



May this Christmas find you at peace with the world and yourself.

THE CHRISTMAS CRADLE

One crisp December night when snow had wrapped the mountains in their winter blankets, the grandfather pines tell this old, proud story to the sleepy cones waiting for Christmas...

Near the crest of the hill above the City of David stood a grove of cedar. Their leaves were shining and abundant, their branches stretched in praise toward the heavens. To the side and a little apart stood a stunted, gnarled tree upon whom the others looked with scorn and pity. The rain seemed to drive hardest at him and the sun seemed determined to sear his leaves as it journeyed westward.

Men from the town came and took many of his neighbors and he watched them become sturdy beams of the fine houses and the strong sure masts for the ships that rode the Galilean Sea. Men paused to look at him-to laugh or shake their heads. One summer day, an innkeeper came to the hill and felled the finest trees and placed them in his cart. Then to the surprise of the little tree, the ax sounded on his bark and within a few sure strokes he lay with the others.

"Oh, Oh," they laughed, "and what will they do with you, small one?"

"Perhaps I shall become a door through which the merry people pass," he smiled.

"A door? How could anyone ever close you with your wrinkled bark and twisted trunk?" asked the other trees.

"Perhaps a table then on which there will be good food-and a candle to burn?" But he knew this could not be, for he was not fair and no amount of polish would make him shine.

The small tree lay forgotten-for a time. The inn was soon completed and the cedars stood tall and held the roof proudly above their heads. The small tree lay alone and forgotten, and the rain became harsh and drenched him. The snow covered him then.

One day the inn keeper came and carelessly split him into unsmoothed planks and pounded some nails into his sides and stood him in a dark musty barn. He sadly realized that he had become a feeding trough and his only companions were the animals that lowed during the night.

"Oh," he sighed, "Am I never to see the beautiful

sunlight again or share in the laughter of children?"

There were always men jostling him-and cattle crowding him now; for the people had come from miles away to pay their taxes and greet each other in friendship. How he longed to stand erect in the kitchen of the inn or burn brightly and blow fine sparks above the chimney.

He had just sighed one mighty sigh and shifted his creaking self into a more comfortable position when the wind blew in from the open doorway, rustling the hay he held. The voice of the innkeeper blew in with the wind, saying "There's no more room at the inn-but you can spend the night here if you wish."

The little trough felt ashamed that the pale lovely girl and kind-eyed man should be forced to take

refuge in this unsightly barn that he hated so. But the couple thanked the landlord for his kindness. The man spread his cloak and the woman lay down to rest. The little donkey who had carried their belongings snorted happily and ate the sweet smelling hay the trough held.

The wind no longer blew through the cracks and instead of being dark and gloomy, the room was filled with a warm, golden light. As he looked up through the beams that formed the roof, the little trough blinked as the brightest star he had ever seen beamed directly down upon him.

Gentle hands smoothed the hay he held and a warm soft robe covered his splintery sides...Then a precious baby was laid gently within his sturdy frame. The cattle seemed to low in harmony as

if to sing a lullaby, and then there was a hum of voices and a stomping of hooves.

Three men garbed as kings came to stand before him and knelt in adoration with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh. The shepherds from the hills came too, for an Angel had appeared before them and told them of this wondrous child.

And when the room was still, one of the wise kings spoke and said, "Oh Lord, of all the gifts we bring-which would you choose?" But the baby reached out his tiny hand and touched the rough side of the manger.

And since that time, the pine trees have worn their greenery the whole year through in memory of the Eternal Child the cradle held that evening so long, long ago.

Jean Evans, Parma Idaho

Sage of Nu Acres

By Lyn Dohner 674-2041

Thanksgiving dinner on the patio at their daughter's home in Ridgecrest, California was a special treat for Mr. and Mrs. John Stam this year. Their best treat was to have all their children and their families there together.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dalton and family in whose home they visited, Mr. and Mrs. Mark O'Donnell and family from Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Stam of Nysa.

On the way home, the Stams visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Molyneux at Concord. The Nu Acres Bible Study group has turned out to be

exciting and interesting. Having retired pastor, Roy Hodges there gives the discussion a depth and breadth that was needed, and the eager participation of everyone helps.

Anyone wishing to join the group should call Sherman Keck or Allen Ballard, for the location of meeting changes every week.

The Benny Benson family who sold out and left Idaho and made a new home for themselves in Los Molinas, Calif., this past year, came back for a brief visit this past weekend. They said they were lonesome for Nu Acres and the children want to come back to live.

Friday, the Benson family

visited Mr. and Mrs. Bob Shaw. They said their son Benny was staying at the Calvin Conner place, with Randy Conner, and that Jeff was staying at the Hammer's and Kayla with a girl friend in Fruitland. All three of them went to school, while here, with their friends. The Benson family have gone home now, in order that the children miss no more school in California.

Saturday visitors at the Bob Shaw home were Ivan Wilson of Ontario and his son Pete from Lincoln City, Oregon. Ivan is Mrs. Shaw's brother.

Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Shaw Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Winter of Harper and daughter, Christine ate out at an Ontario restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Shaw Jr. and daughter, Dorothy Lynn, visited her sister and family

in Payette Sunday afternoon. They are the Bill Fitzsimmons'.

We're into that busy time when all the churches are working on great plans and lovely music with which to celebrate Jesus' birthday. We may not have the date just right, some do say, but I don't think the Bible would have so full and beautiful a record of it if God hadn't wanted His people to celebrate it, do you? Let's plan toward a truly Christ-mass, with Love.

Happy Dozen

The Happy Dozen Card Club met Friday afternoon with Sue Ashcraft. Guest players were Merle Tuppeny, Ima Begeman and Elsie Diven.

Winners were Dorothy Fox, Edna DeHaven, Bernice Toomb and Hazel Schafer.

Pleasing You... Pleases Us!

PORK SALE
FREEZER SPECIAL!!!
WHOLE LEAN PORK LOINS... **97¢** LB.

4 LOIN TENDER PORK CHOPS 8-11 CT. PKGS. **99¢** LB.
CENTER CUT RIB PORK CHOPS EXTRA FANCY **1.09** LB.
CENTER CUT LOIN PORK CHOPS TOP QUALITY **1.19** LB.

NORWEST MEDIUM CHEESE 2 LB. SIZE... **3.49** EA.
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SELSUM BLUE 4-oz. SIZE SHAMPOO \$2.19 VALUE... **1.66**
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PRICES EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 7-8-9-10th.

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KITCHEN TREAT 6oz. MEAT-BEEF PIES • TURKEY • CHICKEN **1.00**

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