



Dear Simons:

Christmas, the joyous season of the year, comes again. How the word thrills us, but even more it fills us with a profound spirit of joy. Seems so recent since my last greeting to you. As years advance, time runs faster but joys do not decrease. Memory's scroll unrolls and our thoughts go back to friendships, some broken by death, others so true that they form a protecting shield around us for life's battle. The season takes us back to those cherished days of toys and sweets and Christmas trees, and, farther, to the historic shepherds, the stable, the manger, and the Babe. His birth gave us a changed world. He lived, and died, and on leaving he said, "My joy I leave with you." It is ours if we accept Him and claim our share.

May you have enough happiness to keep you sweet; enough trials to keep you strong; enough sorrow to keep you human; enough hope to keep you happy; enough failure to keep you humble; enough success to keep you eager; enough friends to give you comfort; enough faith and courage in yourself and your country to banish depression; enough wealth to meet your needs; and enough of God to rule your life.

Sincerely, I wish you a joyous season.

*J. V. Matter*



December Twenty-Fifth,  
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-One.