

Last Christmas we received a letter from a very gracious lady friend of ours which contains the theme of our holiday thought at this season:



Dear Harry:

Once again the festive season is with us, and once again comes your cheery message. Time certainly flies, seems no time since the last.

Do you remember when you were very very young, how an hour would stay and fuss around and fume and seem a day? But, now the years dash in to visit me, gossip a while, regard the clock, and flee.

I have read and re-read your message and put it aside for future reference---too much meat to digest in one or two sittings.

Heard one fine thing the other day which I think we all can appreciate: "The glorious feeling that comes when you do a good deed by stealth and then have it discovered by accident."

My prayer for Maude, the bearer of good cheer, and you, is one found in Chester Cathedral. I spent many happy holidays in that quaint old town, when I was young:

"Give me a good digestion Lord---and also something to digest. Give me a healthy body Lord, with sense to keep it at its best. Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight which seeing sin is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right. Give me a mind that is not bored, that does not whimper, whine or sigh: don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I. Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke; to get some happiness from life, and pass it on to other folk."



And so as this year draws to a close, may 1951 bring you health and happiness, and in the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one."

Harry L. Snyder

1625 So Saltair Ave. West Los Angeles, Calif