

### Letters to Santa

*Dear Santa*  
 10311

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 My name is Laura Beth Tabor. I am 3 1/2 years old. My mommy and daddy said I have been a very good girl this year, so could you please bring me a kitchen set, my toys, baby buggy and baby doll. Also bring Mommie and Daddy the newborn baby they want and the baby brother or sister for me. There will be a ham sandwich and a glass of milk under the tree for you.

Your buddy,  
 Israel

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Your good girl,  
 Laura

Letters to Santa come in many sizes, shapes—and addresses. Here are two examples including one from a young man who figured 45 cents of postage was enough to send a letter from Carlisle to the North Pole.

*Dear Santa*  
 My name is Brian and I am 4 years old. I live with my Mom and Dad and baby sister Kathy. I would like you to bring me a chain saw, a magic shooting gallery, underwear, and the trail tracker. I am a real good boy and have helped with my sister a lot. Please bring her a baby box for her bed and a little doll. She is a good baby. I love her, but she cries a lot. I will be looking for you and we will leave you a surprise.

Love,  
 Brian Elder & Kathy Elder

*Dear Santa*  
 My name is Bradley Allison and I live in Carlisle, Kentucky in the same house you visited last year. I've been good this year, or at least tried and for Christmas this year I would like for you to bring me a Go-Kart, the Star Wars Space Station, the Star Wars people that go in the Space Station, a blue jeep with a motorcycle in back and the Lone Ranger and Tonto.

I have a 1-year old sister, Whitney, and a 3-year old brother, Scott, and I would like for you to bring them gifts that you would like. I will leave you a treat

**GREETINGS**

May every glowing moment of your holiday be filled with all things bright and beautiful. Thanks to our devoted patrons.

**Harrison R.E.C.C.**  
 "Electricity is too good to waste"

only 3 years old, so my Mommy has to help me write this letter. I have really tried to be a good boy this year, but you know how little boys get sometimes.

For Christmas, I'd like for you to bring me a tricycle, a bean bag, a Lift and Load Railroad set, a bulldozer, and anything else you think I deserve.

Don't forget my friends at the babysitter's and all my grandparents. I will leave you some milk and cookies under the tree.

Dear Santa,  
 We know you are very busy this year getting ready for Christmas. My name is Jennifer Nicole and Rebekah Ellen Jones. We have been very good helpers this year at home. Jennifer would like a "Baby This N That" and a doll house. Rebekah would like a "Baby Bath". Our older sister Melissa has been good, too. I think she wants some new clothes. Mommy has been making cookies and candy to leave under the tree for you. There will be some shiny red apples for the reindeers. Here a note from Jennifer and Rebekah. Love, Jennifer Nicole Jones, 5 yrs. Rebekah Ellen Jones, 7 yrs. Route 3

**REDUCE**

May your Christmas be one of Peace and Joy and Giving. Thanks to all.

**Coatney's Ice & Meat Processor**

**Merry Christmas**

May your Christmas be adorned with the special joys and holiday treasures this happy season brings. Sincere thanks to our many friends.

### Eastern Ky. P.C.A.

**Peace on Earth...**

**Mathers-Shearer**

### Poetry Section

**Six Little Turkeys**  
 Six little turkeys all in a row!  
 Now what they were hatched for, they did not know.  
 And she climbed upon my knee.  
 She watered and fed them every day  
 But not one of the six heard her say.  
 She was fattening them for Thanksgiving day.

**It's Not the Gifts**  
 It's not the gifts at Christmas  
 That makes it mean so much.  
 But many things together  
 Give that special touch.

**Christmas in Grandmother's Day**  
 There were no toys in Grandmother's Day.  
 But I have often heard her say—  
 That they kept Christmas just the same.  
 And sang sweet carols in his name.

**Wander**  
 'Twas 30 years ago that we were parted.  
 You went on your way, and I went mine.  
 I wish that you could finish what we started.  
 Seeing you again would sure be fine.

**Let Jesus Come In**  
 Listen carefully my friend  
 To what I have to say  
 Jesus wants to save you  
 Oh! Heed his call today.

**My Little Turkey**  
 My little turkey all in a row!  
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**BABY JESUS**

Blessed baby Jesus  
 In the manger three,  
 Precious little infant,  
 Now he's all grown up.  
 Now little shepherds watching,  
 Over their flocks by night,  
 Suddenly were startled,  
 By a heavenly light.

Angel voices singing,  
 Goodwill to all men,  
 We can hear the echo  
 Of that sweet refrain.

As the anxious wise men,  
 Things did impart,  
 Blessed mother Mary,  
 Pondered all in her heart.

—Maude Seaman

**MEMORIES OF A "MAN'S BEST FRIEND"**

A very faithful pal of ours, passed away on a dark stormy night,  
 Because we loved and missed him, this tribute to his memory I write;

Fifteen short years to us he was so very good, and always true,  
 His loyalty and affection helped keep us from feeling lonely and blue.

We could talk to him, our words he seemed to always understand,  
 He would wag that short tail of his, that gave us a helping hand.

We could feel his love for us shining through his big brown eyes,  
 This seemed to brighten our day,  
 There was darkness in the skies;

Sandy protected our car and home, he'd snuggle or nudge,  
 He'd be starting long first his hearing and then most of his sight;

We became aware of the fact that our little buddy was growing quite old,  
 He soon stopped treating squirrels, or barking so loud and rousing so bold.

He couldn't swim back and forth over deep ponds or big lakes any more,  
 Got interest in playing with fish splashing, that we had tried to show.

We realized his life's span was nearly over,  
 He couldn't stay love here much longer.

So each day our love and respect for him seemed to grow much richer and stronger;

Now he has left to go where all the good dogs must go,  
 Where the forest is always safe and green, and the cool waters will forever flow.

Today a picture of "A Man's Best Friend" our Sandy, in our memory appears,  
 When we recall the good days spent with him in our house of yesterday.

—Written by Mrs. Raymond Curry, Moorefield, Kentucky

**FALL IN KENTUCKY**

Our Summers come and disappear,  
 Crisp fall days are in the air,  
 O, we miss you summer time,  
 But we never will dispar.

Autumn brings a beauty rare,  
 All our senses can behold,  
 Mother Nature never sleeps,  
 Each new season, just unfolds.

Jack Frost comes to do his part,  
 His drops give every year,  
 His first visit usually does the job,  
 He comes on a night cool and clear.

He slips the flowers, vegetables too,  
 As he nips the snow and fro,  
 The flowers bow their humble heads  
 As they breathe a sigh of woe.

The leaves fall fast,  
 Green, yellow and gold,  
 And slowly slide beneath the trunk  
 To await the wintry cold.

The boughs above are completely bare,  
 The sky gets really overcast,  
 The whispering winds moan all too soon,  
 But Fall, your time is past.

So let's bid the Fall goodbye,  
 To be on its merry way,  
 We'll welcome you again next year,  
 When summer's leaves scamper down  
 In play.

—Thelma Sampson Standford

**SETTIN' AND THINKIN'**

I've still been just sittin'  
 Under the house in just one place,  
 Watchin' my husband diggin'  
 And wipin' the sweat from his face.

While I'm sittin', I've also been thinkin'  
 Of a great big brawny man that came along one day,  
 In a black-spot coop with a rumble seat,  
 And stole my heart away.

I wish you all the joy your life can give me,  
 And hope so very much your dreams come true,  
 And for me, all I can do is wonder,  
 And love the sinner that I never knew.

—Linda C. Vandalingham

**"Thoughts"**

I know I've walked this road before,  
 Though many years ago,  
 I've seen each tree along the way,  
 And watched the daisies grow.

I've waded thru this creek before,  
 In another day and time,  
 The cool water and shade upon my feet,  
 And I thought the world was mine.

I've climbed this peak before,  
 Until I reached the very high,  
 Held out my arms and touched the sky,  
 And to my God I'd speak;

"Thank you for this world below,  
 You've given us to live in,  
 And blessed be the Place above,  
 That we all know is Heaven."

—Mary Elizabeth Minton, Route 4, Myers Run

**"Our Dillies"**

Our Dillies were quite a dog —  
 He had fun chasing cats, or even frogs  
 Then came the Fall all have to meet —  
 A car hit him while he was crossing the street.

He was taken to the "Vet", his bones to mend —  
 His suffering was too much, so his life did end.

He was buried with tender love  
 — Mrs. Alice-Marie Feebeck, 219 W. North Street, Carlisle, Ky. 40311

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