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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM
By: Gladys Cleone Carpenter

David and John were hurrying toward Bethlehem. They had seen the glorious star. Now they wanted to see the Christ-child.

Each boy had a bundle of food, a jar of water, and a sack of straw. But by the time they arrived in Bethlehem, David no longer had his things. He had given his food to a little girl who had traveled far. He had given the water to a thirsty dog. And he had given his straw to a hungry donkey.

At Bethlehem the boys parted.

The next morning the two boys met at the edge of the town.

"Did you see the Christ-child?" David asked.

"No. I went to the inn this morning, but the family was gone. Did you see him?"

"Some, but not plainly," David answered.

"I was sorry that I didn't give you my lunch, jug of water, and sack of straw," John said. "I didn't need them. I had a good supper, nice water, and a good bed."

"I didn't need them either," David said. "I earned my supper at the inn and there was cool water at the spring. The inn-keeper's daughter gave me a coat to sleep on. I went outside and slept on the coat. If I hadn't been outside I wouldn't have seen Jesus."

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"I slept near the inn," David explained. "In the night I awoke. A man was leading a mule out of the inn. And a woman in a cloak, carrying a baby, came out and got on the mule. They went away very quietly."

"You think that it was Joseph and Mary and Jesus?"

"Yes, it was."

"Why didn't you ask to look at the baby?" John inquired.

"Because the family seemed to be fleeing. I didn't want to cause them trouble."

"So you weren't close to Jesus," John said.

"No, David answered. "But as he passed I felt peaceful and loving and happy."

"I wish I'd been with you," John suddenly declared. "I would have been if I'd shared things. And if I hadn't thought more about finding my cousin than I did about finding Jesus. Then I would have seen the Babe going by, too."

"You'll find him someday," David said.

Yes, when both boys were grown they'd see and hear Jesus. And the star of Christianity would shine in their hearts.

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UNEXPECTED GUESTS FOR CHRISTMAS
By: Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw

It was Christmas Eve. Susan stood staring out the front window of her home. The snow was still falling, adding to the drifts on either side of their driveway.

"Cheer up, Sis," said ten-year-old brother Ronnie from his station at the radio. "There is no use spoiling Christmas just because we have had a snowstorm and cannot go to Grandma's."

"But we don't even have a tree," wailed Susan. "And we did not make any Christmas cookies because Grandma said she was taking care of all that."

"Guess we can get along without a tree," said practical Ronnie. "And there is still time to make cookies."

Just then an announcement over the radio caught Ronnie's attention.

"Pardon this interruption," the announcer was saying. "But several families have been brought into the city from their stranded automobiles on the highway. Perhaps there are some families who would like to take them into their homes for Christmas. If so, call 6-6751, and we will be glad to put you in touch with your unexpected guests. Remember the number, 6-6751."

"6-6751," Ronnie repeated. Then he dashed to the kitchen.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. "Did you hear that? Some families have been stranded by the storm. Let's invite one of them to have Christmas with us. Say yes, Mother. Please."

Just then a car drove into their driveway, and Susan came bounding into the kitchen.

"He got one! He got one!" she cried, running to open the door to let her father in.

"Got what?" Ronnie asked.

But Susan did not have to answer for her father came dragging a Christmas tree onto the porch behind him.

"For our stranded family!" Ronnie exclaimed. "We can have a family for Christmas, can't we, Mother? All we have to do is call 6-6751 and they will tell us where we can find the people."

"Merry Christmas!" called Daddy as he shook the snow from his hat and shoulders. "What's this about a stranded family?"

Ronnie told his father all about the radio announcement he had heard. "Please, Daddy, let's have one of the families come here. I'll let them have my room and sleep on the day bed in the play room."

"Well, what do you say, Mother?" Father asked. "And what does Susan think about the idea?"

"Yes, let's have a family come," called Susan from the storage closet where she was getting the decorations and lights for the tree. "Having visitors would be fun."

"I guess that is it then, Mother," said Daddy. "Unless you think it will be too much work for you."

"Why, bringing happiness to others at a time like this will be no work at all," said Mother. "Find out where you can pick up our family, and we will begin by having our Christmas Eve dinner here together."

Daddy made the phone call and received the name of a family having a boy and a girl about the age of Ronnie and Susan and a four-month-old baby. While he went to get them, Susan and Ronnie helped their mother get ready for their unexpected guests. They put clean bedding on Ronnie's bed. They put the room in order. At Susan's suggestion, they fixed up a large clothesbasket as a bed for the baby.

"The girl can sleep in the other twin bed in my room," said Susan. Susan put her room in order to greet her new friend. The day bed in the playroom was also made up for the boys to use.

Under their mother's direction, Susan and Ronnie were putting an extra leaf in the dining-room table when a car drove into the driveway. They all ran to the front door.

"Merry Christmas!" they said almost in the same breath as Daddy brought their visitors to the door.

"Merry Christmas to you!" came back in a chorus.

Then Daddy introduced Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Jack, Donna, and baby Michael.

"This is so kind of you," said Mrs. Henderson as she shook Mother's hand.

"We are all happy to have you," Mother said cheerily. "The snowstorm spoiled our plans, too, so we will have a happy Christmas here together."

It was not long before Mrs. Henderson and Mother were busy in the kitchen making last-minute preparations for dinner. Father, Mr. Henderson, and the boys disappeared into the basement.

"I think they are going to make a base for our Christmas tree," Susan confided in Donna as they set the table together.

"Oh! Are we going to have a Christmas tree, too?" Donna's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Daddy got it just tonight," Susan answered. "We can trim it after dinner." Dinner was a happy affair. The roast which Mother had prepared did not go quite as far for two families as it would have for one. But no one minded that. There was plenty of other food to eat, and all appetites were satisfied.

The women and girls washed the dishes and put them away. The men and boys mounted the tree on its base and put it up in front of the big window in the living room.

"It is the most beautiful tree I have ever seen!" said Donna.

Then what fun followed! The men hung the lights, and then the tinsel and ornaments on the highest branches. Susan did not notice when her mother and Mrs. Henderson left the group, but it was not long before she smelled delicious odors coming from the kitchen.

"Oh! Cookies," she said. "Christmas cookies!"

"Shall I turn out the floor lamp now so that we can have the Christmas story?" Ronnie asked.

At a nod from his father, Ronnie turned out the light. Then he picked up the Bible from the table and handed it to Father. The children sat on the floor in front of the tree, while their parents sat on chairs behind them. When all was quiet, Father began to read.

"'In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled---And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city....And Joseph also went up...'"

Everyone listened as the old, old story was read again from the Bible. Susan looked at baby Michael. Having him there seemed to bring that first Christmas right into their own living room.

There was a moment of silence when the story was ended. Then Mother began to sing softly "Silent night, holy night,..." and both families joined in singing the carol. Then, one by one, as was their custom on Christmas Eve, Father, Mother, Ronnie, and Susan each said a thank-you prayer for Christmas.

When the others had finished, Susan prayed, "Thank you, God, for our new friends who are with us. And for Grandma and Grandpa. Help them to have a happy Christmas, too. Amen."

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CHRISTMAS-GRAMS

By: Reuben S. DeLong

- EA... Let receive her King; JOY TO THE WORLD, 1st. v.
- .EA.. art not the among the princes of Juda: Matt 2.6
- ...EA for out of thee shall Governor, Matt 2.6 (2 words)
- *****
- .AN.. The kiddies best friend.
- .AN.. And thou Bethlehem, in the of Juda, Matt 2.6 (poss.)
- .AN.. All meanly wrapp'd in swathing WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS,
- 4th v.
- .AN.. This sweet is especially welcomed over the Christmas holidays.
- *****
- .EA.. Sleep in heavenly SILENT NIGHT, 1st v.
- .EA.. Let every prepare him room, JOY TO THE WORLD, 1st v.
- .EA.. Begin and never WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS, 6th v.
- .EA.. art not the among the princes of Juda: Matt 2.6
- .EA.. Radiant from Thy holy face SILENT NIGHT, 3rd. v.
- .EA.. Christ, by highest adored; HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, 2nd. v.
- .EA.. O'er all the world: IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR, 2nd. v.
- *****
- .EA.... And and nature sing, JOY TO THE WORLD, 1st. v.
- .EA... loving us so ADESTE FIDELES, 6th v.
- .EA... All on the ground, WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS, 1st. v.
- .EA... So God imparts to human O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, 3rd. v.
- .EA.... All wrapp'd in swathing bands, WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS,
- 4th. v.
- *****
-ED Then in those Wise men three, THE FIRST NOEL, 5th v.
-ED And there in His presence, THE FIRST NOEL, 5th v.
-ED and him in swaddling clothes. Luke 2.7
-ED as men with man to dwell: HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, 2nd. v.
-ED Lo, chieftains, ADESTE FIDELES, 5th v.
-ED WHILE SHEPHERDS THEIR FLOCKS
-ED The angels sing. IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR, 2nd. v.

ANSWERS.

CHRISTMAS

By: Mildred Evans Roberts

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|--------|--------|---------|---|
| EARTH | PEACE | SEATED | Christmas, the beautiful glad time of greetings and gifts and fun, is the world's most wonderful birthday of Jesus Christ, God's Son-- so not just with trees and with holly, and candles, and carols we sing, but with loving hearts, and kind, we keep the birthdays of our king. |
| LEAST | HEART | HEARTS | |
| COMEAS | CEASE | MEANLY | |
| ***** | LEAST | ***** | |
| SANTA | BEAMS | ENTERED | |
| LANDS | HEAVN | OFFERED | |
| BANDS | WEARY | WRAPPED | |
| CANDY | ***** | PLEASED | |
| ***** | HEAVEN | STARLED | |
| | DEARLY | WATCHED | |
| | | BLESSED | |

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