

## **"CHRISTMAS, AND THE LETTER 'W'!"**

***By Dr. Hoyt W. Allen, Jr.***

The following article came to me and I thought it was worth the consideration of others. I have slightly edited it and added to it.

"Each December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations - extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and, of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

**My son, was in kindergarten** that year. It was an exciting season for a six year old. For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "**Winter Pageant**." I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production. Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then. Fortunately, my son seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in several minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats. As I waited, the students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to carry out their song.

Because **the public school system** had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect to see a nativity scene or hear a prayer or anything other than fun, commercial entertainment - songs about Frosty the Snow Man, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer.

So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly "taken back" by its courageous title.

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