COMICS

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

Poetry

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

By Verla Koffler

The Christ has come, the Christ has come
The angels sang that day.
They sang it to the shepherds,
Their voices glad and gay.

Oh, what a glorious time it was
To know the Christ was born.
When all the world in darkness lay
With hopes and dreams forlorn.

But then, the angels sang again,
Oh, come and worship Him!
Follow the star that leads the way
Before it's light can dim.

They came from near, they came from far
To see the wondrous sight.
To see the place where Jesus lay,
In God's most holy light.

Today we know the story well.
We tell it every year.
Of Joseph, Mary and the Babe,
The things we hold so dear.

But what of this bold usurper
Who comes to take Christ's place?
Who is Santa, what did he do,
Did he save the human race?

Did he take Christ's place upon the cross
And die to save us all?
Can he reach down and lift us up
When from Grace we often fall?

He must be somebody big and great
To warrant such devotion.
In stores and streets downtown they come
Like waves upon the ocean.

They bring their children to see him
As he sits on his tinseled throne.
While the Christ Child starts to fade away
Like a memory, lost and lone.

I've heard of Santa, haven't we all?
But I can't find him in the Good Book.
So I'm not just sure where he came from,
But why really bother to look?

For Christ is the word that has meaning,
Not Santa, or Rudolph or toys,
And we the parents must teach this
To all of the girls and boys.

So let's put the Christ back in Christmas,
Cause that's where He really belongs,
And praise the Good God who sent Him,
With prayerful worship and songs.

Let your hearts be warm with giving
As God so gave His Son,
And with joy remember the Savior,
For He's the important one!

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(In Memoriam)

The day he fell the world turned black
Blotted out by the rifle's crack.
The church bells toll and the nations weep
While the widow grieves and our leader sleeps

For hate breeds hate in a parlor game
Crusades of suspicion to fester and flame
Where frontier justice was born and bred
And a sickened Dallas in shame and dread.

The bloom was gone from his boyish cheek
And his heart was stilled where the roses creep.
His laughter trails on the wings of morn
And his spirit lives as a soul reborn.

The ghostly clump of the muffled drums,
The coil of the arc as the thousands come,
The skirl of the pipes and the Navy choir,
The ebony caisson, white horses of spirited fire.

The Requiem Mass and the voice of prayer,
John-John's salute with its touching flair,
The breezes played on the flag-draped bier
That the widow kissed and held so dear.

To the whoosh of the jets and the Irish drill
He was laid to rest in Arlington hill.
The boom of the guns as she lit the flame
To mark the site that will grace his name.

I will return again she vowed
As she placed the flowers o'er the field fresh ploughed.
Maurice R. Keep

Brazil, Colombia and Ecuador are the three South American countries which lie on the equator.