

Christmas

There is a silence
On the listening earth
Royal folk and humble
Wait the King's birth.
Snow in the meadow—
Snow in the mart—
But all the songs of Christmas
Sing through my heart!

There is a darkness
Across the world tonight
But oh, the still glory
Of one star's light!
Dear star of Christmas,
Shine softly when
In the blessed manger
He is born again!

So may the holy
Angel-voices sing!
So may the star shine
For the little king!
So may we, as pilgrims,
Seek where He lies
All the love of Christmas
Is in His eyes!

- Catherine Parmenter



Christmas is a time to give,
A time to sing, a time to live.
We rush around from store to store
Buying and buying; more and more.
We decorate trees with tinsel and lights
And hang hopeful stockings by fires so bright.
We wrap up boxes with paper and bows,
Whats in each one nobody knows.
We anticipate Christmas with wonder and joy,
And children await all of the toys.
We sing Christmas carols and make manger scenes,
Yet I can't help but wonder if any meaning it brings.
We make big decisions about what to buy who
And we rush around everywhere trying to find what to do!
But the day after Christmas the spirit is gone
No longer is heard the resounding song.
People return the gifts they are given
And then return to the same old routine of livin'.
But when we go to buy presents for others it seems
Only confusion and anger to bring.
If we want to give something that won't be returned
If we want to give something that will be a lesson well-learned-
Why not try giving an immaterial gift
Give someone else's spirit a lift.
Give a warm smile and a part of yourself
Truly with everyone place a good health!
Give unto others of the love in your heart
Give every friendship room to start,
And you will have found what I will call-
The very greatest gift of all!

Bonnie Shaw

All Things Wise and Wonderful - By James Herriot Veterinary Surgeon Relates Fond Memories

By Joy Bridges

James Herriot is a veterinary surgeon in a small Yorkshire, England town. In this third volume he writes of his experiences as he remembered them during his tour of duty in the Royal Air Force during World War II. He used these fond memories as a sort of drug to keep him going while he made the transition from a happy honeymooner to a toughened soldier.

One of the most interesting cases he had was himself. He went into a decline during his wife's pregnancy. As his Yorkshire neighbors would have said - "He was carrying the baby". He felt queasy each morning, felt drained and miserable and later developed unmistakable labour pains in his lower abdomen. He felt that the only thing that would ease his discomfort would be to see Helen and find out how she was doing. He had to go A.W.O.L. to do it but he got away and back in by a lucky chance. Helen was doing fine and the baby was due in two weeks. After seeing that she was all right with his own eyes he was able to go back to the base.

One interesting episode showed that veterinarians can learn a lot from farmers who have worked with animals all their life. Herriot was called out to deal with Gertrude, a pedigreed sow,

who had started farrowing but was attacking her piglets soon after their birth. This sometimes happens and they will kill the piglets if they are not taken out of the sow's way. Also it means that the pig will refuse to suckle the young. Herriot tried all of his latest wonder drugs and sedatives but nothing seemed to calm Gertrude down. She produced fifteen beautiful young pigs and chased Herriot out of the pen six times. The farmer's father, Grandad Hollin, surveyed the scene and announced what Gertrude needed was beer. He slipped down to the local pub and got two gallons of bitter. The big sow consumed the two gallons in a short time. Her movements became erratic, she gave an unmistakable hiccup, flopped on the straw and rolled on to her side. Grandad put the little ones in the pen and they latched on immediately. The sow was so pleasantly boozed she accepted all the little piglets without murmur.

Dr. Herriot is a very gifted writer who makes his adventures with animals come alive. However, he seems to be such a sensitive person who empathizes with animals in pain that you wonder how he could carry out the often painful procedures that he had to perform. A more detached personality might have found his occupation easier but probably could not have been so beloved by his patients and their owners.



THE 1977-1978 HILLTOP Staff wishes you a very happy holiday season. Photo by Kirk...
left to right are: Wright Culpepper, Robin Turley, Tommy Burton, Nancy...
Donna Enochs. Second row: Dale Blevins, Joy Bridges, Phyllis Sledge, Bonnie...
Ellen Peterson, Phillip Ray, Sara LeFever. Back row: Debbie Clary and Janice...

Photo by Kirk...

Mars Hill

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