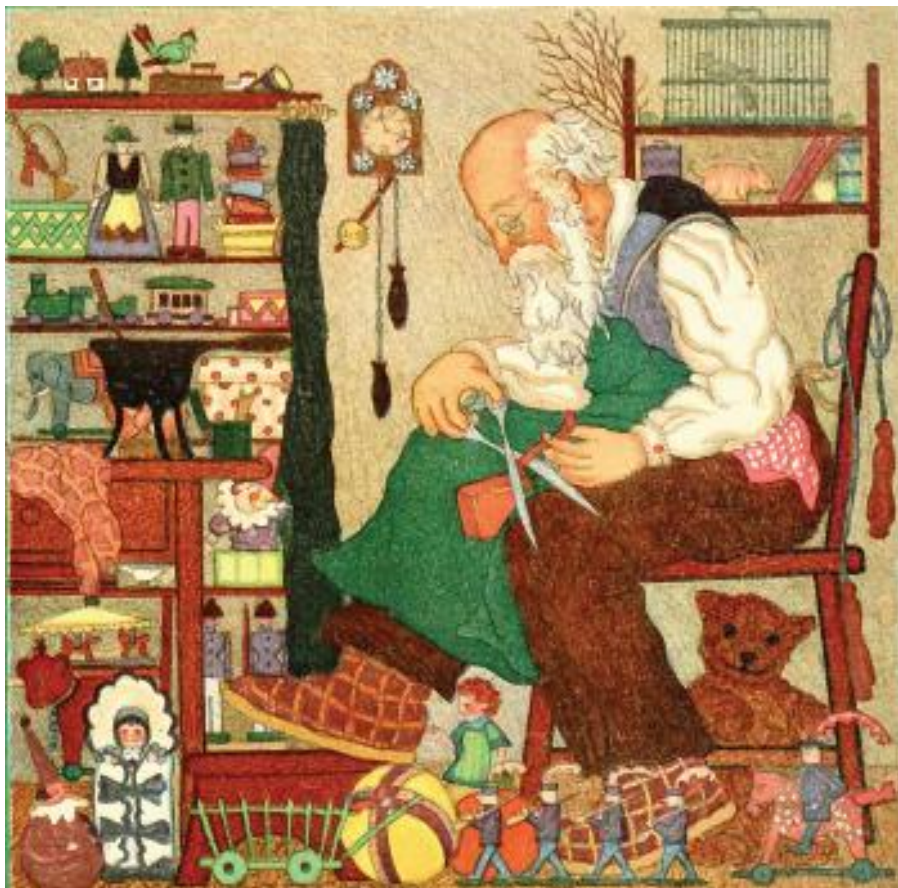




Living Books Curriculum

Holiday Helper

Picture Study • Copywork • Stories



Christmas

Welcome to Living Books Curriculum's **Holiday Helper series**

Living Books Curriculum has created a series called Holiday Helpers just for you. These short collections of high-quality literature, artwork and quotations are easy to use during busy holidays; each one is designed to provide your children with uplifting and inspiring ideas and images.

This edition includes artwork, quotes and articles that celebrate Christmas. the practice of copywork. If you are new to picture study, visit this link for suggestions:

www.livingbookscurriculum.com/TeachingChildrentoLoveGreatArt.pdf

If you are new to Charlotte Mason education, please visit our site to learn more. Living Books Curriculum is complete, literature-rich and inspired by the work of Charlotte Mason. We offer the finest homeschool curriculum available.

Enjoy our complimentary Holiday Helper,
Sheila Carroll
Living Books Curriculum
www.livingbookscurriculum.com/

Table of Contents

The Christmas Story <i>According to the Gospel of Luke</i>	4
Picture Study	5
Keeping Christmas.....	8
In the Week Christmas Comes.....	9
People, Look East.....	10
Christmas Every Day	11
Christmas Thumbprint Cookies	15
Easy Graham Cracker Gingerbread House.....	16
Gingerbread Cookies	17
The Gingerbread Boy.....	18
Christmas Copy work.....	20

Living Books Curriculum
5497 S. Gilmore Road
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858

Email: info@livingbookscurriculum.com

To purchase additional copies:

www.livingbookspress.com

www.livingbookscurriculum.com

Copyright information:

All of the materials included in this digest are a republication of public domain works or reprinted with permission. However, the arrangement and illustration placement are the property of Living Books Curriculum. As a recipient of this digital document you have the right to print copies **for your personal use**. No reproduction without prior written permission is allowed.

The proceeds of Living Books Curriculum supports our sister organization [Education in a Box](#), a non-profit 501 C3 which provides living books and teacher training to educators in developing nations.

The Christmas Story

According to the Gospel of Luke

And it came to pass in those days that a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. This census first took place while Quirinius was governing Syria. So all went to be registered everyone to his own city.

Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be registered with Mary, his betrothed wife,[a] who was with child. So it was that while they were there, the days were completed for her to be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.



Now there were in the same country shepherds living out in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold,[b] an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were greatly afraid. Then the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to all people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be the sign to you: You will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.”

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

“Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace, goodwill toward men!”

So it was, when the angels had gone away from them into heaven, that the shepherds said to one another, “Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.” And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. Now when they had seen Him, they made widely[d] known the saying which was told them concerning this Child. And all those who heard it marveled at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. Then the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them.

Picture Study

There must be knowledge...not the technical knowledge of how to produce, but some reverent knowledge of what has been produced that is, children should learn pictures line by line, group by group, by reading not books (about art) but the pictures themselves. (A Philosophy of Education, p. 214)

How to Prepare Your Picture for Study

First, purchase a simple, wooden picture frame and easel. These can be found at any discount store. Next, print out the reproduction in color on an 8 ½ x 11 sheet of paper. If you do not have a color printer, you have two options: 1) have a copy center print it for you. The cost is usually less than a dollar; or, 2) study the work on your computer screen. This is less desirable, since your child must be in front of the monitor to see it, instead of having the art work displayed in your home.

Last, put the picture to be studied in a location where your child sees it frequently.

How to Study a Picture

To begin the study of a new picture first introduce the artist with a few interesting details of his life. An excellent book to aid you in this is *Art in Story* by Marianne Saccardi.

Leave the picture up for one week. Throughout the week refer to the picture in passing. Several times ask your child to find two new things in the picture, but make the request more of game than an “assignment”.

At the end of the week, put the picture away and ask your child to narrate all he recalls of the picture, then ask him to narrate what he knows about the artist

Ms. Mason describes the process this way: “a few sympathetic words about his trees or his skies, his river-paths or his figures, the pictures are studied one at a time; that is, children learn, not merely to see a picture but to look at it taking in every detail. Then the picture is turned over and the children tell what they have seen (i.e. narrate)” (p. 214).

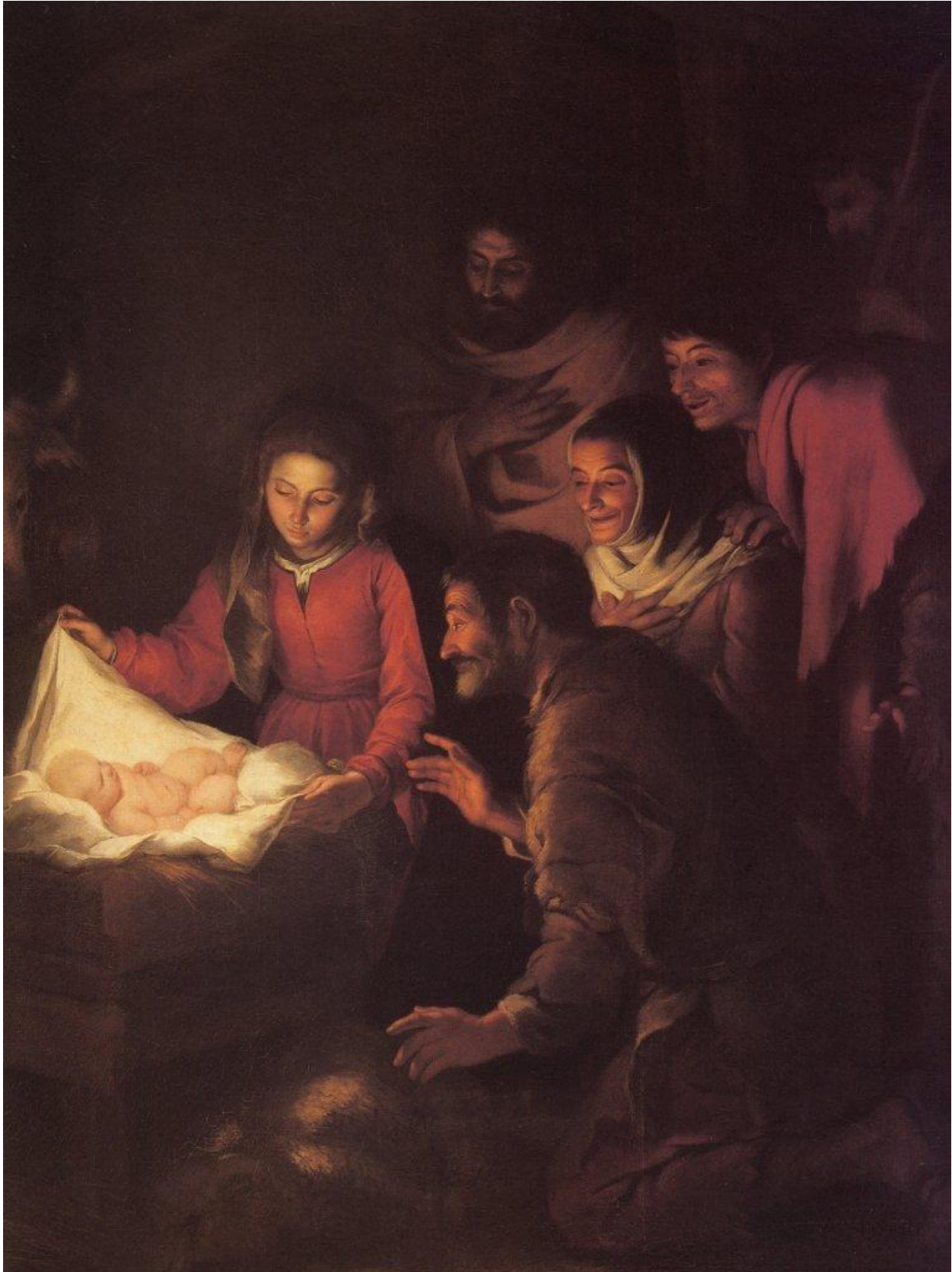
Pictures for Study

1. *The Nativity with the Annunciation to the Shepherds Beyond* by Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (Spanish (1617–1682))
2. *St. Joseph and the Child Jesus*, by Guido Reni (Italian, 1575-1642)

Suggestions

Look up the meaning of “Nativity” • Read *Matthew* 1: 18-24 and 2 to learn more of the life of Joseph, then discuss what Joseph might be thinking • Print a second copy of the pictures, cut them up in puzzle-size pieces and ask your child to put the picture back correctly without looking at the original •







Keeping Christmas

Henry Van Dyke

Romans 14: 6 He that regards the day, regards it unto the Lord.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for [pg 48] your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.



In the Week Christmas Comes

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)

This is the week when Christmas comes.

Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every hall have boughs of green,
With berries glowing in between,
In the week Christmas comes.

Let every doorstep have a song,
Sounding the dark street along,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every steeple ring a bell,
With a joyful tale to tell,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every night put forth a star,
To show us where the heavens are,
In the week when Christmas come.

Let every stable have a lamb,
Sleeping warm beside its dam,
In the week that Christmas comes.

This is the week Christmas comes.



People, Look East

Eleanor Farjeon

People, look east. The time is near
Of the crowning of the year.
Make your house fair as you are able,
Trim the hearth and set the table.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the guest, is on the way.

Furrows, be glad. Though earth is bare,
One more seed is planted there:
Give up your strength the seed to nourish,
That in course the flower may flourish.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the rose, is on the way.

Birds, though you long have ceased to build,
Guard the nest that must be filled.
Even the hour when wings are frozen
God for fledging time has chosen.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the bird, is on the way.

Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim
One more light the bowl shall brim,
Shining beyond the frosty weather,
Bright as sun and moon together.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the star, is on the way.

Angels, announce with shouts of mirth
Christ who brings new life to earth.
Set every peak and valley humming
With the word, the Lord is coming.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the Lord, is on the way.

Christmas Every Day

By William Dean Howells

THE little girl came into her papa's study, as she always did Saturday morning before breakfast, and asked for a story. He tried to beg off that morning, for he was very busy, but she would not let him. So he began:

"Well, once there was a little pig--"

She stopped him at the word. She said she had heard little pig-stories till she was perfectly sick of them.

"Well, what kind of story *shall* I tell, then?"

"About Christmas. It's getting to be the season."

"Well!" Her papa roused himself. "Then I'll tell you about the little girl that wanted it Christmas every day in the year. How would you like that?"

"First-rate!" said the little girl; and she nestled into comfortable shape in his lap, ready for listening.

"Very well, then, this little pig--Oh, what are you pounding me for?"

"Because you said little pig instead of little girl."

"I should like to know what's the difference between a little pig and a little girl that wanted it Christmas every day!"

"Papa!" said the little girl warningly. At this her papa began to tell the story.

Once there was a little girl who liked Christmas so much that she wanted it to be Christmas every day in the year, and as soon as Thanksgiving was over she began to send postcards to the old Christmas Fairy to ask if she mightn't have it. But the old Fairy never answered, and after a while the little girl found out that the Fairy wouldn't notice anything but real letters sealed outside with a monogram--or your initial, anyway. So, then, she began to send letters, and just the day before Christmas, she got a letter from the Fairy, saying she might have it Christmas every day for a year, and then they would see about having it longer.

The little girl was excited already, preparing for the old-fashioned, once-a-year Christmas that was coming the next day. So she resolved to keep the Fairy's promise to herself and surprise everybody with it as it kept coming true, but then it slipped out of her mind altogether.



She had a splendid Christmas. She went to bed early, so as to let Santa Claus fill the stockings, and in the morning she was up the first of anybody and found hers all lumpy with packages of candy, and oranges and grapes, and rubber balls, and all kinds of small presents. Then she waited until the rest of the family was up, and she burst into the library to look at the large presents laid out on the library table--books, and boxes of stationery, and dolls, and little stoves, and dozens of handkerchiefs, and inkstands, and skates, and photograph frames, and boxes of watercolors, and dolls' houses--and the big Christmas tree, lighted and standing in the middle.

She had a splendid Christmas all day. She ate so much candy that she did not want any breakfast, and the whole forenoon the presents kept pouring in that had not been delivered the night before, and she went round giving the presents she had got for other people, and came home and ate turkey and cranberry for dinner, and plum pudding and nuts and raisins and oranges, and then went out and coasted, and came in with a stomachache crying, and her papa said he would see if his house was turned into that sort of fool's paradise another year, and they had a light supper, and pretty early everybody went to bed cross.

The little girl slept very heavily and very late, but she was wakened at last by the other children dancing around her bed with their stockings full of presents in their hands. "Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!" they all shouted.

"Nonsense! It was Christmas yesterday," said the little girl, rubbing her eyes sleepily.

Her brothers and sisters just laughed. "We don't know about that. It's Christmas today, anyway. You come into the library and see."

Then all at once it flashed on the little girl that the Fairy was keeping her promise, and her year of Christmases was beginning. She was dreadfully sleepy, but she sprang up and darted into the library. There it was again! Books, and boxes of stationery, and dolls, and so on.

There was the Christmas tree blazing away, and the family picking out their presents, and her father looking perfectly puzzled, and her mother ready to cry. "I'm sure I don't see how I'm to dispose of all these things," said her mother, and her father said it seemed to him they had had something just like it the day before, but he supposed he must have dreamed it. This struck the little girl as the best kind of a joke, and so she ate so much candy she didn't want any breakfast, and went round carrying presents, and had turkey and cranberry for dinner, and then went out and coasted, and came in with a stomachache, crying.

Now, the next day, it was the same thing over again, but everybody getting crosser, and at the end of a week's time so many people had lost their tempers that you could pick up lost tempers anywhere, they perfectly strewed the ground. Even when people tried to recover their tempers they usually got somebody else's, and it made the most dreadful mix.

The little girl began to get frightened, keeping the secret all to herself, she wanted to tell her mother, but she didn't dare to, and she was ashamed to ask the Fairy to take back her gift, it seemed ungrateful and ill-bred. So it went on and on, and it was Christmas on St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday, just the same as any day, and it didn't skip even the First of April, though everything was counterfeit that day, and that was some little relief.

After a while turkeys got to be awfully scarce, selling for about a thousand dollars apiece. They got to passing off almost anything for turkeys--even half-grown hummingbirds. And cranberries--well they asked a diamond apiece for cranberries. All the woods and orchards were cut down for Christmas trees. After a while they had to make Christmas trees out of rags. But there were plenty of rags, because people got so poor, buying presents for one another, that they couldn't get any new clothes, and they just wore their old ones to tatters. They got so poor that everybody had to go to the poorhouse, except the confectioners, and the storekeepers, and the book-sellers, and they all got so rich and proud that they would hardly wait upon a person when he came to buy. It was perfectly shameful!

After it had gone on about three or four months, the little girl, whenever she came into the room in the morning and saw those great ugly, lumpy stockings dangling at the fireplace, and the disgusting presents around everywhere, used to sit down and burst out crying. In six months she was perfectly exhausted, she couldn't even cry anymore.

And how it was on the Fourth of July! On the Fourth of July, the first boy in the United States woke up and found out that his firecrackers and toy pistol and two-dollar collection of fireworks were nothing but sugar and candy painted up to look like fireworks. Before ten o'clock every boy in the United States discovered that his July Fourth things had turned into Christmas things and was so mad. The Fourth of July orations all turned into Christmas carols, and when anybody tried to read the Declaration of Independence, instead of saying, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," he was sure to sing, "God rest you merry gentlemen." It was perfectly awful.

About the beginning of October the little girl took to sitting down on dolls wherever she found them--she hated the sight of them so, and by Thanksgiving she just slammed her presents across the room. By that time people didn't carry presents around nicely anymore. They flung them over the fence or through the window, and, instead of taking great pains to write "For dear Papa," or "Mama " or "Brother," or "Sister," they used to write, "Take it, you horrid old thing!" and then go and bang it against the front door.

Nearly everybody had built barns to hold their presents, but pretty soon the barns overflowed, and then they used to let them lie out in the rain, or anywhere. Sometimes the police used to come and tell them to shovel their presents off the sidewalk or they would arrest them.

Before Thanksgiving came it had leaked out who had caused all these Christmases. The little girl had suffered so much that she had talked about it in her sleep, and after that hardly anybody would play with her, because if it had not been for her greediness it wouldn't have happened. And now, when it came Thanksgiving, and she wanted them to go to church, and have turkey, and show their gratitude, they said that all the turkeys had been eaten for her old Christmas dinners and if she would stop the Christmases, they would see about the gratitude. And the very next day the little girl began sending letters to the Christmas Fairy, and then telegrams, to stop it. But it didn't do any good, and then she got to calling at the Fairy's house, but the girl that came to the door always said, "Not at home," or "Engaged," or something like that, and so it went on till it came to the old once-a-year Christmas Eve. The little girl fell asleep, and when she woke up in the morning--

"She found it was all nothing but a dream," suggested the little girl.

"No indeed!" said her papa. "It was all every bit true!"

"What *did* she find out, then?"

"Why, that it wasn't Christmas at last, and wasn't ever going to be, anymore. Now it's time for breakfast."

The little girl held her papa fast around the neck.

"You shan't go if you're going to leave it so!"

"How do you want it left?"

"Christmas once a year."

"All right," said her papa, and he went on again.

Well, with no Christmas ever again, there was the greatest rejoicing all over the country. People met together everywhere and kissed and cried for joy. Carts went around and gathered up all the candy and raisins and nuts, and dumped them into the river, and it made the fish perfectly sick. And the whole United States, as far out as Alaska, was one blaze of bonfires, where the children were burning up their presents of all kinds. They had the greatest time!

The little girl went to thank the old Fairy because she had stopped its being Christmas, and she said she hoped the Fairy would keep her promise and see that Christmas never, never came again. Then the Fairy frowned, and said that now the little girl was behaving just as greedily as ever, and she'd better look out. This made the little girl think it all over carefully again, and she said she would be willing to have it Christmas about once in a thousand years, and then she said a hundred, and then she said ten, and at last she got down to one. Then the Fairy said that was the good old way that had pleased people ever since Christmas began, and she was agreed. Then the little girl said, "What're your shoes made of?" And the Fairy said, "Leather." And the little girl said, "Bargain's done forever," and skipped off, and hippity-hopped the whole way home, she was so glad.

"How will that do?" asked the papa.

"First-rate!" said the little girl, but she hated to have the story stop, and was rather sober. However, her mama put her head in at the door and asked her papa:

"Are you never coming to breakfast? What have you been telling that child?"

"Oh, just a tale with a moral."

The little girl caught him around the neck again.

"We know! Don't you tell *what*, papa! Don't you tell *what*!"

This delightful story was originally published in St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, January, 1886.



Christmas Thumbprint Cookies

1/2 cup (1 stick) butter softened

1/2 cup brown sugar

1 ½ teaspoon vanilla

1 egg separated

1 ¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour

2/3 cups pistachio nuts or almonds

Strawberry (or other red-colored) jam and green apple jelly (Christmas colors!)

Beat butter, sugar, vanilla, and egg yolk in a medium size bowl with electric mixer at high speed until light and fluffy. Stir in flour, gather dough into ball, wrap in foil or plastic wrap, and then refrigerate for several hours until firm.

Roll level teaspoonfuls of dough into balls. Dip into slightly beaten egg white and then roll in chopped almonds. Place on ungreased cookie sheets 1 inch apart. Make an indentation in each cookie with finger or tip of a spoon handle. Fill half of the indentations with the strawberry jam and the rest with the green apple jelly.

Bake at 300 degrees for 20 minutes or until lightly golden. Cool on wire racks Arrange on plate alternating between the green and red filled cookies



Easy Graham Cracker Gingerbread House

Graham Crackers needed per house-5

Ornamental Frosting:

1/4 c butter or margarine
4 c sifted powdered sugar
2 unbeaten egg whites
1 tsp vanilla
1/4 tsp cream of tartar
1 to 2 tsp light cream



To make an easy Graham Cracker gingerbread house, you'll need 5 graham crackers per house and either store-bought frosting in a tube or the ornamental frosting above. (Caution: if the frosting you buy in a tube is intended for cakes, it will not harden. You can decorate your graham cracker house with it, but intend on eating your house soon, because it cannot be moved very easily.)

With pastry blender, cut butter into powdered sugar until it's the consistence of cornmeal. If you don't have a hand pastry blender, a food processor -- or even a fork can work well for cutting.

Add egg whites, vanilla, and cream of tartar. Beat thoroughly. Stir in a little light cream till the frosting is juts a bit stiffer than spreading consistency. Tint frosting with a few drops of liquid food coloring, if desired. Place in pastry tube and squeeze onto graham crackers to make decorations.

Decorate the walls and roof of your gingerbread house, either let dry or be VERY careful with your walls. Later, set your graham crackers up like a house of cards, pipe frosting onto the joints to hold the house together.

Use hard candy, chocolate chips, m&m's, etc. to decorate your gingerbread house.

From [Cooking Cache](#)

For a variation with a instructional pictures see [How to Build a Ginger Bread House](#).



Gingerbread Cookies

To be made after reading *The Gingerbread Boy*—see next page.

INGREDIENTS

1 cup white sugar
2 teaspoons ground ginger
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda
1 cup margarine, melted
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1 cup unsulfured molasses
3/4 teaspoon vanilla extract
3/4 teaspoon lemon extract
4 cups unbleached all-purpose flour

DIRECTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 375 degrees F (190 degrees C). Lightly grease cookie sheets.
2. In a large bowl, stir together the sugar, ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, and baking soda. Mix in the melted margarine, evaporated milk, molasses, vanilla, and lemon extracts. Stir in the flour, 1 cup at a time, mixing well after each addition. The dough should be stiff enough to handle without sticking to fingers. If necessary, increase flour by up to 1/2 cup to prevent sticking.
3. When the dough is smooth, roll it out to 1/4 inch thick on a floured surface, and cut into cookies. Place cookies on the prepared cookie sheets.
4. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes in the preheated oven. The cookies are done when the top springs back when touched. Remove from cookie sheets to cool on wire racks.

Reprinted from [All Recipes.Com](http://AllRecipes.Com)



The Gingerbread Boy

Adapted from two old folk-tales.



THERE were once a little old woman and a little old man, who lived in a little old house in the woods. They had a cook-stove, with a little black kettle always singing away on it. They should have been a happy old couple but for one thing—they wanted a little child of their own, and they had none.

One morning when the little old woman was making gingerbread, she cut a cake in the shape of a little boy; she dropped it into the pan, and put the pan in the oven. Presently she opened the oven door to see if he were baked, but out jumped the gingerbread boy, and away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

The little old woman called her husband, and they both ran after him, but they could not catch him. And the gingerbread boy ran on until he came to a barn full of threshers. As he went by the door, he called to them:

*"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
And I can run away from you, I can."*

Then the barnful of threshers set out to run after him. Though they ran very fast, they could not catch him. And he hurried on until he came to a field full of mowers. He called out to them:

*"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can."*

Then the fieldful of mowers set out to run after him, but they could not catch him. And the gingerbread boy ran on and on, until he came to a cow. He called out to the cow:

*"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can."*

So the cow ran, but she couldn't catch the gingerbread boy who ran on and on, until he met a fox; and to the fox he called out:

*"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can."*

Now, a fox can run very fast. On and on ran the fox after the gingerbread boy until they came to a river and the fox was close behind.

"Should you like to go across?" asked the sly old fox. "Jump on my tail."

So the gingerbread boy jumped on the fox's tail, and the fox began swimming across the river. But he [66] had gone only a few strokes when he called back to the gingerbread boy: "The water is deep, and we may drown! Jump on my back!"

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's back. The fox swam a few more strokes, and then he called out: "The water grows deeper still. Jump on my nose!"

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's nose. But just then they reached the other bank. The sly old fox opened his mouth wide, and in went the gingerbread boy!

"Dear me!" he said, after a minute. "Here I am a quarter gone." And then he said: "Now, I'm half gone!" And then, "I'm three-quarters gone!" But at last he said: "Oh, dear; I'm all gone!" and he never spoke again.

From [*For the Children's Hour*](#) by Carolyn S. Bailey



Christmas Copy work

Scripture

Isaiah 9:6

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.



Galatians 4:4-6

But when the time had fully come, God sent forth his Son, born of woman, born under the law, to redeem those who were under the law, so that we might receive adoption as sons. And because you are sons, God has sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, "Abba! Father!"



John 3:16

For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.



Literature

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.

~Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*



When we were children we were grateful to those who filled our stockings at Christmas time. Why are we not grateful to God for filling our stockings with legs?

~G.K. Chesterton



I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Except the Christ be born again tonight
In dreams of all men, saints and sons of shame,
The world will never see his kingdom bright.

~Vachel Lindsay



I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

~Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*



Love came down at Christmas;
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Stars and angels gave the sign.

~Christina Rossetti



And the more you spend in blessing
The poor and lonely and sad,
The more of your heart's possessing
Returns to you glad.

~John Greenleaf Whittier

A Christmas Wish

From



LIVING BOOKS CURRICULUM™

Jim and Sheila Carroll

Wish you a very blessed Christmas

And thank you for your support of Living Books Curriculum



The proceeds of LBC are used to support and educate children in developing nations.

To learn more: [Education In Box](http://www.educationinabox.com)