



The NEW BERN

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA
NB-Craven Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, NC 28560

VOLUME 11

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1968

NUMBER 37



New Bern-Craven County Public Library



Quite a few years back, in the first grade at New Bern's Central school, a little boy told the teacher he was sure that God and Santa Claus are brothers.

Such a mistake in identity is somewhat understandable, and certainly not as ridiculous as would appear at first glance. All of us must agree that the jolly old gentleman in the bright red garb exemplifies a spirit of giving and sharing, and compassion for humanity, that one might expect to encounter in heaven.

For our part, we're convinced St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle, or whatever you choose to call him, has survived through the centuries because God willed it. Christmas is a sacred time, the season of Bethlehem's Babe but we'll never subscribe to the theory that Santa Claus desecrates this sacredness.

Jesus, grown to manhood's estate, made His love for little children abundantly clear, and reminded those around Him that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Surely, childhood's patron saint, making his rounds on Christmas eve, is doing nothing that would bring disapproval from paradise on high.

Once each year, in the midst of mistletoe and holly and lights on a finseled tree, mortals not only get Christmas in their bones but Christmas in their hearts. It brings about generosity far beyond our usual pattern of behavior, an awareness of brotherhood, and a remarkable measure of tolerance.

In varying degrees, at other times of the year, we are selfish and thoughtless and downright rude to our fellow man. Not so at Christmas. Hating your enemies is harder to do, and in the secrecy of your own soul you feel ashamed of that hatred.

Stars shine brighter, reminding you of the brightest star of all on a Holy night almost two thousand years ago. The laughter of children is as clear as a bell on the frosty air, and the music of Christmas to human ears sounds as sweet as an angel choir.

No longer is home a place to get away from. Family lies suddenly become more meaningful. Lamplight glowing through a familiar window is a welcome sight when you return from labor, and your pace quickens as you take the final steps that will bring you to the fireside where loved ones wait.

Faith is stronger at Christmas. The small fry in your household have more faith than anybody else, for theirs is a dual shirne. With almost the same breath they sing "Away In a Manger" and "Santa Claus is Coming To Town." What they sing of, they believe in.

As for us oldsters, we are blessed with renewed faith too. We may not attend church any oftener, or even kneel in prayer at home, but we're grateful for the goodness of God. Silently, in the hallways of our heart, we sing our praises to a kindly Creator who is responsible for all that is near and dear to us.

If we don't frequent a place of worship, as we should, it's inevitable that we will come face to face with religious services on our television screens.

(Continued on Page 8)

PLAYING POSSUM—Wide awake Beth Gillikin, year old daughter of Betty and Lester Gillikin of Bridgeton, fools no one when she pretends to be napping. Could it be that Beth is practicing her act for a sleepless Christmas Eve, when all good little boys and girls are supposed to be deep in slumber? Legend has it that Santa Claus never leaves toys for kids who don't cooperate with the Sand Man, but there's less than

no chance that Beth will be disappointed just because of temporary insomnia. All youngsters won't be as fortunate, but you can do something about that. Lend Kris Kringle a helping hand, and brighten your own Yuletide by keeping alive the faith of a child who might not be remembered.—Photo by Eunice Wray.

