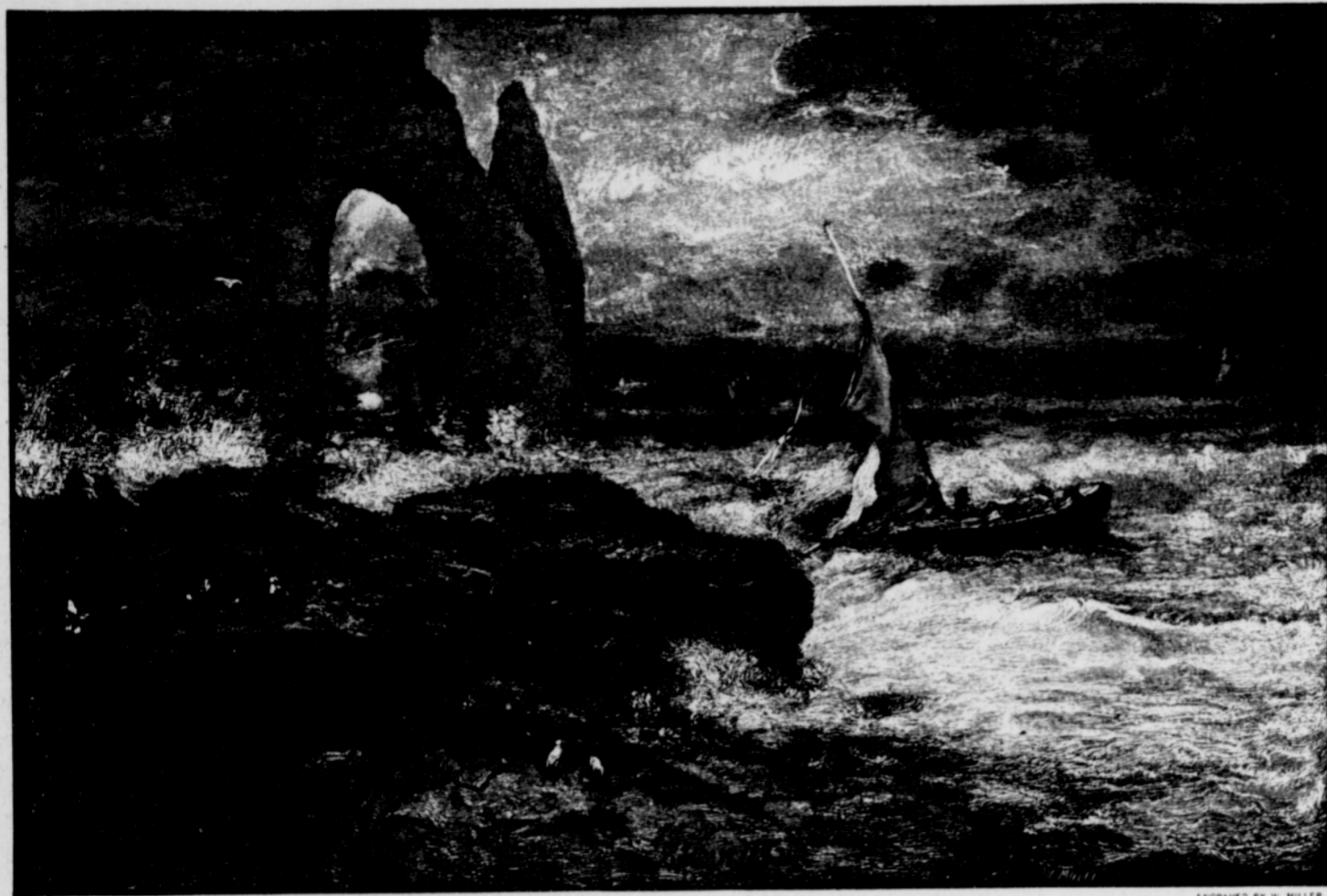
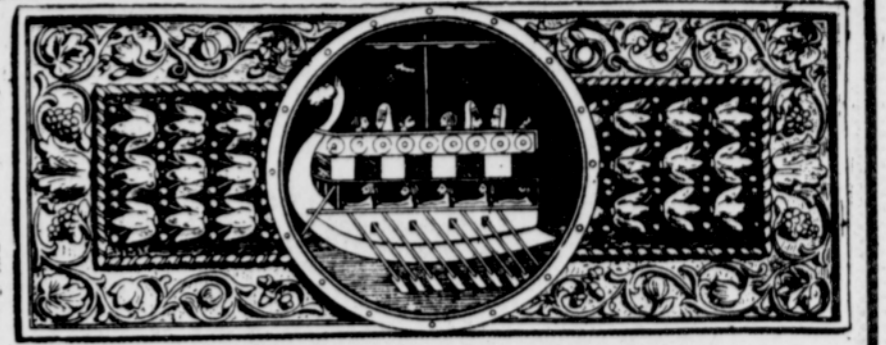


LIFE & TIMES



PAINTED BY GEORGE INNESS

ENGRAVED BY H. MILLER

CHRISTMAS, 1982

"For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given..."



Nearly 2,000 years ago
a child was born
in a stable in Bethlehem
to a young, impoverished mother
at the end
of a long, arduous journey.

Today a child is born —

In a Nicaraguan refugee camp
to a mother fleeing
the continued brutality of El Salvador —

Among the ruins of Beirut
to a survivor of Shalita —

On Mindanao to a Filipina
facing eviction
from her makeshift home —

In a cardboard shanty in Caracas
to a homeless mother of Venezuela —

In a broken-down van
on the outskirts of Houston
to the sick wife
of a long-unemployed logger —

And in a New York shelter
to a frightened runaway teenager.

A child is born whose teachings
will guide the lives
of generations to come,
and under the cold and silent stars
a turbulent world pauses
to renew its flagging hope
that a future
of justice, peace and love
may still somehow be possible
for suffering mankind.

MARY JANE BREWSTER

WINTER

WHEN BLOOD IS NIPPED

The language of the howling wind allows an endless
Tale of winter to be told in one long syllable,
Here where this sea of glowing air has become a mere
Glaring of diffuse and mindless light as unaware
As each dumb, chilling mid-day is of its transience,
Of how it will be grasped by the comprehensive dark.
Everything we see in such light is an optical
Allusion: This is not the winter of sunny noons
Of smooth-packed snow gleaming in the farmyard, icicles
Eyeing the ground under the barn, of the white shed where
A dairymaid still churns away by hand at the tub
Of metaphor. This is not that, but the fact-ridden
Unfair land of the cold space, of the unmoving time.

JOHN HOLLANDER

COMING INTO WINTER

We are coming into winter now.
Here the mountains are always green
Fuchsia still bloom on this hillside
But the sky shines like blue ice
Wind blows frost on blackberries
Below Ecola Park

You climbed mountains with me once.
In the August sun.
High into the Wallowas
Crystal lakes scree slides
Air that burned your nostrils
Your red beard glowing copper
You cleared your throat often not speaking

I wanted to climb to the top of Eagle Cap.
We carried ice axes across the snowfields
On the steep slopes our footing slipped
You said we needed crampons
While your eyes fell a thousand feet down
To Mirror Lake
Your death reflected there
Your crippled image floating on the water

ANNIE COOK



HURRAY FOR THE NEW YEAR

Hurray for the new year,
For it's almost here.
The people are happy
And all are in good cheer.

It's a time of celebration,
For forgetting the past.
But I am so happy,
I can remember the last.



Old Father Time,
Has been good to me.
And it's going to be a good year
As you can see.

SUSAN EASLEY (AGE 9)

VIEWS FROM THE STORM

- I Tuesday November 16. 10 A.M.
Rain and wind all night.
Cellar door banging.
Many dreams.
- II Ridges of melting raindrops
Make the window
Look like ancient glass
- III Wet shiny shivering in storm winds
Salal shimmer green
Sheltered by firs
- IV Bow against the southwest wind
Sheets of rain splatter my cheek
I am soaked, drenched to the skin
While the dog is a galloping black shadow
Chasing sandpipers into the surf
- V Sounds of soft feet dancing
On the roof
Dancing sheltering singing
A lullaby
- VI The coverlet creates
A cocoon of warmth
Burrow deeply
Sleep
Safe from the storm

ANNIE COOK

SUDDEN JOURNEY

Maybe I'm seven in the open field —
the straw grass so high
only the top of my head makes a curve
of brown in the yellow. Rain then.
First a little. A few drops on my
wrist, the right wrist. More rain.
My shoulders, my chin Until I'm looking up
to let my eyes take the bliss.
I open my face. Let the teeth show. I
pull my shirt down past the collar-bones.
I'm still a boy under my breast spots.
I can drink anywhere. The rain. My
skin shattering. Up suddenly, needing
to gulp, turning with my tongue, my arms out
running, running in the hard, cold plenitude
of all those who reach earth by falling.

TESS GALLAGHER



Grace Carpenter Hudson