can easily visualize the fright and excitement within the coach. The Prophet tried to calm his fellow passengers, but in vain. One woman was so beside herself with fear that she attempted to throw her baby out of the stage window.

Then the Prophet Joseph opened the door and securing his hold on the side of the swaying coach, with his great strength, nerve and cool head, climbed up into the driver's seat. It was only a matter of moments until he stopped the maddened steeds.

The passengers were lavish with their thanks and praise. They thought his deed most heroic. The members of Congress suggested that the incident be mentioned in that body of the lawmakers, for such a daring deed deserved public recognition. But when they learned that the hero and savior of their lives was Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, he heard no more of their praise, gratitude, or promise of reward

\* \* \* \* \*

From Ensign, January, 1971 p. 38:

"One evening in the summer of 1837 two travelers drove into a little town in Ohio and stopped at the House of a friend for supper. A hostile crowd gathered outside and demanded the man of the house to bring out his guests. But instead of sacrificing his friends, the man led them out a back door to escape in the darkness. The two men did not go on the highway but took to the woods and swamps. Only a short time had passed when one began to falter. Sickness and fright

had robbed him of strength. The other man lifted the sick man upon his own broad shoulders and bore him with occasional rests, on through the swamp and darkness. Several hours later they reached safety.

The man whose devotion to his friend led him to undertake this task and whose Herculean strength permitted him to accomplish it was Joseph Smith."

\* \* \* \* \*

A little man, Dan Jones, owned and operated the famous river boat, "Maid of Iowa". He had conveyed hundreds of English converts up the river to Nauvoo but it seems he had not been interested enough in the new religion to investigate. Then one day as the converts were leaving his boat and were being welcomed by the Prophet and others at the wharf at Nauvoo, little Dan, standing off by himself and watching the scene, was surprised to see the Prophet walk over to him. The attention of the converts and others was drawn to the Prophet. They saw him pat Dan Jones on the head and heard him say, "God bless this little man!"

Dan Jones never forgot those few words of praise. Five little words uttered from the soul of the man of God led Dan to investigate the Church and from that hour on followed Joseph Smith with a loyalty and devotion seldom seen in the lives of men. He was in Carthage Jail the night before the martyrdom. He courageously replied to the question asked him by his beloved leader, "Are you afraid to die?" "Engaged in such a cause I do not think that death would have many terrors." Then his very spine tingled as he heard Joseph prophesy:

You will yet see Wales and fulfill the mission appointed you before you die." Did he fulfill that mission? Indeed! No man ever took a mission so seriously nor did any so devote themselves to the cause of building God's kingdom as did Dan Jones. Thousands heard his message and hundreds came into the Church thru his own personal ministrations. Always he declared:

"I have come in obedience to the counsel of the martyred Prophet as a messenger to my native land to bear testimony of the work for which his brother Hyrum died and which he sealed with his own blood."

\* \* \* \* \*

(Andrus, p. 6-7) Joseph was at the home of his parents when a large body of armed men came to the door and eight of their officers entered the house stating they had come to "kill Joe Smith and all the Mormons". ...After some further comments Joseph arose from his writing table and was introduced by his mother. As they stared at him he smiled and stepping towards them gave each of them his hand in a manner which convinced them that he was neither a guilty criminal nor yet a hypocrite. He then sat down and explained to them the attitude of the Saints and what their course had been amid the difficulties that had been heaped upon them. After talking to them for some time he turned and said, "Mother, I believe I will go home now-- Emma will be expecting me." At this two of the officers sprang to



their feet and suggested that he should not go alone and that they would attend him in order to protect him. As the three men left the house, Mother Smith overheard the following conversation among the officers who remained at the door:

1st Officer: "Did you not feel strangely when Smith took you by the hand? I never felt so in my life."

2nd Officer: "I could not move. I would not harm a hair of that man's head for the whole world."

3d Officer: "This is the last time you will catch me coming to kill Joe Smith or the Mormons either."

1st Officer: "I guess this is about my last expedition against this place. I never saw a more harmless, innocent-appearing man than the Mormon Prophet."

Because of the Prophet's striking figure and personality, many people immediately recognized him upon seeing him, without an introduction.....Mary Alice Lambert also said:

I knew him the instant my eyes rested upon him and at that moment I received my testimony that he was a Prophet of God for I never had such a feeling for mortal man as thrilled my being when my eyes first rested upon Joseph Smith. He was not pointed out to me. I knew him from all the other men and child that I was (I was only fourteen) I knew that I saw a Prophet of God." (Young Woman's Journal, XVI, p. 554.)

\* \* \* \* \*

(Andrus, pp. 131-2) The Prophet lived for a time in part of Newel K. Whitney's house. One evening several friends called on him. ..and as they were gathered together he suggested they hold a meeting. Sister Elizabeth Rollins Lightner says of it:

After prayer and singing Joseph began talking. He began very solemnly and very earnestly. Suddenly, his countenance changed and he stood mute; he seemed almost transfixed. He was looking ahead and his face outshone the candle which was on a shelf just behind him. I thought I could almost see the cheek bones. He looked as though a searchlight was inside his face. I never saw anything like it on earth. I could not take my eyes away from him. I shall remember him as he looked then as long as I live.

After a short time he looked at us very solemnly, as if to pierce each heart, then said, 'Brothers and Sisters, do you know who has been in your midst this night?'

One of the Smith family said, "An angel of the Lord."  
Joseph did not answer. Martin Harris was sitting at the Prophet's feet on a box. He slid to his knees, clasped his arms around the Prophet's knees and said, "I know, it was our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Joseph put his hand on Martin's head and answered, "Martin, God revealed that to you. Brothers and Sisters, the Saviour has been in your midst this night. I want you to remember it. He cast a veil over your eyes for you could not endure to look upon Him. You must be fed with milk and not meat. I want you to remember this as if it were the last thing that escaped my lips."

\* \* \* \*

History of the Church II, pp. 25-6: Joseph's entry in his journal:

In the afternoon, Elder William Weeks (whom I had employed as architect of the Temple) came in for instruction. I instructed him in relation to the circular windows designed to light the offices in the dead work of the arch between stories. He said that round windows in the broad side of a building were a violation of all the known rules of architecture and contended that they should be semicircular--that the building was too low for round windows. I told him I would have the circles, if he had to make the Temple ten feet higher than it was originally calculated; that one light at the centre of each circular window would be sufficient to light the whole room; that when the whole building was thus illuminated, the effect would be remarkably grand. "I wish you to carry out my designs. I have seen in vision the splendid appearance of that building illuminated and will have it built according to the pattern shown me."

D.&C. 135; Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it...brought forth the Book of Mormon...sent the fulness of the everlasting gospel to the four quarters of the earth..gathered many thousands of Latter-day Saints, ..He lived great and he died great in the eyes of God and his people and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his works with his own blood...."

Andrus: Joseph Smith, the Man and the Seer, p. 114-5):

Said Anson Call who was present at the time:

"I had before seen him in a vision and now saw while he was talking his countenance change to white; not the deadly white of a bloodless face, but a living, brilliant white. He seemed absorbed in gazing at something at a great distance and said: 'I am gazing upon the valleys of those mountains.' This was followed by a vivid description of the scenery of these mountains, as I have since become acquainted with it. Pointing to Shadrach Roundy and others, he said: 'There are some men here who shall do a great work in that land.' Pointing to me, he said, 'There is Anson, he shall go and shall assist in building up cities from one end of the country to the other, and you (rather extending the idea to all those he had spoken of) shall perform as great a work as has been done by man, so that the nations of the earth shall be astonished, and many of them will be gathered in that land and assist in building cities and temples and Israel shall be made to rejoice.

It is impossible to represent in words this scene which is still vivid in my mind, of the grandeur of Joseph's appearance, his beautiful descriptions of this land and his wonderful prophetic utterances as they emanated from the glorious inspiration that overshadowed him. There was a force and power in his exclamations of which the following is but a faint echo: 'Oh, the beauty of those snow-capped mountains! The cool refreshing streams that are running down through those mountain gorges!' Then gazing in another direction, as if there was a change of locality. 'Oh, the scenes that this people will pass through! The dead that will lay between here and there.' Then turning in another direction as if the scene had again changed: 'Oh the apostasy that will take place before my brethren reach that land! But,' he continued, 'the priesthood shall prevail over its enemies, triumph over the devil and be established upon the earth, never more to be thrown down!' He then charged us with great force and power to be faithful to those things that had been and should be committed to our charge with the promise of all the blessings that the Priesthood could bestow. 'Remember these things and treasure them up. Amen.'"



Many related by Ivan J. Berrett at B.Y.U., some by Hyrum Andrus --and others:

The Mormon Prophet fully exemplified the teachings and example of Christ in his conduct toward little children. Mosiah Hancock said, "It was the disposition of the Prophet when he saw little children in the mud to take them up in his arms and wash the mud from their bare feet with his handkerchief." Not only did he minister to their needs but he also blessed them, as Joseph F. Smith later reported, saying, "He never saw a child but he desired to take it up and bless it and many he did so bless, taking them in his arms and upon his knees.

(Andrus): "Joseph was noted particularly for demonstrating his caring and familiarity with children and he never seemed to feel that he was losing any of his honor or dignity in doing so. Often, when he heard the cry of a child he would rush out of the house to see if it was harmed. {He was so fond of children' said Joseph F. Smith, 'that he would go far out of his way to speak to a little one.

One of the Prophet's young acquaintances later reported that he was a 'great favorite among the children' and added, 'I have known him many times to stop as he passed the playgrounds, when we were out of school and shake hands with the girls and play a game of marbles with the boys.

L.O. Littlefield said: 'He was naturally fond of the young- especially the little children. He did not like to pass a child, however small, without speaking to it. He has been known to actually cross a street if he saw a child alone on the opposite side, to speak to it or to inquire if it had lost its way.'

An early convert also recalled: 'In Kirtland when wagon loads of grown people and children came in from the country to meeting, Joseph would make his way to as many of the wagons as he could and cordially shake the hand of each person. Every child and young babe in the company were especially noticed by him and tenderly taken by the hand, with his kind words and blessings. He loved innocence and purity and he seemed to find it in the greatest perfection with the prattling child.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Once his enemies were threatening him with violence. He was told that quite a number of little children were then gathered together praying for his safety. To this he commented: "Then I need have no fear! I am safe."

\* \* \* \*

Heber C. Kimball reported: (Andrus book) "Joseph wept like a child on hearing this simple narrative and its application..."

(next page)

In a theological school held in Kirtland, 1834 Heber C. Kimball related this: His little daughter had broken a saucer and for the act was promised a whipping to be administered by her mother when she returned from a visit on which she was just starting. While her mother was away, the girl went out under an apple tree and prayed that her mother's heart might be softened so that the promised punishment might not be administered. Mrs. Kimball was very careful to fulfill her promises to her children, but upon returning she had no disposition to chastise her child. Later the child told her mother that she had prayed to God that she might not receive the whipping."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Prophet enjoyed telling jokes, leading songs such as "Soldiers Dream", "Last Rose of Summer" -making up couplets -he was very sociable, cheerful, kind and obliging and very hospitable, very loving.

A man, high in the Church, became ill, disaffected and testified against the Prophet and moved away but decided to come back and hoped to be forgiven by Joseph. As he approached Joseph saw him coming and met him at the gate. Catching him in his arms, Joseph exclaimed: "O Brother, how glad I am to see you" and they wept on each other's shoulders like children."

"Friendship is like one of the grand, fundamental principles of Mormonism."

Waiting with George Albert Smith to see a gentleman, Joseph threw his arms around George and said, "George A. I love you as I love my own life." At another time when George A. was very ill with inflammatory rheumatism, Joseph said, "George A., Never get discouraged. Why, if I were on Nova Scotia in a pit with the Rocky Mountains piled on top of me, I'd exercise faith, show good courage, and I'd come out on top."

He told Brigham and Joseph Young concerning those who died in Zion's Camp: "Brethren, I have seen those men who died of the cholera in our camp and the Lord knows if I get a mansion as bright as theirs, I ask no more." As he related this vision he wept and for some time could not speak.

After beholding the twelve apostles of this dispensation rise by their faithfulness to the Celestial Kingdom and to their reward therein, the Prophet beheld that "...there Father Adam stood and opened the gate to them and as they entered, he embraced them one by one and kissed them. He then led them to the throne of God and then the Savior embraced each one of them and kissed them, and crowned each one of them in the presence of God...The impression this vision left on Brother Joseph's mind was of so acute a nature that he never could refrain from weeping while rehearsing it. (H.C. Kimball by Whitney, IX, p. 130-also History of Ch. II p.38)

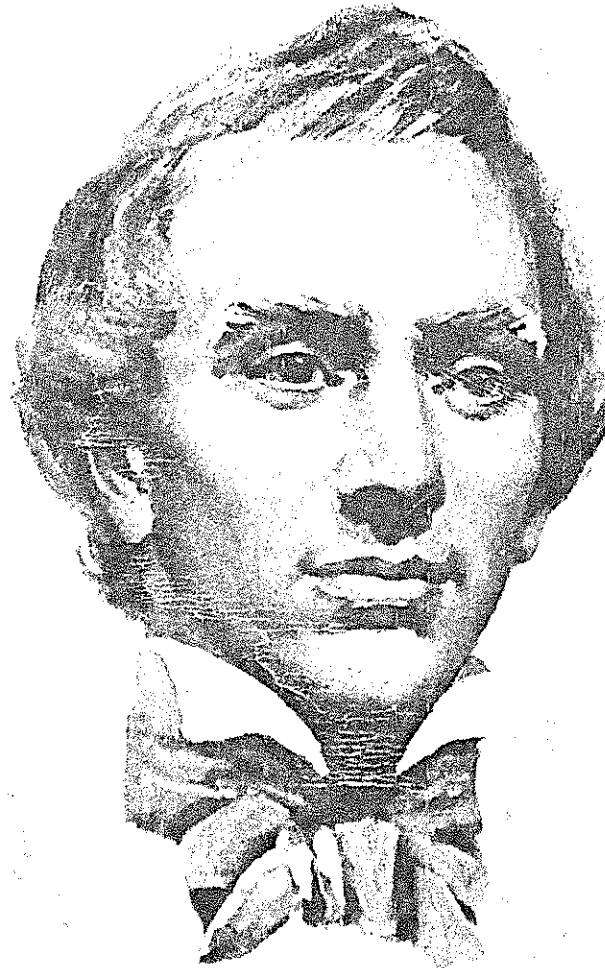
In the fall of 1830 he had sent four young elders as missionaries to the indians who were living on the fringe of the nation. On their way, the missionaries preached the gospel to the people in and around Kirtland, Ohio. Many were converted.. well over a thousand. Among those brought into the Church were some who were to be prominent as leaders --such men as Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, Orson Hyde and Newell K. Whitney. These new members were hoping and praying for the Prophet's coming to Ohio. Their prayers were soon answered for about the first of February, 1831, he drove into Kirtland and stopped in front of the Gilbert and Whitney Mercantile Store. He sprang from the sleigh, walked up the steps and into the store. Walking up to the junior partner of the concern he extended his arm and said, as if addressing an old familiar acquaintance, "Newell K. Whitney, Thou art the man!"

The merchant was too astonished to speak for a few moments. He had never seen this handsome stranger before. At length his speech came to him, "Stranger," he confessed, "You have the advantage of me. I cannot call you by name as you have me."

"I am Joseph, the Prophet" spoke the stranger, smiling. "You have prayed me here, now what do you want of me?"

\* \* \*

A modern  
artistic  
conception of  
the Prophet  
Joseph Smith  
\*\*\*  
B.Y.U. Studies  
Spring 1969



Joseph Smith 21

When the saints had been driven from Missouri and began to settle in Illinois, Joseph... "visited around from house to house among the saints to see how they were situated and gave words of strength and encouragement to them..when informed some time later that a brother who lived some distance from Nauvoo had had his house burned down, nearly everyone present expressed sympathy for the man. But Joseph put his hand in his pocket, took out five dollars and said, "I feel sorry for this brother to the amount of five dollars; how much do you feel sorry?"

\* \* \* \* \*

He once sat down to a scanty meal of corn bread and prayed: "Lord, we thank thee for this johnny cake and ask thee to send us something better. Amen." Before the bread was eaten, a man came to the door and said, "I have brought you some flour and a ham." The Prophet said: "I knew the Lord would answer my prayer."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Joseph was endeavoring to build the Kirtland Temple, several of the brethren rebelled against him, including his brother William. The Prophet called a meeting to consider the matter. Daniel Tyler, who was there, reported: "I perceived sadness in his countenance and tears trickling down his cheeks... a few moments later a hymn was sung and he opened the meeting by prayer. Instead, however, of facing the audience, he turned his back and bowed upon his knees, facing the wall..to hide his sorrow and tears..that prayer, that the Lord would forgive them and open their eyes that they might see aright..that prayer, I say, to my humble mind, partook of the learning and eloquence of heaven.. There was no ostentation, no raising of the voice as by enthusiasm, but a plain conversational tone, as a man would address a present friend. It appeared to me as though, in case the veil were taken away, I could see the Lord standing facing his humblest of all servants. It was the crowning..of all prayers I ever heard." (Instructor, XXVII, p. 129)

\* \* \* \* \*

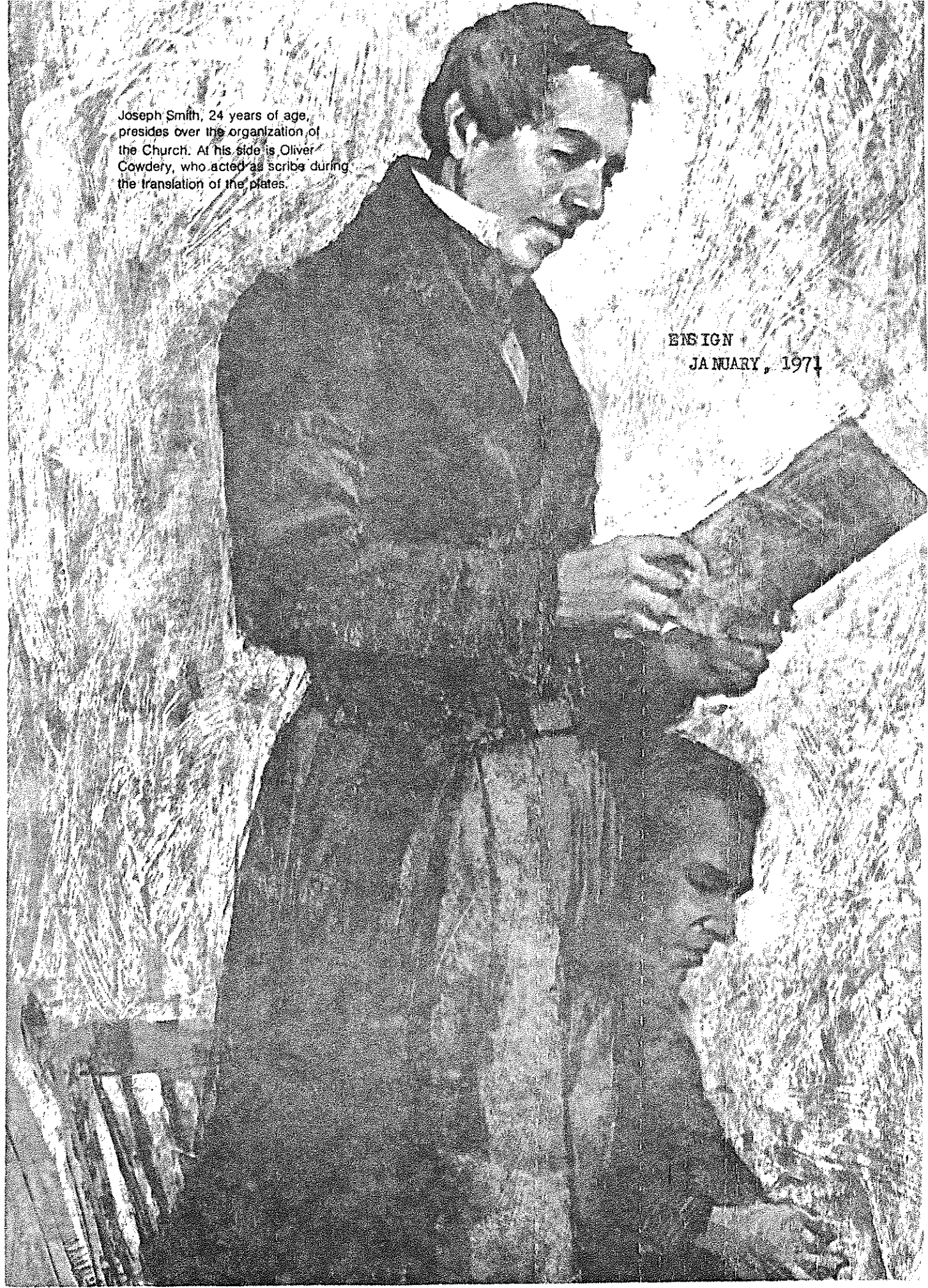
Newell Knight reported when Hyrum Page was leading some church members astray, even Oliver Cowdery and the Whitmer family had given heed to him, "That night I occupied the same room that he did and the greater part of the night was spent in prayer and supplication."

The following day, Joseph received a revelation reproving and correcting those in error. Newell Knight wrote: "It was wonderful to witness the wisdom that Joseph displayed on this occasion... none who saw him administer righteousness under such trying circumstances, could doubt that the Lord was with him, as he acted, not with the wisdom of man but with the wisdom of God..." (Journal History, Sept. 26, 1830)

\* \* \* \* \*

Joseph Smith, 24 years of age, presides over the organization of the Church. At his side is Oliver Cowdery, who acted as scribe during the translation of the plates.

ENIGN  
JANUARY, 1974





A Methodist minister, visiting in Nauvoo, said to the Prophet: "I suppose none but Mormon preachers are allowed in Nauvoo."

To which the Prophet replied: "Happy to have you address my people next Sunday."

The Minister asked, "I can say anything I please and you will make no reply?"

"If I judge best I may add a word or two but I will be most respectful to you." The Minister worried about that so the Prophet said, "Well, you shall say all you want to say to my people and I will promise to hold my tongue (say nothing) for there's not a Mormon among them who would need any assistance to answer you."

The Minister wanted to get even for that and said, "I told my congregation (referring to some erroneous doctrine) that they might as well believe Joe Smith as such theology as that"

The Prophet said, "Did you say Joe Smith in a sermon?"

"Of course I did. Why not?"

"Considering only the day and the place, it would have been more respectful to have said Lieutenant General Joseph Smith."

\* \* \* \* \*

Quoted in Hyrum Andrus' book: Joseph Smith, Man and Seer:

"During the day our sons would endeavor to get thru their work as early as possible and say, 'Mother, have supper early so we can have a long evening to listen to Joseph'.....Joseph would occasionally give us some of the most amusing recitals that could be imagined. He would describe the ancient inhabitants of this continent, their dress, mode of traveling, and the animals upon which they rode; their cities, their buildings, with every particular; their mode of warfare; and also their religious worship. This he would do with as much ease, seemingly, as if he had spent his whole life among them." (related by his mother)

\* \* \* \* \*

Some visitors in Palmyra were asked "Why didn't some folks like Smith?"

The answer given was: "To tell the truth, there was something about him they could not understand, some way he knew more than they did, and it made them mad."

\* \* \* \* \*

"He was visited constantly by angels..not only did Moroni appear unto the Prophet from time to time, but other heavenly beings visited him (Nephi, Alma, etc.) before he was privileged to obtain the plates..." (George Q. Cannon)

"When Joseph Smith was raised up as a Prophet of God, Mormon, Moroni, Nephi and others of the ancient prophets who formerly lived on this continent..came to him and communicated to him certain principles pertaining to the gospel...If you were to ask Joseph what sort of a looking man Adam was, he would tell you at once; he would tell you his size and appearance and all about him!"(J. Taylor) The Prophet said his older brother Alvin "was a very handsome man, surpassed by none other but Adam and Seth, and of great strength." (Section 128 tells of visits with Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, etc.)

"The principles which he had placed him in communication with the Lord and not only with the Lord but with the ancient apostles and prophets; such men, for instance, as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Noah, Adam, Seth, Enoch and Jesus and the Father and the apostles that lived on this continent as well as those who lived on the Asiatic continent...he seemed to be as familiar with these people as we are with one another." (John Taylor)

\* \* \* \* \*

Wilford Woodruff: "There is not so great a man as Joseph standing in this generation. The gentiles look upon him and he is like a bed of gold concealed from human view. They know not his principles, his spirit, his wisdom, his virtues, his philanthropy, nor his calling. His mind, like Enoch's expands as eternity and only God can comprehend his soul."

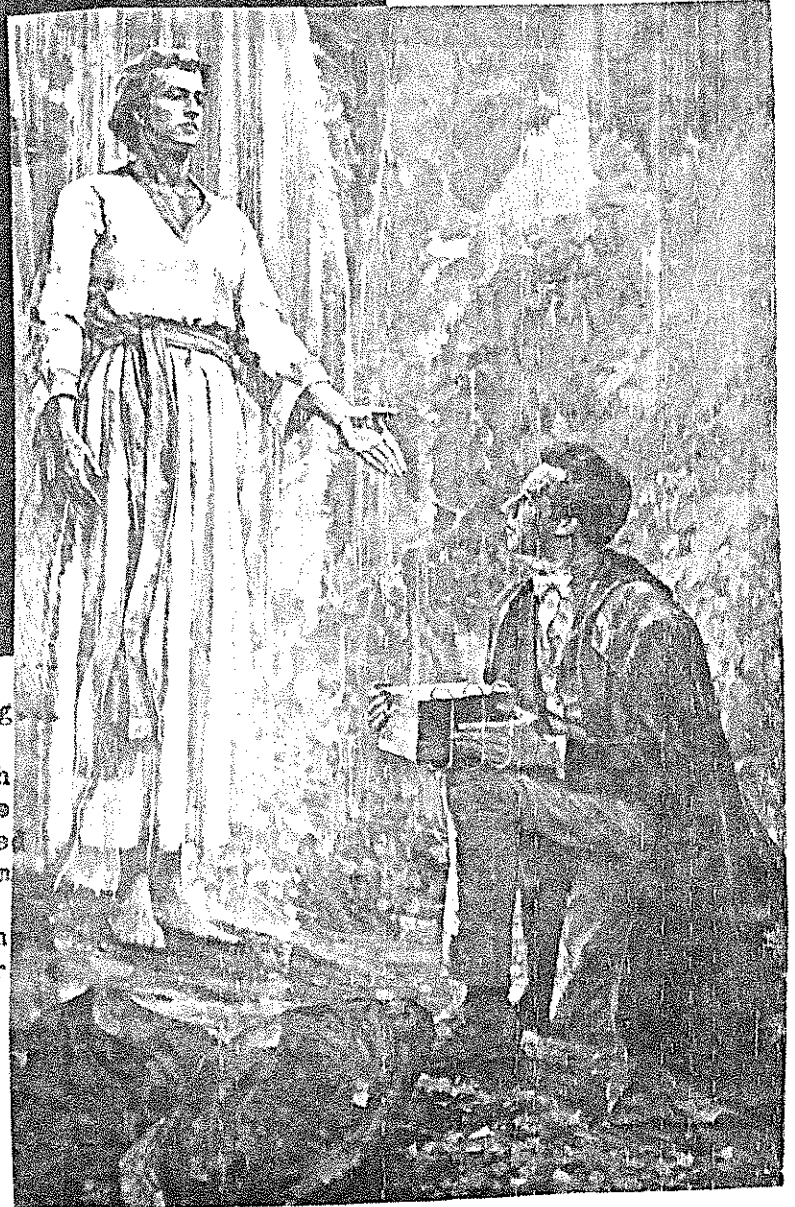


Joseph Smith 26



Joseph Smith 2:33-etc.

"He called me by name and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do..He said there was a book... written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent..the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was in it, and two stones ..of translating...He quoted prophecies...Elijah shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so the whole earth would



be utterly wasted at his coming..Accordingly, as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year and at each time I found the same messenger there and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews respecting what the Lord was going to do and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days..."



Joseph Smith 2:72-3: "The messenger who visited us on this occasion and conferred this Priesthood upon us said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptism in the New Testament and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James and John, who held the keys of the Priesthood of Melchizedek, which Priesthood..in due time be conferred on us."



D.&C. 128:19: "Now what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness! A voice of mercy from heaven; and a voice of truth out of the earth...a voice of gladness for the living and the dead; glad tidings of great joy....The voice of Peter, James and John ..on the Susquehanna river..deckring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom and of the dispensation of the fulness of times.."



THE THREE WITNESSES  
AND LATER  
THE EIGHT WITNESSES

THE THREE WITNESSES TO THE BOOK OF MORMON

Copyright 1957 by Glenn E. Nielson, Trustee-in-trust for the Cody Ward. Reproduced by permission. Detail from Murals by Edward T. Grigware

U.S.A. by Wheelwright Co. for

# Presidents of the Church

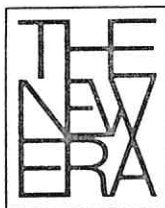




"I know that  
Jesus Christ  
is the Son of  
the living God  
and that he was crucified for  
the sins of the world.

He is my friend, my Savior,  
my Lord, my God."

*James M. Smith*



December 1979





“My Friend,  
My Savior, My Lord,  
My God”



Latter-day prophets bear testimony of Jesus Christ



Upon arising, a glorious vision was opened to both of them:

“We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber.

“His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah saying:

“I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father.” (D&C 110:2-4.)

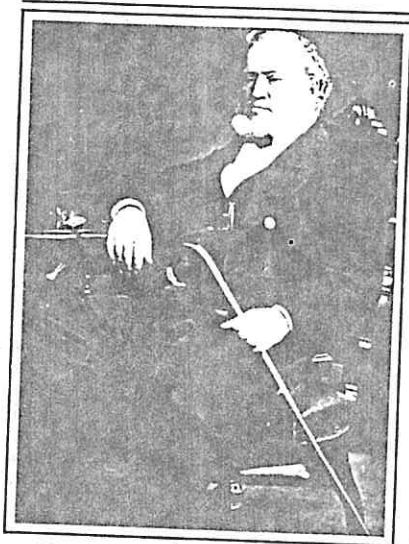
*Joseph Smith, Jr.*

It was a Sabbath afternoon. After helping to distribute the sacrament (having participated in it with the Quorum of the Twelve), Joseph Smith retired to the pulpit of the Kirtland Temple, behind veils. There he and Oliver Cowdery knelt in solemn, silent prayer.

This is just one of several instances of recorded testimony from the Prophet Joseph attesting to the fact that he received personal visitations from the Savior. Such visitations surely blessed the entire world, for they led to the full restoration of the Church of Jesus Christ in this dispensation, the restitution of all things spoken of by the

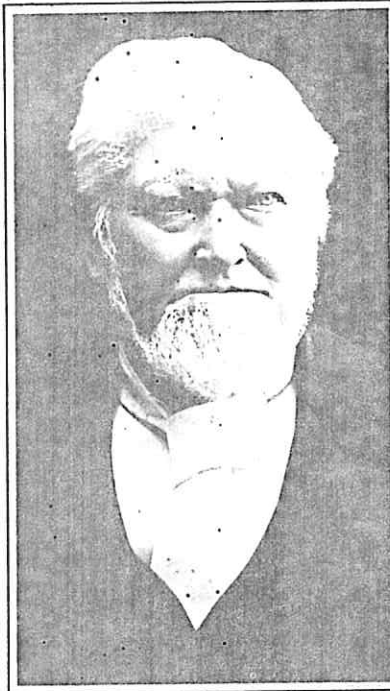
apostle Peter.

But personal knowledge of the Savior did not end with the death of Joseph. From the beginning of the final dispensation to the present day, each president of the Church has borne witness that Christ lives.



*Brigham Young*  
“I can bear testimony that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true, and the word of the Lord, wheth-

source. When he cast out devils it was imputed to the power of Beelzebub, the prince of devils. When he opened the eyes of the blind they said: "Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner." This unpopularity followed the Lord Jesus Christ to the cross where he gave up the ghost. Now, the inhabitants of Judah had an idea that if they could only put to death the Messiah, that that would end his mission and work on the earth. Vain hope of that generation as well as this! When they led Jesus to the cross, the very moment that spirit departed from that sorrowful tabernacle, it held the keys of the kingdom of God in all of its strength and power and glory the same as he had done while in the body. And while the body lay in the tomb, Jesus of Nazareth went and preached to the spirits in prison, and when his mission was ended there, his spirit returned

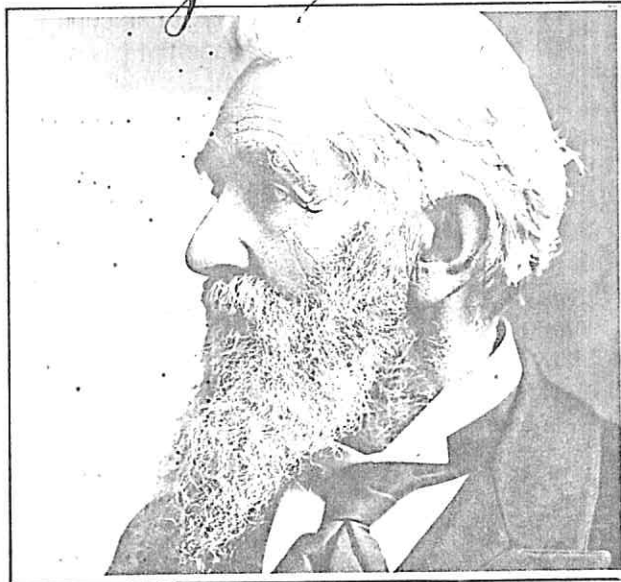


again to his tabernacle. Did the Jews kill the principles he taught? No. He burst the bonds of death, he conquered the tomb, and came forth with an immortal body filled with glory

and eternal life, holding all the powers and keys he held while in the flesh. Having appeared to some of the holy women and the apostles, he then went and administered to the Nephites upon this continent, and from here he went to the ten tribes of Israel, and delivered to them the gospel, and when they return they will bring the history of the dealings of Jesus of Nazareth with them, while in his immortal body. The same unpopularity followed the twelve apostles. Some of them were sawn asunder, others were beheaded, crucified, etc. But did the Jews destroy the principles they taught? Did they destroy the keys of the kingdom of God? No, verily no. They had no power over these things any more than they had power over the throne of God, or God Himself." (*Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, ed. G. Homer Durham [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1946], pp. 26-27.)

"Some two or three years after I was baptized, one day while engaged in my studies, I began to reflect upon the fact that I had not obtained a knowledge of the truth of that work—that I had not realized the fulfillment of that promise, 'he that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine,' and I began to feel very uneasy. I laid aside my books, left the house, and wandered around through the fields under the oppressive influence of a gloomy, disconsolate spirit, while an indescribable cloud of darkness seemed to envelop me. I had been accustomed, at the close of day, to retire for secret prayer, to a grove a short distance from my lodgings, but at this time I felt no inclination to do so. The spirit of prayer had departed and the heavens seemed like brass over my head. At length, realizing that the usual time had

*Lenzo Snow*



come for secret prayer, I concluded I would not forgo my evening service, and, as a matter of formality, knelt as I was

in the habit of doing, and in my accustomed, retired place, but not feeling as I was wont to feel. "I had no sooner opened my

er written or spoken, is true.

"Permit me to ask a question. Who are the individuals upon the face of the earth that can make this statement in truth? Who are the individuals that can say that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true and that he lives? Can the Christian world? They cannot. They may say they believe and have all confidence that Jesus lives; they may have all confidence in declaring that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true; they may firmly declare that the Bible (referring particularly to the New Testament) is true; that therein contained is the plan of

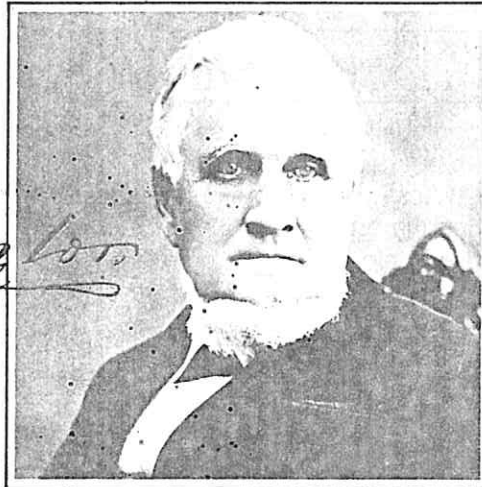
salvation, and [that it] is true. This they may declare in all good conscience and with all soberness.

"But let me ask, Where are the individuals that can say that they know that Jesus lives? And who are the individuals that can say that his gospel is true and is the plan of salvation to man? I will let Christendom answer this question for themselves; but to me it is certain, that *no man lives on the face of the earth, no woman lives, that can say this, except those to whom Christ has revealed himself.* (1 Cor. 2:1-16; 12:3.)

"Though others may say in good conscience they believe he lives—who knows the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ to be true? There is one class of people, and one only, that live upon the face of the earth, who do know it; and that class of men and women are those that keep his commandments and his will; none others can say it. None others can declare with boldness, and emphatically, that Jesus lives and that his gospel is true. (Joseph Fielding McConkie, comp., *Journal of Discourses Digest* [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1975], pp. 52-

8

*John Scudder*



"Paul, when speaking of Jesus Christ, gives us to understand that he is the Firstborn of every creature, for by him were all things made that were made, and to him pertain all things; he is the head of all things; he created all things, whether visible or invisible, whether they be principalities, powers, thrones, or dominions; all things were created by him and for him, and without

him was not anything made that was made. (Col. 1:13-19; Heb. 1:1-3; John 1:1-3; D&C 76:24).

"If all things were created by him and for him, this world on which we stand must have been created by him and for him; if so, he is its legitimate, its rightful owner and proprietor, its lawful sovereign and ruler. . . .

"He knows how to estimate and put a proper value upon hu-

man nature, for he having been placed in the same position as we are, knows how to bear with our weaknesses and infirmities; and he can fully comprehend the depth, power, and strength of the afflictions and trials that men have to cope with in this world, and thus understanding and by experience, he can be with them as a Father and an Elder Brother.

"It is necessary, also, inasmuch as we profess that we are aiming at the same glory, exaltation, power, and blessing in the eternal world, that we should pass through the same afflictions, endure the same privations, conquer as he conquered, and overcome as he did, and thus by integrity, truth, virtue, purity, and a high-minded and honorable course before God, angels, and men, secure for ourselves an eternal exaltation in the eternal world; he did." (*Digest*, p. 182).

*Willford Woodruff*

"When Jesus Christ came to the Jews he brought the everlasting gospel. He was one of the tribe of Judah himself. He came to his own father's house; he offered them life and salvation; yet he

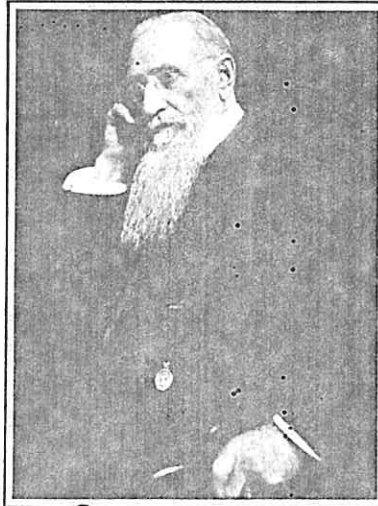
was the most unpopular man in all Judah. The high priests, the Saducees, the sectarians of the day, were the strongest enemies he had on earth. No matter what he did, it was imputed to an ev

lips in an effort to pray, than I heard a sound, just above my head, like the rustling of silken robes, and immediately the spirit of God descended upon me, completely enveloping my whole person, filling me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and O the joy and happiness I felt! No language can describe the almost instantaneous transition from a dense cloud of mental and spiritual darkness into a refulgence of light and knowledge that God lives, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and of the restoration of the Holy Priesthood, and the fulness of the Gospel. It was a complete baptism—a tangible immersion in the heavenly principle or element, the Holy Ghost; and even more real and physical in its effects upon every part of my system than the immersion by water; dispelling forever, so long as reason and memory last, all possibility of doubt or fear in relation to the fact handed down to us historically that the 'babe of Bethlehem' is truly the Son of God; and also the fact that He is now being revealed to the children of men, and communicating knowledge, the same as in the apostolic times. I was perfectly satisfied, as well I might be, for my expectations were more than realized; I think I may safely say, in an infinite degree.

"I cannot tell how long I remained in the full flow of the blissful enjoyment and divine enlightenment, but it was several minutes before the celestial element which filled and surrounded me began gradually to withdraw. On arising from my kneeling posture, with my heart swelling with gratitude to God, beyond the power of expression, I felt—I knew that he had conferred on me what only an

omnipotent being can confer—that which is of greater value than all the wealth and honors worlds can bestow. That night as I retired to rest, the same wonderful manifestations were repeated, and continued to be for several successive nights. The sweet remembrance of those glorious experiences, from

that time to the present, brings them fresh before me, imparting an inspiring influence which pervades my whole being, and I trust will to the close of my earthly existence." (Preston Nibley, *The Presidents of the Church* [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1974], pp. 139-140.)

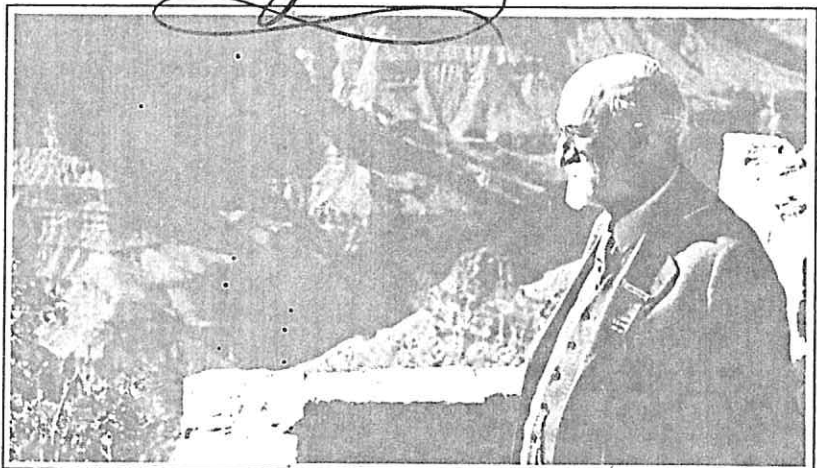


*Joseph F. Smith*

"I bear testimony to you, that I have received an assurance which has taken possession of my whole being. It has sunk deep into my heart; it fills every fibre of my soul; so that I say before this people, and would

be pleased to have the privilege of saying it before the whole world, that God has revealed to me that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the world. . . . I know, as I live, that this is true, and I bear my testimony to its truth. If it were the last words I should ever say on earth, I would glory before God my Father that I possess this knowledge in my soul. . . . I know that this is the kingdom of God, and that God is at the helm. He presides over his people. He presides over the President of this Church and has done from the Prophet Joseph . . . and He will continue to preside over the leaders of the Church until the winding-up scene." (Forace Green, comp., *Testimonies of Our Leaders* [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1958], p. 47.)

*Heber J. Grant*



I know that God lives, I know that Jesus is the Christ, I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, I know that the Gospel tree is alive, that it is growing, that the fruits of the Gospel growing upon the tree are good. I have reached out my hand, and have plucked the fruits of the Gospel, I have eaten of them and they are sweet, yea, above all that is sweet. That is the in-

piration that comes to every Latter-day Saint who realizes the force of this Gospel that we have espoused. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the plan of life and salvation. God lives; Jesus is the Christ, and He is the chief corner stone of this great work — He is directing it, and He will continue to direct it." (*Testimonies*, p. 50.)



*For Albert A. Smith*

I have been bouyed up and, as it were, lifted out of myself and given power not my own to teach the glorious truths proclaimed by the Redeemer of the world. I have not seen Him face to face but have enjoyed the companionship of His Spirit and felt His presence in a way not to be mistaken. I know that my

Redeemer lives and gladly yield my humble efforts to establish his teachings. The philosophies of men can never take the place of truth as revealed to us by the Eternal Father. Individual happiness and world-wide peace will not be permanent until those who dwell in the earth accept the Gospel and conform their lives to its precepts. It is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe and obey. It is the kind advice of a loving Father who, seeing the end from the beginning, says: "This is the path; walk ye in it, and eternal life and eternal progress and eternal happiness shall be your reward." Every fibre of my being vibrates with the knowledge that He lives and some day all men will know it.

"The Savior died that we might live. He overcame death and the grave and holds out to all who obey His teachings the hope of the glorious resurrection." (*Testimonies*, p. 53.)

*Joseph Fielding Smith*

"Like Job, I can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.' I know that He came into the world to redeem the world from sin, and through the atonement made by Him all men are redeemed from death. There shall be a resurrection of the dead and all shall come forth, they who have done good to receive an



*David O. McKay*

"The highest of all ideals are the teachings and particularly the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and that man is most truly great who is most Christlike.

"What you sincerely in your heart think of Christ will determine what you are, will largely determine what your acts will be. No person can study this divine personality, can accept his teachings without becoming conscious of an uplifting and refining influence within himself. In fact, every individual may experience the operation of the most potent force that can affect humanity." (*Cherished Experiences from the Writings of President David O. McKay*, comp. Clare Middlemiss [Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1976], p. 24.)

exaltation and they who have done evil to receive condemnation, according to their works. I know that all men who repent and accept the Gospel with pure hearts, are also redeemed through the blood of Christ, from their own sins; for He suffered 'for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent, but if they would not repent, they must suffer,' even



as He, for His blood will not cleanse the unrepentant sinner. I know that little children who have not reached years of accountability, and hence are not guilty of sin, are also redeemed through the blood of Christ and it is solemn mockery to contend that they need baptism denying the justice and mercy of God. I know that Jesus of Nazareth was the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh, with life in Himself. Because of this wonderful truth,

it was possible for Him to redeem us from death and the grave, and, on condition of our repentance, from our individual sins. I know that men must repent and receive the Gospel, being baptized by immersion for the remission of sins and receive the laying on of hands by one who holds authority, for the bestowal of the Holy Spirit, to enter into the kingdom of God." (*Testimonies*, p. 165.)

"There has come to me in these last few days a deepening and reassuring faith. I can't leave this conference without saying to you that I have a conviction that the Master hasn't been absent from us on these occasions. This is his church. Where else would he rather be than right here at the headquarters of his church? He isn't an absentee master; he is concerned about us. He wants us to follow where he leads. I know that he is a living reality, as is our Heavenly Father. I know it. I only hope that I can

qualify for the high place to which he has called me and in which you have sustained me.

"I know with all my soul that these sayings are true, and as a special witness I want you to know from the bottom of my heart that there is no shadow of doubt as to the genuineness of the work of the Lord in which we are engaged, the only name under heaven by which mankind can be saved." ("A Blessing for the Saints," *Ensign*, Jan. 1973, p. 134)

*Harold B. Lee*



own testimony. I know that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God and that he was crucified for the sins of the world.

"He is my friend, my Savior, my Lord, my God.

"With all my heart I pray that the Saints may keep his commandments, have his Spirit, and gain an eternal inheritance with him in celestial glory." ("An Eternal Hope in Christ," *Ensign*, Nov. 1978, p. 73.)

The voices of the latter-day prophets have been raised with authority, and they speak as men who know and love their Savior. Their statements carry the same conviction and power as this stirring declaration of Joseph Smith, which seems to summarize the message of the gospel restoration:

"And we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness;

"And saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship him forever and ever.

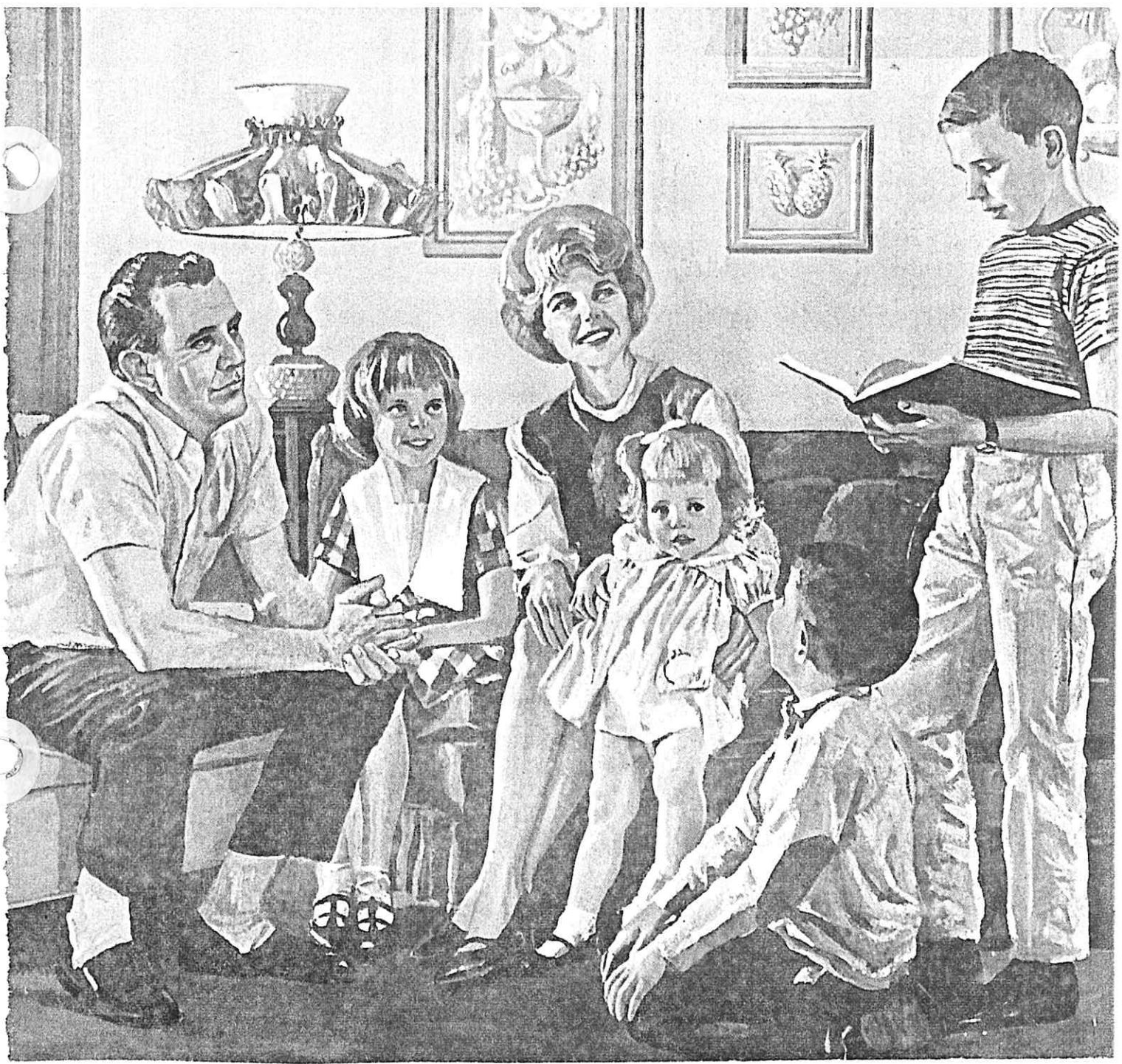
"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God." (D&C 76:20-24.)

*Spencer W. Kimball*

"To the testimonies of these mighty men and apostles of old—our brethren in the ministry of the same Master—I add my



Stories  
For  
The Family

*Ensign*

HOLINESS TO THE LORD



JUNE 1976 - AMERICA'S BICENTENNIAL - FREEDOM, GOVERNMENT, AND YOUR FAMILY



BE THOU AN EXAMPLE OF THE BELIEVERS, IN WORD,  
IN CONVERSATION, IN CHARITY, IN SPIRIT,  
IN FAITH, IN PURITY.

*1st Timothy 4:12*





ON THEIR WAY TO PRESIDE OVER THE JAPAN TOKYO SOUTH MISSION AND TO  
BE MISSIONARIES - TAKEN APRIL OR MAY, 1978--TOP: DELBERT JAMES GROBERG (12)  
NEXT ROW: SHARON KAY NELSON GROBERG - GEOFFREY NELSON GROBERG (5) BABY ERIK  
NELSON GROBERG (1) DELBERT HOLBROOK GROBERG. NEXT ROW DOWN: ANGELA (10)  
JARED NELSON GROBERG (2) AND TANYA KAY (8) - (Kari Lynn, living in the  
spirit world but an important part of the call -would be 13)

Some things are best prayed over only in private, where time and confidentiality are not considerations. If in these special moments of prayer we hold back from the Lord, it may mean that some blessings may be withheld from us. After all, we pray as petitioners before an all-wise Heavenly Father, so why should we ever think to hold back feelings or thoughts which bear upon our needs and our blessings? We hope that our people will have very bounteous prayers.

It would not hurt us, either, if we paused at the end of our prayers to do some intense listening--even for a moment or two--always praying, as the Savior did, "not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22:42)

I love the wisdom of Benjamin Franklin when he said, "Work as if you were to live a hundred years, pray as if you were to die tomorrow"...

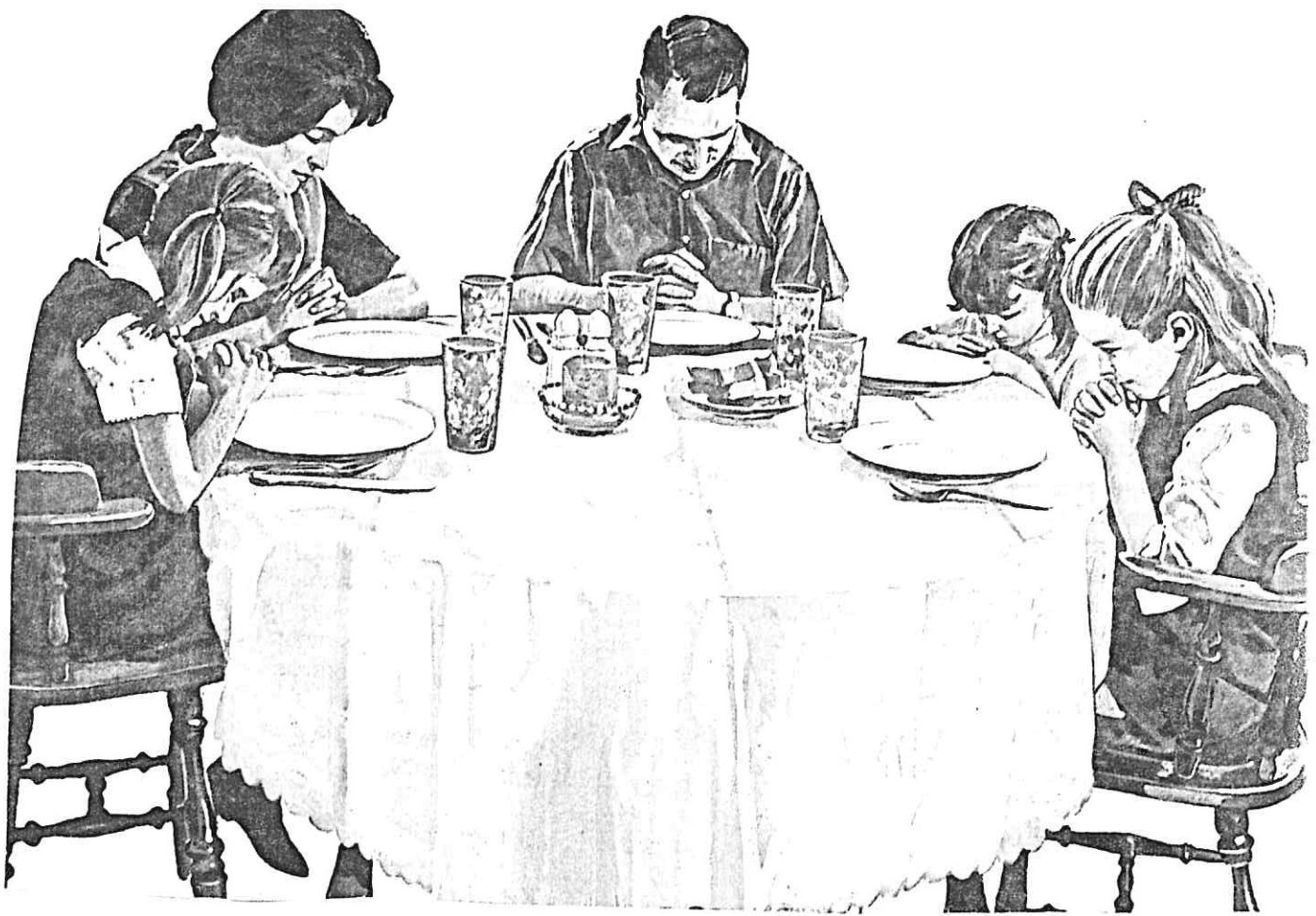
And when the day is done, as well as when it begins, let us not forget to pray, for as George Herbert observed, "(He) who goes to bed and does not pray, maketh two nights to every day"....

I always have very tender feelings about prayers and the power and blessings of prayer. In my lifetime I have received more blessings than I can ever adequately give thanks for. The Lord has been so good to me. I have had so many experiences in sickness and in health that leave me with no shadow of doubt in my heart and mind that there is a God in heaven, that he is our Father, and that he hears and answers our prayers.

Again, let me express to all of you publicly my deep and heartfelt sense of gratitude for the many prayers that have been offered in my behalf during my recent illness. They have been a wonderful source of peace and comfort and healing of body and spirit to me and my beloved Camilla. The Lord has heard your petitions and, as a result, I am privileged to be present with you in this great conference.



Lewis and Marie and mother saying goodbye to President Kimball  
at Idaho Falls Airport Family 2



P R A Y E R (President Kimball's Saturday morning  
address at General Conference, Oct. 6, 1979-

"....I love our hymn which, among other things, reminds us that 'prayer is the soul's sincere desire'..Prayer is such a privilege--to speak to our Father in Heaven. It was a prayer, a very special prayer, which opened this whole dispensation! It began with a young man's first vocal prayer. I hope that not too many of our prayers are silent, even though when we cannot pray vocally, it is good to offer a silent prayer in our hearts and in our minds.

Never hesitate to gather your family around you for your prayers, especially in those times when more than morning and evening family prayer is needed. Extra needs require extra prayers.

Your little ones will learn how to talk to their Father in Heaven by listening to you as parents. They will soon see how heartfelt and honest your prayers are. If your prayers are a hurried and thoughtless ritual, they will see this too.

Difficult as it seems, I have found when praying, other than in private and secret, that it is better to be concerned with communicating tenderly and honestly with God, rather than worrying over what the listeners may be thinking. The echoing of 'amen' by the listeners is evidence of their accord and approval. Of course, the setting of prayers needs to be taken into account. This is one reason why public prayers, or even family prayers, cannot be the whole of our praying.



THE MAILBOX

by Florence Doyle Putt

(Era, August 1970)

I used to watch her trudging down the lane, head tied up babushka style, heavy shawl and boots, for the path was apt to be soggy with mud. Grandma Meggs took that walk every day of the year except Sundays and holidays, and sometimes she forgot and came even then. Like the mailman himself, "neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night" could stay her from her appointed course.

Even when the lane was deep in snow, she plodded through. I called her over one cold winter day to visit awhile and arm up before walking back. I was her nearest neighbor, but that wasn't very close, for I lived across from her mailbox. Her tiny cottage was down at the end of that long lane.

A friend used to say, "Grandma must have a 'case' on that mailman." But it wasn't funny. It wrenched my heart to see her, for so often the box was empty. She lived alone, and her children were scattered to the four winds. She told me, "They're good children, but they have their own lives to live and they're so busy." She didn't see them all in a year's time.

She had a telephone because the children insisted on it and paid the bill, but she was rather hard of hearing and seldom used it - and never for visiting, the way her neighbors did. Newcomers to the community scarcely knew her house was there, and oldsters like herself rarely went visiting. The bishop called occasionally, but Grandma didn't go to church anymore, since she couldn't hear and wouldn't bother the neighbors to take her.

I told her once that my daughter would bring her the mail and save that long walk. But she wouldn't have it. She wanted that anticipatory stroll herself. Every two weeks Mrs. Vinton took her grocery shopping, but even that was getting to be an ordeal. Everything and everybody moved so fast, and Grandma didn't like to hurry. Mrs. Vinton would say to her teen-age daughters, "Now you help Grandma with her shopping, while I do my other errands." The girl would dash from counter to counter and when the list was filled would say, "That's all. Time to check out, Grandma." Grandma wasn't ready to check out, she wanted to look around and see things. But she'd come, reluctantly leaving the store and

returning home.

In the summer she'd come down the lane wearing her sun-bonnet, stopping to pick a wild strawberry or sniff a wild pink rose. Her step was perky, but sometimes when the mailman did not even stop--would just wave his hand and call, "Nothing today, Grandma"--I could see her sort of wilt. She'd begin her slow trek home, showing every one of her 83 years, and then she would report to Mickie the cat.

"Nothin' today, Mick. Guess Lora'd be canning, and getting the twins ready for school, and Jack's probably traveling, flying all round the country on his law business--no time to write letters. Wish I knew where Myra was--that paper she works for sends her all over creation. 'Course with writing all the time and getting paid for it, she don't have no mind to write to me. Sure would like to know how little Sue is. They were worried about her eyes last year--wonder if she had that operation. Jean must be about ready to graduate. She'll be having boyfriends, and it won't be long till she marries. Better finish that patch-work quilt so I'll have a wedding present handy."

Then it was autumn, and the milkweed and goldenrod and joe pie purple painted the lane. Sticktight and teasel pulled at her long skirts as she passed--there wasn't enough traffic in her lane to keep the weeds down. The sumac was a glory, and the woods were aflame on either side. But the mailbox was still empty. Oh, once a month there was the electric bill, sometimes a catalogue or advertising folder, but Grandma's purchasing power was limited and her name was not on many lists.

She'd go back and confide in Mickie, "Nothing worth going after. I do wish one of the children would write me." She sent wavering scrawls to each of them so they'd know she was all right and she never forgot a birthday nor an anniversary. She couldn't afford presents on her pension unless it was some trifle she had made, but she'd always send a letter in remembrance.

Her children didn't like to have her live there alone. Lora invited her to come to Stillwater--"But what would I be doing in that passel o' kids?" asked Grandma. Myra said she could stay with her in her city apartment, "But I have to travel so much she'd still be alone." Dick said he'd pay somebody to stay with her--his wife was a busy society girl--but Grandma would not fit into their way of life at all. Jack and his wife were willing to take her, but Jack's wife was a working woman, and their house had no extra bedroom.

So they had a round robin discussion of it via mail and telephone, and a rest home seemed to be the answer. That was the intelligent, modern approach to the problem. Mother would have the best care, and they were all willing to help pay. She would be surrounded by friends of her own age and with her interests, and they wouldn't have to worry anymore.

How to tell her? They knew she loved her home and was painfully independent. Myra, the writer, had better draft the letter and they'd all sign it:

Dear Mother, We children all feel that it is not safe for you to live alone, especially with winter coming on. Neighbors are not close, and we might not even know if you were sick. So we have investigated all over the county and decided to make arrangements for you to enter the Chimney Corner Rest Home in Camden. They will take you for your pension and we will pay the balance. Jack and Millie will be out Sunday to help you move. Don't take anything but your clothes. The home provides everything. Just leave everything in the house, and Lora and I will go out someday and take care of things. Mrs. Vinton will probably take your cat.

You will have good meals on time and have lots of friends your own age to talk to. We can come and see you once in a while, just as we did at home, and you won't even have extra beds to fix or dishes to wash. We will all feel better to know you are in good hands and think you will be happier.

Love, Myra (writing for  
Lors, Dick, Jack, and  
Millie too)

Winter chill was in the air when the letter was sent. Weeds had become blackened with frost. The milkweed pods had exploded in a white fluff. In the morning there would be ice on the water in the ditch, and it wouldn't melt until the sun got higher.

It was on such a morning that the letter came. The postman had gone on, so she was alone when she found it. She'd wait to read it till she got back to the haven of her rocking chair and spectacles, savoring its anticipation a little longer. She couldn't help hurrying a little, though. Her face glowed with happiness. Someone had at last remembered. She hurried, which is probably why she slipped. The first step of the stoop was still in shadow--the sun had not yet melted the thin film of ice--and Grandma Meggs went down hard, striking her head on the stone beside the step....

No smoke was coming out of her chimney that morning, and it was cold. I tried to telephone her, but there was no answer, so I decided to go check on her in person. Thus I was the one who found her, just as she had fallen, with Mickie cuddled up close and meowing pitifully. I phoned the hospital, phoned the children, rode beside her in the ambulance and stayed with her until the end. I was the one who had to report to the children when they came. Grandma regained consciousness a few minutes before she died and left them a message.

"Tell them," she said, "I was so happy to get the letter."  
It was still clutched unopened in her still hand.



Bride and Groom

May 15, 1901



(THE FOLLOWING WAS GIVEN AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
(OF LAFAYETTE HINCKLEY HOLBROOK AND ALSINA ELIZABETH BRIM-  
(HALL HOLBROOK -AS A SORT OF SKIT WITH MANY PARTICIPANTS)  
(written by Jennie)

'Twas May 15th of 1901  
When Sina and Fay were wed;  
Now fifty years have come and gone  
Since their marriage vows were said.

Tonight their kinsmen gather 'round  
To honor and tribute pay  
Alsina Elizabeth Brimhall  
And her wonderful husband Fay.

We're using a theme tonight  
Expressed fifty years ago  
By our beloved Grandpa B.  
Whose thots we all respect so.

To his darling diminutive daughter  
And her chosen companion, he said:  
"You two are starting a kingdom  
As today in the Temple you're wed."

Now a kingdom needs a king  
And a queen too by his side,  
And subjects loyal in whose hearts  
True love and faith abide.

Prince Lafayette hailed from Fillmore;  
Spanish Fork was our lady's home  
But their families both moved to Provo  
And these two to the "Y" did come.

Well, nature took its course  
As it does at the B.Y. "Woo"-  
Though nothing was actually said  
Dan Cupid had captured these two.

Fay's mission call came about then  
To far away Maori land.  
When oceans of miles lay between  
He wrote and asked for her hand.

Now we who know Sina know too  
She'd not let an Elder down;  
At full speed came back her reply:  
"I will!" To him 'twas a crown!

Then to make her position more clear  
Arrangements were soon underway  
For Sina to meet Fay in Europe  
When he would return some day.

Fay's sister Clara accompanied  
On this European pre-honeymoon.  
Of famed tourists' sights they saw little,  
But to each other kept ever atune.

Then Sina taught school again  
And Fay pursued here and there  
'Till the wonderful day of their marriage  
When the whole world looked rosy and fair.

Fay's one little sister attended *(something missing here)*  
As little sisters should  
But the mirth she provoked when she said:  
"You both did the best you could!"

An original tribute was written  
By the poetess Aretta Young  
Since then, at our other weddings  
The words of this poem have rung!

Well, the wedding is o'er, the gifts packed away,  
Their highnesses northward bound  
to Raymond, Alberta Canada,  
Their very first home to found.

Our couple went first to the Ranch K2  
But soon by the work of his hand  
Fay had builded a house for his bride-  
Stalwart folks in that pioneer band!

On March 14, of 1902  
The Kingdom began to expand  
Raymond's first baby boy--our Raymond  
Joined the realm in that northern land.

Two years later - December 6th  
A call came again for assistance--  
"Midwife, do please hurry-  
Oh why must you live such a distance!"

For a hot-water bottle the mother begged-  
Command means the wish of a queen -  
Jennie looked high and Jennie looked low-  
It just was nowhere to be seen!

In sheer desperation the sister implored:  
"That hot-water bottle I simply must see"-  
She opened her eyes--right there on the wall  
Hung the answer--in reality.

The babe was a girl--a beautiful child.  
In promise she'd been given a name-  
Rachel--so welcome, so precious, so dear-  
Bringing heaven and love when she came.

Their majesties and subjects  
Now came to Provo to farm.  
A boy joined the group two years later,  
A girl followed--still no alarm!

Then another girl made her appearance,  
Two years later, another wee lass-  
Two years again, a sweet daughter -  
Then again-then again- Oh alas!

Then came sweet Vera and darling Elaine-  
The clinker brick house held all "leven,-  
There was teasing and squealing we admit  
But fond memory lists it as "heaven."

Some fine young men to the "Y" did come,  
The Holbrook girls too, it seems-  
There was romance and courting for marriage-  
And each found the one of her dreams.

At the Temple in Salt Lake or Manti  
Each couple became groom and bride-  
And as the years brought increase,  
Our king and queen beamed with price.

Though some of these subjects have gone on  
Thru the veil where we all must go,  
We feel they are happy and busy  
But we miss them-we love them so.

From the kingdom have departed  
Little Jean, brother Blaine, Rachel dear-  
Tiny Reed, baby Hal-are there also  
Heaven seems at times sort of near

The Holbrooks have left the brick house,  
The one next to it as well;  
The King and Queen moved to Salt Lake  
Midst loved ones and friends they dwell.

But the Kingdom this couple started  
Over fifty years ago  
In knowledge and joy and numbers  
Shall grow and grow and grow!

\* \* \*

WRITTEN MAY 15, 1901 - A BRIDAL TRIBUTE TO FAY AND SINA  
by Aretta Young

Friends are gathered here to greet thee,  
Where the festal halls are fair,  
Where a wealth of living garlands  
Breathe their perfume on the air.

"God be with thee" is the burden  
Of the message that we bring,  
"God be with thee" is the echo  
Of the songs where Angels sing.

All around thee seems a halo  
Where sweet hope hath set her light;  
May she never leave thy pathway  
'Neath the sable robes of night

Love and faith be heart companions  
In thy household, at thy hearth,  
In success and in thy failures,  
With thy sadness and thy mirth.

Love to hide the unguessed failings  
Time may prove that both possess,  
And to find the hidden virtues  
That no other heart may guess.

Faith to be thy sweetest solace  
In the hours of mortal care,  
And to guide thy faltering footsteps  
To the place of sacred prayer.

Love to weave the fairest garlands  
For the crowning of thy life

Faith to be thy trusted guardian  
In the paths of worldly strife

Though thy names have been recorded  
In earth's records, "Groom and Bride"  
"King and Queen" the angels wrote them  
Where God's books were opened wide.

May the labor of this earth life  
In the light of love be done,  
May the birthright God assigns thee  
By the test of faith be won.

Lovingly,  
Aretta



Alsina Elizabeth Brimhall Holbrook  
Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook  
A Golden Wedding Picture  
1951



ILLUSTRATOR  
E. F. WARD

"He says everything will be all  
right and I needn't be afraid"

# Lifeboat Number Five

RICHARD EDWARD PARRY

*Ill-assorted shipmates on a  
cruise of peril through the  
fog find a strange helmsman*



## L I F E B O A T   N U M B E R   F I V E

"Woman's Home Companion"  
December 1931

By Richard Edward Parry

Ill-assorted shipmates on a cruise of peril  
through the fog find a strange helmsman.

At the hour when the City of London sank the sea was without a ripple--a vast leaden sheet overlaid by a blanket of soaking fog and heaving deeply and slowly to the rhythmic pulse of a long southeasterly swell.

The dank, cold air was was vibrant with a sibilant murmur, the restless ceaseless sighing of the open sea against this tonal background small individual noises stood out sharply..the creak of the lifeboat's rudder in its aimless swing, the rattle of an oar as it rolled along a thwart, the rumble of the swells as they broke upon the spurs and terraces of the giant berg which had sent the City of London to the bottom with appalling swiftness a half hour before.

Lifeboat Number Five had been designed to hold forty persons but, like most of the others, it had been launched nearly empty in a last desperate resolve to get as many boats as possible clear of the steamer before she sank. In the bow an old lady lay with her eyes closed. She had been roughly handled in the embarkation. and her slight frame badly jarred. She wore a black silk dress cut in a forgotten mode and on her head was a small black bonnet. But she wore a fur coat of great price and her thin hands were loaded with rings.

In the stern was a young woman, also furred and jeweled. She was weeping and the tears made furrows in the make-up which was laid in a thick shell on her plump cheeks. A wide lace evening hat was crumpled down over one eye and contrasted bizzarely

with the fashionable sports costume she wore beneath her coat.

The third woman in the boat was thirty years old, tall, well-formed and dressed as though she had kept her head during the frantic five or ten minutes before the steamer sank. Beneath a man's ulster she wore a suit of dark blue cheviot and a light sweater. Her long, shapely legs were clad in woolen stockings; about her unbobbed blonde hair was wrapped a bandanna. She wore no jewelry except the plain gold band on her left hand and she was bottle-nursing a three-months old baby whom she had wrapped in a steamer rug. Not until she had finished with him did she seem even to become aware of her companions. Then she laid her son down, fixed him securely against the side of the boat by means of the water beaker and a can containing his evaporated milk, and went to the assistance of the old lady who was now sitting upright and trying to arrange her clothes.

"Are you all right?" she asked gently.

The old lady glared at her with a hard red eye. "All right?" she snapped. "No, of course I'm not all right! I'm shaken quite to pieces! That officer...."

"I think we're pretty lucky to be here at all" the mother told her. "I'm afraid a great many people have been drowned."

"It's ridiculous the way these boats are run," the old lady declared. "They ought to run further south even if it does take longer."

The woman in the fur coat had stopped crying now and her mouth hung open foolishly. As the mother put her arm around her, her vacant eyes focused for a moment and she laughed a silly laugh. Then she went suddenly limp in the bottom of the boat and began to snore.

"Why..she's drunk!" the woman in the ulster exclaimed.

The old lady cackled spitefully, "Drunk! Of course she's drunk! She's been drunk ever since we sailed. ...."

"We can't let her lie like that, though, even if she is drunk. She'll catch pneumonia;...."

"Let her. There'll be more to eat for us."

Trouble filled the mother's eyes at the remark. She pulled the drunken girl's skirts down over her thin stockings, tucked the sable coat around her and then turned to examine the emergency provisions in the boat.

There was little enough; one water-beaker partly full--something more than a gallon, a small can of pilot bread; the baby's can of evaporated milk. For gear there were a half dozen long heavy sweeps, a sail, but no mast, a lantern, a bucket, a hatchet and some rope. The water situation was the most acute, for they



could only be cut down a little in his daily ration since there would be a slight slowing-up of his vital processes.

An awful terror swept over her at the thought of her baby exposed to the torments of thirst and hunger and cold. But she resolutely put these thoughts behind her and began to arrange the useless sail on a frame of oars in the bow. She managed to chop one oar in half with the hatchet to run across the boat and support another which ran lengthwise. Over these she drew the sail and held it in place by means of the lifeline running around the outside of the boat's gunwale. The result was crude, but undeniably a shelter against the elements.

The old lady was quick to take advantage of it. She moved at once into the extreme bow. The woman in the ulster began to grow exasperated.

"Will you please come out and help me move this girl?" she said. But the old lady had to be asked twice before she would come.

The baby waked now and lay quietly pat-patting his hands together. His mother paused a moment in her labors to bend down and kiss them. Him too she laid beneath the shelter but an instinct caused her to place the water-beaker and the can of pilot biscuit in the stern locker of the boat where it would be impossible for anyone to reach them except in full view of the others.

It began to grow dark and the baby became fretful. She prepared his evening meal. She had two extra bottles each filled with water and stoppered. These were treasures for she would not have to use the possibly bad water in the cask until the two bottles were gone. Sorely against her will she prepared him only half a bottle.

She stirred in the milk powder, poured it from the cup into the bottle and then placed the cold bottle in her bosom to warm it. It was a slow process and the child was crying with hunger before she could give it to him.

His complaints irritated the old lady who began to grumble; but the mother paid no attention to her. ..She herself was nearly helpless with fatigue but she suggested that someone should remain on watch. Finally she lay down in the bottom, took her son in her arms and instantly fell asleep.

She slept a sound sleep of exhaustion and her infant son slept soundly too. The old lady shivered. The drunken woman snored grossly.

Shortly before dawn they all awoke cold. The baby began to cry. The young woman peered about her and asked, "Where are we?"

"We've been shipwrecked..the steamer ran into an iceberg and sank almost at once. We're lucky to be alive even..we have only a little water and one can of bread to eat.."

The young woman stared at the baby. "He looks good'n'healthy and anyways we're likely to be picked up quick."

The mother handed the young woman half a cup of water. She drank

and asked for more. "Not now" said the mother. "At noon perhaps."

The young woman paled: "You mean we're that bad off?"

"Not too badly off; we'll surely be picked up soon," said the mother as she dealt out two biscuits to each woman. She took her own portion of both food and water but barely touched her lips to the cup and poured the rest into the empty nursing bottle.

They spent the morning discussing their situation. Then the girl started to take another drink but the mother was on her feet instantly. "Stop it. You can't have any more until noon."

"An' who made you the boss?" said the girl reaching for the cash

"I'm the boss as you call it, because I've got a baby..and he's going to have his full share if I have to use force."

The girl gave up. "Well, wha' d' you know!"

They passed the day quietly enough and kept a watch through the night with the lantern handy in case a vessel should be seen. With nothing but a few pilot biscuits each day to sustain them they felt the cold terribly.

On the third night the mother dealt out the last biscuit and the water too was very low. The mother was determined to keep the baby at his maximum strength that he might still survive and be rescued after the rest of them perished. Her heart seemed clutched by a hand of ice each time she pictured him alone in the boat.. his plaintive cries unanswered..

On the third night during the mother's watch the girl came to her: "I'm afraid to die an' I suppose I'll go to hell ..but your baby -he ain't done nothin wrong..He ain't hardly lived yet" As the mother sobbed the girl took the baby into her own arms.. "Ain't he cute, though?" Through the rest of the night she held him. The mother watched her, finding it a terrible effort to prepare the baby's bottle for his evening meal. The girl insisted on warming it in her own bosom. The mother let her do it and then fell asleep.

For a long time she was without consciousness of anything then presently, with a start, she perceived that the boat was in motion. There were voices. Then she beheld a man sitting in the stern,.. holding the tiller and the girl was at his feet.

The mother could see the Helmsman distinctly; yet a great star hanging low in the northwest seemed to shine thru the cloak which enveloped him. His chin and mouth were hidden but calm, luminous eyes shone in the pale oval of his face. The girl was talking to him earnestly and his understanding eyes were fixed upon her. Her pinched and ravaged face was filled with light.

She looked at the mother and said eagerly, "He says everything will be all right and I needn't be afraid. There was a girl like me once that he talked to and it all come out all right. He says he don't hate me."

A vague comfort filled the mother as she listened to the girl's voice in low earnest conversation with the helmsman. Then warm oblivion closed over her once more.

The next she knew snow was falling and the boat was driving fast before a brisk wind. The man still sat at the helm, muffled in his cloak, serene and reassuring in the gloom. The girl lay quietly at his feet. She was without her fur coat or her dress, and was quite dead. She had taken off her outer garments and spread them over the mother and her babe. When the mother realized what the girl had done, her eyes filled with tears.

"You see," she said to the helmsman, "she wasn't a bad girl, only mistaken and weak sometimes. She loved my baby more than she did herself."

A voice broke in, coming faintly, as from another world, "I wish you would stop babbling!" It was the old lady, curiously remote and ineffectual.

Throughout the night the boat continued to drive before the wind and the helmsman to guide it skillfully thru the mounting seas. The mother crouched at his feet. Her thirst had left her and she was in a pleasing haze of physical ease.

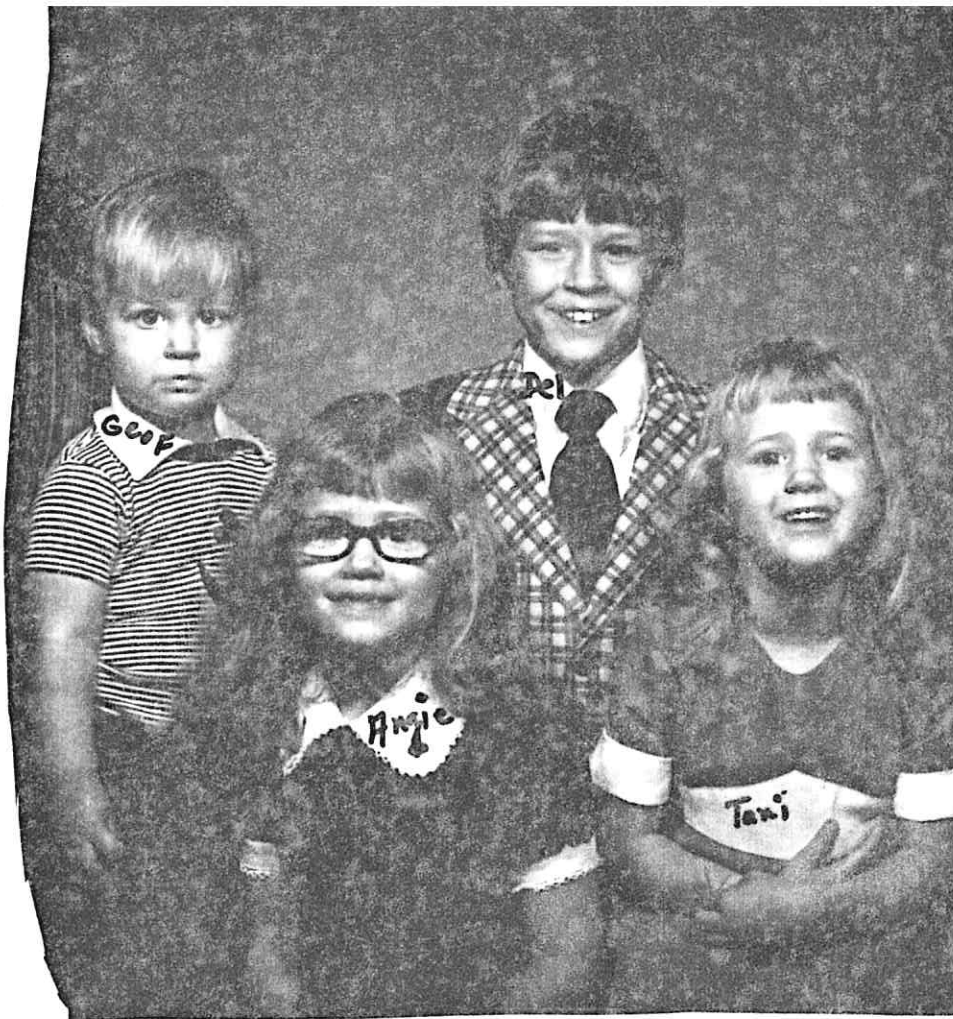
It was a great comfort to have the helmsman there to talk to. She told him many things about herself and about her husband whom she loved dearly, and about her baby. He listened quietly. It seemed very natural for him to be there—so natural, in fact, that she forebore to ask him how he chanced to come or whence or why.

"I do wish you would stop babbling!" The old lady's voice again. The mother opened her eyes and saw the dim light now creeping into the world. A squat freighter was wallowing toward them thru the crested seas. With shaking hands she lit the lantern and waved it. Presently a white rocket curved upward into the stormy skies and burst into reassuring stars. She turned to point them out to the helmsman. He had vanished; but on the distant horizon the clouds were breaking and a radiance like dawn filled the eastern sky.

The freighter was close aboard now and a voice was shouting irritably: "Why the devil don't you show that light?"

She lifted the lantern above the gunwale and waved it slowly until the rescuers' boat drew alongside.

Delbert James  
at back  
Geoffrey at  
side  
Angela  
and  
Tanya  
below



U B A S U T E Y A M A (The Forsaken Parents) as told by Delbert James Groberg

Once upon a time there lived an arrogant lord who ruled the province in Shinano. One day this lord gave word for a notice board to be posted in every town and village in his province which ordered: "Abandon all old people over sixty years of age and leave them deep in the mountains. They are of no use." In every house in every village the families discussed the order. "What a terrible lord he is." "It is a terrible tragedy to abandon our parents." But the people knew that there would be a drastic punishment meted upon them if they did not obey the order. So everyone who had parents over sixty years old trudged to the mountain carrying his parent on his back. One man hung his head and with his voice breaking said to his parent, "Sorry, father, but..." Another cried and said to his parent, "Forgive me mother, but..." But all climbed the mountain and trudged deep into the bamboo forests carrying their parents until they came to a spring filled with clear water. There they left the old people and said to them, "Here you must stay and drink the waters of this spring and eat nuts and berries to survive. Some day we will return to take you back home again." And so they left their parents behind, but as they descended the mountain they looked back again and again.

The lad Gensuke was one of them on his way to the mountain with his old mother on his back. Gensuke had noticed that she was breaking twigs. He thought that she broke them because she intended to descend from the mountain and come home again and was marking her path in case she got lost. But when son and mother parted she said to him, "Gensuke, you noticed that I was breaking twigs while we

were on our way here. Return home following the path of the broken twigs and you will not get lost." Gensuke tried to thank his mother, but instead broke into tears. "I cannot abandon you. I cannot go back and leave you here." So Gensuke once more picked up his mother and carried her back down the mountain and hid her in the space under the floor of their house.

The other people in the province could neither eat nor sleep nor work hard because they worried about the parents whom they had left deep in the mountain and so there was a poor harvest that year. The lord got very angry and gave out an order to the people. "Present me with a straw rope made of ashes. Then I will forgive you." The villagers had no idea of how to comply with this order and were very puzzled. Gensuke too was puzzled and went to his old mother hidden in the house to ask her about this matter. She advised him thus, "It is not at all difficult. Soak a straw rope in salt water and dry it. Then burn it on an iron plate."

Gensuke understood and made a straw rope of ashes in accordance with her instructions. He then presented the rope to the lord who was quite impressed, saying, "It is truly a straw rope of ashes. Well done. But I will ask you to do one thing more." He pointed to two horses standing under the pine tree in the garden, both of which were similar to each other in size, color, and every other respect. The lord said to Gensuke, "These horses are a mother and her child. Can you tell me which is which?" Gensuke was extremely puzzled and asked other villagers, but no one knew how to tell which was which, so he went home again and asked his mother. She advised him as follows, "Stand the two horses so that they face each other. Put some carrots between them. The horse which will be the most pleased and will eat first is the child. The mother horse will simply watch her child eating the carrots."

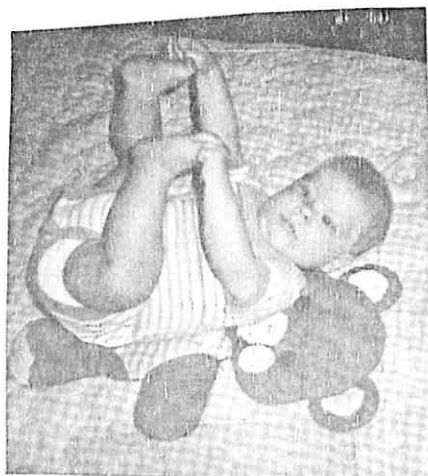
Gensuke thanked his mother and went again to the lord's castle. According to his mother's bidding, Gensuke put some carrots between the two horses. One began to eat them while the other just watched. Gensuke then pointed to the horse which was eating and said to the lord, "That one is the child."

Again the lord was impressed and said, "Well done. But now I have another order for you. I have here a glass ball with a hole zigzagging through it. Can you run a thread through the hole?" Gensuke was completely puzzled this time too. Neither he nor the other villagers had any idea at all as to how to do this. So he approached his mother again at her shelter and she again taught him thus, "Put a little bit of honey at the opening on one side and tie a thread on an ant at the opposite opening." Gensuke was pleased.

He followed his mother's instructions and behold the ant entered the winding hole and emerged at the other end where the honey had been placed. The lord again praised Gensuke when he saw the glass ball with a thread running through it. Then he said to him, "Well, done Gensuke, but did you develop these ideas all by yourself or did someone teach them to you?" Even though Gensuke was afraid he told his lord with honesty that he had hidden his old mother in the space under the floor and that she had taught him every idea. Then Gensuke told the lord that the aged had acquired wisdom and great knowledge because they had seen, heard, and experienced many things during their long lives. The lord thought and thought for a long time with his arms crossed while considering Gensuke's information. Finally he admitted that he had been wrong in banishing the aged and said, "Bring the old men and women back home from the mountain." It is said that the aged in the province of Shinano have never been abandoned since that time.



Jason



Bryan



Derik

THE BABY WHO CAME TO STAY

(from Readers Digest, -Parents Mag.  
June, 1962)

When we presented our two sons, Andrew, nine and Mark, six, with a baby brother, they were immediately enchanted with him. Being modern parents, we had read all about sibling jealousy so we were convinced that this reaction was unnatural. Older brothers and sisters can't be expected to receive a new baby with open arms. After all, he cries, he usurps the parents' time and attention, he and his paraphernalia are ever in evidence. Naturally the older children feel insecure, resent the baby bitterly. But, after weeks of unperturbed behavior, there was Mark, the middle problem child, still cooing over baby Jeffery.

"Maybe Mark has an unshakable basic sense of security," I said anxiously to my wife.

"Oh, no," she said, "It's just a false front. He needs reassuring."

Maxine had digested her book learning on false fronts too. Some children, it seems, don't show their jealousy of a new baby because they are afraid of losing their parents' love. Hiding their distress, they may even pretend to like the little monster. Parents must be on their toes for these clues. Such a child needs large doses of reassurance.

Maxine walked over to Mark. "Honey," she said, "Daddy and I want you to know that we love you just as much as ever. Nothing can change that."

"I know, I know," Mark said impatiently, freeing himself from her kiss. "Please, Mommy--I want to play with Jeff!"

Maxine returned to my side, a hurt look on her face. "How do you like that!" she said. "He never pushed me away before."

"Easy, honey," I consoled. "The baby's only a few weeks old. There's still time for Mark to develop the normal disturbed reaction."

A few days later I had occasion to remind Andrew that, although he was the oldest son, he was still our baby. Obviously annoyed, he shifted his shoulders from under my comforting arm and said, "How do you expect me to be a big brother to Jeff if you think I'm a baby, too?"

As the months flew by, the situation worsened. Jeffery remained apparently unresented, and the focus of his brothers' attention. They prodded us into diapering or feeding him when he merely whimpered. They discussed his growth, informed us of each new trick or sound, notified us of his discomfort and reminded us of our neglect when we delayed even a few moments in giving him attention.

Then one day Mark suggested that Maxine and I go away for a while; Andrew and he would take care of their brother. This was the last straw. We had evidently made the boys over-conscientious in their efforts to accept the baby. It was time for them to face facts. I would explain that it's only natural for us to love Jeffery as much as we love them, that parents have enough love to go around, that it's normal for older children to feel some jealousy of a baby, that we understand.

I summoned the boys. "Sit down, Andy; you too, Mark. Mother and I have something to say to you."

Andrew gave Mark a wise look and Mark nodded in return. Then Andrew broke in, "Look, Daddy--we know what you want us for, so let me talk first. You and Mommy don't want us to fuss over Jeff so much 'cause you're jealous!"

"What! Why..." I looked to Maxine, only to see that she too was hopelessly taken aback.

"That's all right," continued Andrew. "I expect you figure we don't love you anymore. But we do, Don't we Mark?"

"You bet," Mark said. "Who would feed us?"

And then Maxine and I were treated to a couple of generous kisses as Andrew added the clincher:

"Don't be mad at Jeffery. I guess he just likes little boys better than old folks."



# What Is a Boy?

Alan Beck

*Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.*

*Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.*

*When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.*

*A boy is a composite — he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.*

*He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday School, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults, or bedtime.*

*Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, 3 feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, 2 gum drops, 6 cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine super-sonic code ring with a secret compartment.*

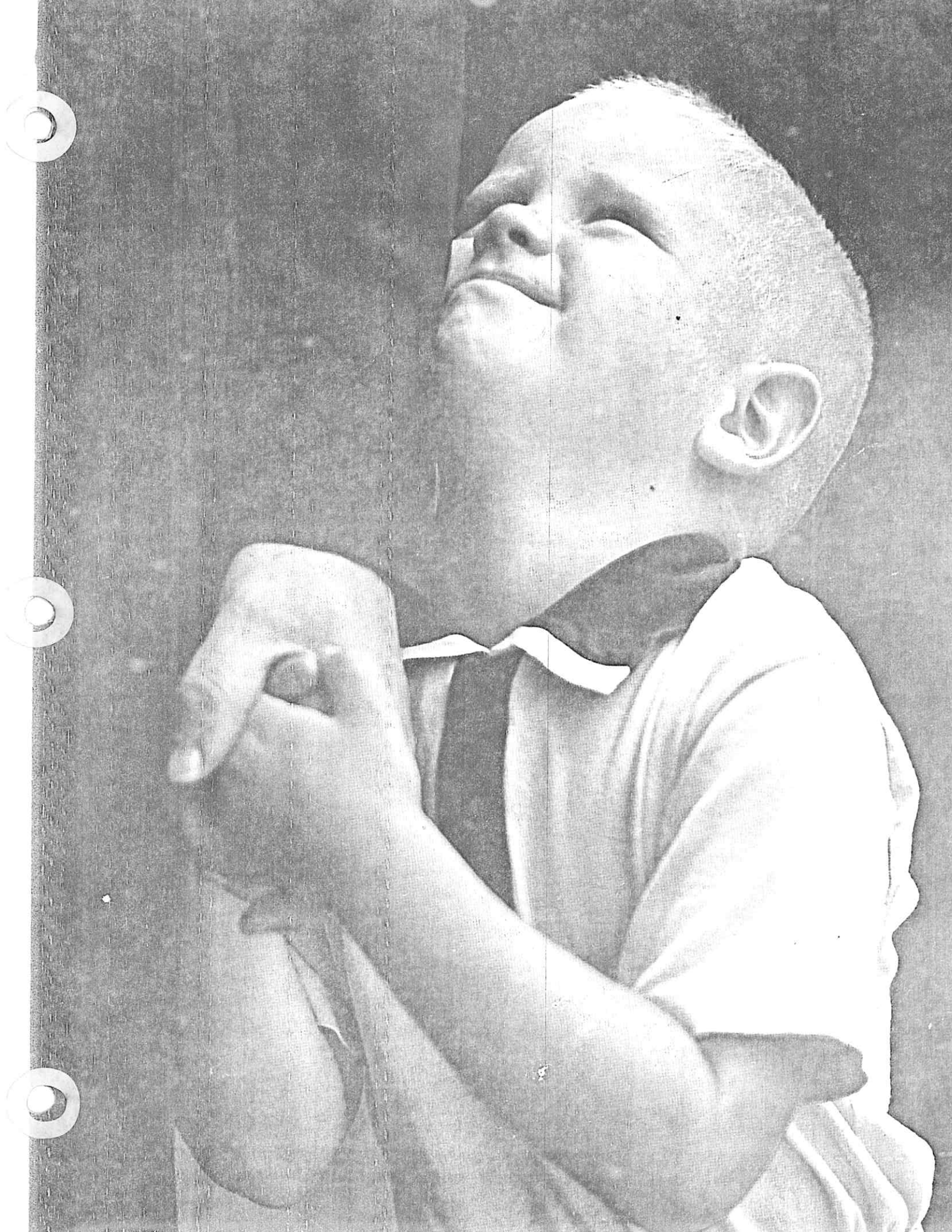
*A boy is a magical creature — you can lock him out of your work shop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up — he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master — a freckled-face, pint-sized, cat-chasing, bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words — "Hi Dad!"*

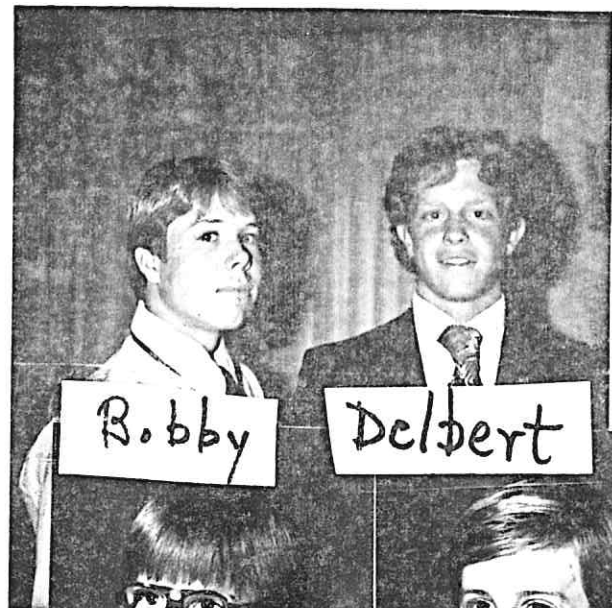
Copyrighted by New England  
Mutual Life Insurance Co.





Family 22





Bobby

Delbert



James



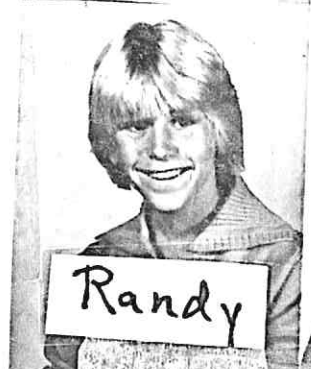
Benjamin



John Enoch



Thomas S



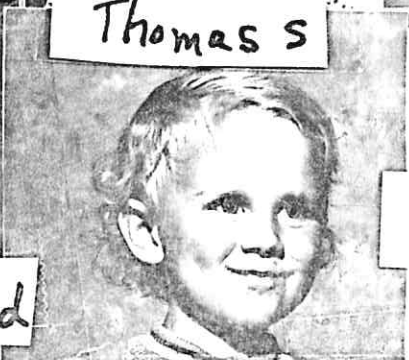
Randy



Gregory



Richard Todd



Michael Andrew



Del Del



Jared



Geoffrey



Eric



Jonathan



Jason



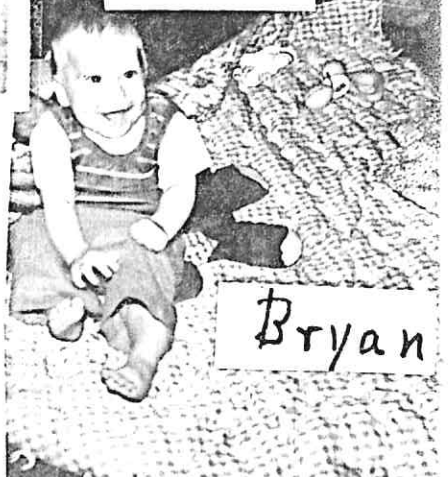
Derik



Travis



Jeremy



Bryan

OUR FUTURE

MISSIONARIES

TEMPLE GROOMS

FATHERS

KINGDOM BUILDERS

# What Is a Girl?

Alan Beck

Little girls are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart — even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around, and stomp, and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet just when you open your mouth, she stands there demure with that special look in her eyes. A girl is Innocence playing in the mud, Beauty standing on its head, and Motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

Girls are available in five colors — black, white, red, yellow, or brown, yet Mother Nature always manages to select your favorite color when you place your order. They disprove the law of supply and demand — there are millions of little girls, but each is as precious as rubies.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, the softness of a kitten, and to top it all off He adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, small animals, first grade, noisemakers, the girl next door, dolls, make-believe, dancing lessons, ice cream, kitchens, coloring books, make-up, cans of water, going visiting, tea parties, and one boy. She doesn't care so much for visitors, boys in general, large dogs, hand-me-downs, straight chairs, vegetables, snow suits, or staying in the front yard. She is loudest when you are thinking, the prettiest when she has provoked you, the busiest at bedtime, the quietest when you want to show her off, and the most flirtatious when she absolutely must not get the best of you again.

Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment, and genuine delight than this combination of Eve, Salome, and Florence Nightingale? She can muss up your home, your hair, and your dignity — spend your money, your time, and your temper — then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peeks through and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-racking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess — when it seems you are pretty much of a fool after all — she can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

Copyrighted by New England  
Mutual Life Insurance Co.







Rosalee



Anny



Margaret



GRETCHEN



Brenda



Heather Ann



Gayle

RESERVED  
FOR  
Kari Lynn



Jenette



Lisa



Susan



Carolyn



Liz Nancy



Desiree (Joc)



Jennie Marie



Emily Leilani



Anna Marie



Stephanie

# OUR FUTURE TEMPLE BRIDES



Jennifer



Kristin

MARGARET  
AND  
LIZ



Angela



Kim

STARTED THE  
JOYS - MARGARET  
AUG. 21 and  
LIZ NOV. 20



Tanya



Marilyn



Sarah Marie



Viki Ann



Kierstin



Heather



Jane

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ARE REALLY OUR TREASURE S  
FOR ETERNITY.

Bishop H. Burke Peterson at General  
Conference, April, 1972, told the  
following:



"I have often wondered what would happen if the method of introducing a father to his newborn child were different. Instead of a doctor coming out and saying, 'It's another girl' or 'It's another boy' -how would we react if each time a child was born our Father in Heaven made this kind of introduction to the parents:

'Thank you for preparing this little body for the spirit I have created. Now, I present her to you for a season

to care for. Please teach her (him) of me and of my Son. I so much want her back with me some day. It all depends on you. Remember this; She is loving. She will respond to teaching. She wants to learn. Please treat her with respect. The road will not be easy. Some of the time it will be most difficult. I want to help you raise her. Please call on me often for advice and counsel. Together we can help her fulfill her purpose in the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pres. McKay; "The Father of all mankind expects parents, as his representatives to assist Him in shaping and guiding human lives and immortal souls. That is the highest assignment that the Lord can bestow upon men."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pres. Kimball: March, 1978; "Mothers are partners with God as well as with their own husbands, first in giving birth to the Lord's spirit children, then in rearing these children so they will serve the Lord and keep His commandments

\* \* \* \* \*

H. Burke Peterson: (Shelley Stake Conference, 1976) "Members of the Shelley L.D.S. Stake were told Sunday by Bishop Peterson that Satan is a deceiver and a counterfeiter - that he uses the false idea of an energy shortage to promote another false idea -the false idea currently being taught is that there are too many people and not enough resources, encouraging parents to limit their families whereas the Lord has instructed parents to have as many as He would send them..The Lord has said about the earth's resources; 'There are enough and to spare' but they must be developed and used in the Lord's way.

H. Burke Peterson: Gen. Conf. April, 1974: "Motherhood is an art to be developed thru practice. This art isn't easy to learn but learn you can because as you strive the Lord will bless you with growth, patience, wider understanding and loving warmth for your family's special need...."

April, 1974: "Fathers and mothers, before you decide you need a second income and that mother must go to work out of the home, may I plead with you, first go to the Lord in prayer and receive his divine approbation. Be sure He says yes.

Mothers with children and teenagers at home, before you go out of your homes to work please count the cost as carefully as you count the profit...earning a few dollars more for luxuries cloaked in the masquer-



ade of necessity, or a so-called opportunity for self-development....a chance to get away from the mundane responsibilities of the home --these are all Satanic substitutes for clear thinking. They are counterfeit thoughts that subvert the responsibility of motherhood.

Constant, inspired influence of a mother in the home is of far greater value to her family than anything money earned by her away from home might buy for them...."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pres. Stephen L. Richards: "To warn of a great danger, I must speak of it more specifically. I do so most reverently. If it shall please the Lord to send to your home a goodly number of children, I hope, I pray, you will not deny them entrance. If you should, it would cause you infinite sorrow and remorse. One has said that he could wish his worst enemy no more hell than this, that in the life to come someone might approach him and say, 'I might have come down into the land of America and done good beyond computation, but if I came at all I had to come through your home and you were not man enough or woman enough to receive me. You broke down the frail footway on which I must cross and then you thought you had done a clever thing.'" (General Conference --1940's)



John Enoch and John H. G.  
in Tonga -April 1968



Jean with Nancy and Liz -about 1962-  
Post Register - Idaho Falls, Id



OUR PILOT COLLAPSED AT THE CONTROLS!

by

Helen Weiss  
as told to Joseph N. Bell

I flew with death a few weeks ago. It all started as a lighthearted vacation trip. Six of us—five men and myself—were going to Los Cruces, Mexico, for a few days of fishing.

We all met at the Burbank, Calif., airport about 1:30 a.m. on May 18 to start the trip. The reason for the departure time was to permit our pilot, Jim Brummett, to rest after finishing work at the airport that afternoon.

In addition to the pilot, the occupants of the plane included my husband's business associate Larry Slaten; his younger brother Sheldon; his brother-in-law Joseph Koch; my husband Will, and myself.

We were all in good spirits as we boarded the plane. There was no premonition of trouble. The plane was a Twin Beechcraft, owned by my husband's company. Although the company didn't employ a full-time pilot, Jim did most of the flying for it whenever he was needed. None of the rest of us knew anything about the mechanics of flying an airplane.

The first 15 minutes of the flight were uneventful. The night was crisp and clear. We got off the ground about 2:10 a.m., and I could see the Los Angeles environs unfolding beneath me.

Our first warning of danger was a sudden, violent oscillation of the plane. We were cruising smoothly at 9,000 feet when the plane began to buck—a sharp downward movement, then a violent pull-up, repeated again and again. Larry was sitting up front in the copilot's seat. Joe was behind him, and I was behind the pilot. I saw Will look alarmed as Larry said, "Come here, Will." There was a frightening edge in his voice.

As Will unbuckled his safety belt, the movements became more violent, then steadied off in an abrupt dive. I could hear a different whoosh of air outside. My ears began to ring. Then Larry's voice came again, this time louder and more urgent.

"Will," he said, "GET UP HERE!"

I could see the pilot slumped helplessly over the controls. Jim was a moderately heavy man, and his full weight had fallen forward on the wheel, forcing the plane into a dive that was picking up momentum every instant.

The next few seconds are jumbled to me. I remember only impressions: Joe sitting bolt upright in his seat and asking, "What can I do?" And I heard myself say, "Stay calm. Just stay calm." Joe slumped in his seat and tightened his belt—a position in which he remained without saying a word for the rest of those terrifying hours.

There were Larry and Sheldon both shouting incoherent words and Will desperately trying to pull the unconscious pilot off the controls while Larry, his knuckles shining white with the pressure of his effort, hauled back on the wheel with all his strength, trying to loosen Jim's grip.

But the dive continued and accelerated. I prayed. Larry was screaming now, "Pull him off the controls," and I saw Will reluctantly draw back his fist and crash it into Jim's jaw. He waited a few seconds, then hit him again. And again.

My husband is a gentle man; he told me later this was one of the most difficult things he had ever done. But even the blows, progressively harder, failed to break Jim's hold on the wheel. Then, in utter desperation, Will did a strange thing. He leaned over the pilot and bit him on the cheek.

That did it. Jim relaxed his hold on the controls, and Will locked his arms around the pilot in a bear hug and held him away from the wheel. Jim appeared to be in a coma. His eyes were closed, and he was foaming a little at the mouth.

We had descended to 7,000 feet when Jim relaxed on the wheel. Larry was pulling back so hard that the plane shot almost straight up into the air. I've been told since that we must have stalled at the top of this abrupt climb. At any rate, the plane lost speed quickly, shuddered, and fell off—but miraculously Larry seemed to have control of it. He had no idea what the air speed should be or even where the air-speed indicator was located. He knew nothing about rudder control. He knew only that pulling the wheel back sent us up and pushing it forward thrust us down. And he knew he could turn the plane by turning the wheel in the direction he wanted to go.

"Why not, Jim?"

"Gotta go to Palm Springs."

These were the first words the pilot had spoken in two hours, and he said them sluggishly, like a man under sedation.

Will argued and pleaded while Larry continued to skid the plane about in rough circles over the lights we tried to keep constantly beneath us. Jim didn't seem to hear Will. He kept insisting that we had to land at Palm Springs. This meant flying through a canyon between two mountain ranges. However, we had little choice but to give him his head. So we changed direction. Jim was controlling the plane now in a near-mechanical way. Larry's hands hovered over the wheel on his side, and Will stood behind the pilot to pull him off the controls if he passed out again.

In this uncomfortable state, we navigated the canyon, circled lazily over the airfield at Palm Springs several times, then landed so gently that for an instant the whole two hours seemed like nothing more than a bad dream.

On the ground, Larry called the police to let civilian air officials know we were safe. Jim was sent to a hospital. He remembered nothing of what went on in the plane before regaining consciousness, but his bruised and battered face gave visible evidence of Will's reluctant assault.

When Jim had gone, the rest of us stood mute for almost a half-hour. We had looked at death. Not a quick, merciful look but a long and agonizing one. None of us will be the same again.

I asked Sheldon how many of his nine lives were left. He looked at me quizzically and answered: "I used them all up. Now you'll have to tell me how to preserve the tenth. "

I can't speak for the others, but I know this for sure: that a Power much greater than us saved us in that airplane. The hand that turned the gas-tank switch was more than the reflex of an unconscious mortal. It was the answer to a fervent and consecrated prayer.

Family Weekly  
August 20, 1961

We were approaching the edge of the Los Angeles basin, surrounded by mountain that peaked considerably higher than we were flying. The pilot was completely out but his behavior was unpredictable. When Will let go for a second to come over to me and say: "If you've ever prayed, pray now. I don't see how we can possibly get out of this alive," we saw Jim unconsciously grope at the controls, and Will once again had to pry him loose and hold him tightly.

Then unexpectedly, came the greatest crisis of all--one that threatened, for a breathless instant, to break the determination of our little group to survive. Two bright red lights suddenly glowed on the instrument panel. In that darkened cockpit, they stood out like a theater marquee in a coal mine. We knew they must mean something ominous. But what?

We were staring at them hypnotically, wondering what new danger they portended when one of the motors went out. Just like that. Quietly, softly. These four men who had been struggling so zealously, each in his own way, to survive against enormous odds were completely, deathly quiet for the first time. A whole malevolent instrument panel full of levers and switches glared at them. Which one to pull? And for what purpose?

I remember thinking, GOD, PLEASE, PLEASE SHOW US WHAT TO DO. SHOW US NOW. NOW.

The answer came in a miraculous way. The pilot, still unconscious, reached forward with his limp hand. Will relaxed his hold, and the pilot's hand went unerringly to a switch. He didn't open his eyes, didn't look, didn't give any other indication that he had regained consciousness. But he DID turn the right switch, and the dead engine coughed and sputtered and then--wonderfully--cut in again. We found later that we had exhausted the gasoline in one tank and that the lights were a warning to switch tanks. That's what Jim had done. He had only a minute and a half to make the switch before losing the engine completely. And he did it while totally unconscious.

After that, I knew we would find our way out. But we seemed only to plunge from emergency into the next. Will was still talking constantly in Jim's ear, and Sheldon was darting from one window to the other looking for mountains and telling Larry when to turn to avoid them. As Sheldon flitted about, I heard him say over and over, "Gotta have nine lives. Gotta have nine lives."

We had been up almost two hours now, and on the surface the situation seemed hopeless. The gas supply would be running low soon, and none of us had the vaguest notion of how to land the airplane or even how to operate the radio to call for help.

Then Jim stirred!

He opened his eyes and closed them again, and my husband's voice in his ear became more urgent. "My wife is sick, Jim," he said. "We MUST get her down right away. Let's take her down, Jim boy."

The pilot opened his eyes again and looked about him dazedly. "March Field is below us, Jim," Will said, "Let's put it down there." The pilot shook his head languidly.

AUNT JENNIE B. KNIGHT WAS A SECOND MOTHER TO ME --SHE WAS MY MOTHER'S  
SISTER AND I WAS NAMED AFTER HER. WHEN SHE SERVED AS COUNSELOR IN THE  
PRESIDENCY OF THE GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH SHE INVITED ME TO  
HELP HER AT TIMES. I WROTE THREE ARTICLES WHICH WERE PUBLISHED IN THE RELIEF  
SOCIETY MAGAZINE --ONE WAS A FEATURE ARTICLE ON THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT  
(TO BE FOUND ELSEWHERE) ONE WAS A LESSON TO BE GIVEN BY ALL RELIEF SOCIETIES  
ONE WAS THIS STORY. (none of them had my name on them) Altho at the time I  
wrote this story I was not conscious of using a similar idea as found in "The  
Lost Word" by Van Dyke--I must have been familiar with that story earlier

(also show here)

## Prayer

By a Mother Who Knows

*Characters*—Mother and Father, Jack (16), Phil (8), Ruth (14), Sylvia (6) and Babe (4), also doctor and two neighbors.

*Setting*—Living room of the family.

*Time*—Sunday School time and right after.

(Mother is at writing desk writing—father is reading papers. They are talking as curtain rises.)

F. You see mother, it sort of made me lose faith in that sort of thing—I had never prayed more earnestly for anything in my life before—and then to see nothing change—just that terrible suffering until he finally (*rustles papers to control feelings.*)

M. Have you ever considered, dear, that perhaps it was better for him to go then than to remain and never be able to see or hear again?

F. The least the Lord could have done would have been to have eased his suffering. Oh, I want you to teach the children to pray—its good training for them—but I hope they don't fasten on it as I did and get such a jolt.

M. I'm sure its good training and we haven't done justice to it in our home yet. Here's quite a comprehensive statement of it by Santayana—"In rational prayer the soul may be said to accomplish three things important to its welfare—withdrawal within itself and defines its good—accommodates itself to destiny."  
(*pauses and studies father*)

F. Well?

M. (*continues to read*) "And it grows like the ideal it conceives."

F. Uh-huh. (*is once more enjoying his papers*)

M. (*to self*) Evidently more than

the children in this family need converting. (*exit*)

(Babe enters dressed in Sunday best—runs to Daddy and throws herself in his arms disregarding papers.)

F. (*laughing*) Say—whoa—(*settles her on lap*) "What did you learn in Sunday School today, Babe?"

B. A new piece—I can say it (*recites*) "Father, give us day by day, joy and strength in work and play, Make us good and kind and true, loving Thee in all we do." (*Looks for approval at father who beams at her performance and then she sees a comic strip in paper he still holds*) Oh, Daddy—read me about Bim Dump.

F. (*following strip*) Bim and Andy are talking to this man—see he is a doctor—Bim says, "And doctor I wish you would look at my wife—I don't like her looks—" Andy looks at the doctor who says "all right" and he says—"Say doctor I wish you'd do something about my wife's looks too—I don't like them either."

(Other children enter throwing hats, flopping in chairs and causing general confusion arguing together. Ruth and Jack enter together.)

Ruth, "That teacher is nuts."

Phil. Hey, mom, isn't dinner ready?

M. (*returns to room*) All ready—roast chicken, mashed potatoes, tomato salad—" (*all start for dining room but she stops them*) Wait—I have cooked a lovely dinner for you and I want some thanks.

J. (*kisses her*) Swell mom!

M. (*laughs*) No—I want you to do something for me.

R. Oh, let's eat first!

M. (*goes to desk and brings slips*)  
Today all over the church we are to emphasize prayer—here are some short prayers for you—see who can learn his first while I'm getting dinner on. (*hands each one—they object with*) "Ah rats"—"Oh Mother"—(*Ruth offers to help instead but each finally agrees*)

(Phil takes his off to corner and starts to shouting but Jack stops him and they finally settle down. Father returns grudgingly to his papers. Mother returns twice to announce "five more minutes" then later "one more minute"—then returns. Babe skipped outside when mother said, "Five more minutes," she stands around until then.)

R. Mother, did you write these?

M. Oh my no, I found them in the Parents' Magazine.\* All right, Phil—first?

(Mother has to prompt Phil and Sylvia.)

Phil. "Father of Human Kindness, teach us to be kind. Keep us from doing unkind or cruel things to any animal or person. Help us to be as good to others as we would have them be to us. Give us gentle words, quiet voices and kindly tongues. May we never call people unkind names or speak unpleasantly of their clothes or toys. Make us sorry when others are in trouble quick to see how we can help them—Amen." But, mother, it wasn't my fault if Sonny got caught—I wasn't even there. (*mother gestures him to stop talking and says*)

M. Ruth?

R. "Wise teacher of mankind—we want to be wise. Go with us to our school where we learn (glances at paper) make us honest, never cheating nor taking unfair help from

others. May we help the teacher by doing the things she wishes and thus show our thanks for the things she is teaching us. Help us to be good friends with the other students. If others do many things better than we, help us to praise them and be glad with them. If we excel in anything keep us from conceit. Give us real joy in our work because we are always striving to do our best"—there! (*returns paper*)

S. "Giver of true joy—be with us in our play, make us play fair so that others may have a good time too. May we never hurt or spoil the fun for those who play with us. Even in play, may we be thoughtful lest we damage the toys, lawns, bushes, and fences around us. Help us to use our strength to defend the weak, and never to be snobbish but friendly to all. Make us unselfish, glad to share our toys with others. Amen."

J. (*starts right in and talks fast to get to dinner sooner*) "Father of Courage—We would be brave, so brave that we shall always tell the truth and do the right, so brave that we shall never need to talk too big nor boast, so brave that we do not cry over little hurts, so brave that we shall never fight except to defend someone who needs our help. Take away our foolish fears and make us brave. Amen." Say, mother, you want us to think when we pray and pray for real values. Your idea is not to have a set wording for a prayer and say it every time, is it? Well, Mom—your kids won't be as dumb about prayer as Jones? They had Apostle Smith to dinner and Junior came in late and looked around and right before the Apostle he said, "Hey—Dad—why are all the chairs turned this way?" (*all laugh*)

M. The chicken is all carved, daddy.

\*These prayers are used by permission of "The Parents' Magazine."

The

RELIEF SOCIETY

Magazine

(All rush through the door, mother last but father turns as he gets to door—others have gone out.)

F. Where's babe?

M. I think she went out to play—call her, dear.

(Mother exits after others. Father exits outside door. Stage is empty and very still for a minute—then a child's terrible scream is heard from distance—followed by hoarse cry from father. A long pause then father carries baby in as the rest of family rush in terrified. Babe is laid on couch. Mother almost loses control—calling to baby—neighbors near front of stage.)

N. Did you get the doctor?

N. He's on his way—how on earth did it happen?

N. They were chasing each other and didn't see the car—it must have been going at least 50 anyway—

(Doctor enters—asks all but parents to leave. Makes swift examination.)

Dr. Still unconscious—no outside injuries except severe bruises—there may be inside (*pours something on sponge and holds to her face but she still lies inert*)—I'm sorry—there's nothing can be done but just wait.

(Father paces floor—mother is quiet, kneeling at couch—occasionally sobs. Father calls in others who are huddled on other side of door.)

F. (*arms around Jack and Sylvia*) There is *something* that can be done—but I haven't strength to do it *alone*—we can pray for her—our prayer may not be answered—but we are willing to abide by the decision of God who knows best. (*they all kneel except father who stands and with uplifted face says merely*) "Our hearts are full of gratitude to Thee, oh God, for this choice treasure you have given us—we feel unworthy but we humbly and earnestly ask thee, gracious Father, to spare her to us yet a while—because—we love her so—and yet in true sincerity we say—thy will and not ours be done—Amen." (*a long pause*)

(Mother goes to father who puts his arms around her for support. Another long pause then Babe stirs—she moves—she slowly sits up and holds head—other children and parents must be so grouped that this is very evident to audience—children watch her holding their breath—father still facing front stage with mother clinging to him—she finally sees him and calls faintly but clearly.)

B. "Daddy—Daddy."

(His eyes open in joyful awe—then he closes them as if to silently utter a brief prayer of gratitude—or perhaps stop unruly tears—then he and mother rush to their baby as the curtain falls.)



Mary Jane - Julia - Jennie H.







A BRIDGE OF  
HELPING HANDS

Reader's Digest  
April 1958  
Condensed from Together

Carlos P. Romulo  
Philippine Ambassador  
to the United States  
as told by Beth Day

On October 11, 1957, my eldest son, Carlos Romulo, Jr., died in the crash of a private plane not far from Manila. In this first great tragedy of my life hundreds of helping hands joined in spontaneous sympathy from New York to Washington to Los Angeles, across the Pacific to Manila, and back again, to support me by a bridge of kindness through my darkest hour. It is in thanks to this generous host, many unknown to me except through their acts of compassion, that I tell the story of my journey.

The evening before the accident I had boarded a late plane at Los Angeles, where I had made a speech, so that I would be back in New York in time for a session of the United Nations General Assembly the following afternoon. Usually I fall asleep the minute I fasten my safety belt, but on this flight I was vaguely uneasy. I read until midnight and then dozed fitfully.

Suddenly in my sleep I saw vividly the face of my son Carlos, or "Mike" as he is affectionately known in the family. Then I awoke. I had no premonition of tragedy. I did not go back to sleep, however, but read until the plane reached New York. Later, just as I entered the U.N. building, I found I was being paged for a telephone call. I took it at the receptionist's desk. It was my secretary at the Philippine Embassy in Washington. She told me there was an emergency in Manila.

"What has happened to Mike?" I asked.

"How did you know?" she gasped. Then she put Mrs. Romulo on the telephone. My wife told me that our son, Greg, who lives in Manila, had telephoned her that a plane with Mike and five other men aboard was missing. I said I would come to Washington immediately. Then I put in a call to Manila. I knew Greg would never have called merely to report a missing plane.

Overseas operator 245 at Oakland, Calif., is only a number to me, yet I know she is a sensitive and sympathetic woman. She must have heard the urgency in my voice because in exactly two minutes she had Greg on the wire. I asked for the truth.

"The plane Mike was on crashed and his body has been identified," Greg said. "It happened at six o'clock yesterday afternoon. You and Mother must come home. We can't face it alone." His voice broke.

Six p.m. Manila--early morning over the United States. The time of the crash coincided with the hour when I had seen Mike in my dream!

I had suffered two nervous collapses in the past which the doctors diagnosed as resulting from an acute migraine condition. Both attacks began with a violent pain in the head, followed by blindness of my right eye, paralysis of the right side of my body, and semiconsciousness. Now, as I heard those fateful words from Greg I experienced that same dread pain, and the world swayed dizzily away from me. I felt myself being eased into a chair.

"Airline reservation to Washington," I murmured, and blacked out.

Later I learned how I got from that receptionist's desk to Washington. She had made the reservation and called the Embassy to tell them which plane I would be on. At

the terminal the airline agent put me into the hands of the plane's crew. I did not fully regain consciousness until we landed.

The news of the crash had broken during my flight, and by the time I arrived at the Embassy there were a handwritten note and flowers from President Eisenhower, and innumerable radiograms and telegrams.

My wife, seeing my condition, had called a doctor, who came immediately to the Embassy. "Your husband is in no shape to travel," I heard him say. "He might have a cerebral attack in flight."

I knew we must go. "Can't you give me something?" I begged.

"I can give you an injection which will knock you out for a few hours and relieve the pain," he said.

By plane time I was virtually unconscious from the medication. But nameless kind hands assisted me aboard and helped Mrs. Romulo watch over me through the long flight. I regained consciousness as the plane reached Los Angeles.

Thirty minutes before our plane was to leave for Manila the passenger agent came to us, a woebegone expression on his face. "We're terribly embarrassed," he told us. "We hoped to have space for you from last-minute cancellations but every passenger has shown up-- and the next flight is two days from now."

My wife and I looked at each other helplessly.

"Come over to the ticket gate with me," said the agent. "I can't promise any luck because I've never done it before, but I can try."

The passengers were at the gate, ready to board. The agent asked for their attention. A groan went down the line, as they muttered gloomily, "A delay!"

"If you have read the newspapers you know why General and Mrs. Romulo are here, trying to get to Manila," the agent said. "Every seat on this flight is taken. I'm asking for volunteers. If two among you can find it in your hearts to give up your seats to the General and his wife, please stand aside."

Seven passengers stepped out of line! I was stunned. These people were unknown to me. They had their own plans. Yet they were willing to give up their seats. One couple insisted that we take theirs because they were not pressed for time.

The cabin crew made up a berth and got me into it. Then the stewardess said to my wife, "You need a rest, too. Go to sleep and don't worry. I'll watch him for you."

At Honolulu we had a four-hour layover. On our way to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a few blocks from the airport, a shabby old Filipino laborer stepped out of the crowd and pressed an envelope into my hand. "General," he said softly, "please put this in your pocket."

I assumed that it was a note of condolence, but when I opened it later out fell a \$10 bill. The note stated that he was giving me this portion of his life's savings "for flowers for your son."

Our arrival at Manila was at a most inconvenient hour, 5:45 a.m., yet a crowd awaited us. Dr. Agerico Sison, dean of the Medical College of the University at Manila, had come directly to the airport from the bedside of a patient, without taking time, that night, for sleep. Greg drove us home and when we neared the house my heart sank. Newspaper photographers were waiting at our front door to greet us with the horror of flashbulbs.

"Please, fellows," I said. "I know this is your job. But this is a private affair. No pictures, please."

The photographers went away at once and not one tried to take the picture he had been ordered to get.

The medication that I had been given in Washington had worn off now and the pain in my head was intense, but I went across the street to the church to see my son Mike. The church was crowded. Eyes filled with silent sympathy followed me as I walked up to the bier and knelt before it.

Only then did I feel the shattering impact of truth: my son was gone. How I regreted that I had spent so little time with him! I was holding three jobs the year he was born; newspaper editor, college professor and secretary to President Quezon. When Mike was 17 the war separated us—I joined General MacArthur's staff and did not see my family again for three and a half years. When Mike should have

been enjoying carefree adolescent pursuits he had become a fighter with the guerrillas in their mountain hideout. After the war, when I asked him to join our family in the United States where my work was, and attend law school at Harvard. Mike refused. "My roots are in my homeland," he told me. "This is the country I fought for. Besides, the temper of our people is changing and a Romulo should be here to watch it!"

Eight months before the crash Mike had set up a law firm with an American partner and was already making a name for himself. When his first son was christened Carlos III, I kidded him about it, reminding him that he had told me the name was a handicap. "If my boy is the stuff I think he is." Mike wrote back, "the name will be a challenge--as it has been to me."

He had a wonderful sense of humor and could always make me laugh and forget my worries. Once he said jokingly to me: "You know, Dad, the greatest ambition of my life is to drive through the business district of Manila and hear people say, "Look, there goes Carlos Romulo, Jr.--and his father!" It could have happened had he lived.

Suddenly through the anguish of my thoughts I was aware of a small hand on my shoulder. I turned and saw a boy of about 12, dressed in the robes of an acolyte. "we are all praying for you, General," he said softly.

Some how the child's touch gave me the strength I had not found within myself. That night I had the first untroubled sleep since I had heard the news.

Next morning I was awakened by a discussion outside the door. "Orders for flowers are flooding in from all over the United States and the Philippines," a man was saying. "Here's one that says: 'From the Bellboys of the Drake Hotel.'"

There were others equally touching: "The girls of the Waldorf coffee shop." "The girls at the American Airlines counter." "Your Two Western Union Friends." The names and signatures conjured up images of friendly faces and responsive hearts. Wreaths, cablegrams and telegrams poured in--some 5000 expressions of sympathy.

We had just returned from the funeral services when a long-distance call came from the United States. A familiar voice greeted me: "This is Phil, your barber in New York."

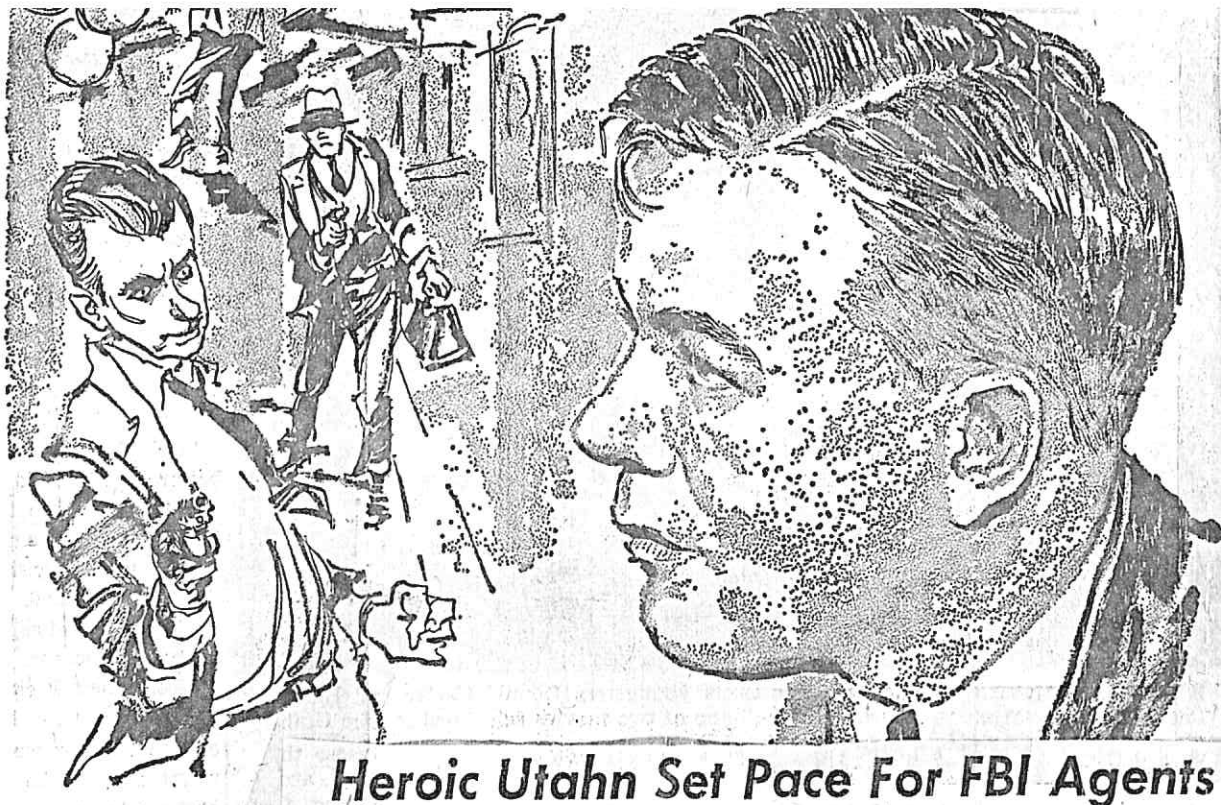
Phil had served with me on Leyte during the war, and had been cutting my hair since 1942. I thought of all the tips that went into the \$18 I knew that phone call cost him! Yet Phil had wanted to tell me, in his own words, how sorry he was.

I left Manila alone. I expected no special attention on my return trip, for as a former newspaperman I was aware that "nothing is deader than yesterday's headline." But at Honolulu there were five wheel chairs waiting for me, ordered from hospitals by five friends who were concerned about my physical condition.

At Idlewild when I got in a cab, the driver took a quick look in the mirror. "Why, your're General Romulo-- who just lost his boy."

Before I could reply he went on. "I was a GI in the Pacific during World War II and knew your name. My wife and I have followed your career in the U. N. When we read about your son we felt as bad as if it had happened to a friend, so we went to church and prayed. Say, General--" he again turned toward me. "Would you autograph my cab license? I want everyone who rides with me to see it. You've been a good friend to this country and we appreciate it."

I had hoped to forget my sorrow in my work. But now, three months later, I still cannot walk down a street, a hotel corridor, or go about my business in New York or Washington, without someone stopping me to tell me of his sympathy. I no longer wish to forget. That the world can forge such a chain of kindness which transcends prejudices, politics and personal convenience to help one man through his blackest, hour is something I wish always to remember.



## Heroic Utahn Set Pace For FBI Agents In Bravery And High Moral Standards

THE STORY OF SAMUEL P. COWLEY

by

Brother of Elder Matthew  
Cowley of Council of the  
Twelve

J. Edgar Hoover

(Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation)

I have known some very brave men in my time. But there is a difference between physical bravery and moral courage. Bravery is a temporary manifestation. It flashes forth to meet a sudden challenge. Moral courage, however, has the dimension of DURATION.

The latter may be less spectacular than the sudden type of heroism but it is more important because it endures. It's the month-to-month, year-to-year-, steady, sustained devotion to duty and principle as opposed to self-interest that may never make any headlines, but without which the world would be a dark and dangerous place indeed.

What I am saying, I suppose, is that the greatest adventure in moral courage is a moral life. I TRULY BELIEVE THIS. Every life--yours, mine, everyone's--is an endless series of choices between right and wrong, good and evil. No one makes all the right choices. But the struggle to make as many right choices as possible goes on ceaselessly, and this is what makes life the great adventure that it is.

Now, what is the quality in a person that makes a moral life possible? It's discipline, isn't it? Self-discipline is precisely the quality that the criminal lacks. He can never say no to himself. He can never deny a selfish impulse. He steals, he robs, he cheats, he kills because that seems to him the easiest way to



get what he wants. The undisciplined person is always wondering what he can take from life with the least possible effort. It takes a controlled and disciplined person to wonder what he can give.

It is also a theory of mine that physical courage, in its highest form, rests squarely on a moral base. Let me tell you about a man whose life was a shining example of this.

His name was Samuel P. Cowley. He was not quite 30 years old when he entered the FBI as a Special Agent back in 1929--a big, young fellow, as solid and dependable as he looked.

At that time, when the bureau was smaller, I made a point of knowing all my men personally, and so I knew all about Sam Cowley, I knew that he was deeply religious, that from 1916 to 1920 he had done missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I knew that he had attended the Utah State Agricultural College, working as a salesman during the summer months to pay his tuition.

I knew that later he took a law degree at the George Washington University. I knew that he was a Sunday school teacher, that he lived a clean, honest, hard-working life. I KNEW, IN OTHER WORDS, THAT SAM COWLEY WAS ALREADY TRYING TO MAKE HIS LIFE AN ADVENTURE IN MORAL COURAGE--AND I KNEW THAT THIS WAS THE KIND OF MAN WE NEEDED.

To come into the FBI in those days, you had to be an idealist. Sam Cowley's starting pay was \$2,900 a year. The FBI had made no great reputation at that time. Except in special cases, its agents were not even allowed to carry guns. With his special education and character, Sam Cowley could have earned far more money in a far less difficult and dangerous job. He chose not to consider these things.

Did this choice involve moral courage? I think it did. The depression had not yet struck the country. There was easy money to be made almost anywhere. Like most young men, Sam Cowley wanted to raise a family, to give his wife and children a few luxuries. But he chose the FBI because he felt that the most important thing to do with his life was to fight against evil. His personal comfort and safety meant less to him than being on the side of good.

We brought Sam Cowley along as fast as we could because we needed him. We were fighting a crime wave that was a grim hang-over from the Prohibition Era. Bootlegging had put vast amounts of money into gangster pockets and had bred in them a chilling contempt for the law.

Perhaps the most vicious of all was John Herbert Dillinger, bankrobber, jail-breaker, police-hater. His gang included a trigger-happy murderer known as "Baby Face" Nelson. Between September, 1933, and July, 1934, members of this gang killed ten men, wounded seven more, robbed four banks, and broke out of three jails.

In June I called Sam Cowley into my office. By this time I knew that he was one of our most determined and capable men, but I think my choice was based on something more than that. To me, Dillinger and his gang were the personification of evil. Sam was one of the finest characters I had ever known. I think that, unconsciously perhaps, I was trying to oppose this vile personification of evil with the highest example of good it had been my pleasure to know, because religion teaches us that good is stronger than evil.

I remember quite clearly the orders I gave to Sam. "Stay on Dillinger. Go anywhere the trail takes you. Try to take him alive, but protect yourself."

It was a tough assignment, grim and dangerous. The hunted man was constantly on the move--on the move. In his dogged pursuit, Sam Cowley crossed the country from coast to coast, from southern Florida to northern Michigan. He was almost never at home. He and his wife were planning to buy a house where their two small children could have their own play yard. Their plans had to be postponed.

The days lengthened into weeks. And if Sam Cowley was displaying moral courage what about his wife? What about the woman who stayed quietly at home, knowing that the man she loved was stalking a criminal more dangerous than a rattlesnake? What were her thoughts every night as she tucked her two small boys into bed and waited for the phone call that might, or might not, come? It would have been very easy for her to show her fear, and by showing it to distract her husband, or even sway him from his hazardous task. But she never complained. She accepted danger with the same quiet fortitude that had enabled her to accept relative poverty. Love can make you courageous--very courageous.

Everyone knows how Cowley and his men cornered Dillinger as he came out of the Biograph Theatre in Chicago. When the gangster clawed a gun from his pocket and started to run, three of our men fired five shots. . . and Dillinger fell dead.

Next day I wrote a letter of commendation to Sam, praising him for his persistence, patience, and energy. As a reward, he was promoted to the rank of Inspector.

Some men might have been content to rest on their laurels, but Sam Cowley was not that kind of man. He considered his job unfinished so long as any members of the Dillinger gang were at large.

In particular, he wanted to capture "Baby Face" Nelson. . . and four months after Dillinger's death Sam got his chance. In a gun-battle near Barrington, Illinois, one of our agents was killed and Sam Cowley was mortally wounded. He died early the next morning. But their mission had been completed, as that same day the body of "Baby Face" Nelson was found in a roadside ditch not far from Chicago.

So in one murderous moment, the FBI lost two of its finest men. And what is my point? My point is that this sacrifice was not just a magnificent demonstration of momentary heroism. It was the culmination of that greatest of all adventures in moral courage--a truly moral life. As a friend of Sam's said at his funeral: "I have thought that his name should have been Peter. He was a veritable rock to those who knew, who loved and trusted him. His was the calm of a man who did his best and left the final decision to a Higher Power."

There, it seems to me, is the key, the answer to those who wonder what the secret of a moral life really is: do the best you can and leave the rest to God.

Religion points the way. I honestly believe that if every child in this land went to Sunday School every week, if every adult went to church with the love of God and his fellow man in his heart, if each of us would make a conscious and

sustained effort to live by the Golden Rule, a moral revolution would come not only to America, but eventually to the whole world.

This may seem visionary, but we can all hope for it and work for it and pray for it. I know I do. Every single day.

Deseret News &  
Telegram-Salt Lake City  
Utah

(Copyright 1961 by Guideposts Associates, Inc.  
Published at Carmel, New York.)

J. Edgar Hoover  
Head of F.B.I.  
for U.S.A .





C O U L D Y O U  
H A V E L O V E D A S M U C H ?

Reader's Digest April 1966  
Condensed from Guideposts

by Bob Considine

The story begins early in 1950 in the Taylors' small apartment in Waltham, Mass. Edith Taylor was sure that she was "the luckiest woman on th block." She and Karl had been married 23 years, and her heart still skipped a beat when he walked into the room. As for Karl, he gave every appearance of a man in love with his wife. If his job as government-warehouse worker took him out of town, he would write Edith each night and send small gifts from every place he visited.

In February 1950, Karl was sent to Okinawa for a few months to work in a new government ware-house. IT was a long time to be away, and so far! This time no little gifts came. Edith understood. He was saving his money for the house they had long dreamed of owning--someday.

The lonesome months dragged on. Each time Edith expected Karl home he'd write that he must stay "another three weeks." "Another month." "Just two months longer." He'd been gone a year now, and his letters were coming less and less often. No gifts she understood. But a few pennies for a postage stamp?

Then, after weeks of silence, came a letter: "Dear Edith. I wish there were a kinder way to tell you that we are no longer married . . ."

Edith walked to the sofa and sat down. He had written to Mexico for a mail-order divorce. He had married Aiko, a Japanese maid-of-all-work assigned to his quarters. She was 19. Edith was 48.

Now, if I were making up this story, the rejected wife would fight that quick paper-divorce. She would hate her husband and the woman. She would want vengeance for her own shattered life. But I am describing here simply what did happen. Edith Taylor did not hate Karl. Perhaps she had loved him so long that she was unable to stop.

She could picture the situation. A lonely man. Constant closeness. But even so Karl had not done the easy, shameful thing. He had chosen divorce, rather than taking advantage of a young servant girl. The only thing Edith could not believe was that he had stopped loving her. Someday, somehow, Karl would come home.

Edith now built her life around this thought. She wrote Karl, asking him to keep her in touch with his life. In time he wrote that he and Aiko were expecting a baby. Maria was born in 1951; then, in 1953, Helen. Edith sent gifts to the little girls. She still wrote to Karl and he wrote back; Helen had a tooth, Aiko's English was improving, Karl had lost weight.

And then the terrible letter. Karl was dying of lung cancer. His last letters were filled with fear. Not for himself, but for Aiko and his two little girls. He had been saving to send them to school in America, but his hospital bills were taking everything. What would become of them?

Then Edith knew that her last gift to Karl could be peace of mind. She wrote that, if Aiko was willing, she would take Maria and Helen and bring them up in Waltham. For many months after Karl's death, Aiko would not let the children go. They were all she had ever known. Yet what could she offer them except a life of poverty, servitude and despair? In November 1956, she sent them to her "Dear Aunt Edith."

Edith had known it would be hard at 54 to be mother to a three-year-old and a five-year-old. She realized that, in the time since Karl's death, they would forget the little English they knew. But Maria and Helen learned fast. The fear left their eyes; their faces grew plump. And Edith, for the first time in six years, was hurrying home from work. Even getting meals was fun again!

Sadder were the times when letters came from Aiko. "Aunt. Tell me now what they do. If Maria or Helen cry or not." In the broken English, Edith read the loneliness, and she knew that she must bring the girls' mother here, too.

She had made the decision, but Aiko was still a Japanese citizen, and the immigration quota had a waiting list many years long. It was then that Edith Taylor wrote me, asking if I could help. I described the situation in my newspaper column. Others did none. Petitions were started, and, in August 1957, Aiko Taylor was permitted to enter the country.

As the plane came in at New York's International Airport, Edith had a moment of fear. What if she should hate this woman who had taken Karl away from her? The last person off the plane was a girl so thin and small that Edith thought at first it was a child. She stood there, clutching the railing, and Edith knew that, if she had been afraid, Aiko was near panic.

She called Aiko's name, and the girl rushed down the steps and into Edith's arms. As they held each other, Edith had an extraordinary thought. "I prayed for Karl to come back. Now he has—in his two little daughters and in this gentle girl he loved. Help me, God, to love her too."

POSTSCRIPT: Today, seven years after their story first appeared in Guideposts, Edith and Aiko Taylor and the two growing girls live together in the apartment in Waltham. "Aunt Edith" is the proud other mother to Maria, a ninth-grade honor student, and to Helen, who is taking lessons at the Boston School of Ballet. Aiko now speaks fluent English and plans to visit her family in Japan this year. Edith writes: "Though God has taken one life I loved dearly, He has given me three others to love. I am so thankful."



Family 46





Robert Browning:

The year's at the  
spring  
And day's at the mor  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-  
pearled;  
The lark's on the  
wing;  
The snail's on the  
thorn;  
God's in his heaven  
All's right with  
the world  
\* \* \*

Grow old along with  
The best is yet to be  
The last of life, for  
which the first was  
made.

Our times are in  
his hand

AN IMMORTAL ROMANCE

by

Donald and Louise Peattie

On a cold January day in 1845 a woman lay on a sofa in a second-floor room in Wimpole Street, London, with little to look forward to in life. Small and delicate, with great dark eyes fringed by long lashes, long ringlets curtaining her pale face, and exquisite hands and feet, she lay like a shadow in her velvet dress, enveloped in the silence of her closed room. She was a spinster long past girlhood, an invalid, a recluse. True, she had gained a reputation as a poet but the world was shut away from her by walls of ill health. For six years, Elizabeth Barrett had remained thus a prisoner in her chamber, where the loudest sound was the breathing of her devoted little spaniel, Flush.

Then the postman knocked at the door of 50 Wimpole Street.

There were often letters for Elizabeth, for her one activity was that of the pen. She kept up a lively correspondence, as well as pouring forth the poetry that brought her much of what today is called "fan mail." Such letters she was wont to cast wearily on the fire.

But not the one that came today. Though she could not yet know it, this letter was a key turning softly in the lock of her prison. It was the first step in the transformation of a sickly old maid into the heroine of a romance immortal in literary history.

Having glanced at the signature, she read eagerly: "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett." Thus began her impetuous correspondent, who went on to praise "this great living poetry of yours" with a warm understanding

that kindled her heart:

"I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart--and I love you too. Do you know I was once not very far from seeing--really seeing you? Mr. Kenyon said to me one morning, "Would you like to see Miss Barrett?" then he went to announce me, but then he returned--you were too unwell--and I went home, and the sight was never to be?

"Well, these Poems were to be, and this true thankful joy and pride with which I feel myself,

Yours ever faithfully,  
Robert Browning."

It was a letter that brought a rush of real happiness. She had never seen the man, but she knew his work, though it was not yet as renowned as her own, and now she felt that she knew him, with all his candor, his vigor and love of life. Swiftly she dipped her pen.

"I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart," she began, and went on to discuss writing as one poet to another. But she had not missed the question mark with which he had so deftly ended his reference to the time he had failed to see her. "Winters shut me up as they do dormouse's eyes," she quaintly wrote, and proceeded to a delicate half-invitation: "In the spring, we shall see." Then, with more praise for his poems, she signed herself, "Your obliged and faithful Elizabeth B. Barrett."

So began a correspondence unique in the history of letters. In that prim Victorian era these two, while ever exquisitely delicate in phrasing, were as modern as today in the frankness of utterances of their feelings. And the letters winged back and forth every day or two, 573 in all. They reveal the development of one of the rarest and most complete relationships ever recorded.

Robert Browning was as free as Elizabeth was enslaved. He lived with indulgent parents and a devoted only sister in a pleasant house not far from London, his time and energy devoted to writing poetry. He had received his education from a wide and precocious reading and from his scholarly father, who was at home in French, Italian, and Spanish literature as he was in Greek.

Not that Robert's horizon was limited to the domestic scene. He was popular socially, with his look of distinction, his finely cut face framed in dark whiskers as fashionable as his lemon-colored gloves. Travel took him to Russia as secretary to a diplomat, and twice to Italy, which was always to seem a second homeland to him. And yet, on his latest return, he felt adrift, aimless, in need of a star to sail by. It was then that he picked up two volumes which had been published while he was abroad, the POEMS of Elizabeth Barrett.

Robert began to turn the pages, absorbing "the fresh strange music, the affluous language, the exquisite pathos and true new brave thought." He who had thought himself incapable of loving any woman met now, in the unearthly realm where poets have their true being, the one woman in the world for him. At last he drew toward him pen and paper: "I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart--and I love you too. . ."



He had fallen in love with pure spirit and intellect. Indeed at this time Elizabeth Barrett was little more; she had surrendered all thoughts of active life. As a child she had been lively enough, the eldest of a large and prosperous family in a Herefordshire country place called "Hope End." Only a man as insensitive as its owner could have given his home so dismal a name. But Edward Moulton-Barrett was, as Elizabeth later wrote, "a very peculiar person." Heir to a fortune, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he was nevertheless a complete domestic tyrant. After bearing him 12 children, his gentle wife had little strength left for struggle against him, and the children never dared oppose his wishes.

Yet Elizabeth's childhood was happy. She romped and studied with her eldest brother, learned Greek and French, read voraciously, wrote poetic tragedies. Her own tragedy began at 15, with a cough and an injury to her back. Both spine and lungs were thereafter blamed for her growing ill health. Then her mother died and four years later her father decided to sell the country home. The large family drifted a few years at the father's whim, until he bought the Wimpole Street house. There Elizabeth's health grew worse, and she became a creature of the shadows and silence.

As the years passed, the family grew accustomed to her withdrawn life. She had, indeed, a certain independence which her brothers and sisters did not possess for an uncle had left her a modest income. The others were all at the mercy of Edward Moulton-Barrett's decrees, which hung forever over the household like thunder in heavy weather. Chief among them was the absolute prohibition of marriage. He prevented the marriage of Elizabeth's gay, polka-loving sister, Henrietta, and the scenes that followed tore Elizabeth's heart. Yet she remained devoted to her father, conceding that he had "the greatest power over my heart." It was a devotion that served to strengthen the walls of her prison.

Now, like signal tappings on those walls, came the almost daily letters from the unknown Robert Browning. He had taken her shy phrase, "in the spring we shall see," as a definite invitation to visit her then, and at the first mild weather he urged that spring had come. "A little later comes my spring," wrote the invalid lightly, but she made her promise clearer. Finally, on a Tuesday afternoon late in May, Robert Browning entered 50 Wimpole Street and climbed the stairs to the low-ceilinged chamber where she lay. The prison was breached.

Of this first visit Elizabeth afterward said simply, "When you came, you never went away." As for Robert, he was now in love not merely with a spirit. Rashly he wrote her that he had fallen deeply in love with her. The letter distressed her; she sent it back to him. (It is the only letter missing from the two-volume published correspondence.) But her answer, forbidding him ever to speak of such things again, was warm and signed "your friend in grateful regards."

Always they could make themselves understood in their writing. It was an intimacy even deeper than that born of his visits, which were soon established at about once a week. But Robert's presence endowed her with strength. She ventured by midsummer to take the air - "and am really alive after it!" Her paramount fear was that with her ill health she might come to ruin his life. For his part, he was emboldened to write more and more as a lover, not did she now forbid it.

For in spite of all Robert could do, she was shackled by her long surrender to invalidism and by her devotion to her father. Though she was in her 40th year, Elizabeth still felt herself bound to his wishes.

But a tyrant is apt to fall by his own acts. As summer ended, there was talk of Elizabeth's journeying to a milder climate, perhaps Italy, to escape the rigors of winter. Her doctors urged it; one of her brothers and her sister Arabel would gladly accompany her. At the last minute, her father opposed the plan adamantly. Elizabeth gave in. She could not expose her brother and sister to their father's wrath. But she realized for perhaps the first time that the paternal love in which she had trusted was only monumental possessive selfishness. The chains of her lifelong enslavement fell from her. When she turned unhappily from her father as the ruling idol in her life, she found another master for her heart Robert Browning.

Now her letters answered his with ardor. Endearments flowed from each scurrying pen. He adopted the family nickname for her, "Ba" and by midwinter she was signing herself "ever your own Ba." Although her heart was given wholly, the obstacles still seemed to her insurmountable. Worst was her own physical weakness. At his urging, she struggled for strength, leaving her chamber and walking downstairs to the drawing room as she had not done in winters past. Still she feared to become a burden to him, and worse was her fear lest their intimacy be discovered. Were her father to find it out, all Robert's letters would be destroyed before even they reached her, and Browning himself would be forbidden the house. With growing ardor, tension grew. Even the dog, Flush, felt it; suspicious, he bit Browning and was gently slapped for his presumption.

By spring, flight together, and to Italy, was clearly the only way out of the net. Still she delayed; she went out often now, on fortifying expeditions, even to walk in Regent's Park — "the strangest feeling!" — and to pay a few visits. All this was strengthening her wings. Yet summer was passing; another winter might find her still captive. Then her father unwittingly made action imperative.

"This night an edict has gone out," Elizabeth wrote Robert in panic on September 10. The Barretts were, by her father's decree, to leave Wimpole Street for a month, to let it be redecorated.

"If you do go, our marriage will be impossible for another year," wrote Robert instantly. "You see what we have gained by waiting. We must be married directly and go to Italy. I will go for a license today and we can be married on Saturday."

Nor did Elizabeth now flinch. On Saturday morning, September 12, 1846, with her faithful maid, Wilson, she slipped from the house, ostensibly to visit an old friend. Halfway to her destination she felt faint, but was revived by smelling salts from a nearby chemist's. At last they reached the church where Robert was waiting with a cousin, and side by side they said the vows that united them forever. Exhausted, Elizabeth returned with her maid to Wimpole Street; the flight must follow when she had more strength.

Her brothers were still seeking a house where the family could move during the redecoration. The upheaval served to cloak Elizabeth's swift, secret packing. Robert no longer came to the house. Elizabeth's pen was busy with the letter she meant to leave behind for her father, whose forgiveness she still yearned for. Now came the order that the Barretts were to quit Wimpole Street as soon as possible. No time for further delay. Elizabeth's boxes had been smuggled out of the house and sent ahead. On Saturday, September 19, a week after her wedding, Elizabeth and Wilson slipped down the stairs for the last time, Flush with them. Not far

distant, outside a bookshop, Elizabeth met Browning. They took a cab to the railway station for the first stage of their journey to sunshine and joy.

The years that followed were an idyl. Paris, Pisa, Florence, Rome, firelight, warmth, peace and poetry, and always the complete companionship. Elizabeth grew in strength and health. In the spring of 1849 she gave birth to a beautiful boy, and happiness was redoubled. There were visits to England, but she could never break through the chill unforgiveness of her father; he simply returned all her letters, seals unbroken. She was, at his choice, as one dead to him; of her marriage he had coldly said, "My daughter should have been thinking of another world."

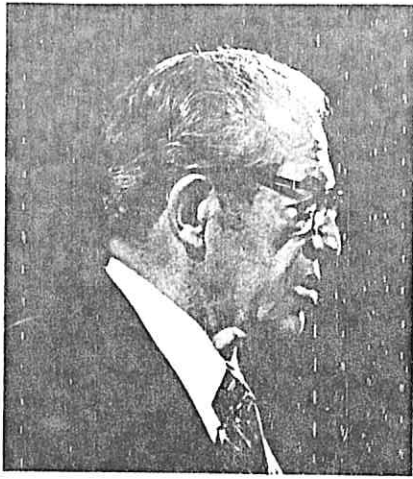
But Robert Browning, who had rescued her from just that, was able with his cherishing care to keep her in this world of light and love until 1861. It was quite suddenly, on a June evening in Florence, that a last attack of bronchitis worsened. A doctor was sent for. Browning gathered her in his arms. "Then," as he later wrote, "always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning left behind her an enduring testimony of her great pure love. One morning in Italy she had slipped into Robert's hands a sheaf of poems, later to be published as Sonnets from the Portuguese. One of these is the finest love poem ever written in English by a woman:

How do I love thee? Let me count  
the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth  
and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling  
out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal  
Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for  
Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from  
Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to  
use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints--I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and  
if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Reader's Digest  
November, 1961

good will; it is the one thing that will bring peace to the world.”



Many years ago in the country of Norway, a young widow with two small sons sent a pair of shoes to a shoemaker for repairs. When the mended shoes were returned, the mother was surprised to find a religious tract tucked into each shoe. Shortly thereafter, curious about the tracts, and with a parcel containing another pair of old shoes, she set forth for the half-hour walk to the shoemaker's shop.

After concluding her business with the shoemaker, she hesitated briefly with her hand on the door latch, wanting, yet reluctant, to ask about the tracts. As she paused, the shoemaker said, “You may be surprised to hear me say that I can give you something of more value than soles for your child's shoes.”

“What can you, a shoemaker, give me better than soles for my

son's shoes? You speak in riddles,” she answered.”

The man “did not hesitate. ‘If you will but listen, I can teach you the Lord's true plan of salvation for His children. I can teach you how to find happiness in this life, and to prepare for eternal joy in the life to come. I can tell you whence you came, why you are upon earth, and where you will go after death. I can teach you as you have never known it before, the love of God for His children on earth.’”

The words pierced the heart of Anna Widtsoe, whose husband, John Andersen Widtsoe, had died unexpectedly just a year before. Her oldest son, John Andreas, was six years old, and her second son, Osborne, was just two months of age. At the burial service the young widow “and her oldest son stood by the open grave while the cold words of the church funeral service were spoken, ‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’ with no promise of a future meeting in a happier place than man's earth.”



Dr. John A. Widtsoe (taken in 1951)

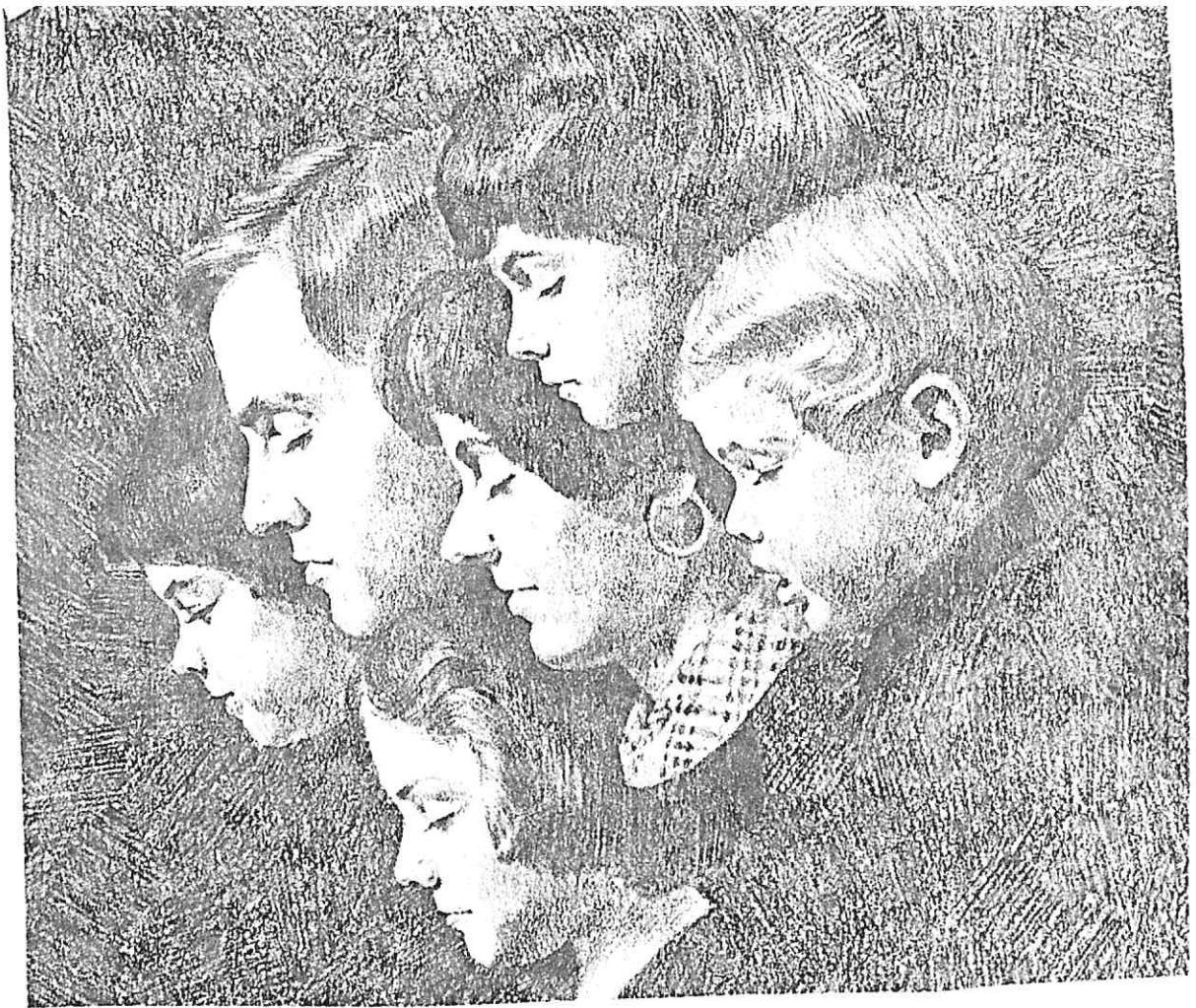
Her life had since been lonely, and she was filled with many unanswered spiritual questions which her own religion had failed to satisfy. She asked the shoemaker a simple question: “Who are you?” He answered: “I am a member of the Church of Christ—we are called Mormons. We have the truth of God.”

As repaired shoes were returned there was always a new tract, and her curiosity finally caused her to attend a Mormon meeting. Anna Widtsoe was an intelligent woman. She “knew her Bible. Time upon time

book cited in the Gospel (see Lake City: Improvement Era, 19 pp. 47, 53-57), written by Elder J. A. Widtsoe, Anna's eldest son, who later became an Apostle and member of the Council of the Twelve in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

she [attempted] to vanquish the elders, only to meet defeat herself. She insisted on debating and discussing the points of doctrine she questioned; and finally, unwillingly yet prayerfully, she became convinced that she was in the presence of eternal truth.

“At length, on 1 April 1881, little more than two years after she first heard of the Gospel, she was baptized into the Church. . . . This ice still lay over the edges of the fjord, which had to be broken to permit the [baptism]. The water was ice cold yet she declared to her dying day that never before in all her life had she felt warmer or more comfortable than when she came out of the baptismal waters of old Trondjem fjord. The fire within was kindled never to be extinguished.”



THE FAITH OF A CHILD

Elder Thomas S. Monson  
General Conference, October 3-5  
1975

"...persuaded to place aside for a future time the message I had prepared for this occasion. Today, I am impressed to speak to you (about)...."

....Far away from Salt Lake City, and some eighty miles from Shreveport, Louisiana, lives the Jack Methvin family. Mother, dad and the boys are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Until just recently there was a lovely daughter who, by her presence, graced that home. Her name was Christal. She was but ten years old when death ended her earthly sojourn.

Christal liked to run and play on the spacious ranch where her family lives. She could ride horses skillfully and excelled in 4-H work, winning awards in the local and state fair. Her future was bright and life was wonderful. Then there was discovered on her leg an unusual lump. The specialists in New Orleans completed their diagnosis and rendered their verdict: carcinoma. The leg must be removed.

She recovered well from the surgery, lived as buoyantly as ever and never complained. Then the doctors discovered that the cancer had spread to her tiny lungs. The Methvin family did not despair, but rather planned a flight to Salt Lake City. Christal could receive a blessing from one of the General Authorities. The Methvins knew some of the Brethren personally, so opening before Christal a picture of all the General Authorities, a chance selec-

Serra and asked that he leave the meeting and advise the Methvins.

The Methvin family had just arisen from their knees when the telephone rang and the message was relayed that early Sunday morning--the Lord's day--in a spirit of fasting and prayer we would journey to Christal's bedside.

I shall ever remember and never forget that early-morning journey to a heaven the Methvin family calls home. I have been in hallowed places--even holy houses--but never have I felt more strongly the presence of the Lord than in the Methvin home. Cristal looked so tiny lying peacefully on such a large bed. The room was bright and cheerful. The sunshine from the east window filled the bedroom with light as the Lord filled our hearts with love.

The family surrounded Christal's bedside. I gazed down at a child who was too ill to rise--almost too weak to speak. Her illness had now rendered her sightless. So strong was the spirit that I fell to my knees, took her frail hand in mine, and said simply, "Christal, I am here." She parted her lips and whispered "Brother Mönson, I just knew you would come." I looked around the room. No one was standing. Each was on bended knee. A blessing was given. A faint smile crossed Cristal's face. Her whispered "thank you" provided an appropriate benediction. Quietly, each filed from the room.

Four days later, on Thursday, as Church members in Shreveport joined their faith with the Methvin family and Cristal's name was remembered in a special prayer to a kind and loving Heavenly Father, the pure spirit of Christal Methvin left its disease-ravaged body and entered the paradise of God.

For those who knelt that Sabbath day in a sun-filled bedroom, and particularly for Christal's mother and father as they enter daily that same room and remember how she left it, the immortal words of Eugene Field will bring back precious memories:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue --  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true!

tion was made. By sheer coincidence, my name was selected.

Christal never made the flight to Salt Lake City. Her condition deteriorated. The end drew nigh. But her faith did not waver. To her parents, she said, "Isn't stake conference approaching? Isn't a General Authority assigned? And why not Brother Monson? If I can't go to him, the Lord can send him to me."

Meanwhile in Salt Lake City, with no knowledge of the events transpiring in Shreveport, a most unusual situation developed. For the week-end of the Shreveport, Louisiana Stake Conference, I had been assigned to El Paso, Texas. President Ezra Taft Benson called me to his office and explained that one of the other Brethren had done some preparatory work regarding the stake division in El Paso. He asked if I would mind were another to be assigned to El Paso and I assigned elsewhere. Of course there was no problem--anywhere would be fine with me. Then President Benson said, "Brother Monson, I feel impressed to have you visit the Shreveport Louisiana Stake." The assignment was accepted. The day came. I arrived in Shreveport.

That Saturday afternoon was filled with meetings--one with the stake presidency, one with priesthood leaders, one with the patriarch, then yet another with the general leadership of the stake. Rather apologetically, Stake President Charles F. Cagle asked if my schedule would permit me time to provide a blessing to a ten-year-old girl afflicted with cancer. Her name: Christal Methvin. I responded that, if possible, I would do so, and then inquired if she would be at the conference, or was she in a Shreveport hospital? Knowing the time was tightly scheduled, President Cagle almost whispered that Christal was confined to her home--more than eighty miles from Shreveport!

I examined the schedule of meetings for that evening and the next morning--even my return flight. There simply was no available time. An alternative suggestion came to mind: Could we not remember the little one in our public prayer at conference? Surely the Lord would understand. On this basis, we proceeded with the scheduled meetings.

When the word was communicated to the Methvin family, there was understanding but a trace of disappointment as well. Hadn't the Lord heard their prayers? Hadn't he provided that Brother Monson would come to Shreveport? Again the family prayed, asking for a final favor--that their precious Christal would realize her desire.

At the very moment the Methvin family knelt in prayer, the clock in the stake center showed the time to be 7:45. The leadership meeting had been inspirational. I was sorting my notes, preparing to step to the pulpit, when I heard a voice speak to my spirit. The message was brief, the words familiar: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14) My notes became a blur. My thoughts turned to a tiny girl in need of a blessing. The decision was made. The meeting schedule was altered. After all, people are more important than meetings. I turned to Bishop James

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder as waiting these long years through  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

("Little Boy Blue," One Hundred and One Famous Poems,  
Chicago; Reilly & Lee, 1958k p. 15)



Elder Thomas S. Monson