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**-- Overlook On Life --**  
 By WARREN S. REEVE  
 Note: The idea of "Overlook" is taken from the Overlooks provided for viewing panoramas along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

"The hopes and fears of all the years" converged on Bethlehem one night long ago. These words call to our minds the picture of a great assembly of personified human emotions. In order to make the thought real, imagine the succession of hopes in your own breast, the surging of aspirations weak and strong even from the time of childhood until now. Think of all the hopes your mother has had, and then multiply them indefinitely; and add an even larger number of fears to conceive of this aspect of the significance of Christmas.

"The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight." Why did Phillips Brooks depict for us such a convocation of hopes and fears at Bethlehem? Why should he imagine that every hope and fear of all time should make a pilgrimage to Bethlehem on the night when Christ was born?

Well, let us remember that any single hope that any one of us possesses is never a "lone wolf," as we say. It is never really isolated from the whole bundle of our aspirations and ambitions, even though it may seem so. Any and every hope and purpose that you and I have are like branches of a tree or shoots sprung from a root that they have in common. And the same is true of our fears. And when you get down to the root or central stock, what do you find? Is it not a dual urge? An urge, on the one hand, to perpetuate the self, or to glorify the self; and an urge, on the other hand, to get rid

of self and find our completion in God. This dual urge springs from the dual nature of man, as one who is essentially egotistic and selfish; and yet, at the same time, paradoxically, one who is created in the image of God, and in whose heart blazes the flame of a longing for redemption, a longing to be redeemed from egotism. This passion for God that surges out at some time or other in our lives is HOPE. We might personify it and call it our Guardian Angel.

But what about that other urge that we have—the desire to have the Ego flattered, or to let the Ego assert itself in a thousand and one ways. Is it not also an insatiable ambition? Yes, indeed. But that kind of a desire is different from the hope after God. It is adulterated. Adulterated hope, and passion for self-perpetuation, are really FEAR. The Ego fears lest it may be annihilated. If we personify this Fear, we might call it our Malicious Spirit.

On that first Christmas night the Angels of Hope of all the years, and the FEAR SPIRITS of all the years held conclave in Bethlehem to see what issue might ensue from the contest between God and Egotism. The classic representation of this is of course in Milton's Paradise Lost. A Messiah promised and awaited through the centuries was being born on Christmas night. The myriad of EVIL SPIRITS—the vast assemblage of EGOTISTS—saw and trembled. A like host of ANGELS—the assembled HOPES of all mankind in its quest for God—stood, as Milton

LETTERS TO SANTA

Micaville, N. C.  
 December 3, 1956  
 Dear Santa,  
 My name is Gerlena and I am 8 years old. If you think I have been a good girl, I would like for you to bring me a dress. I will leave you some cake under my tree and please don't forget other kids.  
 Your friend,  
 Gerlena Branch  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Micaville, N. C.  
 December 3, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 My name is Paula Riddle I am eight years old and in the 3rd grade. I like school very much. Please bring me a pen coloring book and a paper doll book. Don't forget all the other boys and girls. I'll leave some cake and milk for you under my Christmas tree.  
 Your friend,  
 Paula Riddle  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Burnsville, N. C., Rt. 2  
 December 3, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 My name is Brenda Burnette I am 9 years old. Santa all I want for Christmas is a cook set and a tea set and Santa please don't forget all the other boys and girls that don't have time to write you. Santa, when you get here bring me what you think I deserve.  
 Your friend,  
 Brenda Burnette  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Newdale, N. C.  
 December 3, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 My name is Patsy Parsley. I am 8 years old. I want 4 things for Christmas, a doll, a tipper, a desk, and a Bible. I love my teacher, I got her something nice. Please do not forget the other boys and girls. I have a Collins book of your pitchers. My best girl friends are Gerlena and Mattie Lee.  
 I will have you some milk and something to eat, and something for your reindeer.  
 Your friend,  
 Patsy Parsley  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Micaville, N. C.  
 Box 72  
 December 3, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 I am 8 years old. I am in the 3rd grade. I would like a jeep, a hot air balloon, a saw and a tremble. A like puts it, "thick as stars". They looked and wondered!  
 "For Christ was born in Bethlehem"  
 Their irresistible carol of "Glory to God in the Highest. And on earth peace, good will among men!" pealed across "the midnight clear." While the Egotists quaked and sweated and wrestled, and in gasping desperation, knew themselves vanquished. For God had so loved that He gave His only begotten Son! Bethlehem that first Christmas night signified utter self-giving and utter outpouring of the very inner nature of the Divine Heart. Before such burningly pure love selfish spirits are scorched and consumed to nothingness.

Christmas is therefore a reminder that God is greater than Egotism, and the Christmas spirit an eager gladness to give and to think of others more than of ourselves.  
 Truly in the place where Deity took Humanity for its garb the Hopes and Fears of all the years were met.

MRS. A. D. DUNCAN

Mrs. A. D. Duncan, 70, died at her home on Burnsville RFD 2 Monday morning after a long illness.  
 Funeral services were held Tuesday at 2 p. m. in the South Estate Baptist Church. The Rev. Steve Clark and the Rev. D. O. Letterman officiated and burial was in the Ballew Cemetery at Celso.  
 Surviving are the husband; four

rod, a ball, a bat, and glove. Will you bring me them?  
 Don't forget the other boys and girls.  
 Your friend,  
 Dean Young  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Burnsville, N. C.  
 December 18, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 My name is Mattie Lee. I am 8 years old. Santa, all I want for Christmas is a walking doll that has yellow hair that I can comb. Please don't forget the other little boys and girls. Santa, I will leave a warm fire and some food for you and your reindeer.  
 Your friend,  
 Mattie Lee  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Burnsville, N. C.  
 Rt. 2  
 December 14, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 I hope your policemen will catch these reindeer rustlers. If they don't catch them, I'm afraid you will not be able to see little boys and girls this year.  
 Santa if you are able to get here, please bring me some candy, oranges, apples, cookies and some toys.  
 Your friend,  
 Charles Mike Hyatt  
 3rd Grade  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Micaville, N. C.  
 December 13, 1956

Dear Santa Claus,  
 My name is Darrell Blalock. I am 8 years old.  
 Santa all I want for Christmas is a 26 in bicycle that has yellow paint on it.  
 Please don't forget other poor boys and girls.  
 Santa I will leave a warm fire and some food and good drink for you and your reindeer.  
 Your friend,  
 Darrell Blalock

MRS. ETTA P. WALL


Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Etta Proctor Wall, 66, mother of Mrs. J. H. Cooper of Burnsville, Wednesday, in a hospital in Boiling Springs after an illness of two months.  
 Mrs. Wall was a native of Ruthersford County, but had recently resided at Boiling Springs. A member of High Shoals Baptist Church, she was a Gold Star Mother and the widow of G. O. Wall.

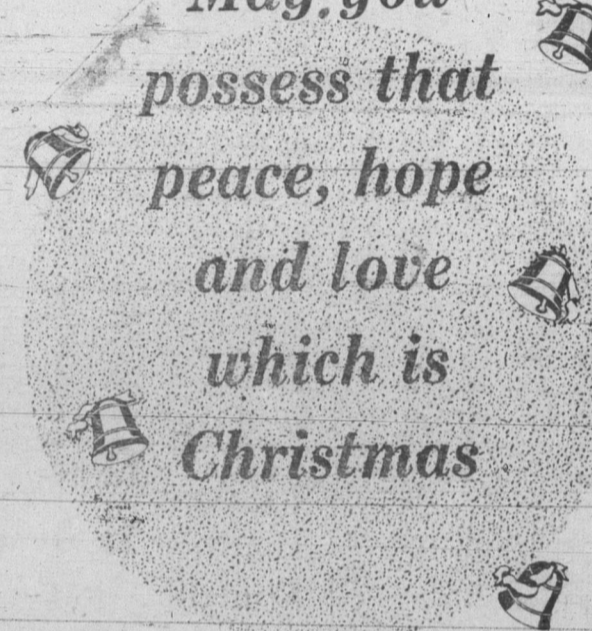
Surviving besides Mrs. Cooper are two sons, Mal of Greer, S. C. and Frank of Boiling Springs; three brothers, two sisters and 11 grandchildren.  
 Funeral services were conducted Friday at 3 p. m. in High Shoals Baptist Church by the Rev. Fletcher McGinnis. Burial was in High Shoals Cemetery.

daughters, Mrs. Florence Ballew of Hamrick and Mrs. Laura Carroll and Mrs. Joanna Thomas and Miss Dolly Duncan, all of Burnsville RFD 2; a son, Frank, of Morganton; 16 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Mary Silver of Weaverville; and a brother, William L. Blevins of Marion.

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**P. S. Personal Service Makes the difference!**  
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**Roberts Insurance Agency**  
 TELEPHONE 270 BURNSVILLE, N. C.

*May you possess that peace, hope and love which is Christmas*  
  
**Merry Christmas**  
 MAIN STREET SERVICE STATION  
**Styles & Co.**

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
 Friends are like keepsakes growing more dear and meaning still more to us year after year, and with every Christmas it means still more, too, to send warmest wishes to good friends like you.  
**Roberts Chevrolet, Inc.**  
**B. B. PENLAND & SON CO.**



May we say that we appreciate having had the opportunity of serving you and the privilege of enjoying your friendship and good will. You have helped us accomplish a very satisfactory year so we add to our Christmas Greetings an honest and sincere "Thank You."  
**Big Dollar Food Center**

May the best of all life's blessings and the warmth of the Yuletide cheer be with you this glad season.  
**Merry Christmas**  
**Banks-Young Motor Co.**

*Best wishes for Christmas*  
  
**Burnsville Super Market & Pete's Snack Bar**