

This time of the year surely brings happy holiday memories to most of us, especially we who were lucky enough to celebrate holidays at our beloved Home. Crisp fall air brought a symphony of yellows, browns, reds and greens; dressing our campus with color and creating a fragrant and crunchy carpet to liven our way from our divisions to school. November brought kindly turkeys who gave their all so that our Thanksgiving tables held juicy and delicious meat, cranberry sauce, savory dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, oh so delicious dinner rolls made in our very own bakery, all followed by the ever-favored pumpkin pie. Were any kids better favored?

As Jack Frost bid farewell for another year and the season's last leaves drifted from their branches and fell to earth, our carpet changed from crunchy to crusty. Jack, always the prankster, left a parting gift of frost covering the thin layer of ice on Lake Graham. Tantalizing and inviting, oh surely the lake was frozen enough to skate on-surely it was. Please, P.T. may we try? Oh gosh, it looked frozen!

Snow brought better promise of thicker ice and covered the trees in wintery gowns so beautiful as to take away one's breath. Was ever such an enchanting place anywhere else on earth? When we were lucky enough, the valleys filled with enough snow that out came our sleds. Fortified with mittens and caps, long pants and boots, we headed for Morton Memorial, where we could make a running start toward the valley and slide our way into Heaven. A rush of biting wind against our faces and the exhilarating ride to the bottom. Laughter rang as we threw ourselves sideways onto the snow and, if P.T. wasn't looking, into the arms of our favorite "snow bunny."

Christmas must have been most everyone's favorite holiday. Across campus music of the season was everywhere to be heard. Christmas trees went up, and we busied ourselves decorating them to their finest (Well, we thought so, anyway.) Those wonderful people from the American Legion could be seen on campus, and we knew they would soon be busy wrapping gifts for every girl and boy. What wonderful folks they were; every Christmas to be counted on and appreciated for their dedication to us. The Christmas Play, the Cantata-and early on Christmas morning, the carolers, fortified with hot chocolate and donuts, walked from division to division, waking sleepy kids with holiday serenades. Up and dressed in a flash, we sang our way to the breakfast tables-first things first, you know. Then, a mad rush to the living room where, if we were lucky enough to live in one of the houses, there was a Yule log ablaze in the fireplace. We knew Santa would soon join us, and here he came, right on schedule. Wrapping paper flew through the air, gifts revealed with cheers of delight, each gift admired by all in its turn, then on to the next one! What a glorious day. Say, did you ever wonder how Santa Claus could be in each division at the same time? Nor did I. Merry Christmas to all. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JESUS.