

grade class we can't spell a lot of words. We haven't learned how to print all the letters yet, nor do we know all the sounds they make. But we are writing anyway, and doing a good job of it. We write the best we can. Sometimes we scribble something that looks like cursive. Other times we draw a picture and maybe write some words. If we know some letter sounds we might write them. When we are finished writing we read it to our teacher and she might type it on the com-

puter or print it as we read it. Then we read it to our classmates. We enjoy writing. We like to share our beginning writing with others. Sometimes it is hanging in the hallway or in our room. We each have a file with our own writings in them and we have our own writing books. Please ignore our mistakes and just enjoy our stories, for we are only just beginning to write. We need lots of praise and encouragement. We are writers in progress. ■■■

CHRISTMAS TRUE

Viola DeBoer

I heard Christmas when upon my ear
Fell the tinkle of a bell, so crisp and clear.
I saw Christmas in the eyes
Of one little boy bursting with surprise.
I felt Christmas in the velvet touch
Of a Christmas dress that meant so much.
I smelled Christmas in the new cut pine
And in the home that I call mine.
I tasted Christmas in the new snowfall
But. . . that really isn't Christmas at all.

For Christmas is a babe, the Son,
The Begotten of God, the Holy One.
Christmas is a birth so low
That Christmas is a manger — yes,
But even more, a cross so blest.
How blest the night when broke open the skies
Resounding with the angelic cries,
Of "Holy, Holy, Holy,
Go to see the birth so lowly!"

And in that stable dark and drear
The shepherds in great awe drew near,
For here was God in human form
And He would bear our sin and scorn.

The star stopped o'er that place of old
And by itself a story told,
As wisemen came searching for
The King who would reign forevermore.

O the miracle of virgin birth!
O the grace of God on earth!

And so the story's told again
Of how our Christ came down to men.
As we search Christmas through and through,
Dear God, give us a Christmas True.
For in that manger is a cross
That God's elect might not be lost.
So now we may, in joy and strife,
Live the Christmas way of life.

CHRISTMAS JOY

Elaine Faber

December is a month of preparation and excitement in the anticipation of celebrating a joyful Christmas. Many homes undergo extensive cleaning. Decorations are bought and displayed. New clothes are purchased for programs and parties. Children try to be extra good and helpful. The days are counted. It is the season to show acts of kindness and love. Cards and gifts are shared and given. For many people it is a joyful time.

So soon this special day is over, and with it the numerous expressions of love and kindness. When one truly experiences the joy of Christmas he continues to give of himself throughout the year, expressing true thankfulness for that wondrous gift of salvation made possible through Jesus' humble birth and suffering for His people.

When then can we show this joy?

Remember those hot summer