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Christmas 1951

I try to think of that sweet babe that lay In Mary's tender arms in Bethlehem Or in the manger on the fragrant hay With wondering shepherds gazing awed at them. But as I look, the vision fades. I see A thousand dusky babes that weep and die In far Korea. O Lord, can it be I am to blame? O Master, is it I? I see a splendid boy in Nazareth Working with Joseph as a carpenter. I see his loving mother catch her breath As Jesus turns his loving eyes on her. The vision fades. Afar in other lands I see a thousand boys who weep and cry And die before their time. I lift my hands And ask, "Am I to blame? Lord, is it I? I see the Garden of Gethsemane, I see the cross, the tomb, the risen Lord. His meting with His chosen ones I see. "Go ye to all the world and preach the word." How long ago that Great Commission came! The centuries take wing, the mad years fly. Sin, hate and blood-lust-still they seem the same. Am I to blame, O Master? Is it I? The world is stilled. A tender voice I hear. A hand once pierced seems laid up my brow. A subtle, holy presence hovers near. A voice more sweet than music speaking now. "No sparrow falls without my Father's care. No baby suffers but I suffer, too. An answer waits for every earnest prayer. Some day comes peace, to all the world-and you." L.T.P. Best wishes for the Christmas Season, the New Year

and All the Years Ahead.

Levi T. and Rebecca Pennington