

Thought: "Christmas began in the heart of God. It is complete only when it reaches the heart of man." -Unknown

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"Don't be afraid!" [the angel] said. "I bring you good news that will bring great joy to all people." -Luke 2:10

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Living Candles  
(Reginald Holmes)

If you left the Christmas spirit  
Tucked away upon the shelf,  
Take it down and start the season  
By the giving of yourself.

Just by saying, "Merry Christmas"  
With a smile upon your face.  
You can make some person happy  
And the world a better place.

If life's hardly worth the living,  
Find yourself a worthy cause:  
Take that basket to the needy;  
Make believe you're Santa Claus.

If the spark of faith is feeble,  
You may well be reconciled  
If you read the Christmas story  
To a lonely little child.

If you're someone who is looking  
For a mission to fulfill,  
Be a living Christmas candle  
On the world's wide windowsill.

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day  
(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

I heard the bells on Christmas Day their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet the words repeat of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how as the day had come, the belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will toward men.

And in despair, I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men."

Yet pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor does he sleep;  
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, with peace on earth, good will to men."

Then ringing, singing on its way, the world revolved from night to day-  
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime of peace on earth, good will to men.

*MARY DID YOU KNOW?  
(Mark Lory)*

*Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Will one day walk on water  
Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Will save our sons and daughters  
Did you know that your baby boy  
Has come to make you new  
This child that you've delivered  
Will soon deliver you  
Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Will give sight to a blind man  
Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Will calm a storm with his hand  
Did you know that your baby boy  
Has walk where angels trod  
When you kiss your little baby  
You've kissed the face of God  
Mary did you know, Mary did you know  
The blind will see, the deaf will hear  
And the dead will live again  
The lame will leap, the dumb will speak  
The praises of the Lamb  
Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Is Lord of all creation  
Mary did you know that your baby boy  
Will one day rule the nations  
Did you know that your baby boy  
Is Heavens perfect Lamb  
This sleeping child you're holding  
Is the Great I AM!  
Mary did you know*

A Soldier's King  
(Kenny Rogers)

None seemed to notice  
The man beside the road  
He was just a ragged soldier  
Out there in the cold  
But he seemed to have a purpose  
Only known to him  
As he walked along the streets that night  
Through the town of Bethlehem

In his head he held a memory  
Of all the wars he'd known  
In his hand he clutched a metal  
For the bravery he'd shown  
And the weight of every battle  
He carried in his heart  
But his eyes were clear and searching  
For a manger in the dark

Some are born to greatness  
Some are born to fall  
Some are bound to be forgotten  
Like they never lived at all  
But we're all born to know Him  
And stand before His light  
Like the soldier who found his king tonight

He had marched for politicians  
Served under their command  
And he fought for all the causes  
That he did not understand  
But it was something deep inside him now  
That led him on his way  
With a single star to guide him  
To where the baby lay

Some are born to greatness  
Some are born to fall  
Some are bound to be forgotten  
Like they never lived at all  
But we're all born to know Him  
And stand before His light  
Like the soldier who found his king tonight

He stood before the Son of God  
Come to pay our debt  
He smiled up at the soldier  
That the world would soon forget  
So he held out his medal  
And said this for you I bring  
There he swore allegiance  
To the newborn baby king

Some are born to greatness  
Some are born to fall  
Some are bound to be forgotten  
Like they never lived at all  
But we're all born to know Him  
And stand before His light  
Like the soldier who found his king tonight

## America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet  
Whose stern impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare of freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife.  
Who more than self their country loved  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for halcyon skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the enameled plain!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
Till souls wax fair as earth and air  
And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrims feet,  
Whose stem impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
Till paths be wrought through  
wilds of thought  
By pilgrim foot and knee!

O beautiful for glory-tale  
Of liberating strife  
When once and twice,  
for man's avail  
Men lavished precious life!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
Till selfish gain no longer stain  
The banner of the free!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee  
Till nobler men keep once again  
Thy whiter jubilee!