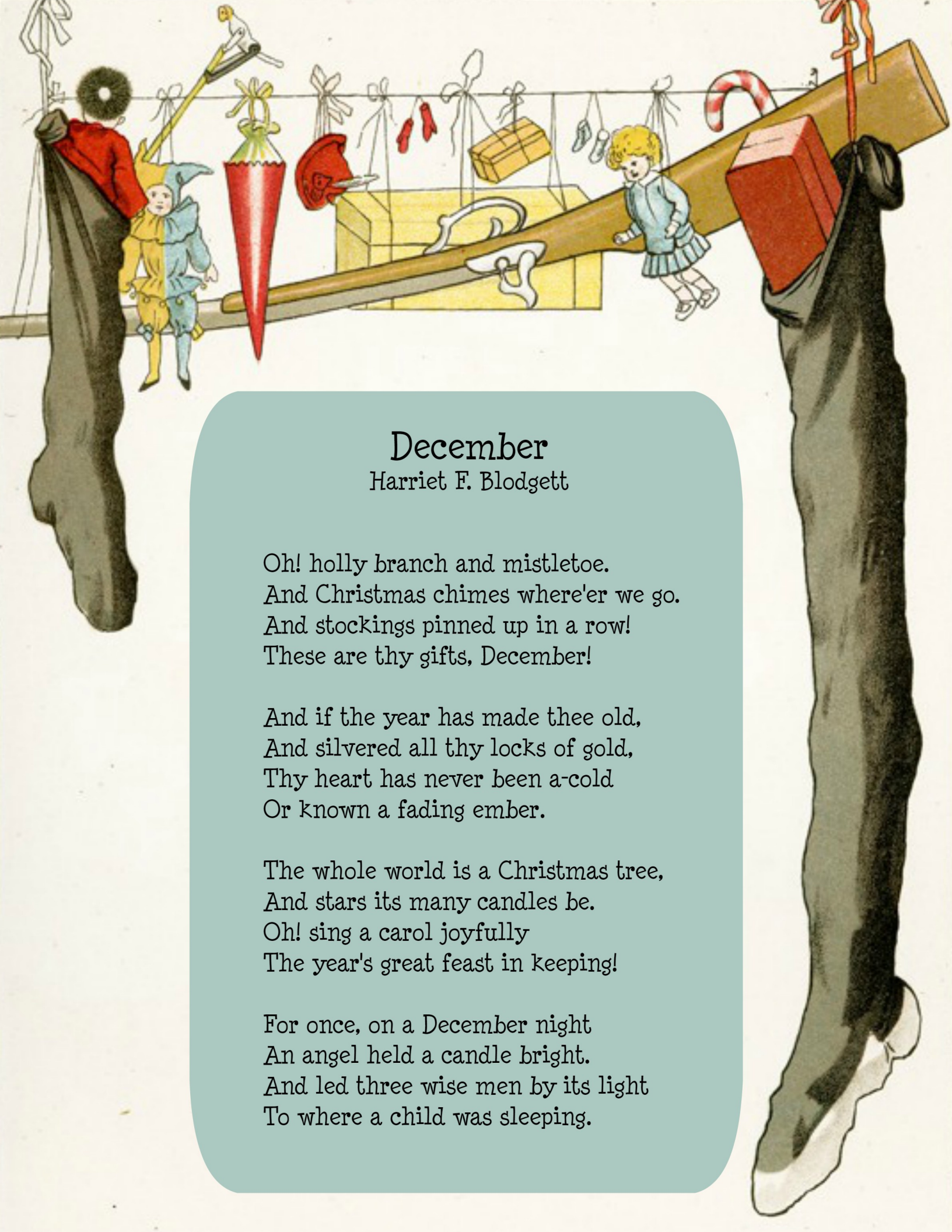


Cranberry Orange White Chocolate Cookies

*2 c. dried cranberries
1 c. orange juice
2 1/2 c. flour
6 c. uncooked oats
2 t. cinnamon
2 t. baking soda
1 t. salt
1 1/2 c. butter (3 sticks)
1 c. granulated sugar
1 c. brown sugar
4 eggs
2 t. vanilla
zest of 2 clementines (can use 2 small oranges)
2 c. white chocolate chips*



*In a small bowl, pour the orange juice over the dried cranberries and let them soak for one hour.
Preheat oven to 375° F.
In a medium bowl, mix flour, oats, cinnamon, baking soda, and salt.
In large mixing bowl, cream butter, granulated sugar, and brown sugar.
Mix in eggs, vanilla, and clementine zest.
Add the dry mix to the butter mix a little at time.
Drain the cranberries.
Add in the drained cranberries and white chocolate chips.
Scoop one-inch balls on a cookie sheet and bake at 375° F for 7-12 minutes until the edges are light brown.
Let cool for at least 5 minutes before moving to a cooling rack. Cool cookies thoroughly before storing or they will fall apart.
This recipe makes 5-6 dozen.*



December

Harriet F. Blodgett

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe.
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!

And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping!

For once, on a December night
An angel held a candle bright.
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.



Should You And Your Dog Ever Call At My Door
Vincent Bourne

Should you and your dog ever call at my door,
You'll be welcome, I promise you, nobody more.
May you call at a thousand each year that you live,
A shilling, at least, may each householder give;
May the "Merry Old Christmas" you wish us, befall,
And your self, and your dog, be the merriest of all!

A Christmas Prayer

Robert Louis Stevenson

O God, our loving Father, help us
Rightly to remember the birth of Jesus,
That we may share in the song of the
Angels, the gladness of the shepherds
And the worship of the wise men.

Close the door of hate and open the
Door of love all over the world.

Deliver us from evil by the blessing
That Christ brings, and teach us
To be merry with clear hearts.

May the Christmas morning make us happy
To be thy children and the Christmas
Evening bring us to our beds with
Grateful thoughts, forgiving, and
Forgiven, for Jesus's sake.

Amen.





Gentle Men

William Makepeace Thackeray

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead --
 The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
 To men of gentle will.



O, Holy Night!

Thos. C. Roney

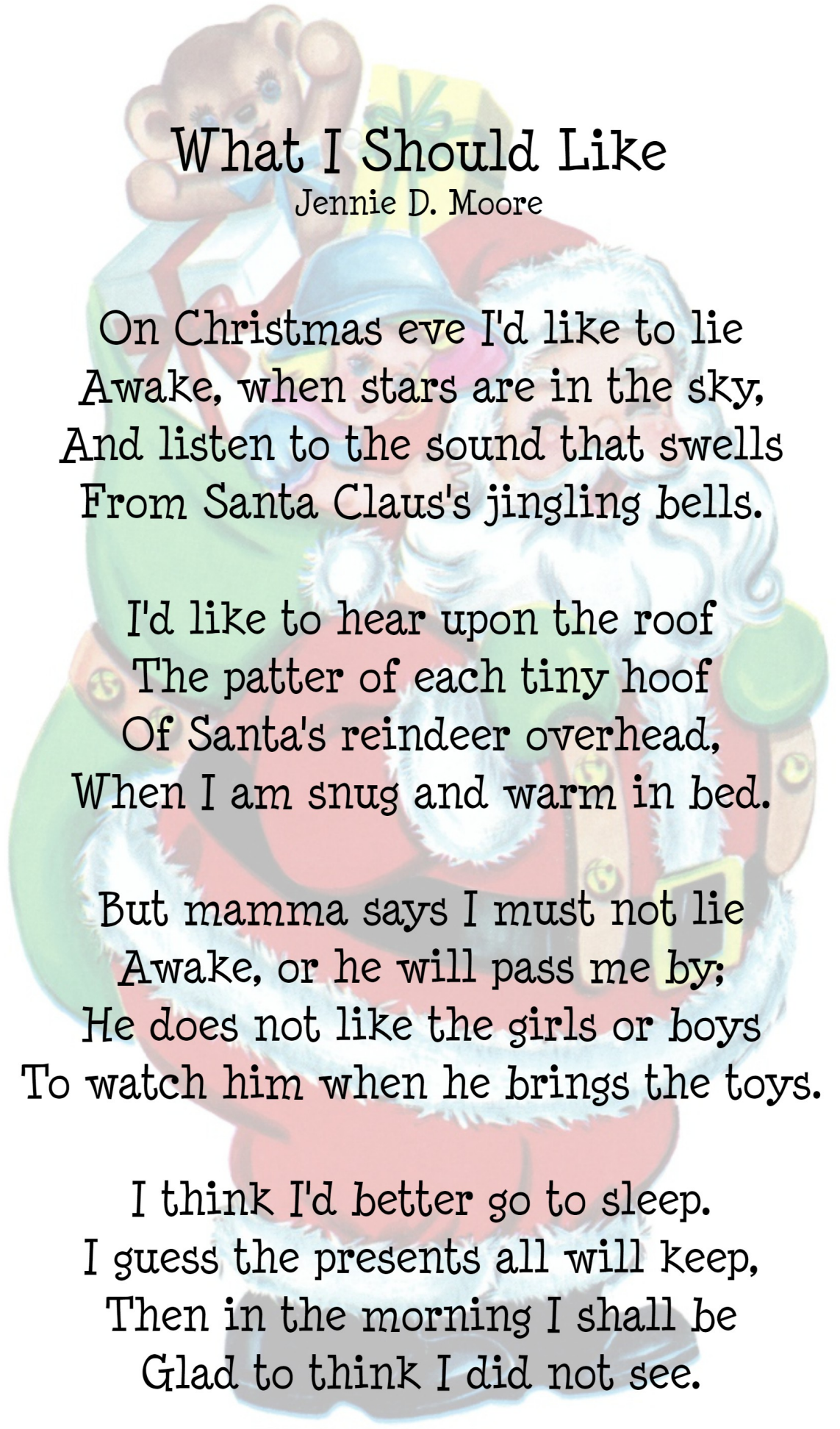
Oh, holy night! Oh, glorious light,
That shines on Bethlehem town!
Oh, music sweet, that from the skies
Comes floating softly down!
The echo of the angels' song
Falls on our ears again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

The shepherds heard, like note of bird,
That midnight carol clear,
And to the manger and the babe
In awe and love drew near
And, as they gazed, the heavenly strain
Rang in their hearts again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men"

'Twas service sweet, 'twas homage meet
For lowly men to pay;
And we our hearts' obeisance make
Upon this Christmas day.
We join ye, angel choristers,
As ye repeat again:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."

Oh, holy night! Oh, glorious light,
That shines on Bethlehem town!
Oh, music sweet, that from the skies
Comes softly floating down!
We catch the golden cadences
And fling them back again --
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."



A circular illustration in the background features Santa Claus with a white beard and red suit, a reindeer in a green outfit, and a brown teddy bear holding a yellow gift box with a green bow.

What I Should Like

Jennie D. Moore

On Christmas eve I'd like to lie
Awake, when stars are in the sky,
And listen to the sound that swells
From Santa Claus's jingling bells.

I'd like to hear upon the roof
The patter of each tiny hoof
Of Santa's reindeer overhead,
When I am snug and warm in bed.

But mamma says I must not lie
Awake, or he will pass me by;
He does not like the girls or boys
To watch him when he brings the toys.

I think I'd better go to sleep.
I guess the presents all will keep,
Then in the morning I shall be
Glad to think I did not see.

