

Spring 1955

Adeste

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not! You took Grandma away from me, and she was *my* Grandma first! I hate you!"

Through a mist of furious tears, she saw Marjorie recoil and Grandma, with a gasp, put her arm around Marjorie's shoulders. Running blindly past, she screamed again, "I hate you!"

Adeste . . .

Into little oriental town of wooden shacks
Came little men in white collars, turned backwards,
Who spoke the great and only truth.
Down came evil idols.

And, in season, old woman put statue of saint
With little candle on table in shack in wooden town.
And went with age and cane to wooden church.
Down fell blessed candle.

Three fishermen, watching over their nets by night,
Saw little light rise in the east
Until it was a great light that shone round them.
Up came empty nets.

"Eight hundred homes destroyed,
four thousand homeless,
Girl burned to death in teeming port city."
That's what the newspaper said.
I say, "So what . . . Christmas? So What!"

. . . Wesley Grunther