

We worship together — the
new-born King — the voices singing
in our cars —

Good love you darling —
Love me, too — and direct our
path along the coming years —
Keep your head high and
know that we have more than
oceans can part — Take Christmas
to your heart — and me.

D.



Darling - It's an empty feeling
in the heart of Christmas to have
an ocean between us - yet it
makes one reach for the deeper
bond. Sometimes when we are
together - we miss it. Now that
we are apart - we know.

I smile to think I came up
here for a rest - 14° degrees below
zero - this morning - with all the
attending struggle against the elements.
But the kitchen is warm and smells
of cookies and fresh bread -
The wood-smoke is good to
smell and the quiet mountain
shine forth in more than oriental splendor.

"I am another pair of hands" - a
willing heart - to do the many tasks,
but also to partake of the feast -

WITH THE ^{The songs -}
VERY BEST ^{The sun}
WISHES ^{The peace.}
OF THE ^{The small}
SEASON ^{and busy}
^{world - the}
^{Birds at the}

window - the moon-light, the snow
over snow - the crystal air that
penetrates deeper into the lungs
than flat air - I may not find rest
exactly - but a kind of freedom from
world problems - in the immediate -
Good-night dearest across the Sea.