



Little Town of Bethlehem



O litte town of Bethlehem !



How still we see thee lie;



Above thy deep and dreamless sleep



The silent stars go by; Yet



in thy dark streets shineth—

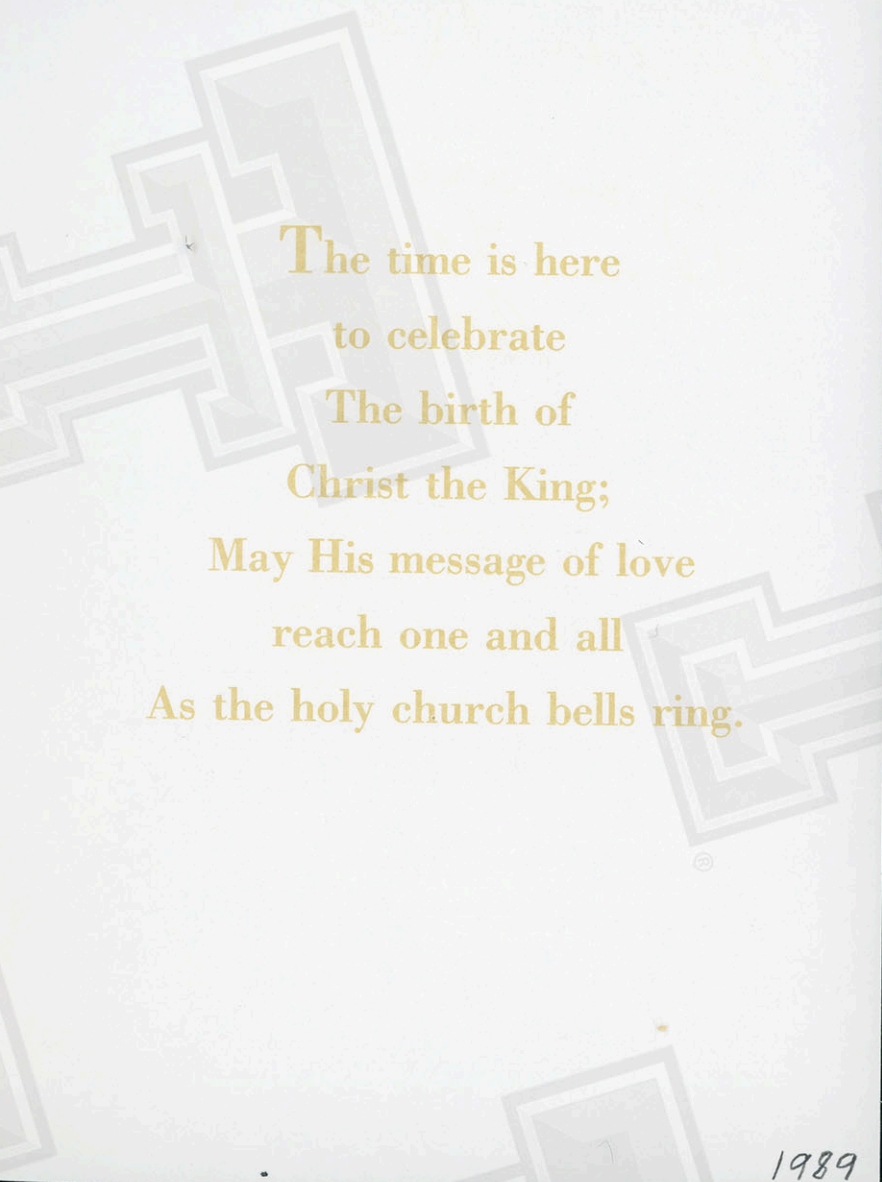


Dear Ray :

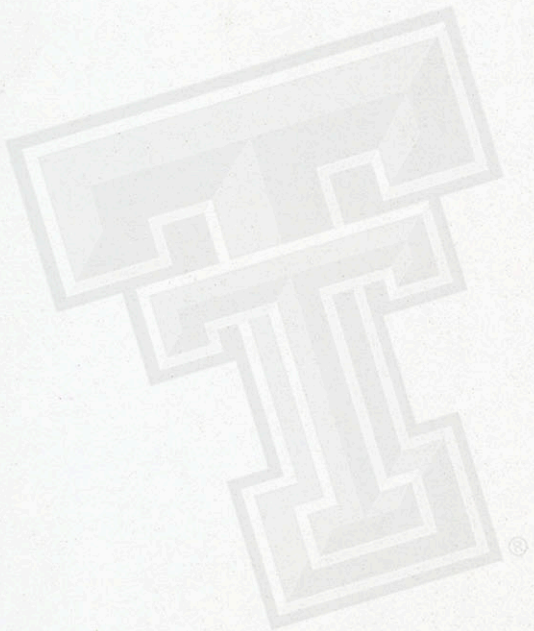
you are vry special
to me, Lots of love
Grandmother

**“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.”**

—Luke 2:7



The time is here
to celebrate
The birth of
Christ the King;
May His message of love
reach one and all
As the holy church bells ring.



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