

CHRISTMAS STORIES

The Legend of the Christmas Candle

Many years ago a cobbler and his wife lived in a cottage on the edge of a village in Austria. They had few possessions, but whatever they owned they shared with others. Symbolic of this generosity and love of mankind was the lighted candle they placed in the window of their cottage.

Over a period of years, war, famine and destruction fell upon this little village - and yet, through it all the cobbler and his wife suffered far less than the other villagers. "Surely there is something special about them. They are always spared from our misfortunes." said the villagers. "Let us put a candle in our window and see if that is the mysterious charm."

Now it happened that the first night that a candle was lighted in the windows of every home was Christmas Eve, and before the first rays of the morning sun, a messenger rode into the village to bring the great news - peace had come! That Christmas Day there was amazement and awe in the hearts of the humble villagers. And, as they thanked God for the blessing peace, they said to one another: "Let us always remember to light candles on the evening of Christ's birth."

And now, many years later, this beautiful custom of placing a lighted candle in the window on Christmas, has spread all over the world, sending forth a message of love, hope and cheer.

Submitted by Mary

Strange



"Great things are not done by impulse, but by a series of small things brought together."

Vincent Van Gogh

The Precious Gift

A little boy watched as people brought their precious gifts for the tiny Babe.

The boy was feeling sad, for he only had some small, coloured balls to give.

But then he had an idea. He slowly made his way through people until he was close to the manger. Then he began to juggle the balls and the Baby Jesus smiled.

All the other people enjoyed it, too, and it stayed in their memories for a long time. Each time they saw a coloured ball, they were reminded of that wonder day. That is why coloured balls are hung on Christmas trees everywhere on Jesus' birthday.

Submitted by Mary Strange



The Old Country Church

Among my favourite memories each year on
Christmas Day
Is that Old-fashioned country church where once
I went to pray.
Families came from far and near,
Despite the wintry weather,
To fill the little country church and worship there
together.
Though I have journeyed far along the road of life
since then,
How often I have longed to be in that old church
again
To share with all my loved ones
The joy of Christmas Day

In that old-fashioned country church

Where once I went to pray.

Submitted by *Mary Strange*