

The year, Our Father, for the simple beauty
of Christmas - for all the old familiar melodies
and words that remind us of that great
miracle when He who had made all things
was one night to come as a babe, to lie in the
creek of a woman's arm.

Before such mystery we kneel, as we follow
the shepherds and Wise Men to bring Thee the
gift of our love - a love we confess has not al-
ways been as warm or sincere or real as it should
have been. But now, on this Christmas Sunday,
that love would find its beloved, and from Thee
receive the grace to make it pure again, warm and real.

We bring Thee our gratitude for every token of Thy
love, for all the ways Thy best bestowed blessings
upon us during the years that have gone.

And we do pray, Lord, that as we celebrate Thy
birthday, we may do it in a manner well pleasing
to Thee. May all we do and say, every tribute of our
hearts, bring honor to Thy Name, that we, Thy people,
may remember Thy birth and feel Thy presence among
us even yet.

May the loving kindness of Christmas not only
creep into our hearts, but there abide, so that not
even the return to earthly cares & responsibilities, not
all the festivities of our ever devising may cause it to
creep away sweeping. May the joy & spirit of Christmas
shall with us now & forever -