

Christmas Joy.....THEME BY EVELYN BATTS

Last year at Christmas a group of women, who had decided to give Christmas to a family of seven, asked me if I'd care to go along and sing the Christmas songs. I almost said, "No"; but now I shall be happy the rest of my life that I answered, "Yes."

It happened like this. The young married man of the family had been killed in a car wreck, leaving a wife and three small children in the care of his father and mother and an unmarried sister. The father had been bedridden for thirteen years and was completely paralyzed.

Arriving at the home about four o'clock we were

taken to the sick room where gifts of all kinds were presented to the larger members of the family. I don't believe I've ever seen such bright and happy faces.

The father, though he could not speak, tried hard to show his thanks. Tears of joy ran down his old tired face and I found it hard to keep my own tears hidden.

The children were called in from the kitchen to get, as we told them, what Santa had sent. There were toys of all kinds for the two little boys and a doll for the three-year-old girl.

I shall never forget those bright faces, especially that of the little girl as she said, with big blue eyes shining, "Oh! Mommie-my doll-pretty. Santa Claus did come."

Then came my turn. I was told to sing "Silent Night," "O Come All Ye Faithful," and, to make it gay, "Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer." I did this with

the help of the others, but it isn't easy to sing

when you feel more like crying. We then took our departure, leaving the family enthralled in Christmas joy.

The father in the home is dead now, and I like to think I helped to make that last Christmas merry!



Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

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