

May the Love of Christmas Time be with You

by W.D. Pennypacker

LET us think of Christmas only in terms of love. Touch the fabric of its mystic story and we find ourselves enthralled by its spell. In its warp and woof is woven a colorful masterpiece—a picture too great for even a Raphael to portray with justice.

LET it is only the simple story of love. Deep snows and jingling sleighbells are not typical of Christmas. Toys and tinsel but represent its superficial side. Feasting does not speak any of its holiness or its sweetness.

LOVE! That is Christmas! Something which kindles the spark within us; that peculiar flash which makes the whole world one's kin. No, we have never really seen Christmas. We have felt it!

IT WERE a dull life if only one day in more than three hundred were vibrant with Christmas' love. Kindliness—the crudest synonym for Christmas—flashes as well under a midsummer sun, in great centers of business, in pleasure-places of society, and in the humblest home. Wherever we find the desire to help, to serve, to minister, perhaps only to bring a smile to a careworn face—there we will discover Christmas.

© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.

