

# Continued From Preceding Page

## CHRISTMAS ON BROADWAY

This is Broadway, Christmas night,  
Breathing rapture and delight,  
See the great white lights so clear—  
Only once in all the year  
Do the lights of Broadway glow  
On such happy throngs as flow  
Gay with laughter as they pass  
On their way to Midnight Mass.

—Dan Doran

## ALL MEN SHOULD BE ENROLLED

Whenever the door bell rings to find  
Myself in a sorry state—  
From the washing of linens and other things  
Such as cup and saucer and plate—  
And a voice says, "Taking the census, ma'am,"  
I think of Our Lady's plight,  
Of the dark and the cold and the swaddling clothes  
In the hush of that holy night.

—Franchita Royer

## GALAXY NOEL

The pine tree whispers to the snow,  
As friends long time together;  
The winds in rhythmic cadence blow,  
'Tis wintry, wintry weather.

But lights upon the altar flame  
And every candle names His Name,  
While in the heavenly diadem  
Each star's a Star of Bethlehem.

—Oren R. Brown

## LITTLE CHILD

Scientists heard this, they rejoined  
Their comely and went to Bethlehem  
To find the Child, Herod,  
Reasoning to kill the Child, if he  
Knew where he was, told the scientists  
To let him know if they  
Were successful.

On their way the three scientists  
Beheld the star which they had seen  
In their own country and they  
Rejoiced because they knew it  
Meant they had not made the journey  
For nothing and they were on  
The right road.

At Bethlehem the star stopped  
Over the house of Mary and Joseph.  
They were descendants of  
King David. They were in Bethle-  
hem in order to be listed in the  
census the Emperor Augustus had  
ordered, throughout his Empire.  
They had journeyed from Nazareth  
to Bethlehem where the tribe  
descending from David had to register.

Mary was about to give birth to  
a child. An angel had told her  
earlier that she, a Virgin, was to  
conceive a Child before she was  
married to Joseph. The angel said  
that this would be done through  
the power of the Holy Ghost and  
that the Child was the Son of God.  
Mary knowing God could do all  
things believed the angel. And in  
order to prove that this was a  
real message from God the angel  
added that her cousin Elizabeth  
although very old, was also to give  
birth to a child. Mary went to see

Elizabeth and found what the an-  
gel said was true. In an ecstasy of  
joy she sang a song of glory to  
God.

Joseph, too, was told in a dream  
that he should marry Mary and  
look after her and her Child be-  
cause Mary's son was the Son of  
God. And so Joseph married Mary.  
When Joseph and Mary reached  
Bethlehem there was no room for  
them anywhere because so many  
people had come to register. They  
were shown a cave that was really  
for animals, where they could  
take shelter. And in this cave the  
Child Jesus was born. Hosts of an-  
gels sang above the cave to His  
Glory. And some shepherd guard-  
ing their sheep by night were told  
about this Child and they, too,  
went to adore him.

Now by the time the three  
scientists arrived at Bethle-  
hem, Mary and Joseph had  
found room in a house, and the  
stars stood over the house.  
The scientists entered and  
bowed down before the Christ  
Child, born to be King, and of-  
fered Him presents of gold,  
incense and myrrh. Then they  
returned to their own country  
without telling Herod they had  
found the Child, because they  
were warned in a dream not  
to do so.

When Herod heard this he was  
furious and gave an order that all  
children in Bethlehem under two  
should be killed so that he might  
be sure that the Child born to be

King would be not to death. But  
Mary and Joseph, having been  
warned in a dream, had already  
fled to Egypt.

Now at Christmas time, the  
birthday of Jesus, we all give pre-  
sents to each other in memory of  
the presents given to Jesus by the  
scientists. It is a time of great joy  
for all those who love the Christ  
Child. Only some like Herod are  
jealous and would put an end to  
this time of joy.

Jesus, today, leads all those who  
are willing to be together with  
Him in one place, that is, in His  
Church. He does not lead them by  
the strength of arms or atom  
bombs, but he leaves them free to  
come of their own accord to find  
Him. Many nations, even enemy  
nations, colored and white togeth-  
er, are friends at the feet of the  
Christ Child, and His Kingdom ex-  
tends all over the earth.

These people are at peace, with  
the peace that passes understand-  
ing because they know they are  
the true children of God, and that  
the Christ Child has prepared a  
place for them in heaven for all  
eternity where they will always be  
with Him.

## CHRISTMAS 1957

Pharisees strove to adapt the Old  
Law to the ever changing circum-  
stances of life, and in their efforts,  
substituted formalism for theology  
as the heart of the spiritual life of  
the Jews.

The Sadducees, though predomi-  
nantly the priestly class, secular-  
ized their faith. Their materialis-  
tic mode of life would recognize  
savior who promised a kingdom to  
the poor in spirit, the meek, the  
clean of heart and to those who  
would suffer persecution for jus-  
tice sake. These materialists did  
not believe in spirits. How could  
they receive the angel's message,  
"Peace on earth to men of good  
will?"

Rich and poor were sharply di-  
vided at the time of the Savior's  
birth. The hateful, overbearing at-  
titude of the rich evoked dislike  
and bitterness among the poor. Po-  
litical authority supported the  
rich; the poor could turn only to  
God for help and ultimate justice.  
In defense of the poor the new  
born Savior chose poverty as His  
companion on entering remaining  
in, and on leaving the world. The  
champions of the existing order  
would not tolerate Him Who  
came to establish justice and dra-  
matically.

The birth of Christ into such a  
world explains why "His own re-  
ceived Him not." Yet this birth  
marked the beginning of the  
Christian revolution which  
spread after the nationalism of  
the Jews and the opportunism of  
the Romans has first called Christ  
to the Cross. In His death human-  
ity was reborn and thus became  
wholly transformed.

The code of ethical and religious  
principles which Christ's coming  
and teaching established gave a  
new soul to society and made the  
things of earth subject to the  
things of heaven, just as His own  
nature of Man-God relinked hu-  
manity to Divinity, the ephemeral  
to the eternal. The final end of re-  
born humanity is not changeable  
public welfare but unchangeable  
eternal life.

Peace through justice and  
love helped solve the problem  
of slavery of old by implant-  
ing a new spirit in society.  
That same spirit of Christ can  
"one fine a solution in our  
way for the problems of ex-  
change, sharing of wealth,  
freedom and disarmament.  
They (the works of thy  
hands) shall perish, but Thou  
art continue; and they shall  
be as old as garment and as  
a vesure thou shalt change  
them, and they shall be  
changed, but thou art the self-  
same, and thy years shall not  
fail."

An exact evolution of the state  
of humanity at this Christmas  
time of 1957 compared with its  
state in the days of Christ's birth  
and His time is not possible. But  
we can discover the same kind of  
indifference and active hatred for  
the Savior of the world today as it  
existed nearly 20 centuries ago.

The evil of secularism is only  
the cloak that disguises the en-  
emies of Christ. It is an evil which  
limits itself to the human here  
and now in exclusion of man's re-  
lation to God here and hereafter.  
It would accept a newborn Christ  
if He were man only and not also  
God. It excludes God from human  
thinking and living and breeds  
both extreme individualism and a-  
theistic communism.

In the material life of the individ-  
ual, expediency rather than res-  
ponsibility to God is the norm. Fam-  
ily life too, is blighted through  
contraception, divorce and neglect  
of the educative function if re-  
spected at all. The same is true of  
industrial and commercial life  
where without Christ no true bro-  
therhood can be achieved in own-  
ership, management and labor.

Again we welcome at this  
Christmas time of 1957 the re-  
minders of the Savior's birth. As  
we contemplate Him in His three-  
fold generation: from the bosom of  
the Father in eternity, from the  
"sanctuary of the virgin body of  
Mary in the cave of Bethlehem,  
and in the hearts of "men of good  
will" through faith and the Sacra-  
ment of the Eucharist, we are in-  
deed given that peace which the  
world cannot give.

But it is so much our God-given  
own Son to bring that peace to  
mission as it was that of God's  
others even as it was brought to  
us. While rejoicing over the pro-  
gress of the mission of the Prince  
of Peace in the history of human-  
ity since His advent we know that  
the same ancient enemy, Satan, is  
ever at work, using the same weap-  
ons, if under different forms.

In Paradise he destroyed the  
peace of our first parents to de-  
ceit and coercion. Under the guise  
of a promoter of temporal welfare  
he still causes brother to rise a-  
gainst brother in the endless war-  
fare of envy and hatred, because

Satan cannot tolerate God to be-  
come our Brother to bring us good  
will and thereby to teach us peace  
on earth.

## ADVENT WREATH

earliest days of Christianity and  
Advent is a time of prayer and of  
penance in preparation for the  
coming of Christ.

The home ceremony for use  
of the Advent Wreath is sim-  
ple. It consists of the Collects  
for the Sundays of the sea-  
son. On the first Sunday, the  
family gathers for the blessing  
of the wreath by the father.  
He sprinkles the wreath with  
holy water and the youngest  
child in the family lights the  
first purple candle and the  
prayer for the first week is  
said.

During the first week, the one  
candle is left burning during the  
evening meal, at prayers or at  
bedtime. Two candles are lighted  
on the second Sunday by the oldest  
child and allowed to burn as be-  
fore. Three candles are lighted  
on the third Sunday by the moth-  
er and during that week. All four  
candles are lighted on the fourth  
Sunday by the father and allowed  
to burn as before.

At the end of Advent, candles  
and ribbons are changed to white,  
evergreens renewed, and tiny  
Christmas balls added to decorate  
the wreath. The wreath may be  
kept during the Christmas sea-  
son, until Epiphany.

## HOW TO MAKE AN ADVENT WREATH

1. Start with a circular form  
on which you can tie green foliage.  
(Such forms are now avail-  
able in stores selling Christmas  
decorations.)

2. Tie or wire small clusters of  
evergreen branches (cedar, cedar,  
pine, holly or whatever is readily  
available) to the wire circles to  
make your wreath.

3. Decorate the wreath with the  
purple ribbon.

4. Insert 3 purple candles and  
one pink candle in the sockets and  
your Advent Wreath is complete.

## THE ADVENT WREATH CEREMONY

The ceremony is simple. It  
starts at the evening meal on  
the Saturday before the first Sun-  
day in Advent with the blessing  
of the wreath.

The head of the household is  
the one designated to say the  
prayers, following which various  
members of his family light the  
candles. If the group is not a  
family, then a leader may be se-  
lected to say the prayers and others  
appointed to light the candles.

For blessing the wreath, the  
following prayer is suggested:

Father, O God, by whose word  
all things are sanctified, pour  
forth thy blessing upon this  
wreath, and grant that we who  
use it may prepare our hearts for  
the coming of Christ and may  
receive from His abundant  
graces, Through Christ our Lord,  
Amen.

## CHRISTMAS CRIB

One of the best known of  
these early cribs is now in  
Rome in the Basilica of Saints  
Thomas and Damian. Forty-  
five feet long, twenty feet  
wide, and twenty-seven feet  
high, it includes several hun-  
dred figures, all hand carved  
of wood; its sky has stars and  
a moon; there are the tradi-  
tional angels and shepherds;  
the surrounding countryside  
and people performing their  
daily tasks; there are buildings  
ranging from an inn to a cas-  
tle, and a thousand other de-  
tails.

Many families also made their  
own Christmas cribs and, in south-  
ern Italy particularly, the Christ-  
mas festivities centered around  
these home creations.

In Italy it is called the "Pre-  
sepe" from the Latin presepio,  
which means stable. In France it  
is the crèche. In Germany it is  
the Krippe. In Spain the Nacimiento.  
Wherever Christmas is celebrated  
today, there is a Christmas crib.

The Christmas crib was  
brought to America by the vari-  
ous immigrants who came to  
settle here. But there is one city  
in America which has be-  
come famous for its distinctive  
Christmas crib tradition—  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, ap-  
proximately named after the  
town in the Christmas City  
of America.

It was Christmas Eve, in 1741,  
that Nicholas Louis, the Count  
of Zingendorf, and a group of Mora-  
vian pioneers, seeking the religious  
freedom of the New World, named  
their settlement after the birth-  
place of Christ.

With them they brought their  
"Putz" tradition—the elaborate  
manger scenes carved of wood  
which have been handed down  
from generation to generation, now  
and which are still being improved  
as each family makes its contribu-  
tion.

The most inspiring of these is  
the Community Putz which tells  
the Christmas story in seven  
scenes with more than two hun-  
dred buildings, the most noted of  
which is an accurately scaled re-  
production of Herod's temple. A  
real stream of water runs through  
the Putz, which rests on fifty bu-  
dies of moss. It is actually dis-  
played from December 18 to Jan-  
uary 2 in the First Moravian  
Church there.

## GIFT EXCHANGE

present can beat my present, it's  
a merry, merry Christmas.

We didn't discuss the mater-  
ial. Resignedly, I watched her  
each morning pack sandwiches in-  
to a bag, knew that her lunch  
money was being diverted to  
Christmas spending. Resignedly,  
I went into a department store,  
bought most all the showy expen-  
sive items and bought the warm  
red flannel robe that I knew she  
needed and that I could afford. Re-  
signedly, then, I waited for Christ-  
mas Eve, with its renewal of de-

fect.  
But suddenly, at the eleventh  
hour, I was handed the key to vic-  
tory. The week preceding Christ-  
mas my firm had a rush job that  
kept me working late nights and  
all day Saturday. Then the after-  
noon before Christmas the agency  
head called me into his office,  
wished me a happy holiday and  
handed me a thick envelope. Pay-  
ment for overtime plus a small  
bonus, he explained.

When I got back to my desk  
I opened it and found a poin-  
settia decorated card enclosing  
seven, crisp ten-dollar bills.  
Seventy dollars. I spread them  
out fanwise on my desk top.  
Seventy dollars! The words  
made a little carol in my brain.  
Anita hasn't worked any over-  
time. The government doesn't  
give bonuses. She couldn't pos-  
sibly have saved this much.  
This year I'll be Santa Claus.

As soon as the office closed I  
almost ran the four blocks from  
my building to the department  
store, dodging the bundle-laden  
last-minute shoppers. Breathlessly,  
I sped again to the lingerie section.  
This time I ignored the plain, the  
faded, the practical. Instead I  
directed my attention to the froth  
and folly, the items elegantly de-  
signed for the girl who has every-  
thing. Finally I settled for a filmy  
pink chiffon gown and negligee  
trimmed with ostrich feathers and  
a price tag that claimed the entire  
contents of my bonus envelope.

Anita was in the kitchenette  
cooking our traditional Christmas  
vigil oyster stew when I reached  
home. She gave me a cheery wave  
and I waved cheerily back, then  
skipped into the bedroom to wrap  
my trophy in gay paper and bright  
ribbons. With a sense of smug  
satisfaction I carried it to the closet  
and placed it tenderly on top  
of my earlier, now disdained pur-  
chase. It's back to the exchange  
counter for you day after tomor-  
row, I mentally taunted the red  
"lannel robe. No bargain giving for  
Joannie this Christmas.

Supper was a happy meal, in  
spite of its reminders of whose  
height and broad branches over-  
powered our tiny living room. We  
were, it seemed, the closest we  
have ever been. Each time our eyes  
met we exchanged little secret  
smiles. And Anita, as she moved  
about with the tinzel and shining  
bells, stopped often to give me  
little loving pats. She was, I knew,  
cherishing the knowledge that she  
had bought me something special,  
avoring in advance my gratitude  
and pleasure. And for the first  
time I was able to respond whole-  
heartedly to tiny smiles and pats,  
since I had my own private knowl-  
edge to cherish.

At last the final ornament  
was hung, the lights plugged in,  
the tiny figures of the Nativ-  
ity scene set in place. The  
best part was opening the large  
case from Iowa and writing  
a pile of the intricately  
shaped parcels. It had long  
been a faculty mission to open  
our presents when we return-  
ed from "Midnight Mass. We'd  
planned to follow it tonight.  
But now, as we stood admiring  
the decorative effect of our  
evening's work, Anita's antici-  
pation bubbled over.

"I can't wait," she concluded. "We  
can open the other packages when  
we get home, but I have to give  
you mine now. I want you to wear  
it to church."

She vanished into the bedroom,  
was back in two minutes with a  
square box. Smiling with conten-  
tment she stood by as I broke the  
seals, slid off the rosetted ribbon,  
unfolded the crinkly paper and  
lifted the lid.

"A muff!" I exclaimed. "And it  
matches my coat collar." I thrust  
my hands into its center, held it  
out for fully display. "Oh Anita,  
magnificent present!"

She went to the hall closet and  
brought out my coat to show how  
exact was the match and I oled  
and oled and expressed my de-  
light to her complete satisfaction.  
My delight was genuine too. As  
always, Anita had put into her  
gift not only money but taste and  
thought. And this time I could  
appreciate it fully, without the gnaw-  
ing discontent of knowing that  
once again my gift must be second  
best. A lovely muff, I thought,  
a truly luxurious muff. That flannel  
robe would have looked pretty  
nice beside it. But even this muff  
will be put in the shade by all that  
feather-trimmed chiffon.

"You can't wear my gift to  
Mass," I told her gaily, "but I  
want you to have it now, anyway.  
Don't move till I come back."

I hurried to the bedroom,  
opened the closet door, reach-  
ed up for the box. I held it in  
front of me for a moment, vis-  
ualizing again the glamour and  
richness of that gown and neg-  
ligee. In that moment I could  
imagine Anita's face as she  
looked at it could see her eyes  
widen with surprise and won-  
der, could watch her triumph  
fade and become mine. I had  
a moment's sense of exulta-  
tion, a surge of satisfaction at  
having won our life-long battle.  
Then, without quite knowing  
why, I turned back to the closet,  
buried the box I held un-  
der a pile of sheets and took  
out the other one.

I moved again to the living room  
at top speed, as if afraid that any  
delay might make me change my  
mind.

"Here," I thrust the package into  
her hands, said almost curtly,  
"Merry Christmas."

I stood beside her while she o-  
pened the box, took out the robe,  
said the conventional things about  
its color, its texture, is being ex-  
actly what she wanted. I waited  
then for the hollow feeling, the  
bitterness of knowing that, as us-  
ual, I must accept more than I  
could give. Only I didn't feel hol-  
low at all. Inside I was all warmth  
and glow and joyousness.

Anita slipped the robe on over  
her dress, tied the belt with care,  
pinned in front of the mirror.  
"Joannie, it's a perfect fit," she  
said. "And such a bright Christ-  
mas red. And you—" Her glance  
went to the muff and her eyes

sparkled with the happiness of un-  
rivalled generosity. "You do like  
your present, don't you?"  
"I love it," I said honestly. I  
picked it up from the table and  
tapped my cheek against the soft  
fur. "Loving Anita, this is the  
best Christmas ever."



And why call ye me, Lord,  
Lord, and do not the things  
which I say?—(St. Luke 6, 46.)

The Lord Jesus Christ, our  
blessed Savior and Redeemer,  
expects us to do our part—to  
read and seek to understand  
His teachings in the Bible, to  
have faith and trust in Him,  
to love and obey Him—"For  
there is no other way."



"Triumph is just 'umph'  
added to 'try'."



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tunity the Holiday Season  
brings to say "Thank You"

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319 S. East Street

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"The House of Diamonds"  
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tunity the Holiday Season  
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of you. May the coming  
months bring happiness  
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Christmastime... and  
throughout the coming  
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May Christmas bring those  
richest gifts of peace and  
joy to you  
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