

WHAT IS FREEDOM

Freedom is a man at the lathe, or at the desk, doing the job he likes to do, and speaking up for himself. It is a man in the pulpit, or on a street corner, speaking his convictions.

It is a man saying, "Howdy stranger," without looking cautiously over his shoulder. It is the people of the country making up their own minds.

Freedom is the air you breathe and the sweat you sweat. It is you, and 200 million people like you, with your chin up, daring anybody to take it away from you.

May the spirit of Christmas enter into your hearts and bring you joyful hours, happy memories and the warmth of abiding friendships. May Christmas have a deeper significance to us than ever before and May our star shine a little brighter and shed thy light.

May the joy of his most wondrous love, be showered upon you from above and may the Spirit of Christmas be in your heart all year long.

Dorothy Selders

CHRISTMAS 1974

The star light spreads a Christmas Tree--An adoration Heaven fine--A living joy for you and me--The Christmas tree is love divine. Milford Shields LaPlata 83

THE SECRETARY'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, we busy bees have little time, to say an aspiration: Our typing correspondence and the rest, crowd out all medication. We'd like to say a prayer or two, while working through the day. But "Yours received" and "We regret," are always in the way. We know that you will understand, and bless the bees who try; So, if it's all the same to you, Dear Lord, we'll compromise, Each time we type a letter, we're praying on the keys; The "M's" are pleas for "Mercy," and the "G's," for "Glory be's," And when we take a memo, Lord, we'll pray to you again; Each word will mean "we praise thee" Each period Amen.

Lucille Moody

AN ESCORT

Oh, what is an escort? Well, it's something like this:

It's a good thing for any size person to miss,

For you start in by letting the pride of your heart--Take an Eastern Star office, and then your worries start--After that you're a third person where'er you go, Be it Chapter, in your car, or even to a show, They won't go without you, you can't stay at home, They make you feel important as the pope of Rome.

You rush for a formal or your best suit and run, For they don't want to miss any of the fun. If I drive they will beg me to stop at the door, park the car, bolt up the stairs to the second floor, "Thank heaven, we made it," they say out of breath. But it I who has hurried enough to cause death. Then they're greeted and praised, given a special seat, While I hunt for a corner and rest my poor feet.

When we go to receptions I am lost for sure, For my loneliness seems more than I can endure. I'm just a nobody that lost in the crowd, "till the sideliners stand and then I'm so proud, to mention my name and hope someone will know--I'm related to those who preside at this show. And I offer up thanks that the orchid I brough--match that pretty new gown that the matron just bough. (or) (and I offer up thanks that the present I bought--is as nice as everything else that was brought.)

From the time we arrive till we meet at the door--After midnight, or maybe it's a little more, I speak not a word to the matron or hubby--because they're so busy, not because they are snubby, (or) I speak not a word to the wifey or patron--because she's busy with the duties of matron.)