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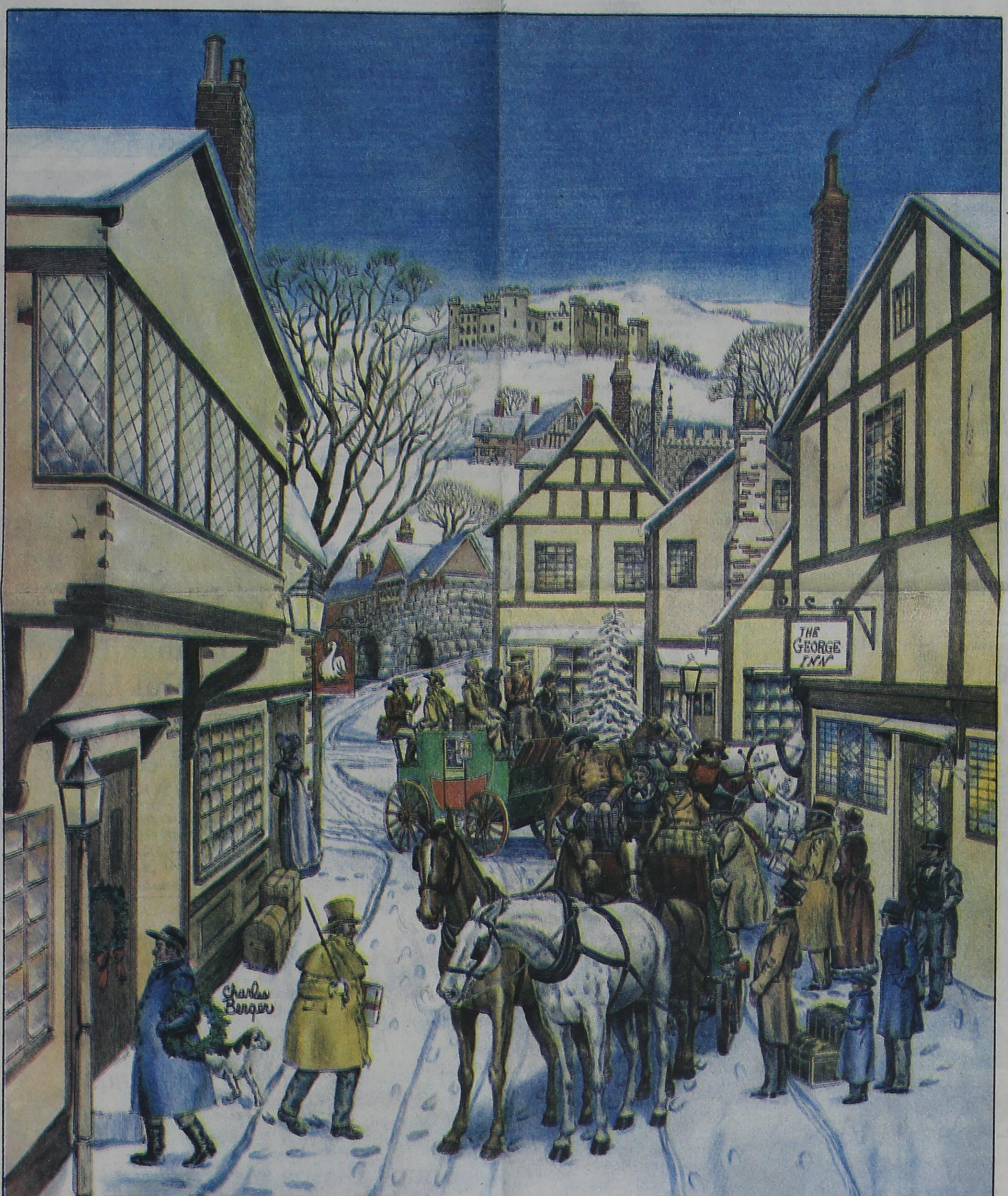
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Motley County Tribune

"Voice of the Foothills"

50¢

Established 1891 | December 21, 2000 | Issue No. 51



The Holidays Bring The Most Wonderful Things

Sleigh bells ring. Carollers sing. Magic fills the air as families and friends exchange greetings of joy and good will. Motley County is filled with the joy of Christmas and the magic of the season. May it live in our all hearts year round. Merry Christmas to all!

Dear Santa, I want a....

Dear Santa Claus,

I have been a good girl this year. I am hoping that you will come and visit us this year. I would like new rollerblades, newborn baby so real, a barbie clock, and a barbie cash register. I hope everything is okay at the North Pole. I will leave milk and cookies by the tree.

Your friend,
Taelor Norrell

****

Dear Santa,

How are you? I am doing fine and I have been a good boy this year. I would like new rollerblades, a Jurassic Park mobile command center, and a Pokemon movie.

Friends,
Tanner Norrell

****

Dear Santa,

How are the reindeer and Rudolph? I hope you have a happy Christmas too. I'll leave you some oatmeal cookies too. Will you give Lucky some presents too? Please. All I want is a CD walkman. You can bring more than that. Have a Merry Christmas.

Love,
Sarah

Dear Santa,

Do you know if it will snow on Christmas Eve? Is Rudolph okay? May I have a sleigh and a pair of rollerblades and a Barbie jeep. Thank you!

Bye. Love,
Alyx

****

Dear Santa,

How are you? I want a race car and a tape player.

Your friend,
Marcus Martinez

****

Dear Santa,

How are your reindeer? Is your sled filled with presents? For Christmas I want a puppy. And I want to ice skate. And I want a wonderful Christmas for everyone.

From your friend,
Leanne Jameson

****



Dear Santa,

How are you? Merry Christmas. Are your reindeers dashing through the snow? I want a horse picture and boots and a cowgirl hat and a shirt with horses.

Your best friend,
Mercedes Saenz

****

Dear Santa,

How are you? I would like a very bouncy ball that you can sit on. And I would like a little girl pink Barbie fourwheeler. Hope you have a Merry Christmas.

Your friend,
Kyla

****

Dear Santa,

How are your helpers? I want a Gold X Game bike and I want a kid real motorcycle. Have a great flight.

Your friend,
Ky

****

Dear Santa,

How are you doing this year? For Christmas I want a tough bull riding vest.

From your friend,
Colby McCleskey

****

Dear Santa,

How are you doing? I hope that you have a nice Christmas? May I have a Barbier register and a horse with a real barn. I hope that I am not being rude.

Love,
Anna

****

Dear Santa,

How are your elves. I wish I could have a skate board. I wish I could have a sled? I wish I could have a pair of skates.

Love,
Jacob Dilworth



Dear Santy Clause,

I've been good! Sometime can I ride in the sleigh with you? Can I go with you to the North Pole? After Christmas maybe you could let me take care of one of your reindeers (maybe Rudolph) until next Christmas. Can I have a lamp with animals on it, a Scooter, Cowboy Chaps, and a new race track? Please leave some gifts for Bradley and Stachia too! Milk and cake will be waiting.

I love you Santy Clause,
Seth Baxter

****

Dear Santa,

How are you this year? I have been a good girl and a good big sister. I really need a bed for my Suzy and a Buzz and Woody. Please bring Judson something too. I think he needs Bullseye for my Jessie to ride. See you soon.

Love,
Morgan Jones

****

Dear Santa,

I want 8 things for Christmas, but my mom Kim said all I cold have a year was three our four presents and the ones that I don't get this year I will get next year. The ones that I'm getting this year are Dance and buble Dill, Lite Brite, My dream baby and a CD player that only I can listen to.

Love,
Hanna!

****

Dear Santa,

I want a baby doll and a blue Poo-Chi electronic puppy dog this year. I have been a good girl this year.

Love,
Shelby Nicole Elliott

****

Dear Santa,

How are things going? What's new at the North Pole? For Christmas I want a little remote control car and a slot car track of my very own.

I hope you have a good Christmas.

Your friend,
Jay Potts

Dear Santa,

I have been a good boy. For Christmas I would like Pokeman toys named Blastoise and a vehouszaur. My brother Trent would like a Big Bike, gum and candy. Merry Christmas.

Austin & Trent Hill
age 6 and 2

****

Dear Santa,

I want a Barbie Cash Register, Genie Computer game, Barbie Remote Control Car, a Real Born Baby. I will be at my house at Garden City this year. Please remember my sister Amy and my brother Cory and all the other boys and girls.

I love you,
Katy Multer
Garden City, Texas

****

Dear Santa,

My name is Hannah Mason. How is Mrs. Clause? All I want is a waterbaby Lillie, Computer game, praying baby doll and also a walk and wag pluto. Thank you and have a great Christmas. Oh and also a Silly Seal game.

Love,
Hannah

Dear Santa Claus,

I would like a Barbie Jeep, Barbie Dolls, Baby Be Born doll, Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse Dolls, Clothes and a puppy. Please Santa deliver all this to my house. O yea, I am 6 years old if you forgot my age.

I love you Santa,
Mari Simmons

****

Dear Santa,

I would like a Bicycle with two wheels that's black. A smoking gun, Balloons that are long that you can make animals out of. I love you Santa Claus even if you have a long beard.

Love,
Parker

****

Dear Santa,

I have been a very good boy this year. I want a Nintendo-64, a horse, and a portable CD player and some CD's. My little brother Bryson wants some trucks and cars. My dog MiMi would like some toys and a bone.

P.S. We will leave milk and cookies.

Love,
Reagan Lynn Elliott

Merry Christmas!

A New Song
by Ernest Rhys

We will sing a new song
That sounds like the old:
Noel

We will tell and old tale
That has often been told:
Noel
We will build a tall town;
We will watch the for the star:
Noel

We will build a new world,
Without War.
We will build a tall town;
We will watch the for the star:
Noel

We will build a new world,
Without War.
We will build a tall town;
We will watch the for the star:
Noel

We will build a new world,
Without War.



Here's hoping that the joyful spirit of Christmas blooms in your hearts all year long!

For your friendship, loyalty and kind patronage, we offer a sincere "thank you". Have a happy holiday.

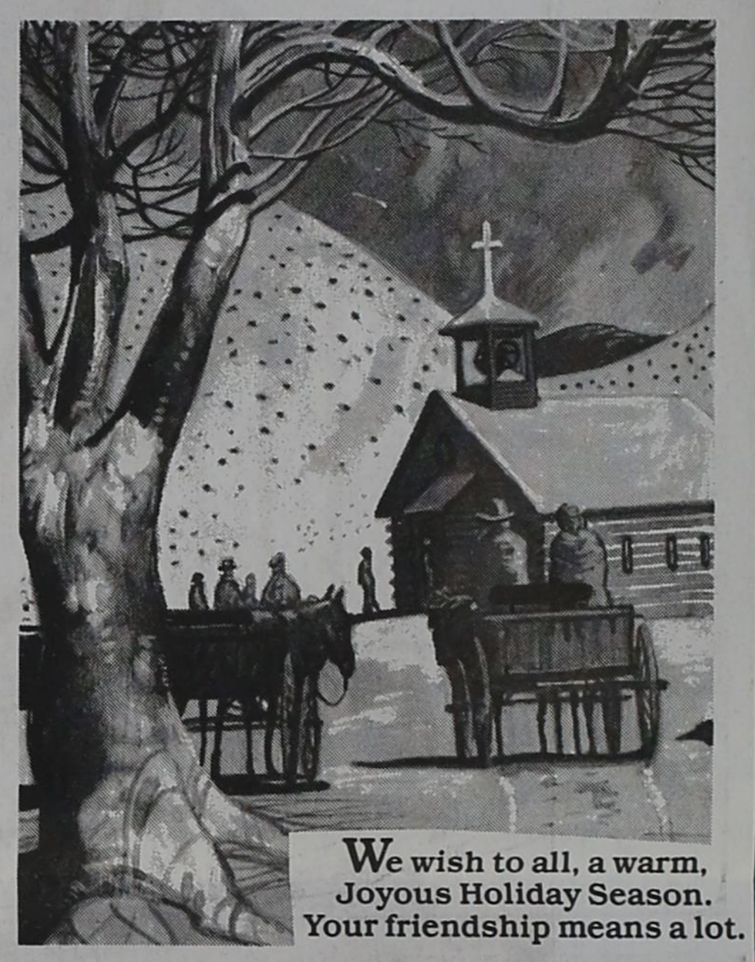
L & T Flowers



CHRISTMAS, A Time To Cherish

...And a time to say "thank you" to all the cherished friends we've made this year.
Happy Holidays!

Mane Place
Family Hair Care Center
347-2350
"We aim to please"



We wish to all, a warm, Joyous Holiday Season. Your friendship means a lot.

Panhandle Plains Federal Land Bank

peace and joy always

Our three wishes for you: love, health and happiness.

New To You
downtown Matador



HOLIDAY GREETINGS

May the warmth and wonder of this joyous season embrace you and yours, now and throughout the year.

Motley County Judge
Laverna Price

Santa Claus Is Coming To Town!

The holiday's nearing,
The sleigh bells you're hearing.
The tree has been trimmed,
Just waiting for him.
Then the place will be hoppin',
Just after Santa drops in!

Ho, ho, ho!
Merry Christmas!

South Plains Electric Cooperative, Inc.

Your Touchstone Energy® Cooperative

Lubbock • Lorenzo • Spur • Childress

The story of Christmas and the Christ Child



When Rome was a great empire ruled by Caesar Augustus and Israel was governed by King Herod, in the village of Nazareth lived Joseph and Mary. Joseph was a carpenter and Mary was a young virgin who would become his wife. Mary told Joseph of a dream in which she was visited by an angel who told her she had been chosen to bear the Son of God and his name was to be Jesus.

One day the emperor sent notice that all persons were to register for a new tax. They were instructed to return to the towns of their birth. Joseph and Mary left Nazareth for Bethlehem. Mary, who was with child and close to the birth, rode on a donkey while Joseph walked beside her. They traveled for many days and only rested at night.

When they reached Bethlehem it was night. They looked for a place to rest but there were no empty rooms when they reached the inn. As they were being turned away Joseph mentioned his wife was with child and close to birth. The inn keeper took pity on them and told them of some caves in the nearby hills where shepherds would stay with their cows and sheep.

So Joseph and Mary went up into the hills and found the caves. In one cave was a stable room. Joseph cleaned it and made beds of fresh hay. He found a feeding trough which he cleaned and filled with hay to use as a crib. The next night Mary gave birth to a son, and they named him Jesus, as the angel said.

When the child was born a great star that could be seen for miles around appeared over Bethlehem. In the fields nearby, shepherds were tending their flocks. An angel surrounded by bright light appeared before them. The shepherds were frightened and tried to run.

"Fear not," said the angel, "For I bring you tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in Bethlehem a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Suddenly the sky was filled with angels, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth, peace, good will toward men."

After the angels departed, the shepherds set out for Bethlehem. When they reached the cave they found the stable and inside was the child wrapped in swaddling clothes.

As the star shined over Bethlehem, in the East three kings would see it. They knew it was a sign and they set off to follow the star. There was Caspar, the young King of Tarsus; Mechior, a long bearded old man who was leader of Arabia; and Balthazar, the king from Ethiopia. They traveled on camels for many days over the mountains and through the deserts and plains--always following the bright star.

When they finally arrived in Bethlehem they found the child in the manger. The three kings bowed to their knees and offered gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. They would stay the night in the cave, and the next day returned to their lands to spread the news.

****

Shepherds Shake off Your Drowsy Sleep From France

(This old carol came from the hillsides of France where shepherds tend their sheep. It is so old no one knows who wrote the words or the melody)

Shepherds! shake off your drowsy sleep,
Rise and leave your silly sheep;
Angels from heav'n around loud singing
Tidings of great joy are bringing.
Hark! even now the bells ring round,
Listen to their merry sound;
Hark! how the birds new songs are making;
As if winter's chains were breaking.

Chorus:
Shepherds the chorus come and swell!
Sing Noel, Oh, sing, Noel!



The Many Faces of Santa

"He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly,
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself."

Clement Moore,
"A Visit from St. Nicholas"

On the night before Christmas, all across the world, millions of children will be tucked in their beds while "visions of sugarplums dance in their heads." When they awake they will check their stockings to see if Santa Claus has come.

Santa Claus has become the most beloved of Christmas symbols and traditions. The image of the jolly old elf flying in a sleigh pulled by reindeers and leaving toys and gifts for every child is known worldwide.

The history of Santa Claus begins with a man called **Saint Nicholas**, the Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor, in what is now Turkey. Saint Nicholas was known for his charity and wisdom. Legends tell of him coming from a wealthy family and giving all his money to the poor. He also was said to possess magical powers. He died in 340 AD and was buried in Myra.

Late in the 11th Century religious soldiers from Italy took the remains of the saint back with them to Italy. They built a church in honor of him in the town of Bari, a port town in southern Italy. Soon Christian pilgrim from all over the world came to visit the church of Saint Nicholas. These pilgrims took the legend of Saint Nicholas back to their native lands. As the legend of Saint Nicholas spread, it would take on the characteristics of each country.

In Europe during the 12th Century Saint Nicholas Day became a day of gift giving and charity. Germany, France, and Holland celebrated December 6 as a religious holiday and gave gifts to their children and the poor.

When the Dutch colonists traveled to America, they brought with them their **Sinterklaas**, an austere bishop who wore a red bishop's costume and rode on a white horse.

The American image of *Sinterklaas* would gradually evolve into that of a jolly old elf. He was first described as a plump and jolly old Dutchman by Washington Irving in his comic *History of New York*. In 1823 *Sinterklaas*/Saint Nicholas' metamorphosis continued with the publication of Clement Moore's poem, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, which begins, "Twas the night before Christmas..."

In the 1860's cartoonist Thomas Nash drew pictures of a plump and kindly Santa Claus for the illustrated Harper's Weekly. This image of Santa Claus was becoming ingrained in the minds of the American people. As time went on this image of Santa Claus traveled across the globe, back to Europe, to South America, and elsewhere.

Many countries have kept their own customs and traditions of Saint Nicholas. In some cultures Saint Nicholas travels with an assistant to help him. In Holland, *Sinterklaas* sails in on a ship arriving on December 6. He carries a big book which tells him how the Dutch children have behaved during the past year. Good children are rewarded with gifts and the bad ones are taken away by his assistant, Black Peter.

In Germany Saint Nicholas also travels with an assistant known as *Knecht Ruprecht, Krampus*, or *Pelzebock*, and comes with a sack on his back and a rod in his hand. Good children receive a gift, but naughty children are punished by the assistant with a few hits of the rod.

In Italy **La Befana** is a good witch who dresses all in black and brings gifts to children on the Epiphany, January 6. In many Spanish countries, Spain, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and South America, the children wait for the **Three Kings** to bring their Christmas gifts.

In France **Father Christmas** or Pere Noel brings gifts for the children. Switzerland has the **Christ Kindl** or Christ Child who bears gifts. In some towns children await the Holy Child and in others Christ Kindl is a girl-angel who comes down from heaven bearing gifts.

The Scandinavian countries celebrate with an elf, called the **julenisse** or the *juletomte* who bears gifts. And in England, Father Christmas, a more austere and thinner version of Santa Claus brings gifts.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little are we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree

William
Makepeace Thackeray

Remember that ~Jesus is the Reason for the Season~.

"For unto us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders. And he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,







It's a special time for celebration and love and happy holiday wishes to all. Enjoy.

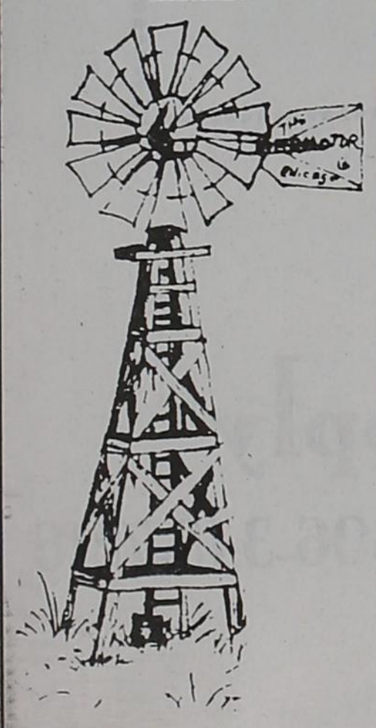
We will be closed Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve

LaNita's Cafe

Downtown Roaring Springs

'Tis the Season

May you know the pleasure of holiday giving and the joy of friendship. Merry Christmas and many thanks.



The Windmill

downtown Matador

BETTY BOSTICK

Merry Christmas



At this time of year, we extend our warmest wishes and express our deep appreciation for your loyal support.

Motley County Farm Bureau

Joy to All



We're hoping Santa's got you on his very special list for all the good things of this very merry Christmas Season.

Western Marketing, Inc.
1201 Bailey, Matador, Texas 79244
806-347-2223

Preferred Choice Convenience Store #1
1201 Bailey, Matador, Texas 79244
806-347-2223

season's best



Lots of holiday surprises with lots of special things to do...All of the fun that Christmas brings...that's our holiday wish to you.
Have a wonderful Christmas season!

Thacker Jewelry
Downtown Roaring Springs - 806-348-7546

Graham Supply
Downtown Roaring Springs - 806-348-7216

AEP-West Texas Utilities
888-216-3523



A CHRISTMAS GOOSE? This lost goose took a break from flying when he stopped in Matador. This picture was snapped in the parking lot of Matador Implement. The friendly goose was seen in Matador for two days. Hopefully he joined his feathered friends in the sky and didn't become someone's Christmas dinner.

photo by Carla Meador

Christmas tree brings holiday season to the Texas House

(Austin) -- The Texas House is dressed for up for the holidays. Nelda Laney, the wife of House Speaker Pete Laney, and more than 30 volunteers decorated a 21.5 foot Eastern Red Cedar tree in the House Chamber.

The Christmas tree, cut from Camp Swift, a Texas National Guard Post in Bastrop County, is adorned with hundreds of handmade decorations and ornaments from Texas and every state in the nation. Featured front and center is the "Capitol Ornaments" series begun by Mrs. Laney in 1996. The 2000 ornament, a replica of the back of the Texas State Seal salutes the Texas Revolution and the six flags that have flown over Texas. The ornaments can be purchased in the Capitol Gift Shop for $16 each. The money is dedicated to the Capitol preservation project.

"The House tree is a stunning sight," Mrs. Laney said. "I encourage everyone to see the tree and enjoy the festive atmosphere it brings to the Capitol. No one will be disappointed."

Many ornaments come from Texas counties and legislative districts, donated by individuals, local groups and current and former members of the House. They reflect traditional Texas themes, ranging from big oil to bluebonnets to cattle and cotton The ornaments include a salt dough Santa donated by Lady Bird Johnson The oldest ornament is a die-cut "scrap and tinsel" Father Christmas from the early 1900s.

A base of lights and gold ribbons were laid on the tree. Mrs. Laney, members of the Legislative Ladies Club and other Capitol friends put the finishing touch of decorations on the tree.

A separate tree, a nine-foot Virginia pine donated by the Texas Christmas Tree Growers Association, is on display in the back hall of the House Chamber. It is draped with white lights and decorated with Victorian-era ornaments reflecting the period when the Capitol was constructed.

Meals for shut-ins to be delivered Christmas Day

Being lonely and away from relatives on Christmas Day can be a sad time. To help make Christmas Day a better time for the elderly and less fortunate, a group of volunteers from Floydada and the area will be serving Christmas dinner on Christmas Day.

"Spirit of Christmas" is a community Christmas Dinner for shut-ins, the needy or lonely, and anyone else needing a hot meal and a caring smile on Christmas day. Turkey and dressing and all the trimmings (and a friendly visit) will be provided for residents in Floydada, Lockney, Silverton, Quitaque, Flomot and Matador, as well as to the Ronald McDonald houses in Lubbock and Amarillo. Volunteers are expecting to serve over 400 meals this year.

Anyone who would like to have a meal delivered to their house at 12:00 noon on Christmas Day may call Dianne at 347-2326 during the day or 469-5278 at night, or 1-800-562-3122. Everyone is welcome to call in names.

This service is a community, non-denominational effort. Donations are accepted and may be given by contacting Fred at 983-3121 or Sudie at 983-5165.

State enlists Santa in annual holiday campaign against drunk driving

Austin -- Santa Claus is warning Texas drivers: He's not the only one watching to see if they're being good or bad.

All available state troopers will be on the roads during Christmas and New Year's holiday weekends watching for drunk drivers. Police and sheriff's departments throughout Texas are also stepping up DWI enforcement effort. Penalties for driving while intoxicated can include driver's license suspension, fines and jail time.

State transportation officials are joining forces with Mothers Against Drunk Driving and the food and beverage industry to enlist Santa's help in its annual statewide campaign reminding Texans not to drink and drive during the holiday season. Last December 83 people were killed and 2,303 were injured in alcohol-related traffic crashes in Texas.

"If alcohol is involved in their holiday celebrations, we're reminding people not to get behind the wheel if they've been drinking," said Susan Bryant, traffic safety director for the Texas Department of Transportation (TxDOT). "Safe alternatives are to designate a sober driver before drinking begins, call a taxi or just stay where you are until you can drive home safely."

Texas leads the nation in alcohol-related traffic crashes. In 1998, the Texas Department of Public Safety (DPS) reported there were more than 26,000 alcohol-related crashes in Texas, resulting in 1,058 fatalities and 27,058 injuries.

The state's holiday campaign again features the slogan "Santa Is Coming to Town. Please Don't Hit Him. Don't Drink and Drive." Billboards, ads atop gas pumps and TV and radio commercials echo the safe driving message. Materials are available in both English and Spanish.

Santa's and TxDOT's helpers in the campaign include the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission, Texas Petroleum Marketers and Convenience Store Association, Texas Package Stores Association, Texas Restaurant Association, Diamond Shamrock and Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

Last issue for 2000

With this edition, the *Motley County Tribune*, has published its last edition for 2000. Our office will be closed Christmas week, December 25-29. There will not be a paper published that week.

The next edition of the *Motley County Tribune* will be published Thursday, January 4.

We would like to take this time to wish all our readers a very joyous holiday season.

Christmas giving



Matador Lions Club members, Jerri Watson and Rev. Monte Wike prepare Christmas boxes which were distributed to the needy on Tuesday afternoon, December 19. The canned foods were collected through a food drive, sponsored by MC ISD high school.

Calico Treasures
Decorator's Studio
Antiques ~ Collectibles ~ Gifts Interior Design Department
10% off all
Kenneth Wyatt Christmas Cards
New Shipment of Crosses (new styles)
SALE OF THE MONTH
60% off
Soft Pleated Shades & Cellular Shades
November 15 - December 15
Corner of Hwy. 70 & Eubank St., Matador ~ 806-347-2003

20% off all Candles in Jars
(through December)
Avon makes a great Christmas gift!
Great selection in stock!
New To You
Downtown Matador ~ 347-2388

Blessings of the Season

Open Sunday, 12:00 - 6:00
for your last minute Christmas shopping
All Christmas Arrangements and other Christmas decorations
1/2 Price!
Singing Santa & pals - 25% off
Gift Baskets on Sale!
Beautiful Poinsettias
Twistavant Candles
Unique Gift Items
L&T Flowers
1103 Main St., Downtown Matador, 806-347-2711

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON
At AEP-West Texas Utilities, we value a good relationship with our customers and we will continue to work hard to serve you with safe, reliable power during 2001.
On behalf of the employees at AEP-West Texas Utilities, we extend to you and your family our wishes for a season filled with warm, happy memories.
AEP WEST TEXAS UTILITIES®



A Christmas wish. If there were a magic ferry who told you that you could have any Christmas wish you wanted, what would it be? I suppose some would wish for riches, cars, new homes, lots of money. Those things would be nice. But I guess my old car makes it just fine, I always get to work and back. We have a wonderful, warm, comfortable home of which we are very thankful for. We are certainly not rich (in dollars), but we get by just fine.

Where would I begin with Christmas wishes? There is so much need in the world. There are sick, lonely, hurting people almost everywhere. There are poor, starving, desolate people who don't even know what it's like to have a warm bed to sleep in at night. To wake up and look out the window from their warm and cozy house. To hurry around on Christmas morning to make all the preparations for a delicious Christmas dinner.

There are sad, hungry children - oh, the children - who don't know what it's like to wake with the excitement and wonder of what Santa left for them. My heart aches to think of the disappointment those little children must feel, to wonder why Santa didn't find them. Santa's supposed to know where every little child is on Christmas, isn't he? I could wish a thousand good wishes for the hurting children of this world.

There are many lonely elderly people, whose children have all moved away, have families of their own, other interests, busy lives, and somehow don't have time for that loving, lonely parent who gave so many years and offered so many prayers for their beloved children.

A Christmas wish? If I could take all my Christmas wishes and wrap them in a box, tied with pretty ribbon and bows, there wouldn't be room for them in my house. But I can say one prayer to God and give Him all the desires of my heart, my Christmas wishes. I pray for all those sad, hungry children, the lonely, the sick, the downhearted. I pray God's peace and love around them, especially at Christmas and everyday. May we all feel the wonder of Christmas and have a desire to pray a special Christmas wish for those less fortunate than we.

I hope you all have a blessed holiday, full of joy. God bless us, everyone!

Lifestyles

Lola Pohl receives "Resident of the Month" honor

Lola Pohl, longtime Matador resident and now a resident of Lakeside Rehabilitation and Care Center in Lubbock, recently received the honor of being named "Resident of the Month."

Mrs. Pohl was born near Floydada, 88 years ago, May 4, 1912. She and her brother grew up on a farm "looking for next year's good crop."

She graduated from Lockney High School and attended West Texas State University in Canyon. She taught school for four years and then worked in the hardware store she and her husband, Frank, now deceased, owned in Matador for 26 years.

The Pohls have one daughter and son-in-law, Carolyn and Howard Limmer of Snyder. Lola says, "I am very glad to have been chosen Lakeside Rehabilitation and Care Center for my home away from home. There is a genuine atmosphere of helpfulness and friendliness here."



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Trammell

Roaring Springs couple to celebrate 50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Trammell of Roaring Springs will celebrate their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary with a reception, Sunday, December 30, 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. The reception, hosted by their children and grandchildren, will be held at the Community Volunteers Center in Roaring Springs.

The couple were married December 22, 1950, at Vernon, Texas. They have four children and eight grandchildren.



Library Notes

by Suzanne Abbott

We appreciate the memorial donations to the Library from Horace and Earlyne Jameson in memory of Lena Cook and from Rita and Algie Groves, also in memory of Lena Cook. We are grateful for these donations as they help the Library and make a permanent memorial for special people.

New books in the Library include Chalk's Woman by David Ballantine, a tale about women who were pioneers along the Santa Fe National Historic Trail. Also, the Library has a copy of the newest Barnaby Skye novel, the printer who travels the West, righting wrongs. This book is called Going Home.

The Library just received a copy of James Patterson's Roses Are Red. We also have a mystery set in England in the Sixteenth Century. It is called Face Down Under the Wych Elm by Kathy Emerson. Dreams of Glory by Thomas J. Fleming is a novel about the American Revolution.

The Library will be closed Monday through Wednesday of next week for Christmas. Those dates are December 25, 26, and 27.

Merry Christmas to all.

Roaring Springs Community Volunteers enjoy pot luck supper

by Darleen Fletcher

The Roaring Springs Community Volunteers met in a regular meeting Tuesday night, December 12. All enjoyed a pot luck supper and then decorated the community center's tree so everything would be ready for the Children's Angel Tree party on December 18 at 6:00 p.m. The Volunteers met at 5:00 to pack gift bags for the shut-in's.

The annual meeting of the Roaring Springs Community Volunteers will be held January 9, 2001. Some new officers will be elected, and the membership dues, in the amount of $10.00 per person, will be due. Membership is not limited to those from the Roaring Springs area.

The Volunteers are in the process of selecting some long-term goals and would welcome any input from interested parties.

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HICKORY FARMS®
Buy 1 gift at regular price & get the 2nd gift of equal or lesser value at 1/2 price.
OFFER GOOD THROUGH 12/24/00 WHILE QUANTITIES LAST. COUPON MUST BE PRESENTED AT TIME OF PURCHASE. VALID AT PARTICIPATING HICKORY FARMS RETAIL STORES ONLY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. ONE COUPON PER CUSTOMER. NOT VALID WITH ANY OTHER OFFER. FOR A HICKORY FARMS LOCATION NEAR YOU, CALL 1-800-442-5671.

Sale on Subscriptions!
New Subscriptions only $15.00
Sale ends December 21.

FREE HEARING TESTS
Where: MOTLEY COUNTY CLINIC Conference Room
When: Thursday, January 4
Time: 10:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m.
Better Hearing Center in Plainview is announcing, Mike Johnson, a field hearing consultant will be here to service your present hearing aids, test your hearing, and furnish you with hearing aid batteries. We service all makes and models

Want the perfect gift?
Give the gift that feels great, never needs dusting, and has no calories
Gift Certificates for Massage or Reflexology
Dinah Elliott-Young 806-348-7330

MARY KAY®
age Gracefully? no way.
Fight it with visible anti-aging products from Mary Kay. Our advanced formulas work to help perfect your skin day and night. See for yourself. Call today.
Marion Woodruff
Independent Beauty Consultant★
806-347-2431
mymk.com Web site or e-mail address★

Season's Greetings and Happy Holidays

"I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life;
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things,
I got nothing that I asked for,
But everything I had hoped for;
Almost despite myself my unspoken
prayers were answered,
I am among all men, most richly blessed."

Our family wishes the very best to you in this holiday season. We know the God whom we serve will bless all those who diligently seek after Him. In the Bible the expression "worthy of God" is found concerning the care for those who preach. My family and I have been well cared for by the congregation which we serve in Motley County. It is not surprising, fine people do fine things. That is a principle which has withstood the test of time. You folks do fine things. I thank God for each of you.

This time of the year, most of our communities' thoughts are to some degree, turned toward God. It is you people and our work together that keeps our family's thoughts turned toward God all the year long. We are blessed among men. It is with gratitude and love we serve among you in the Kingdom of God.

Allow us, the Crowley's, to thank you for your kindness and Christian love shown for us. May your holiday season be rich toward the God whom we serve.

Roaring Springs Church of Christ
Michael G. Crowley, Sr.
Radio Programs K-96FM
Bible Study - 10 a.m. Worship - 9 a.m.

SANTA'S Sale
All Poinsettias, Wreaths, and Christmas Teddy Bears
1/2 Price
Other Great Specials throughout the store!
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Matador Variety



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Motley County School News

Lady Matadors get win over Crosbyton

By Denise, Ashley and Rachelle

On Friday, December 15, the Lady Matadors took on the Crosbyton Chiefettes and defeated them 46-32. Friday night's leading scorer was Rabecca Morris with 11 points. She also had 2 steals and 1 assist. Shandra Jones was second leading scorer with 10 points. She also trapped 8 rebounds, 1 steal and 1 assist.

Chasity Holman was leading rebounder with 9 and made 4 points to boot. Also fighting hard on defense, Brittany Donaldson came up with 7 rebounds and logged in the most steals with four. So far this season she's averaged 7 blocks per game. In addition, Britanny made 3 points.

The successful effort required all members to hustle. Denise Shannon made 9 points, 2 rebounds, 3 steals and 3 assists. Courtney Hays contributed 6 points, 4 rebounds, 1 steal and 1 assist. Lisa Perryman made 3 points, 1 rebound and 1 steal. Rachelle Renfro and Ashley Stevens came together to pull down 3 boards.

The Lady Matadors and Matadors will be particpating in the Crosbyton Tournament on December 27-29. We hope to see everyone out to support our teams, and hopefully cheer them on to two tournament championships!

Don't wish it were easier; wish you were better.
Don't wish for less problems; wish for more skills.
Don't wish for less challenge; wish for more wisdom.

— Anonymous



Thursday, December 28: Christmas Holiday!
Varsity Basketball Tournament at Crosbyton.

Friday, December 29: Christmas Holiday!
Varsity Basketball Tournament at Crosbyton.

Saturday, December 30: Varsity Basketball Tournament at Crosbyton.

Ho, Ho, Ho!

Only 4 days 'til Christmas



The Winner

Chelsea Read, left, was the lucky winner of a valuable collection of Capitol ornaments, framed by The Windmill, and raffled off by the Friends of the Library during Late Night Shopping on December 7. D.A. McGuire, Friends volunteer, assisted with the sale of tickets and used books and serving of refreshments, popcorn and cider. Kayla Hollinsworth, one of the Library's greatest patrons, drew the winning ticket.

Jesus is the reason for the season!

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News around the County

Roaring Springs News
by Odessa Mullins

Mrs. Zella Palmer, Mrs. Pearl Patten, Mrs. Mary Lumsden and Miss Lula Swim hosted the coffee drinkers at the Roaring Springs Methodist Fellowship Hall on Monday, Dec. 18. The Hall was decorated with Christmas. A table of goodies was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Buzz Thacker, Mr. and Mrs. D.A. McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Trammell, Mr. Corky Marshall, Mrs. Donna Kennedy, Mrs. Mary Lumsden, Mrs. Grace Zabielski, Mrs. Pearl Patten, Mr. Dean McInroe, Mrs. Zella Palmer, Miss Lula Swim, Mr. and Mrs. R.C. Giesecke and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Adams.

Neighborhood News
by Rita Groves

CHRISTMAS TEA

This season preceding the Christmas holidays was off to a good start with the traditional Ladies Tea in the home of LaVoe and Buzz Thacker. A friendly greeting at the door by one of the family brought us into warmth, beauty, and a table of tempting brunch "goodies," with urns of coffee and hot punch handy.

The affair brings memories of years gone by, but the presence of young hostesses brings hopes for a continuation of this break in the usual routine for area women, often too busy during the holidays: to come together for fellowship.

*****

The author of this is unknown to me, but I want to share it with our readers.

JOB DESCRIPTION FOR A PARENT: A long term player needed for challenging, permanent work in chaotic environment. Candidates must possess excellent communication and organizational skills and be willing to work evenings and weekends and frequent 24-hour shifts.

There is some overnight travel required, including trips to primitive camping sites on rainy weekends and endless sports tournaments in faraway cities. Travel expenses not reimbursed.

RESPONSIBILITIES: Must keep this job for the rest of your life. Must be willing to be hated, at least temporarily. Must be willing to bite tongue frequently. Must possess the physical stamina of a pack mule. Must be willing to tackle stimulating technical challenges, such as small gadget repair, sluggish toilets, and stuck zippers. Must handle assembly and product safety testing, as well as floor maintenance and janitorial work.

Must screen phone calls, maintain calendars, and coordinate production of multiple homework projects. Must have ability to plan and organize social gatherings for clients of all ages and levels of mentality.

Must be willing to be indispensable one minute and an embarrassment the next. Must assume final, complete accountability for the quality of end product.

ADVANCEMENT AND PROMOTION: There is no possibility of either. Your job is to remain in the same position for years, without complaining, constantly retraining and updating your skills so that those in your charge can ultimately surpass you.

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE: None required, but on-the-job training is offered on a continually exhausting basis.

WAGES: None. In fact, you must pay those in your charge, offering frequent raises and bonuses. A balloon payment is due when they turn 18 and attend college. When you die, you give them whatever income is left.

BENEFITS: There is no health or dental insurance, no pension, no tuition reimbursement, no paid holidays, and no stock options. However, the job offers limitless opportunities for personal growth and free hugs for life.

*****

REBA BURKES

Our hearts go out in sympathy to the family and friends of Mrs. Skee Burkes, who died Sunday, Dec. 17. Reba was one of those parents described above. Her sons, Morris and Larry, married daughters of Pearl Patten of Roaring Springs. Skee Burkes died in 1983, and son Morris died five years later. Reba's body was laid to rest Tuesday at East Mound Cemetery, Matador. She had been a homemaker and a caretaker at the First United Methodist Church in Matador for thirty-one years.

*****

GRANDMOTHER'S BEATITUDES

BLESSED is the grandmother who makes peace with spilled milk and mud, for such is the realm of childhood.

BLESSED is the grandmother who refuses to compare her grandchildren with others, for precious is the rhythm of growth of every child.

BLESSED is the grandmother who has learned to laugh, for it is the music of the child's world.

BLESSED is the grandmother who can say "no" without anger, for comforting to the child is the security of a firm decision.

BLESSED is the grandmother who is teachable, for knowledge brings understanding, and understanding brings love.

BLESSED is the grandmother who loves her grandchildren in the midst of a hostile world, for love is the greatest of gifts.

*****

One night I was sitting near a young mother who was standing with her baby son in her arms. We were strangers, but it had been so long since I had held a tiny baby, I asked if I could hold hers. She instantly handed him toward me, along with her smile, all his blankets, and his bottle, nestled next to him.

When he looked up to see a strange face, he looked a little perturbed. I placed the bottle nipple in his mouth- he was born with a cleft palate- and held it ever so gently, then looked at his eyes, and a smile was starting in them. When I whispered, "Hi, there," the most beautiful smile lit up his face, and he released the bottle.

I think he was only a few weeks old, yet his mother named a date just ahead when he would have surgery to correct the palate defect. So I've had my Christmas gift and am praying for the surgeons who will try to improve on that smile I received. It won't be easy!

Another joy of old age arrived last evening when Santa Clause, with his merry face and bright red cap, arrived at our door with a quarter-bushel Christmas bag of a variety of gifts. (Anyone I think I recognize, I always say it looks like one of my former pupils.) Algie and I spent a happy hour going through the bag and examining each goody. What have we done, besides coming back to Roaring Springs, to merit such blessings?!

And a little girl named Cortney, not my granddaughter Cortney who arrived back from college last Saturday, but a local Cortney, thanked us over the phone for a gift which was received at the Angel Tree at LaNita's last evening. This very same Christmas Tree is mentioned in the November issue *Texas Highways.*

*****

Hazel Green Gordanier's only son, James "Jimmy" Gordainier, died on November 28 in Ontario, Calif., the same town where he was born. The previous week, just a day past his 70th birthday, he had stepped over a curb and stumbled on some loose asphalt, breaking one leg below his knee. The first problem in the hospital was to repair the veins losing blood, so fixing the break in the leg had to wait. Jimmy died while in surgery to repair the broken leg.

We learned in a recent conversation with Carolyn Limmer of 4504 El Paso, Snyder, TX 79549, that her older son, who lives in Lubbock, took his grandmother Lola Pohl to Snyder for Thanksgiving with the Limmer family. She had a nice holiday, but insisted returning to Lakeside Rehab and Care Center, 4306 24, Lubbock, where she lives "in the shadow of her doctors' offices." Her phone number is 806 793-3179.

Mike Groves, whose brother Pat checked him into Stanford Hospital emergency on December 3 with a heart attack, came out with two angioplasties ("just like Dick Cheney") on Dec. 7. Word is that Pat and Kathy are helping him get a cottage in San Jose ready for his occupancy where he hopes to take up residence soon. As Charlie Keith says, "It's a mackeral."

Here are some addresses you may not have. Inez Bailey is now at 1205 E. Main St., # B, Brownfield, 79316. Lucille Woolery who is still in the McGee Nursing Home at 615 S. 8th Ave., Teague, TX 75860, has been very ill with the flu, but is better now.

Hal Dean and June Hines wrote from "Ten Acres," 335 Town East Blvd., Sunnyvale, TX 75182. Hal keeps in touch with his old Boy Scout masters and really enjoys that ten acres.

Hazel Ellithorp Markham and her daughter Judy Lowery were in Killeen to help her brother and his wife, Herman and Ruby Ellithorp, celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary on Dec. 16. Hazel's latest address is 3334 Hwy. 84 W, Umpire, AR. Hazel and Hillie Markham and daughter Judy befriended Pat and Mike while they were at Rice University in Houston.

Hazel can pop a batch of cookies from freezer to oven and out within a few minutes after a guest arrives. Hillie let Pat and Judy use his car to go to "sock Hops" when Pat was a freshman at Rice. Pat and Arvin Ellithorp were classmates at Matador High.

Ina Mae Long Baird of 908 Adrian St., Lubbock 79403, was glad to see the "hog killing" story in the Tribune. She would enjoy hearing from "old" friends. (I still hope to purchase a King County History book where the Longs' story may be.)

From "Johnnie and Juana" came a very distinctive Christmas card--a large Star of Bethlehem shining from a black sky down on three small figures in colored robes heading east on a barren brown hill.

I had wondered why there was no family history for the Williams and Turner families in Motley or Dickens counties histories. There are no Williams families in the index of *Dickens County-Its Land and People.* However, when I found Juana Turner, I then turned to page 361 and found the Rev. Johnnie Williams. The Williams' *are there,* from page 358 to 365.

*****

Did we ever have a presidential election before this one!! I believe the young people of today learned more about politics and government during those weeks after Nov. 7, than I learned all during my education.

Merry Christmas and many happy returns. Look every day for miracles!

Flomot News
by Earlyne Jameson

ATTEND GRADUATION

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Cruse, Leah, Keane and Derrick attended the graduation ceremony of their niece and cousin, Shahala Marricle, at Texas Tech in Lubbock on Saturday morning, December 16. Shahala was awarded her degree with honors in Agricultural Economics.

Others attending were Shahala's parents and sister, Charla and Bennie Marricle and Kaycee of Snyder, and her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Marihelen Wason of Matador.

****

Members and guests had a covered dish luncheon following Sunday morning services at the Flomot Baptist Church. That afternoon they distributed Christmas fruit baskets to residents in the Flomot community. Those attending were Judy and Lynn Stark of McAdoo; the Rev. Nathan and Kathy Mulder of South Plains; Kathy and Clois Shorter and guests, Christi, Dwain and Emily of Petersburg; and Mrs. Alma Shorter, Mrs. Geneva Martin, Anna Beth and Joe Ike Clay, local residents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Speer of Floydada visited Mrs. Annie B. Cloyd, Wednesday.

Many local friends visited during the week with her and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kim Cloyd of Memphis, who is staying with her during her illness.

Mrs. Keri Sehon and son, Brian of Wolfforth, visited Friday and Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clois Shorter. Mrs. Shorter, Mrs. Sehon and Brian enjoyed the Old Mill Trade Days in Post, Friday.

Tom Ross was in Amarillo, Monday, for an optical appointment and in Wichita Falls, Thursday, for a dental appointment.

Mrs. Teresa Willey and Micah of Turkey visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Lee, Monday

The Motley Music Makers were the featured attraction at the Christmas Show at the Gem Theatre in Turkey on Saturday night, Dec. 16. The 3 M's include Gerald Pipkin, Kelly and Pennie Keltz, Billy Donaldson, Sharon Van Hoose, Carolyn Ewing, Kathy Shorter and Dr. Pat Williams. Local residents enjoying the performance were Suzie Shannon, Geneva Martin, Ruth Lee Anna Beth Clay, Clois Shorter, Art Green and his guest, Mrs. Katheryn Martin of Matador.

Whiteflat News
by Earlyne Jameson

OVERHEARD

Our greatest Christmas gift is not wrapped, nor is it under the tree. It is God's gift of his son, who has made our redemption possible.

As we close with wishes for a Merry Christmas "Thanks be to God for his indescribable gift."

FAMILY CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Johnney Turner and son, Cobey attended a family Christmas party, Sunday, held in the home of their daughter and husband, Heather and Scott Blount in Abernathy

Other guests were Richard and Dorothy Turner, Dean and Nova Turner, Craig Cathy, Cassidy and Carley Turner and Janell Kilmer of Matador; Thelma and Red Brown of Amarillo; Butch and Kay Turner of Dumas; Gwen and Riley Turner, Ben and Mary Turner, Bonnie Grimland, Buddy, Susie and Cassie Jasper of Lubbock; Jess, Kerrie, John Thomas and Kayla Turner of Littlefield; and Bennie and Yvonne Turner of Abernathy.

Ryan Martin, student at Tarleton University in Stephenville, is visiting the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Martin.

Mrs. Johnney Turner, her brothers, John Montague of Houston and Mike Montague of Amarillo, have been with their mother, Mrs. Carolyn Luckenbach of Silverton, a patient at Swisher Memorial Hospital in Tulia.

Weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. H.R. "Skeet" Jameson were son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Jameson of Santa Fe, N.M. Other guests Sunday were her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gary B. Laughlin of Midland.

Mrs. Juanita Cooper visited in Amarillo from Sunday until Tuesday of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Ken Duman and Kourtney. At St. Stephens Methodist Church on Sunday night, they attended the Christmas Cantata in which Kourtney sang.

Mrs. Cooper had a medical appointment before returning home Tuesday.

Jack Sanford of Afton and Mrs. Juanita Cooper visited at Lake Jackson from Thursday until Monday night with his son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Sanford, Nicholas and Nicole.

Matador News

Mrs. Katheryn Martin visited in Roaring Springs on Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Josie Martin and guests, Charles and Patsy Martin of Lovington, N.M. and Raynita and Wendell Newman of Spur.

Happy Holidays!

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Obituaries

Reba Burkes

Funeral services for Reba Burkes, 78, of Matador were held at 2:00 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 19, at the First United Methodist Church at Matador. Officiating was Rev. Monte Wike, pastor. Interment was in East Mound Cemetery at Matador under the direction of Seigler Funeral Home.

Mrs. Burkes died early Sunday, December 17, at Crosbyton Hospital in Crosbyton.

She was born March 11, 1922, in Zenia, Illinois. She graduated from high school in Roy, New Mexico, and was married to Skee Burkes on July 2, 1940, at Roy, N.M. She had been a resident of Motley County since 1940.

She was a homemaker, and also had worked as caretaker at the First United Methodist Church in Matador from 1963 until 1994.

She was preceded in death by her husband in 1983, and by a son, Morris Burkes, in 1988.

She is survived by one son, Larry Burkes of Afton; two brothers, Kenneth Greenwalt of Marion, Illinois, and Clifford Greenwalt of Springfield, Illinois; one sister, Vera Mackey of Solano, New Mexico; a step-sister, Kathleen Thornton of Arizona; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Dean Osborn, Billy Osborn, Richard Thomas, Todd Thomas, Johnny Palmer and Donnie Jackson. Honorary pallbearers were John Briscoe, Dood L. Damron, J.B. Cooper and Rosie Deaton.

Margaret Terry

Bovina -- Services for Margaret "Aunt Maggie" Terry, 89, of Bovina were held at 2 p.m. Thursday, December 14, at First Baptist Church with the Rev. Jimmy McGuire officiating.

Burial was in Oklahoma Lane Cemetery under the direction of Ellis-Blackwell Funeral Home of Friona.

She died Tuesday, Dec. 12, 2000, at her home.

She was born November 30, 1911, in Motley County, where she married J.J. Terry on March 30, 1930. He died November 25, 1986. She had lived in Bovina since 1975, moving from Hedley. She was a homemaker and a member of First Baptist Church in Bovina.

Survivors include a daughter Ludene Davis of Bovina; a son Melvin of Lubbock; four sisters, Ruth Boone of Clovis, N.M., Avis Carpenter and Beulah McWilliams, both of Farwell, and Amy Hromas of Bovina; a brother, Sterling Donaldson of Farwell; seven grandchildren; 14 great-grandchildren; and two great-great-grandchildren.

Green Thumb sponsors Website for Senior Artisans

Green Thumb, Inc., the nation's oldest and largest provider of training and employment for mature workers, recently launched *Geezer.com.* This distinctive virtual marketplace is up and running and active for this holiday season. *Geezer.com* offers online shoppers the handiwork of seniors from cities, towns, villages, and hamlets all across the country

"*Geezer.com* is unique," says Andrea Wooten, president and CEOL of Green Thumb, Inc., which sponsors and created the site. "It provides talented seniors, even those without computers and Internet access, with a worldwide market for their handcrafted goods. The site brings the unique products of America's seniors to people who don't regularly travel the back roads. Shoppers looking for unusual gifts and accessories will find them right here."

Wooten says the site's name may raise a few eyebrows, but it has a positive connotation and visibility among baby boomers who are surfing the Internet looking for distinctive gifts. "We're changing the stereotype of older individuals," she explains, "by demonstrating that seniors are, in fact, talented, generous, and fun-loving. What better way to dispel the 'geezer myth' than to use the word 'geezer' to reflect the positive characteristics and skills of America's seniors!"

Geezer.com features scores of artisans and craftspeople, and more than two thousand hand-wrought products in more than a dozen categories including Apparel, Artworks, Doll House, Holiday Shop, Home 7 Hearth, In the Kitchen, Music & Videos, Pet Store, Sports and Recreation, Toys and Games, and Yard & Garden.

Diane Cowan, state director of Green Thumb, Inc., in Waco, one of 29 Green Thumb offices in 44 states and Puerto Rico, says the e-commerce site makes products accessible to consumers everywhere. "Online shopping, couldn't be easier with Geezer.com's shopping cart that permits buyers to load up items from a variety of vendors," Cowan says.

In addition to providing a website for consumers to purchase unique products online, the opportunity for senior artisans to sell their products, says Cowan, is especially significant. "We are giving seniors across the country the opportunity to supplement their incomes, launch new businesses, and expand the market for their hand-crafted goods."

Developed in partnership with the U.S. Department of Labor and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Green Thumb's *Geezer.com* is designed to help older Americans, primarily from rural areas and small communities, with online access or without, to capitalize on reach and market potential of the Internet. The site not only provides senior artisans the opportunity sell the craft items they love to make, but soon it will also help seniors gain access to the information they need to start home-based businesses, Cowan explains.

As the premier site on the web for senior-made crafts, *Geezer.com* brims with the vitality good humor, and special gifts of America's older generation - a generation that knows the value of hard work, loyalty to family, and contribution to community As Wooten remarks, they are "our esteemed geezers."

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Farm and Ranch News

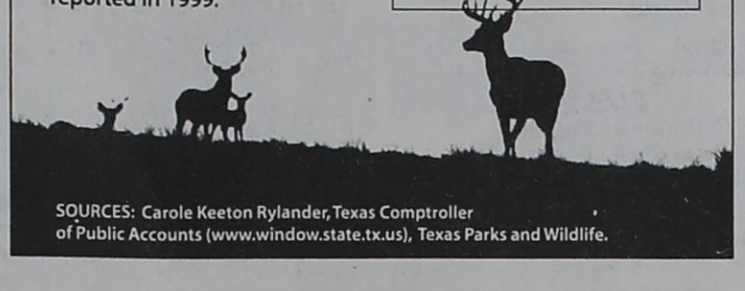
Keeping an Eye on Texas

Bringing Home the Bucks

Hunting bolsters the Texas economy by about $3 billion annually. This year, Texas Parks and Wildlife biologists estimate a white-tailed deer population of more than four million, and deer harvests in the top counties should be comparable to those reported in 1999.

Top Counties in 1999

COUNTIES	HUNTERS	HARVEST
Llano	13,321	17,165
Gillespie	11,989	12,665
Mason	11,656	14,529
Edwards	10,990	11,829
Kerr	10,490	10,415
Uvalde	9,575	7,907



SOURCES: Carole Keeton Rylander, Texas Comptroller of Public Accounts (www.window.state.tx.us), Texas Parks and Wildlife.

County Agent's Report



by Lonnie Jensechke - Motley County Extension Agent

CATFISH NEED CARE IN THE WINTER MONTHS AHEAD

With two months of heavy rain throughout Texas, many farm ponds that were at all-time lows are now filled to the brim. Despite these full ponds, those intensively raising catfish should not suspend management efforts until spring.

Landowners who heavily stocked and intensively fed their catfish throughout the warm months should prepare to switch to a winter feeding program. If ponds are heavily stocked and fish are not fed during the winter, catfish may become emaciated and be more susceptible to disease and parasite problems.

To properly feed fish, stay with a good quality floating ration that contains at least 28 percent crude protein. Feed fish during warm, sunny afternoons. The fish will not feed as aggressively as they did in September and October, so offer a little feed at a time until fish activity is evident. Typically, the fish will only consume a maximum of one-third of the feed they were consuming before the onset of cool weather.

TEXAS CROP AND WEATHER REPORT

The sugarcane crop is a sweet victory for growers in the Rio Grande Valley this season. This year's crop is the largest yet, due to many acres of plant cane and good growing conditions in the summer. Plant cane is cane that has been put in the ground for the first time and is the most productive of the cycles. Cane regrows from stubble pieces up to five times after it is planted, but yields decline with successive stubble crops.

It was a dry growing season, but growers diverted water from other crops onto the cane, irrigating every two weeks. Harvest may continue through April or May because of the large crop and heavy rains.

The Texas sugarcane industry ranks fourth in national production and creates a 64 million dollar impact on the state. Production is centered in the Lower Rio Grande Valley counties of Cameron, Hidalgo and Willacy.

MELONS TREATED FOR LONG MARKET LIFE PASS TASTE TEST

Honeydew aficionados gave a higher thumbs-up to fresh, ripe melons dunked into a calcium solution before going into commercial storage for up to three weeks. Consumer Preference panelists evaluated cut melon cubes for appearance, texture and taste.

Scientists began researching the calcium treatment about three years ago as a way to lengthen the marketing shelf life of the melons. Because the shelf life of ripe melons is usually less than 12 days, the treatment may help industry provide nutritious vine-ripened melons in greater quantities to distant markets.

Per-capita melon consumption in the U.S. reached new highs in the 1990's, thanks to sweeter, more nutritious varieties. Now the calcium treatment may further boost melon consumption by paving the way for extensive domestic and export marketing of vine-ripened fruit.



"Wul, I think I'll jist call it a nite!"

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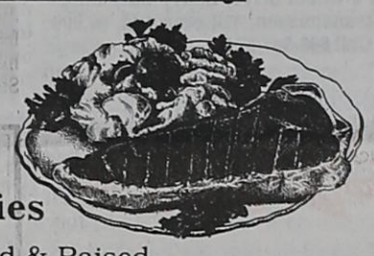
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The Spirit of Christmas, invisible as the wind, moves the heart to that station of special happiness in remembering and being remembered by friends and loved ones.

★★★

Christmas is a drift fence across prairies of the past to keep friends from wandering too far from our range.

★★★

If some of the spirit of Christmas did not linger throughout the year, the compassion in human hearts would vanish and love would become a meaningless word.

★★★

True compassion began with the first Christmas and its magnificence has inspired mankind to seek glory in humility. At its knee the great learned the simple truth of love.

★★★

Christmas is miracle of laughter when friends meet and feel the absolute freedom from jealousies and hate.

★★★

The silence of the stars, the timeless winds, gold-rimmed clouds at sunset; the remembering of friends and loved ones at Christmas bring priceless joy to the heart.

★★★

Love is one gift that requires no more Christmas wrapping than a smile; no more transportation thana voice.

★★★

A few favorite people seem to have the Spirit of Christmas in their hearts throughout the years.

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The Motley County Tribune, (ISSN: 0897-4322), purchased on September 3, 1996, is published weekly each Thursday, except Christmas week, at Matador, Texas. The office is located at 724 Dundee, telephone number, 806/347-2400. Periodical-class postage paid at Matador, Texas. Postmaster: Send address changes to Motley County Tribune, P.O. Box 490, Matador, Texas 79244.

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PUBLICATION NO.: 333770

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1tp-51

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Sealed proposals for highway improvement contracts will be received by the Texas Department of Transportation (TxDOT) until the date(s) shown below and then publicly read.

CONSTRUCTION/MAINTENANCE CONTRACT(S)

District: Childress

Contract 0925-00-042 for MISCELLANEOUS WORK in CHILDRESS County, etc. will be opened on January 03, 2001 at 1:00 p.m. at the State Office.

Contract 6065-28-001 for THERMOPLASTIC STRIPING in DICKENS County, etc. will be opened on January 03, 2001 at 1:00 p.m. at the State Office for an estimate of $1,039,235.18.

Plans and specifications are available for inspection, along with bidding proposals, and applications for the TxDOT Prequalified Contractor's list, at the applicable State and/or District Offices listed below. Bidders must submit prequalification information to TxDOT at least 10 days prior to the bid date to be eligible to bid on a project. Prequalification materials may be requested from the State Office listed below. Plans for the above contract(s) are available from TxDOT's website at www.dot.state.tx.us and from reproduction companies in Austin, Texas at the expense of the contractor. NPO: 2297.

State Office
Construction Division
200 E. Riverside Dr.
Austin, Texas 78704
Phone: 512-416-2540

District Office(s)
Childress District
District Engineer
1700 Ave. F NW
Childress, Texas 79201
Phone: 940-937-7100

Minimum wage rates are set out in bidding documents and the rates will be part of the contract. TxDOT ensures that bidders will not be discriminated against on the grounds of race, color, sex, or national origin.

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Dear Santa



I KNOW WHAT I WANT, SANTA — Matthew Mount knew exactly what he wanted for Christmas when he visited with the jolly, old man while he was in Matador. Matthew is the son of Hank and Karen Mount of Roaring Springs.

Dear Santa,

My name is Korbyn and I am 3 years old. I have been pretty good this year and would like to have a police motorcycle. I will leave you cookies and milk on the bar.

Thanks Santa,
Korbyn Simpson

Dear Ho Ho,

This year I would like a kitchen thing and a play phone to call my friend Natalie and my Meme and Pawpaw. My little brother, Eli would like a toy chain saw, some hunting clothes and a work bench so he can fix the toys we tear up. Tell Jesus Happy Birthday.

Love,
Macie and my
little brother, Eli

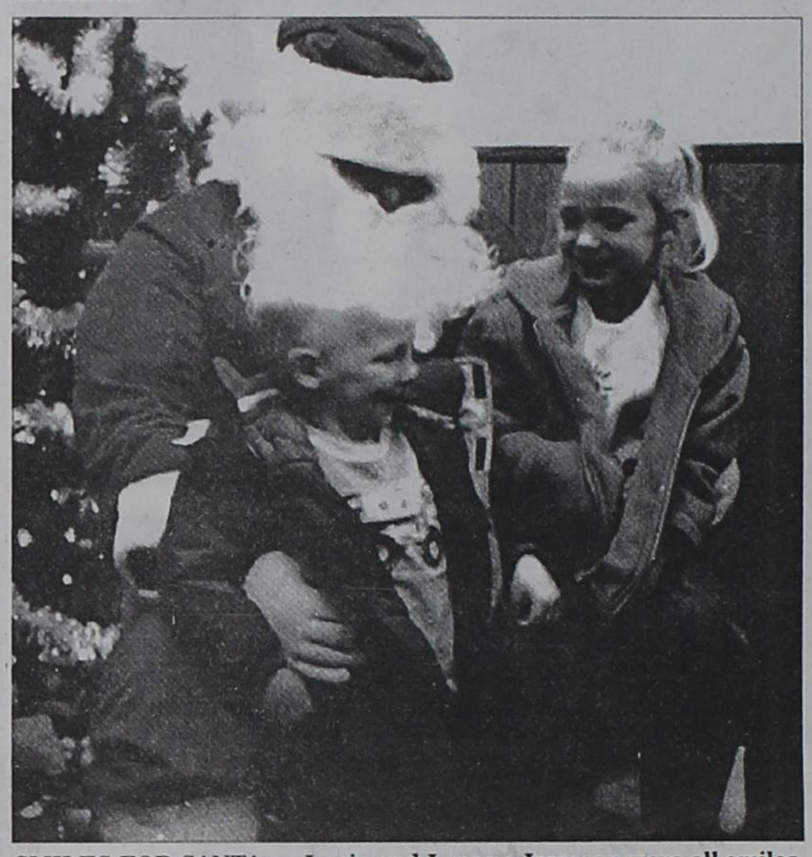
Merry Christmas!

Anonymous

Merry Christmas to friends!
Merry Chrstmas to foes!
The world's bright with joy, so
Forget all your woes.
The earth's full of beauty, of
Love and good cheer.
Merry Christmas to all and a
Happy New Year!



I JUST DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE THIS GUY OR NOT! — Little Tristan Perryman wasn't quiet sure if she liked Santa or not, when it came her turn to sit in his lap. Tristan is the daughter of Devin and Lisa Perryman of Matador.



SMILES FOR SANTA — Jamie and Leanne Jameson were all smiles for Santa when they had their turn for Christmas wishes. They are the children of Lyndee Jameson of Matador and Jason Jameson of Dougherty.

What is Twelfth Night?

Twelfth Night occurs twelve days after Christmas, and is the traditional time for decorations to be taken down, marking the end of the Christmas season. Traditionally, a Twelfth Night cake was eaten on the occasion, which the French refer to as galette des rois.

Story of the Stockings

"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there...."

It's not know how this tradition got its start, but there is a lovely legend about the custom's beginning.

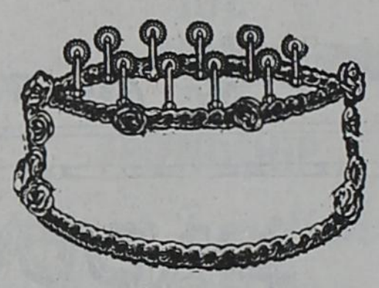
It seems that in the town where the "first" Saint Nicholas lived, there was a merchant who had three daughters who were not married. In those days, the 4th century, a maiden had to have a dowry before she could marry. And the merchant was bankrupt.

Nicholas, who was then a boy, heard of their plight. He went to the house late one night and dropped three bags of gold down the chimney. They fell into the girls' stockings which were hanging by the fireplace to dry.

The gold was enough for the girls' dowry, so they were married and lived happily ever after taking care of their poor father as well.

Happy Birthday,

Jesus



CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS

Wishing you peace, happiness and contentment this holiday season. Have a wonderful Christmas.



American State Bank

MEMBER F.D.I.C. Floydada, Texas



Hoping your efforts are rewarding and that your Christmas be blessed with joy.

Motley County Sheriff's Department

JIM MEADOR - SHERIFF RICKEY LAWRENCE - DEPUTY

TERREE DONALDSON - DEPUTY CLERK

Ad paid for by Sheriff Jim Meador



Glad Tidings

Dashing through the season, wishing all of you a joy-filled Merry Christmas!

Motley County Courthouse staff:

Judge Laverna Price
County Commissioners:
J.M. "Sonny" Russell, Prec. I
Donnie L. Turner, Prec. II
Franklin Jameson, Prec. III
J.N. Fletcher, Prec. IV

Motley County Sheriff:
James B. "Jim" Meador
Deputy Sheriff, Rickey Lawrence
Deputy Clerk/Tax Assessor Deputy,
Terree Donaldson
Tax Assessor/Collector, Elaine Hart

County Clerk, Lucretia Campbell
Deputy Clerk, Kate Hurt

Justice of the Peace, Cora Smallwood
County Treasurer , Joe Campbell
County Attorney - Tempie Hutton

County Agent/Judge Secretary:
Greta Smallwood

Road Maintenance:
Tommy Beck, Prec. II
Richard Thomas, Prec. III
Bobby Witcher, Prec. IV

Courthouse Maintenance, Larry Markham
County Appraiser, Brenda Osborn
DPS Trooper, Mark Gumaer
County Agent, Lonnie Jenschke



I'LL JUST STAND RIGHT HERE — Parker Merdith was content with standing when it was his turn to visit with Santa. Parker is the son of Yancey and Daphne Meredith of Roaring Springs.

Christmas Traditions

Be the first to wish everyone you meet a Merry Christmas.

★★★

Bake Christmas cookies while a Johnny Mathis Christmas album plays in the background.

★★★

Sprinkle red and green confetti in your Christmas card envelopes.

★★★

Replace your shoelaces with a red one and a green one.

★★★

Tie a wreath with a big, red bow to the grill of your car.

Be creative with gift wrapping, use old maps, the funny papers, and posters.

★★★

Organize a neighborhood progressive holiday dinner. Have appetizers at one home, the main course at another, and dessert at a third.

★★★

Pay baby-sitters a little extra during the holidays.

★★★

Try one new holiday recipe and one new decorating idea each year.



FROSTY THE SNOWMAN — This snowman is part of the display in the window of Matador Variety.



A LAP FULL — Santa Claus had his lap full when these children visited with him on his recent stop in Matador. Stormy, Addie, and Noah Guerrero, (left to right) were very happy to sit in Santa's lap and give him their Christmas wish lists. They are the children of Lisa Guerrero and Noel Guerrero of Matador.



Merry Christmas, Friends

It's the perfect opportunity for us to send you all our holiday best... along with our thanks.

You are invited to attend our

OPEN HOUSE

December 21
All day!

Matador Post Office

Sara Chapman
Postmaster

Love

When the world has the Spirit of Christmas in its heart, no room will remain for hatred and fear. Life reaches its fullness when the warmth of love directs the course of thoughts and deeds; when the soul is at peace.---Trail Dust
by Douglas Meador

****

May this celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace bring memories of friends and loved ones, and reflect the glow of lasting friendship.
Lila Meador

Peace

To all my friends and relatives,
I would like to wish you a
Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!
Thank you for your love,

Cora Hall

HAPPY YULETIDE

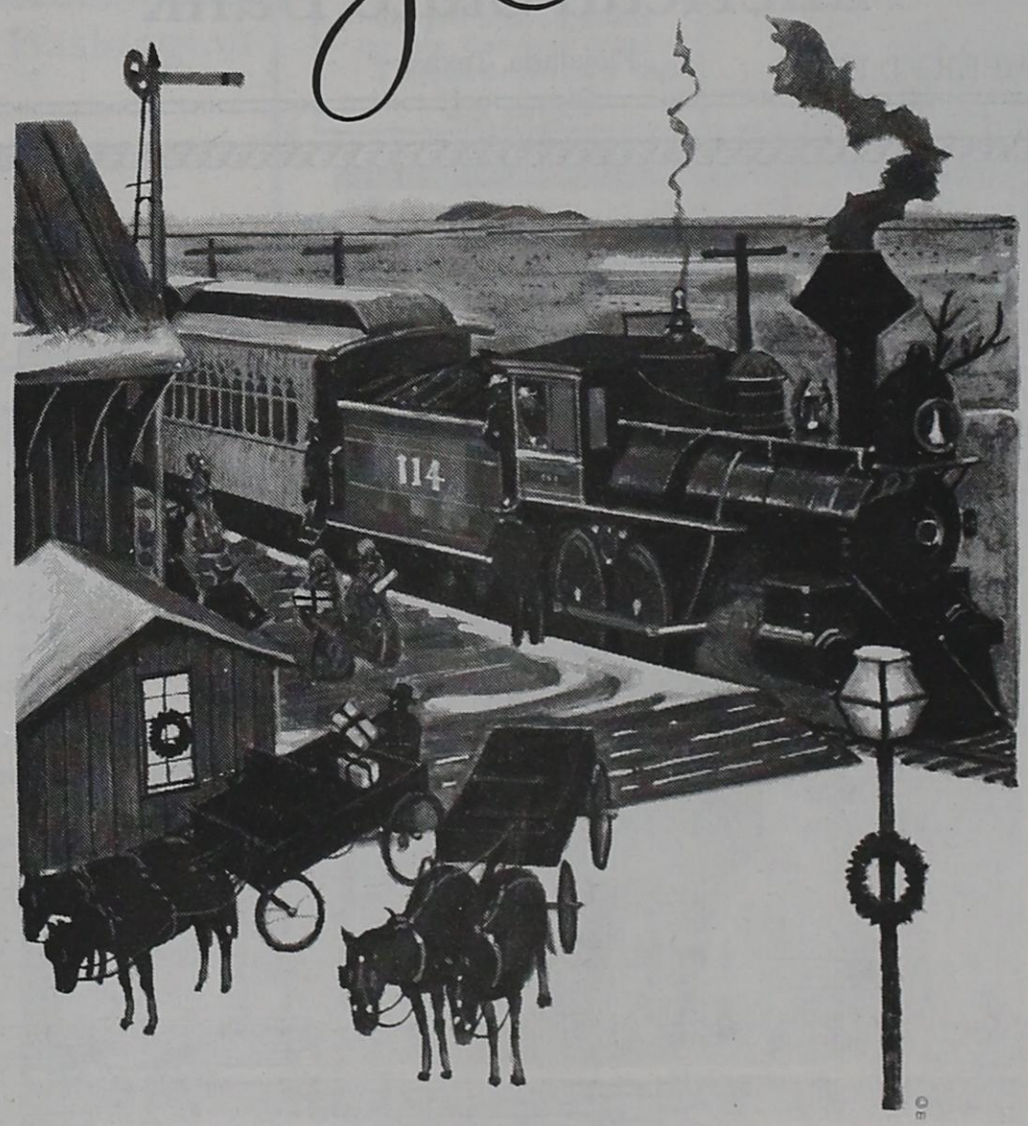


May the spirit of this joyous season touch all His creatures, bringing peace and serenity across the land.
Merry Christmas!

Higginbotham-Bartlett

Matador - 806-347-2445

Merry Christmas



Thoughts of Christmas kindness
go out to all our friends
along with our thanks for the good will
and support you've shown us!

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EQUAL HOUSING LENDER

A Christmas Lesson Of Love

By Rian B. Anderson
submitted by Rita Groves
(received via e-mail)

Pa never had much compassion for the lazy or those who squandered their means and then never had enough for the necessities. But for those who were genuinely in need, his heart was as big as all outdoors. It was from him that I learned the greatest joy in life comes from giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted so bad that year for Christmas.

We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible. So after supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the old Bible. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Pa didn't get the Bible, instead he bundled up and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though, I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

Soon Pa came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good-- it's cold out tonight."

I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, but Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see.

We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat, and mittens. Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up the big sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Pa was already up in the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him.

The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy.

When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me."

The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high sideboards on.

When we had exchanged the sideboards Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. "Pa, I asked, "what are you doing?"

"You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked.

The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said, "why?"

"I rode by just today," Pa said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him.

We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

"What's in the little sack?" I asked.

"Shoes. They're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we cold spare them, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us. It shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible, then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?"

"Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt. Could we come in for a bit?"

Widow Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children -- sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said, then he turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring enough in to last for awhile. Let's go get that fire up to size and heat this place up."

I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in that wood. I had a big lump in my throat and, much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too.

In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheekswith so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak. My heart swelled within me and a joy filled my soul that I'd never known before. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people.

I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord himself has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I cold see that they missed their pa, and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two older brothers and two older sisters were all married and had moved away.

Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, 'May the Lord bless you,' I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that. But on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. So, son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Just then the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children. For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

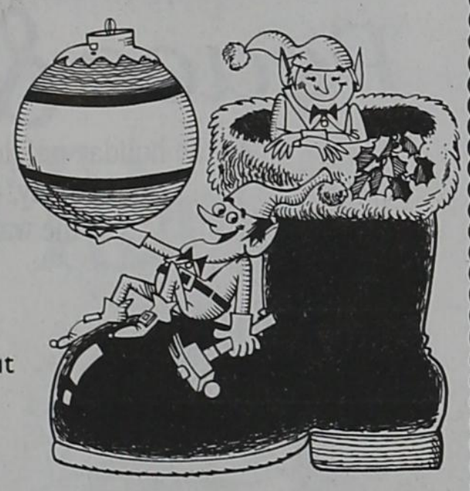


I KNOW WHAT I WANT — Alyx Smith tells Santa what she wants for Christmas. She is the daughter of Pat and Cindy Smith of Matador.

Reasons For the Seasons

Isa 9:6 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. KJV

Merry Christmas!



May Christmas and all the joy it brings be yours throughout the coming year.

Cowboy Boot Shop
Dood Damron
Matador

We wish you happiness and serenity this holiday season and always.



Matador Implement



JOY.
PEACE.
LOVE.
FRIENDSHIP.
Petticoat Junction
Devonne Dillard ~ Roaring Springs

Merry Christmas!

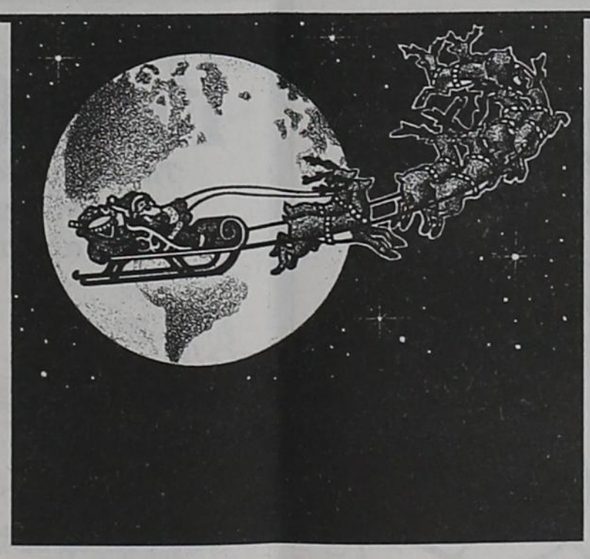


Best Wishes For A Healthy, Happy Holiday

A Sleighful Of Good Wishes

Matador Variety
Shane & Sondra





Santa Claus Is Coming To Town!

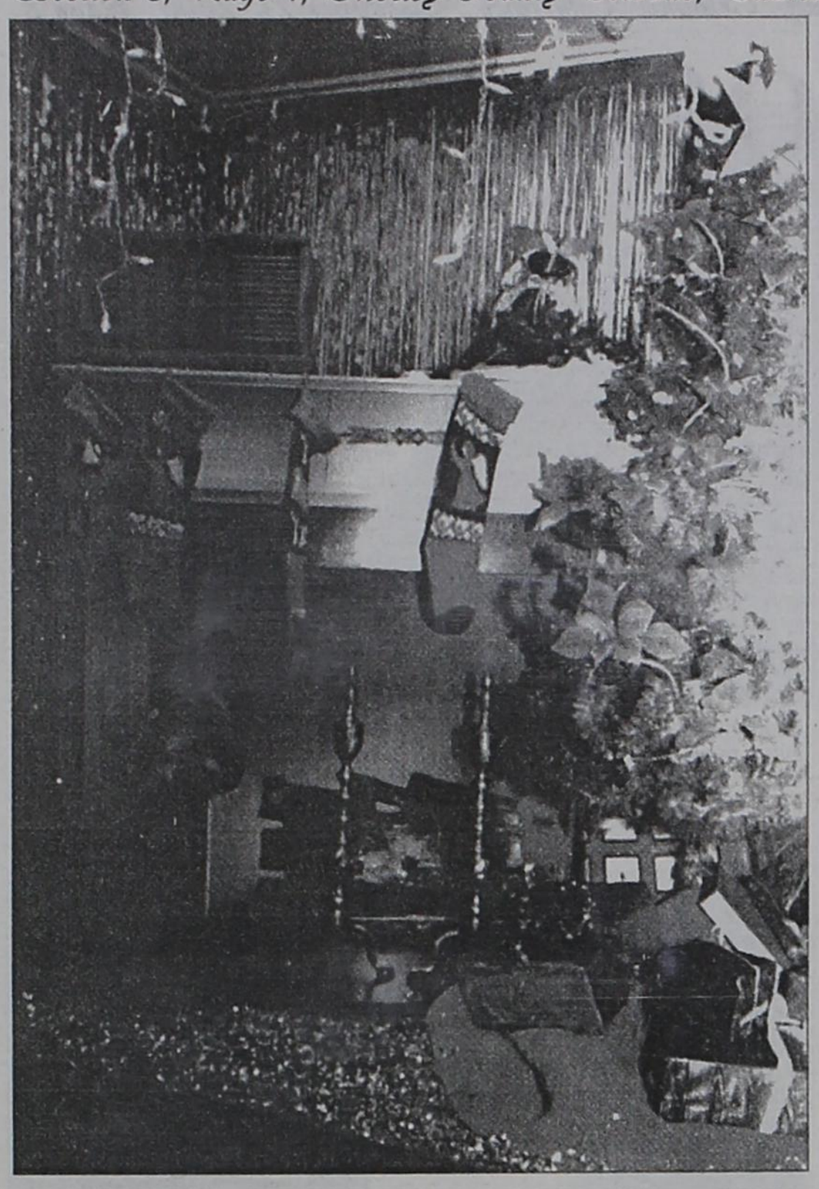
Santa knows the greatest gifts are peace and love. May your heart be blessed with both.

CSR PolyPipe

Our entire staff is pleased to be here for all of you.

Motley County Clinic

Matador, Texas
806-347-2641



ALL DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS — This beautiful scene is displayed in the window of L&T Flowers in downtown Matador. Businesses all over town are all dressed up for Christmas.

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow,
In a one horse open sleigh,
Over the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;

Bells on bob-tail ring,
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight!
Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Jingle all the way!
Oh what fun it is to ride In a one horse open sleigh,
Oh Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Jingle all the way!

Oh want fun it is to ride In a one horse open sleigh! Hey!

O Christmas Tree
From Germany

(The tune of this carol is said to be one of the oldest in the world. During the Civil War, it was used for the Confederate song, "Maryland, My Maryland.")

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green delight us!
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green delight us!
They're green when summer days are bright;
They're green when winter snow is white.
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,
Your branches green delight us.

Wassail Song
From England

Joy to the World!
The Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart
prepare Him room;
And heav'n and
nature sing.

— Isaac Watts

Christmas Angels

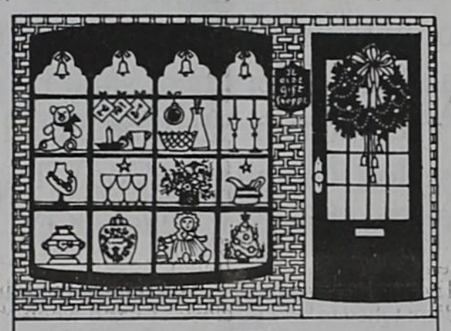
by P.Z. Mann

The Whittles lived in Humbleburg,
As poor as poor can be,
But all their neighbors loved them,
For their generosity.
For though the Whittles shelves were bare,
Their cottage tumbledown,
When Christmas came they made a toy,
For every child in town.
One Christmas Eve they climbed in bed,
After all the toys were made;
And while they dreamed of better times,
The Whittles were repaid.
That night three Christmas angels came,
To give them a reward --
For heaven won't let any act
Of kindness be ignored.
One angel searched the cupboard
And found just a crust of bread;
"Now, this won't do," she whispered
"Let's prepare a feast instead!"
The angels flapped their magic wings,
As only they are able,
And in a flash a flood of food
Filled all the shelves and table!
The tiny house still looked quite dab,
It needed to be cheered;
And as the angels waved their wings,
A Christmas tree appeared!
Two angels trimmed the pretty tree;
The third flew to and fro,
Hanging bells and holly boughs,
And sprigs of mistletoe.
Outside the angels dressed the house
With icicles and snow,
And on the door they placed a wreath,
Complete with bright red bow!
They finished all they came to do,
Before the break of day,
And as the Whittles roused from sleep,
The angels flew away.

Now, when the Whittles saw the food
And all the decoration,
They pinched themselves and wept for joy,
Then danced in celebration!
As word spread through the village
Of their heaven-sent surprise;
Every Humbleburger came
To see with their own two eyes!
The Whittles shared their Christmas feast-
They emptied all the shelves;
Their kindness wouldn't let them keep
Good fortune to themselves.
When everyone had cleaned their plate,
They all joined in a song;
And up above-though no one hard -
The angels sang along!

SEASON'S GREETINGS

May you experience the gift of love and friendship. Our door is always open to say thanks.



Calico Treasurer
Decorator's Studio

CHRIST OUR SAVIOR IS BORN

May your holiday be filled with the blessings of His faith and love.

Seigler Funeral Home
Matador



The Holiday's Abloom!
Matador Floral
Designs by Vickie

With joy and peace.
May all your holiday "arrangements" blossom and flourish. Many thanks for your continuing friendship and patronage.

Peace & Joy

As the holiday unfolds in all its mystery and beauty, may you experience the warmth of the season.



Jake and Marge Edwards

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Wishing you a season filled with great joy!
Many thanks for your friendship!

Long Insurance
Roaring Springs

Merry Christmas

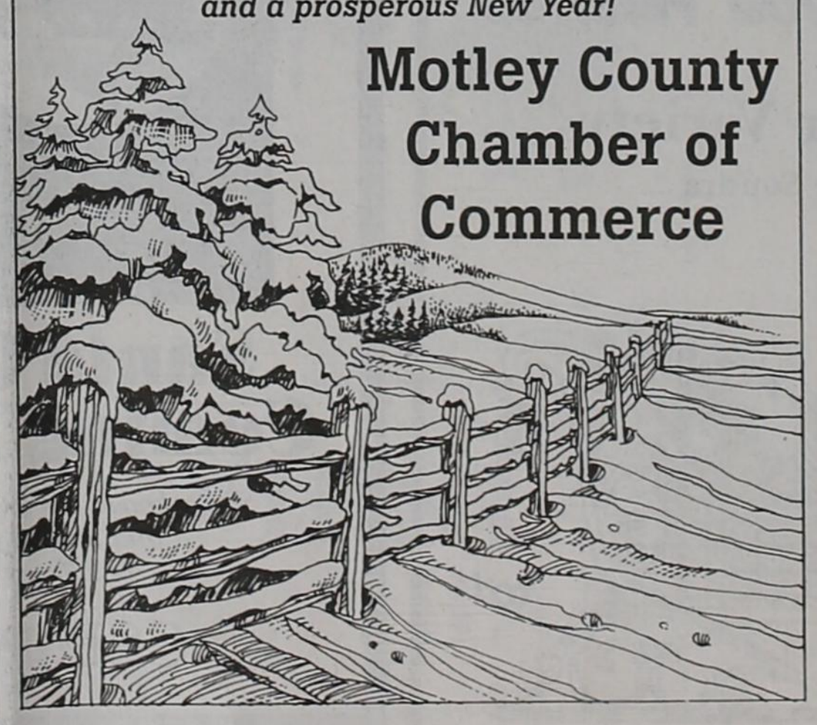
May your holiday be joyous in every way.

Script Printing
Floydada

Peace On Earth

Thank you for your support the past year.
Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year!

Motley County Chamber of Commerce



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Motley County Justice of the Peace
Cora Smallwood

The Littlest Angel

The Littlest Angel

by Charles Tazewell

(This is a story for people who love Christmas and Christmas trees, holly berries and mistletoe, Santa Claus, and music boxes that tinkle Silent Night. The Littlest Angel is as real and heartwarming as the Spirit of Christmas.)

ONCE UPON A TIME — many years ago as time is calculated by men but only Yesterday in the Celestial Calendar of Heaven — there was, in Paradise, a most miserable, thoroughly unhappy and utterly dejected cherub who was known throughout Heaven as "The Littlest Angel!"

He was exactly four yeas, six months, five days, seven hours and forty-two minutes of age when he presented himself to the venerable Gatekeeper for admittance to the Glorious Kingdom of God.

Standing defiantly, with his sort legs wide apart, the Littlest Angel tried to pretend that he wasn't at all impressed by such Unearthly Splendor, and that he wasn't at all afraid. But his lower lip trembled, and a tear disgraced him by making a new furrow down his already tear-streaked face — coming to a precipitous halt at the very tip of his small freckled nose.

But that wasn't all. While the kindly Gatekeeper was entering the name in his great Book, the Littlest Angel, having left home as usual without a handkerchief, endeavored to hide the tears by snuffling - a most unangelic sound which so unnerved the Gatekeeper that he did something he had never done before in all Eternity. He blotted the page!

From that moment on, the Heavenly Peace was never quite the same, and the Littlest Angel soon became the despair of all the Heavenly Host. His shrill earsplitting whistle resounded at all hours through the Golden Streets. It startled the Patriarch Prophets and disturbed their meditations. On top of that, he vociferously sang off-key at the singing practice of the Heavenly Choir, spoiling its ethereal effect.

And, being so small that it seemed to take him just twice as long as anyone else to get to nightly prayers, the Littlest Angel always arrived late and always knocked everyone's wings askew as he darted into his place.

Although these flaws in behavior might have been overlooked, the appearance of the Littlest Angel was even more disreputable than his deportment. It was first whispered among the Seraphim and Cherubim, then said aloud among the Angels and Archangels, that he didn't even look like an angel!

And they were all correct. He didn't! His halo was tarnished where he held on to it with one hot little chubby hand when he ran, and he was always running. Furthermore, even when he stood very still, it never behaved like a halo should. It was always slipping down over his eye or else, just for pure meanness, slipping off the back of his head and rolling away down some Golden Street — just so he would have to chase after it!

Yes, and it must be recorded that his wings were neither useful nor ornamental. All Paradise held its breath when the Littlest Angel perched himself like an unhappy fledgling sparrow on the very edge of a gilded cloud and prepared to take off. He would teeter this way and that way - but, after much coaxing and a few false starts, he would shut both eyes, hold his freckled nose, count up to three hundred and three, and then hurl himself slowly into space!

However owing to the regrettable fact that he always forgot to move his wings, the Littlest Angel always fell head over halo!

Now, anyone can easily understand why the Littlest Angel would, sooner or later, have to be disciplined. And so, on an Eternal Day of an Eternal Month in the year Eternal, he was directed to present his small self before an Angel of the Peace.

The Littlest Angel combed his hair, dusted his wings and scrambled into an almost clean robe, and then, with heavy heart, trudged his way to the place of judgement. He tried to postpone the dreaded ordeal by loitering along the Street of The Guardian Angels, pausing a few timeless moments to study the long list of new arrivals, although all Heaven knew he couldn't read a word. And he idled more than several immortal moments to examine a display of aureate harps, although everyone in the Celestial City knew he couldn't tell a crotchet from a semiquaver.

But at last he slowly approached a doorway which was surmounted by a pair of golden scales, signifying that Heavenly Justice was dispensed within. To the Littlest Angel's great surprise, he heard a merry voice, singing!

The Littlest Angel removed his halo and breathed upon it heavily, then polished it upon his robe, a procedure which added nothing to that garment's already untidy appearance, and then tiptoed in!

The Singer, who was known as the Understanding Angel, looked down at the small culprit, and the Littlest Angel instantly tried to make himself invisible by the ingenious process of withdrawing his head into the collar of his robe, very much like a snapping turtle.

At that, the Singer laughed a jolly, heartwarming sound, and said, "Oh, so you're the one who's been making Heaven so unheavenly! Come here, Cherub, and tell me all about it!"

The Littlest Angel looked furtively from beneath his robe. First one eye, and then the other eye.

Suddenly, almost before he knew it, he was perched on the lap of the Understanding Angel, was explaining how very difficult it was for a boy who suddenly finds himself transformed into an angel. Yes, and no matter than the Archangel said, he'd only swung once. Well, twice. Oh, all right then, he'd swung three times on the Golden Gates. But that was just for something to do!

That was the whole trouble. There wasn't anything for a small angel to do. And he was very homesick. Oh, not that Paradise wasn't beautiful! But the Earth was beautiful too! Wasn't it created by God Himself? Why, there were trees to climb, and brooks to fish, and caves to play pirate chief, the swimming hole, and sun, and rain, and ark, and dawn, and thick brown dust so soft and warm beneath your feet!



The Understanding Angel smiled, and in his eyes was a long-forgotten memory of another small boy long ago. Then he asked the Littlest Angel what would make him most happy in Paradise. The Cherub thought for a moment, then whispered in his ear.

"There's a box I left under my bed back home. If only I could have that!"

The Understanding Angel nodded. "You still have it," he promised. And a fleet-winged heavenly messenger was instantly dispatched to bring the box to Paradise.

And then, in all those timeless days that followed, everyone wondered at the great change in the Littlest Angel, for among all the cherubs in God's Kingdom, he was the most happy. His conduct was above reproach. His appearance was all that the most fastidious could wish for. And on excursions to Elysian Fields, it could be truly said that he flew like an angel!

Then it came to pass that Jesus, the Son of God, was to be born of Mary, at Bethlehem. And as the glorious tidings spread through Paradise, all the Angels rejoiced and their voices were lifted to herald the Miracle of Miracles, the coming of the Christ Child.

The Angels and Archangels, the Seraphim and Cherubim, the Gatekeeper, the Wingmaker, even the Halosmith put aside their usual tasks to prepare gifts for the Blessed Infant. All but the Littlest Angel. He sat down on the topmost step of the Golden Stairs and anxiously waited for inspiration.

What could he give that would be most acceptable to the Son of God? At one time, he dreamed of composing a lyric him of adoration, but the Littlest Angel was woefully wanting in musical talent.

Then he grew tremendously excited over writing a prayer! A prayer that would live forever in the hearts of men, because it would be the first prayer ever to be heard by the Christ Child. But the Littlest Angel was lamentably lacking in literate skill.

"What, oh what, could a small angel give that would please the Holy Infant?"

The time of the Miracle was very close at hand when the Littlest Angel at last decided on his gift. Then, on that Day of Days, he proudly brought it form its hiding place behind a cloud, and humbly with downcast eyes, placed it before the Throne of God. It was only a small, rough, unsightly box, but inside were all those wonderful things that even a Child of God would treasure!

A small, rough, unsightly box, lying among all those other glorious gifts from all the Angels of Paradise! Gifts of such radiant splendor and breathless beauty that Heaven and all the Universe were lighted by the mere reflection of their glory! And when the Littlest Angel saw this, he suddenly knew that his gift to God's Child was irreverent, and he wished he might reclaim his shabby gift.

It was ugly and worthless. If only he could hide it away from the sight of God before it was even noticed!

But it was too late! The Hand of God moved slowly over all that bright array of shining gifts, then paused, then dropped, then came to rest on the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel!

The Littlest Angel trembled as the box was opened, and there, before the Eyes of God and all His Heavenly Host, was what he offered to the Christ Child.

And what was his gift to the Blessed Infant? Well, there was a butterfly with golden wings, captured on a bright summer day on the high hills above Jerusalem, and a sky-blue egg from a bird's nest in the olive tree that shaded his mother's kitchen door. Yes, and two white stones, found on a muddy river bank where he and his friends had played, and, at the bottom of the box, a limp, toothmarked leather strap, once worn as a collar by his mongrel dog, who had died as he had lived, in absolute love and infinite devotion.

The Littlest Angel wept hot and bitter tears, for now he knew that instead of honoring the Son of God, he had been most blasphemous. Why had he ever thought the box was so wonderful? Why had he dreamed that such utterly useless things would be loved by the Blessed Infant?

In frantic terror, he turned to run and hide from the Divine Wrath of the Heavenly Father. But suddenly he stumbled and fell, and with a horrified wail and clatter of halo, rolled in a ball of consummate misery to the very foot of the Heavenly Throne!

There was ominous and dreadful silence in the Celestial City, a silence complete and undisturbed save for the heartbroken sobbing of the Littlest Angel. Then suddenly, the Voice of God, like divine music, rose and swelled throughout Paradise! And the Voice spoke, saying:

"Of all the gifts of angels, I find that his small box pleases Me most. It contents are of the Earth and of men, and My Son is born to be King of both. These are the things My Son, too, will know and love and cherish and then, regretful, will leave behind Him when His task is done.

"I accept this gift in the Name of the Child, Jesus, born of Mary this night in Bethlehem."

There was a breathless pause, and then the rough unsightly box of the Littlest Angel began to glow with a bright, unearthly light, then the light became a lustrous flame, and the flame became a radiant brilliance that blinded the eyes of all the angels!

None but the Littlest Angel saw it rise from its place before the Throne of God. And he and only he, watched it arch the firmament to stand and shed its clear, white, beckoning light over a stable where a Child was born.

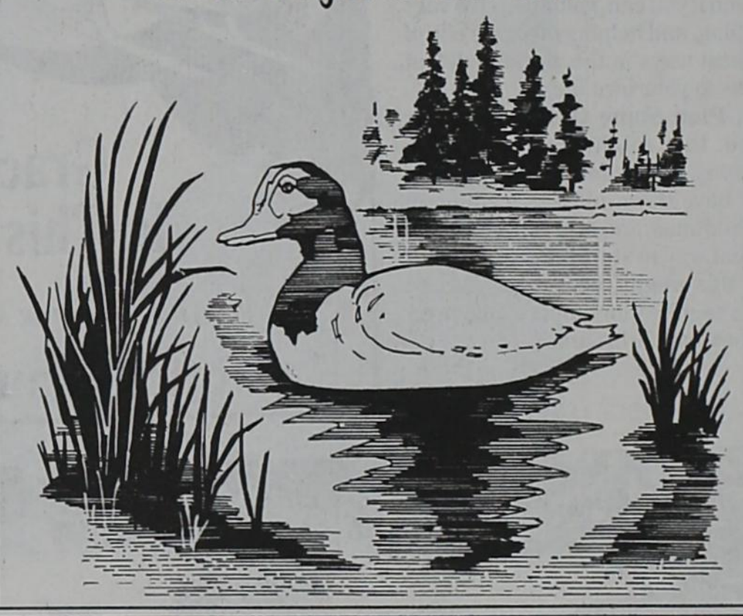
There it shone on that Night of Miracles, and its light was reflected down the centuries deep in the heart of all mankind. Yet, earthly eyes, blinded, too, by its splendor could never know that the lovely gift of the Littlest Angel was what all men would call forever: "The Shining Star of Bethlehem!"

Jesus is the reason for the season!

GLAD TIDINGS

We wish you Merry Christmas only once a year, but the opportunity to know and serve you is something we give thanks for every day.

ADM Paymaster Gin



"Behold, the Lamb of God."
John 1:29

Glad Tidings

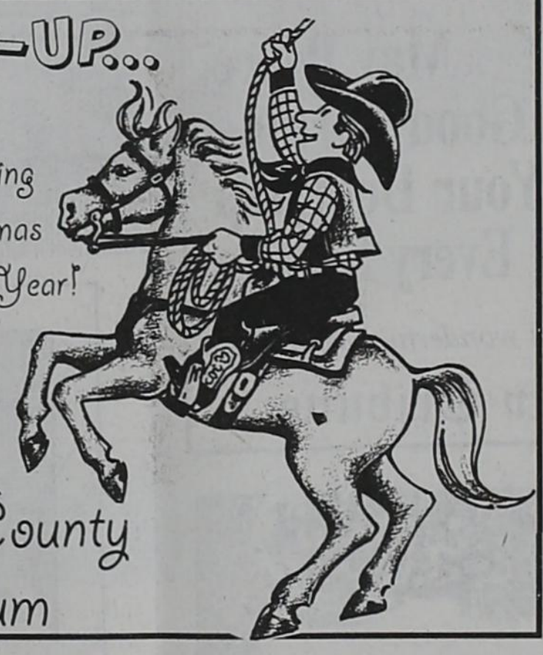


As we gather together with friends and family, let us remember the true meaning of Christmas, God's love for us! Best of the Season to all.

DeBruce
Ag Service, Inc.
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GIDDY-UP...

Have a galloping Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!



Motley County Museum

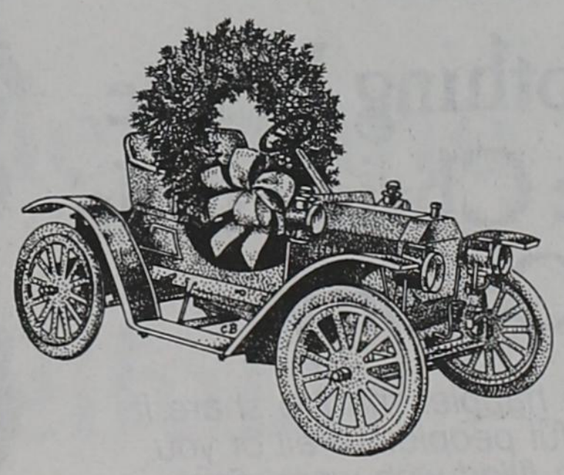
Christmas is for Kids

"Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

~ Mark 10:14



Shift Into Holiday Gear!



Everyone here is all revved up to wish you a high-powered holiday celebration, where everything runs smoothly!

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Christmas hints

1. Keep your perspective, and remember what Christmas is about. Christmas is a time of celebration. For Christians it is the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. For non-Christians, Christmas in many countries (such as the United States) is still an environmental reality to be dealt with, even enjoyed. The concepts of "peace on earth" and "goodwill toward men (and women!)" are universal, and worth sharing. It's sometimes difficult to remember this when you're battling for a parking space in an overcrowded mall parking lot, but it's worth the effort. And remember, your actions speak louder than words - if you want your kids to appreciate what Christmas is really all about, the best way to do so is by setting an example for them to follow.

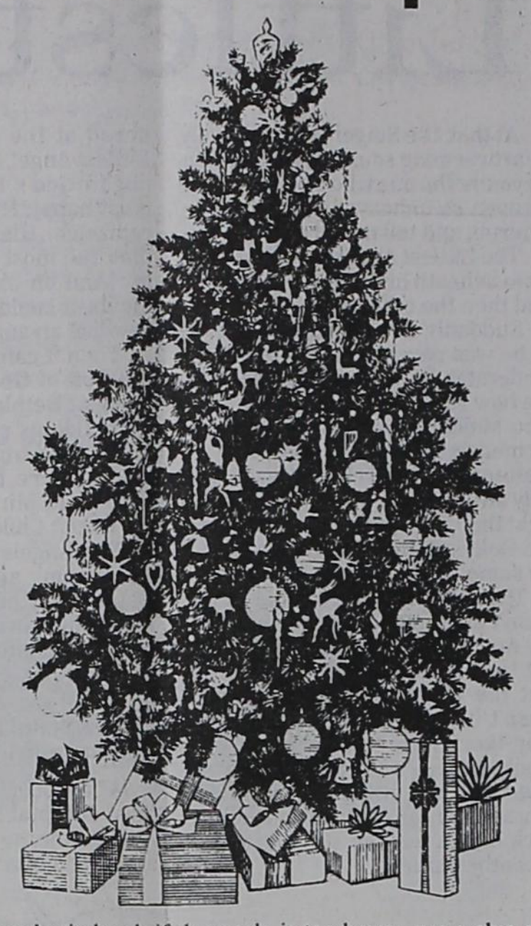
2. Plan Ahead. Why are so many of us shocked each year that it's suddenly almost Christmas and we haven't done a thing to prepare? Yes, you can make a lot of shipping companies rich by waiting until the last minute to do your shopping and then paying exorbitant rates for overnight delivery - but you shouldn't have to. The time to start preparing for Christmas is really in July. Gifts are easy to buy, wrap and put up in a closet, Christmas craft projects are easy to get underway. By the time December rolls around, you won't have much to do except to have fun - and to be envied by those of us who wish we'd been as organized!

3. Keep It Simple. Simplicity is a virtue. Holiday celebrations don't have to be complex, and shouldn't be. Gift-giving should be about showing someone you care about him or her, not about impressing him or her with how well-off you are. If you've got a full-time job, don't give yourself another one by volunteering to bake two million cookies for the school Christmas party. Give of yourself, by all means - but don't offer to give something you don't have. Your family, your friends, your co-workers, your community and others all have claims on your time - budget accordingly.

4. Be Charitable. Charity begins in the home, but it is not meant to end there. The gifts we most enjoy giving often are ones that go to strangers and near-strangers. Are there families in your area whose children aren't getting much this holiday? Why not buy an extra toy, game, puzzle or what-not each time you go Christmas shopping, and give the extras to those folks who don't have extra? Maybe your school or workplace can organize something. If they do, and if you can, volunteer. It's very fulfilling, and helping others is one of the best ways in the world to defeat stress in your own life.

5. Plan Some Quiet Time. For some, this might mean going to morning Mass. In the Philippines, they have dawn masses leading up to Christmas, and everyone goes. It's a great way to start the day. For others, this might mean setting time aside each day for quiet reflection on the beauty of Christmas.

Decorate the Tree With Victorian Spirit



The Christmas tree is usually the focal point of holiday spirit in the home, and every tree reflects the traditions of the family that decorated it.

In the Victorian era, people reveled in rich colors and textures. So, they adorned their Christmas trees with nosegays, silk tassels, paper and fabric fans, ornate glass ornaments, ropes of pearls and gold beads, and cornucopias. During the winter evenings before Christmas, Victorians would create these beautiful ornaments and place them on their trees.

To bring a 19th-century holiday into their home this year, people can create their own authentic Victorian decorations with these instructions from "365 Ways to Prepare for Christmas" (HarperCollins), by David E. Monn.

NOSTALGIC NOSEGAYS

Small gold or white doily
Fabric rose
12 inches of ribbon that matches the rose, ½-inch thick
Tape

Stick the stem of a fabric rose into the center of a small gold or white doily, pinch it so it gathers around the flower, then turn it over and secure tightly with tape. Tie a 12-inch length of ½-inch matching ribbon once around the tape, and leave the ends as streamers. Use the stem to attach to the tree.

For a more romantic look, use a red heart-shaped doily. You also could use a larger doily and wire together bunches of dried flowers, like tea roses, baby's breath, heather and statice. For a seasonal touch, add some cinnamon sticks.

VICTORIAN DOILY FANS

Round doily
Small fabric or dried flowers
Glue
Wire

Cut a round doily in half. Accordion pleat the half doily into a fan, and attach a cluster of small fabric or dried flowers to the front of it with glue. Attach to the tree with wire.

CORNUCOPIAS

White or gold doily
Ribbon
Dried flowers
Glue or staples
Ribbon roses, optional

Cut a quarter wedge out of a white or gold doily, and wrap the rest around until you have a cone shape; glue or staple together. If you wish, add a small bow and some ribbon roses to the front; attach a ribbon loop for hanging. Fill with dried flowers.

For a more natural look, use handmade paper. Cut out a circle pattern 12 inches in diameter, then cut into four wedges; roll each into a cone. If you wish, stencil on some leaves or a design before forming the cone.

Take some children's party hats in bright colors, tie the elastic into a knot to shorten it, and fill with the dried flowers or, as a treat for the children, popcorn or small (not too heavy) Christmas candies. Hang on the tree by the elastic band; if the candy is too heavy, use a glue gun to attach a ribbon loop.

VICTORIAN JEWEL ORNAMENT

3-inch Styrofoam ball
Gold paint
4 inches gold wire
White glue
Gold beading pins
36 inches gold braid, ¼-inch wide
Assorted gold and crystal beads and pearls
Gold beading
Beaded or gold tassel

Paint the Styrofoam ball gold, and let dry overnight.

Form a double loop of gold wire, and insert the ends into the top of the ball; glue to secure. With a glue gun and the gold pins, attach the gold braid around the ball twice to create four sections. Create a design with the loose beads, making each of the sections the same or completely different. Work very slowly to allow each piece to dry.

Attach the gold beading in loops around the bottom of the ornament. Finish off with a tassel at the very bottom of the ball.

CHRISTMAS COOKING

Turkey Breast Braised with Garlic and Rice

Ingredients:

- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 1 can (14 1/2 oz.) chicken broth
- 1/2 cup white wine
- 2 teaspoons dried parsley
- 1/2 teaspoon each dried rosemary, thyme and sage
- 1 Bay leaf
- 1 Bone-In Turkey Breast (5-6 pounds)
- Paprika
- 3 Cloves garlic

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 350. In 5-quart Dutch oven combine rice, broth, wine, parsley, rosemary, thyme, sage and bay leaf. Place turkey over rice mixture and sprinkle turkey generously with paprika. Cut off root ends of garlic cloves. Place whole garlic bulbs, cut-end-up, in rice around turkey breast.

Cover top of Dutch oven with foil and lid. Bake at 350 degrees F. 2 1/2 to 3 hours of until meat thermometer inserted in thickest part of breast registers 170-175 degrees F. Allow to stand 10 to 15 minutes before serving. To serve, carve turkey into slices and place on platter. Spoon rice mixture into serving bowl. Squeeze garlic from skins onto turkey and rice.

Christmas Cappuccino

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 c. Espresso Beans
- 3 c. Boiling Water
- 2 TB. Sugar
- 1 Vanilla Bean, split
- 4 c. Milk
- 4 oz. bittersweet chocolate chopped
- Whipped cream - optional

Instructions:

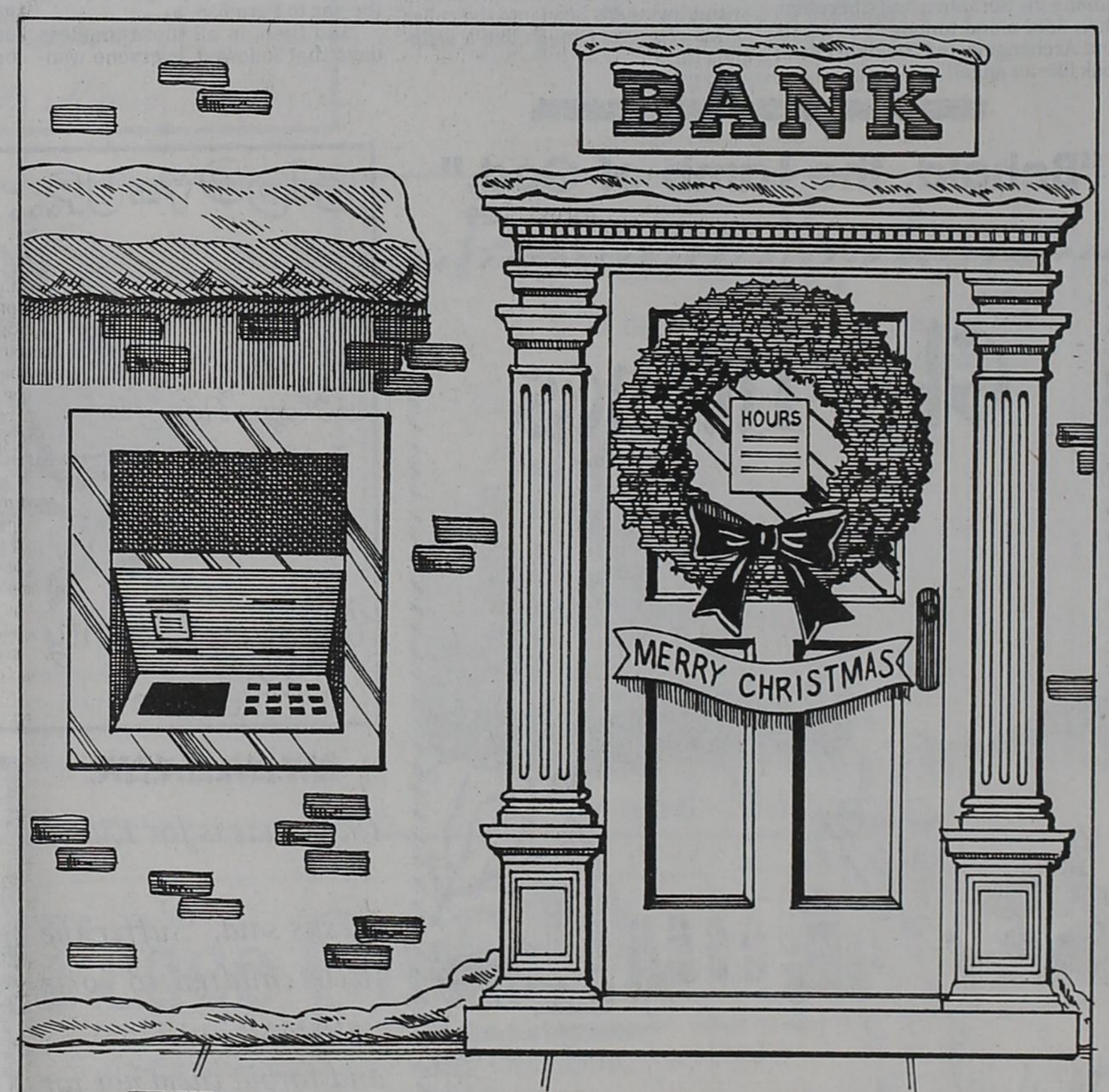
In a coffee mill, finely grind the beans. I a coffee maker, brew the espresso with the boiling water. Meanwhile, in a small bowl, combine the sugar and cinnamon and set aside. Using a small knife, scrape the seeds fro the vanilla bean into a medium saucepan. Pour in the milk and scald over moderate heat, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add chocolate and stir until melted. Cover and keep warm over very low heat. Divide the hot espresso into 4 cups. In a blender, begin whipping half of the warm chocolate milk at low speed. Gradually increase the speed to high and blend until frothy, about 1 minute. Pour the chocolate milk into cups of coffee, stir briefly and top each serving with some of the milk froth. Sprinkle the reserved cinnamon sugar on top. Serve immediately with a dollop of whipped cream, if desired.



May Peace
& Good Fortune
Grace Your Doorstep
In This & Every Season

Thank you for being such wonderful patrons!

Motley County Tribune



Happy Holidays

Here's hoping your Christmas yields big returns! We value your business and your friendship.

1ST

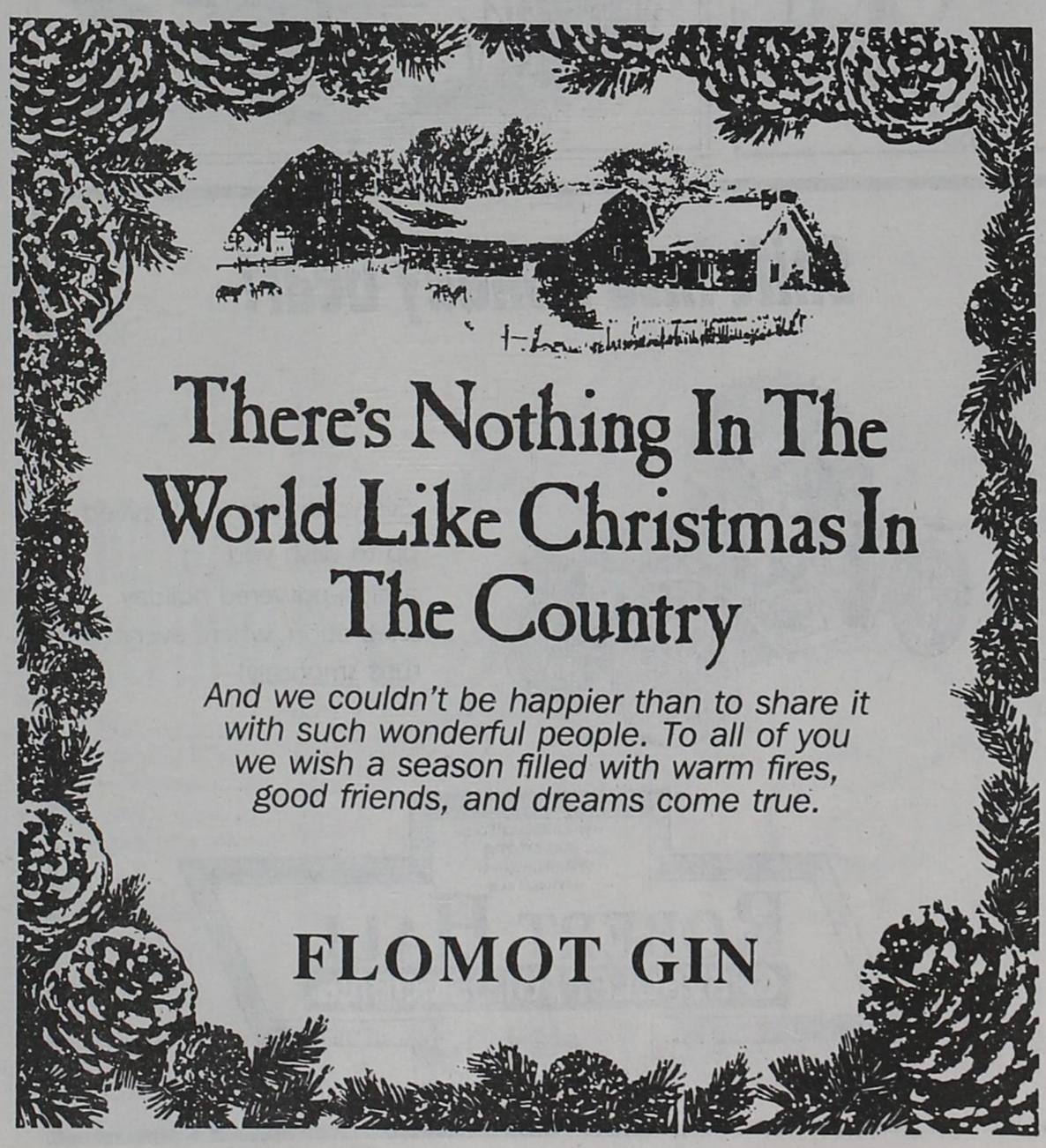
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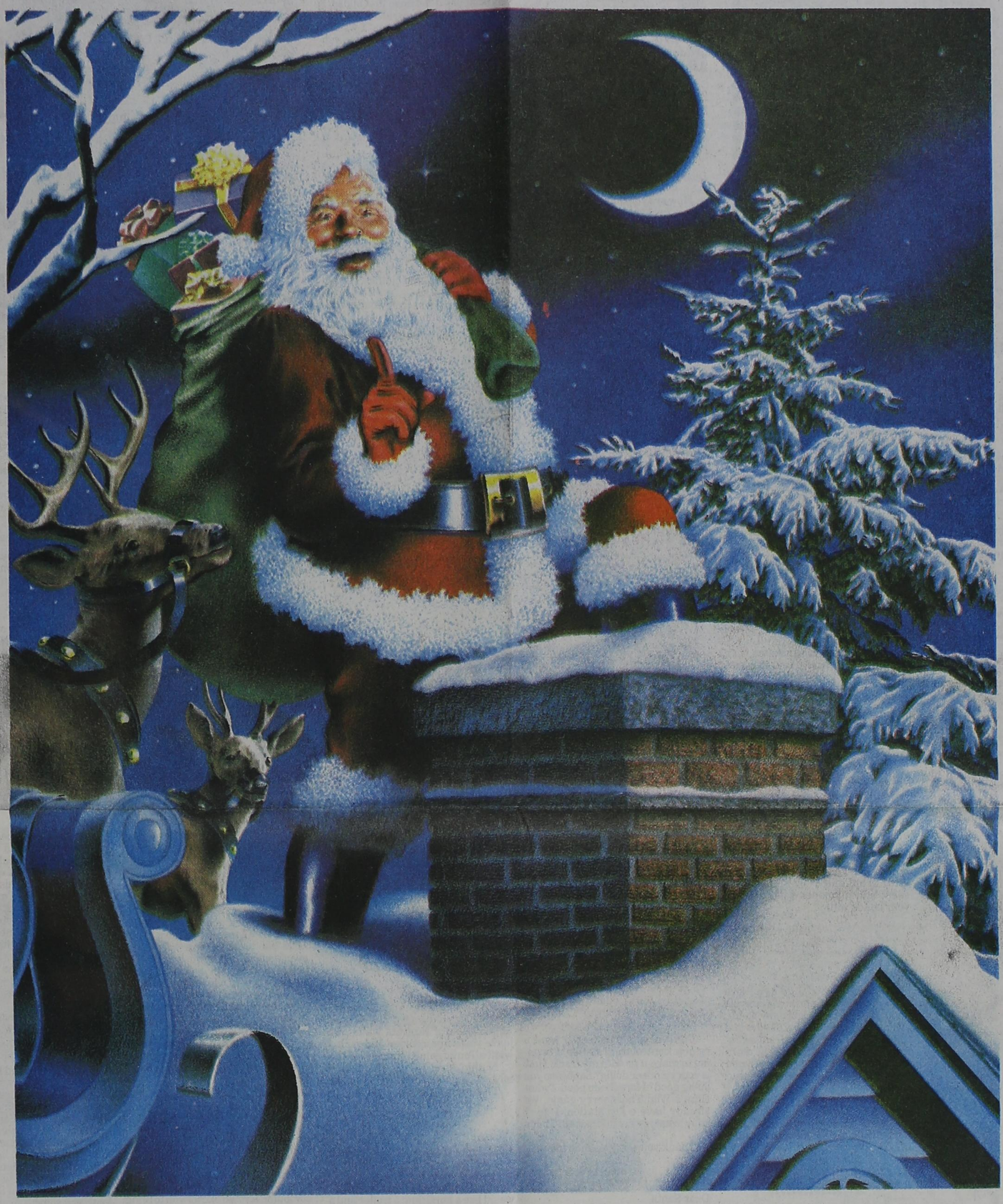


There's Nothing In The World Like Christmas In The Country

And we couldn't be happier than to share it with such wonderful people. To all of you we wish a season filled with warm fires, good friends, and dreams come true.

FLOMOT GIN

Wishing You A Magical Season



May all your Christmas wishes come true!

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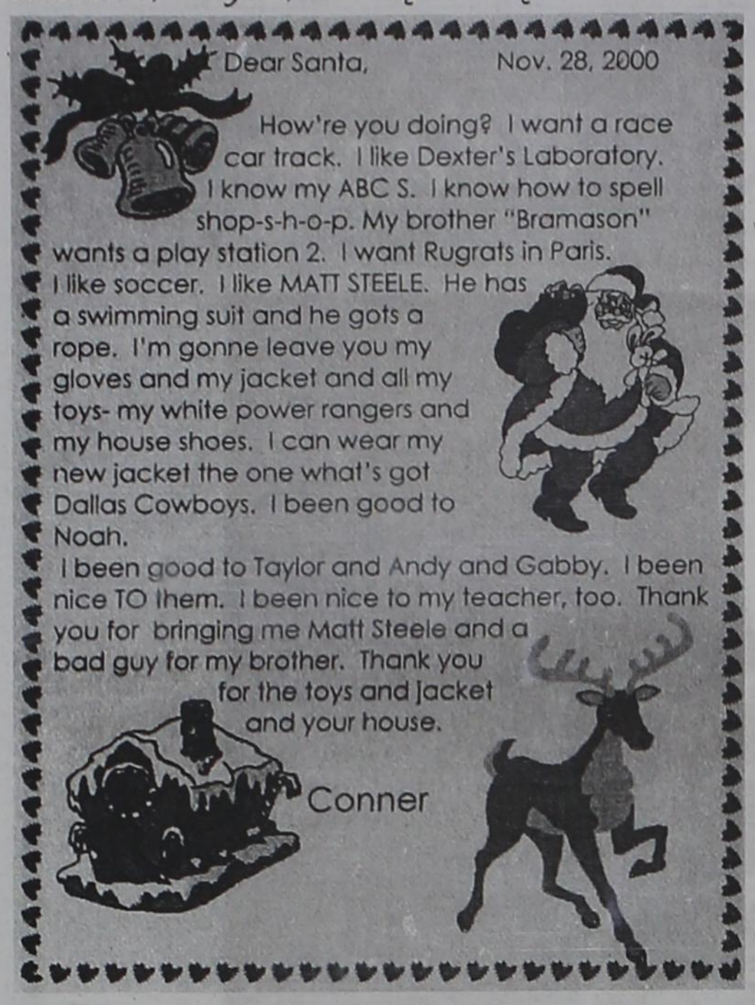
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Dear Santa

NOTE: Pre-K and Kindergarten Santa Letters were composed by Mrs. Moore's Language Arts Classes, 5th grade student, Malcomb O'Daniel; 6th graders, Michael Brown and Tamara Simmons; and 8th graders, Crystal Belk, Amanda Ashby and Matthew Kirkland.

The LA students took dictation from the little ones to compose their letters, and let them pick out Christmas pictures and borders to design on the computer.



Dear Santa, Nov. 28, 2000

How're you doing? I want a race car track. I like Dexter's Laboratory. I know my ABC S. I know how to spell shop-s-h-o-p. My brother "Bramason" wants a play station 2. I want Rugrats in Paris. I like soccer. I like MATT STEELE. He has a swimming suit and he gots a rope. I'm gonne leave you my gloves and my jacket and all my toys- my white power rangers and my house shoes. I can wear my new jacket the one what's got Dallas Cowboys. I been good to Noah.

I been good to Taylor and Andy and Gabby. I been nice TO them. I been nice to my teacher, too. Thank you for bringing me Matt Steele and a bad guy for my brother. Thank you for the toys and jacket and your house.

Conner

Dear Santa,

Can I please have my own phone line and a Kelly doll, Aaron Carter C.d., Britney Spears, C.d., poster and ice skates.

Love,
Kaleigh
Kerns

****

Dear Santa,

What I want for Christmas is a CD player, the CD Bahamen. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy new year.
P.S. I mite give your raindeer some carrots and you some cheese.

Love,
Eric

****

Dear Santa,

What I want for Christmas is Mario Smach Borthers.

Gavin

****

Hi Santa,

I have been good. I would like some toy cars, helicopter and some clothes.

Taylor

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I want an airplane, a helicopter. Nuthin' else. Mrs. Parks thinks I'm a good boy. My sister likes babies and dolls. That's all she likes. I leave cookies and milk under the Christmas tree. And dog food for the reindeer.

I love you,
Jamie



Joy and peace

Dear Santa,

Dear Santa,

I want this for Christmas. I want a teady bear that is just like rudolph and that has a red nose that blinks. I want a sleigh so I can ride in it. And I want a lot of candy canes. I want a bike for Christmas. I hope I see you some day.

From,
Leslie

****

Dear Santa,

How are you? Oh, I want a Dirtbike and one book.

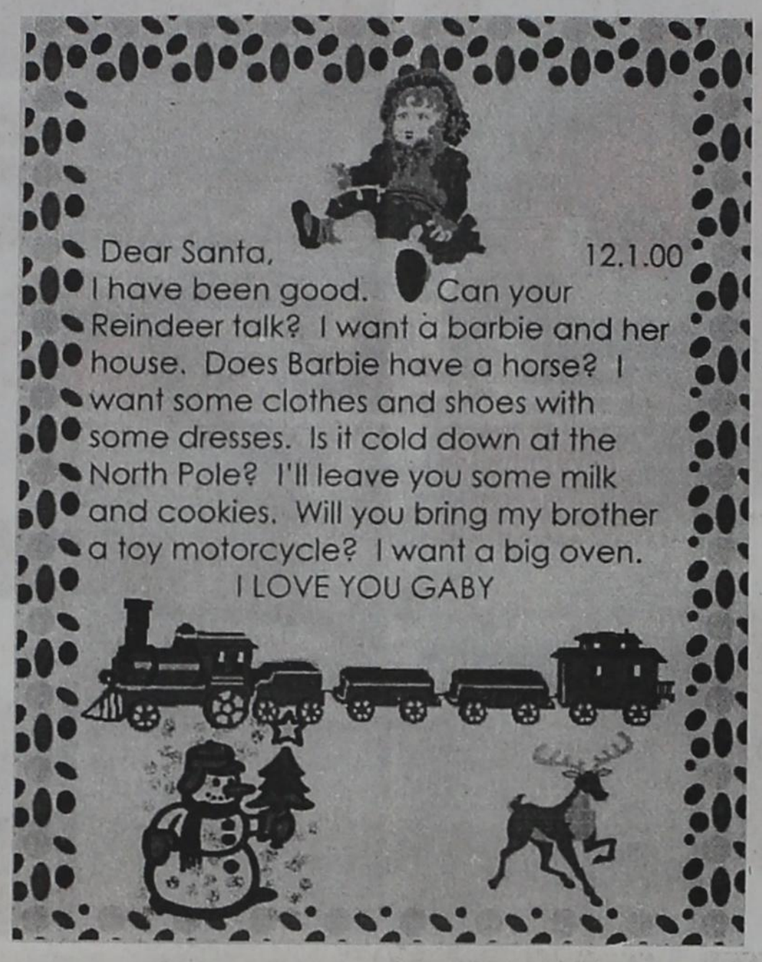
Your friend,
Chris

****

Dear Santa,

How are you this Christmas? This Christmas I have six main presents. They are: Tekno the robotic puppy, CD's and tapes, camera, globe of the world, glass doll and clothes.

Merry Christmas from your friend,
Adriann Walker



Dear Santa Claus,

Can I have a big game for Nintendo about race cars? And I want a game of Pokemon and a remote car of control. I want you to bring a football for my brother and two monkes - the ones that are pretty - the white ones - for my sister.

You know what, I didn't fight or anything. I want to tell that he's nice. How is your reindeer?

I gonna leave you some cookies and milk.

Your friend,
Juan

****

Santa,

Can I have a train set? I want a remote control train station. I'm going to make it go with my track. How is your reindeer doing? Santa are you doing good? I have been good. I want Eliza's Wild Thornberry game. We already have a lay Station. I don't know what my brother wants. That's it.

Thank you, you're a nice man.

Neal Potts

****

Dear Santa,

I want a dancing Debbie and a pencil and a Lizza and blocks and a bike and a book. That is all I wanted. Santa I have been good. I'll leave you some cookies and milk. That's all.

Love,
Hanna

Dear Santa,

I love you. You're nice. I've been very good. I want a dancing tommy and a helicopter and I want a real jeep and a airplane. I like your reindeers. Do you have to be careful from their horns? Stormy wants a jeep too. My mom has to buy reinder food.

Your friend,
Andy

****

Dear Santa,

I want a singing Angelica and a skating Barbie and a dog named Shadow and a Rugrats watch. I'll leave you some cookies and milk. I want a Tommy and a chucky doll too.

Nuthin' else. How is Rudolph? I have been good. See you Christmas.

I love you Santa.

Celeste

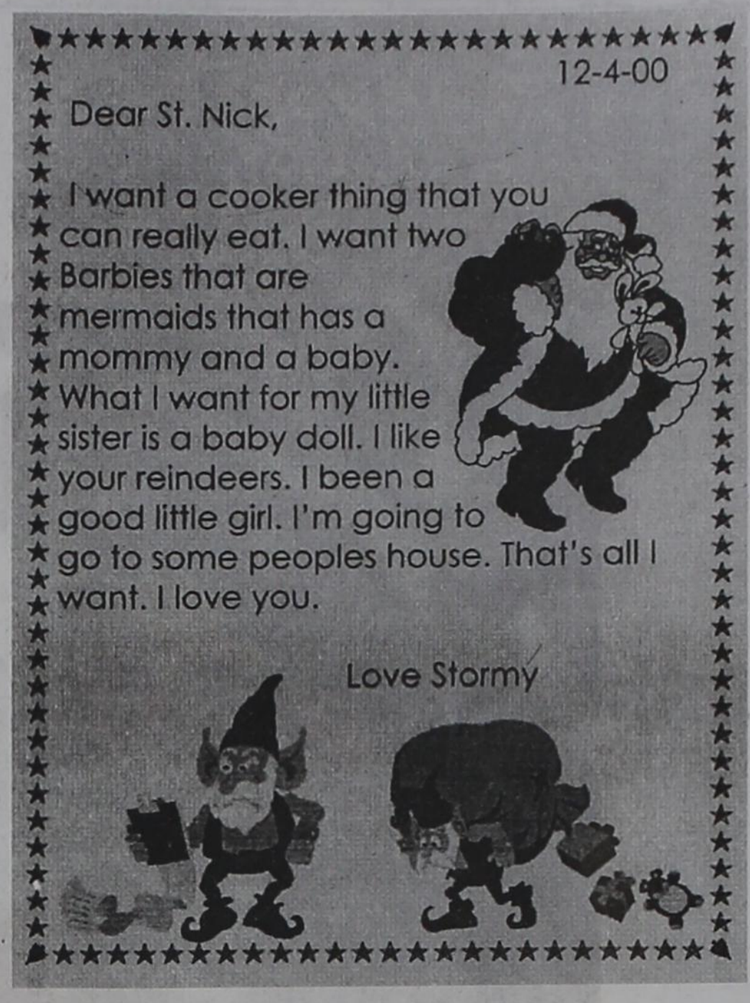
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Dear Santa Claus,

Santa I have been very good. I want a 4 wheeler that can go fast. I would like a horse and a trailer and a truck. I am going to leave you some cookies and milk. Is the North Pole cold? That is all.

From Dillon

P.S. Can you get some dog food for Chance?



12-4-00

Dear St. Nick,

I want a cooker thing that you can really eat. I want two Barbies that are mermaids that has a mommy and a baby. What I want for my little sister is a baby doll. I like your reindeers. I been a good little girl. I'm going to go to some peoples house. That's all I want. I love you.

Love Stormy

Dear Santa,

I am wants a millionaire board game a tekno and a football with a football soot with the Dallas the mobre 22, and a bateres and a sec santa and a nutcracker and to go to the north pole.

Love,
Sam Fletcher

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I been good to my friends. I want a motorcycle and remote control car. I want a bicycle. I want my mom to have a baby sister. I want a 4 wheeler and a billfold. I want a sleigh but not yours. How are your Reindeer and Rudolph? Are you ok?

Good by Santa
From Austin

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I want a cd player, Eric does too. And a Tonko Space cd. You get to build stuff and knock it down I think. Thats it.

I've been nice boy. Have you been nice? I'm gonna leave you cookies and milk in the house. My brother wants some Cds called "No strings attached" and "Who let the dogs out." He can put music Cds on the computer and you gotta click Music and it plays.

I love you Santa Claus
From Britt

****

Dear St. Nick,

I have been good. I want a wild thornberry game. Eliza talks to animals like a camel or a cheetah or even an elephant or bush babies. Or even a polar bear or even a crocodile. He can't talk to warthogs. Warthogs are very dangerous. I want a yellow play station and a creepy crawler. You can show the girls and it scares them and they'll be loud!

Stormy wants a flipping Barbie. I'd like a ball for my little brother so he can bounce it. Ty is scared of Santa Claus.

Luv,
Dylan

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I have been a good by. I want a BB gun, a computer and a CD for my computer. I would like for you to bring my Buba a toy reinder. Thats it. I will probably leave you cookies and milk.

Love,
Hayden Scott

Dear Santa,

I want for Christmas, a pretty Barbie and a baby Barbie with it. I want a Jena Barbie game on the computer. And thats all.

I have been a good little girl. How is your reindeers? How are you? Thats all I want to tell you.

Love,
Christina

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I been good to my friends. I want to be a real Pokemon master. I want to get all the stuff to be a Pokemon master, a real one. I want a real Tarzar he's the best - I want him. He can fly and he blows fire. I want another remote control deal because mine is broken - a Nintendo 64 and games. I want a AlphaSmart 2000 computer. I want a reindeer - not yours - you keep yours, just find me one. I want a laboratory like on Dexter's, a real one.

I'm gonna leave cookies for the Santa Claus, cookies for the reindeer, cookies for the girl he has, and cookies for the elves. And milk for all of them too.

That's all. Santa Claus I love you.

Dominique

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I love you too. I been really good. I want a Play Station and a Jurassic Park CD. I want a real 4-wheeler so I can go hunting on it with my Daddy. So daddy can drive his pickup and I'll have my 4 wheeler. I'm gonna let him ride it, he'll be back of me and I'll drive. I want a toy motorcycle too and a toy firetruck. I want a play cop car.

My sister Kaylee likes a baby with a carrier. Do your reindeers horns poke you? I'm gonna leave cookies and milk on the table for you. I'll try to see you Christmas?

Jacob Woolsey

****

Dear Santa Claus,

I want a train and I want a uh flipping barbie and I want a toy angel and some new dresses and I want new shoes to go with it. I want a doctor kit and I love Santa and I have been good. I been nice to everybody. I want a cowgirl hat and a play castle and I want a night light and a play watch. Does reindeers have sharp horns? I want a new dog and a cat. That's all. I love you Santa and I will leave you some cookies and milk out. Thats all.

Bye Santa Claus.

Stormy Darnell



Happy Holidays

To all our cherished friends and customers. We truly appreciate your business.

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downtown Matador

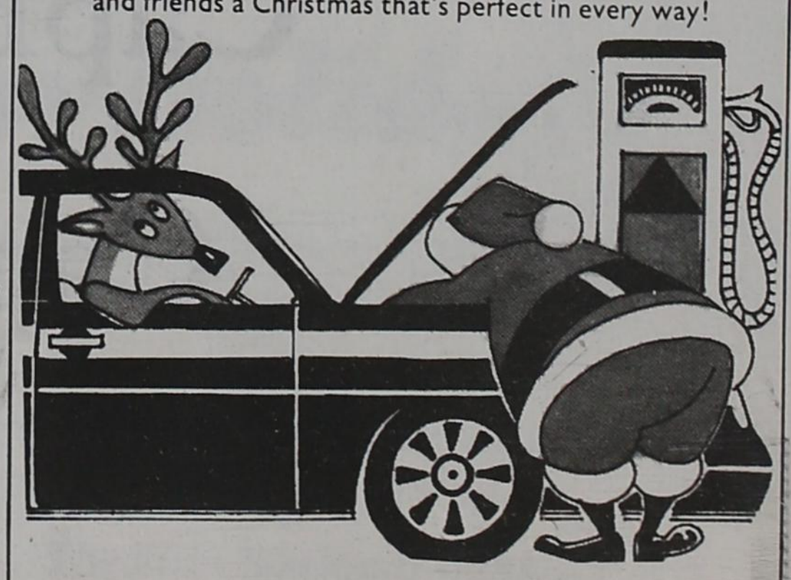
THE YEAR END BRINGS NO GREATER PLEASURE THAN THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS TO YOU SEASON'S GREETINGS AND GOOD WISHES.

May your holidays and New Year be filled with happiness

From all of us at
RED BALL GIN

Merry Christmas

We're tuning up to wish all our many customers and friends a Christmas that's perfect in every way!



Alexander Fuel

Roaring Springs

The Story of Silent Night

by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

The young priest was worried. Within 24 hours he was supposed to lead a Christmas Eve service, but he had no music. The Salzach River that flowed near the village church of Oberndorf, Austria, caused chronic moisture which had rusted the pipe organ. Without the organ there would be no music. And what was Christmas Eve without music?

Father Josef Mohr had but recently come to this tiny village. The night of December 23 he had attended the town Christmas play. But instead of going home afterwards, he had climbed the small mountain overlooking the town and soaked in the beauty and quiet of the darkness. It was nearly midnight before he reached his room. And so in the wee hours of December 24, 1818, he sat down to pen a new song, one which could be played on a guitar—at least that wasn't broken.

"Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!" he wrote. "Silent night, holy night." The nighttime peacefulness of Oberndorf was fresh in his mind; beyond it he could imagine Bethlehem, bathed in moonglow:

All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin Mother and child!
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

The words were flowing now. He could visualize shepherds quaking, shaken from the quietness of their vigil by the glories streaming from heaven. He could see the child's countenance:

Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from
Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

It wasn't long 'til the simple poem was finished. Now, perhaps he could sleep.

The next morning he brought the poem to his organist, Franz Grüber. "I know it's the last minute," he must have said, "but could you put a tune to this song for the service tonight? Something simple that I could accompany on the guitar?" Father Mohr was new to the parish, and to the church's chief musician.But then, Grüber was being paid, and at that moment his beloved organ wouldn't work. Grüber set about the task quickly and in a couple of hours he was done, just in time to rehearse with the choir before the service. Mohr sang tenor, Grüber sang bass, and the service went off beautifully with the new song. "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!"

A master organ builder eventually came to Oberndorf to repair the rusted organ, and there learned of the carol. He copied the song and doubtless sang it as he worked on organs in the neighboring villages. From him, two families of traveling folk singers, similar to the Trapp Family Singers of "Sound of Music" fame, learned of the song and sang it in concerts all over Europe. In 1834 the Strasser family performed it for the king of Prussia, who ordered it sung every Christmas Eve by his cathedral choir. The Rainer family singers brought it to America in 1839. By mid-century it had become popular around the world, but no one could recall its composer.

The story of its fame was long to reach the tiny villages of Austria. But in 1854, Franz Grüber sent a letter to the leading musical authorities with his claim to have written the tune. In 1848 Father Mohr had died of pneumonia, but Grüber still had the original manuscript to show, and gradually he was recognized as composer.

Sometimes the smallest churches make the biggest contributions. In this case, God presented a most wonderful carol to the world from a tiny congregation, one that just happened to be called St. Nicholas' Church of Oberndorf.

Share The Spirit!

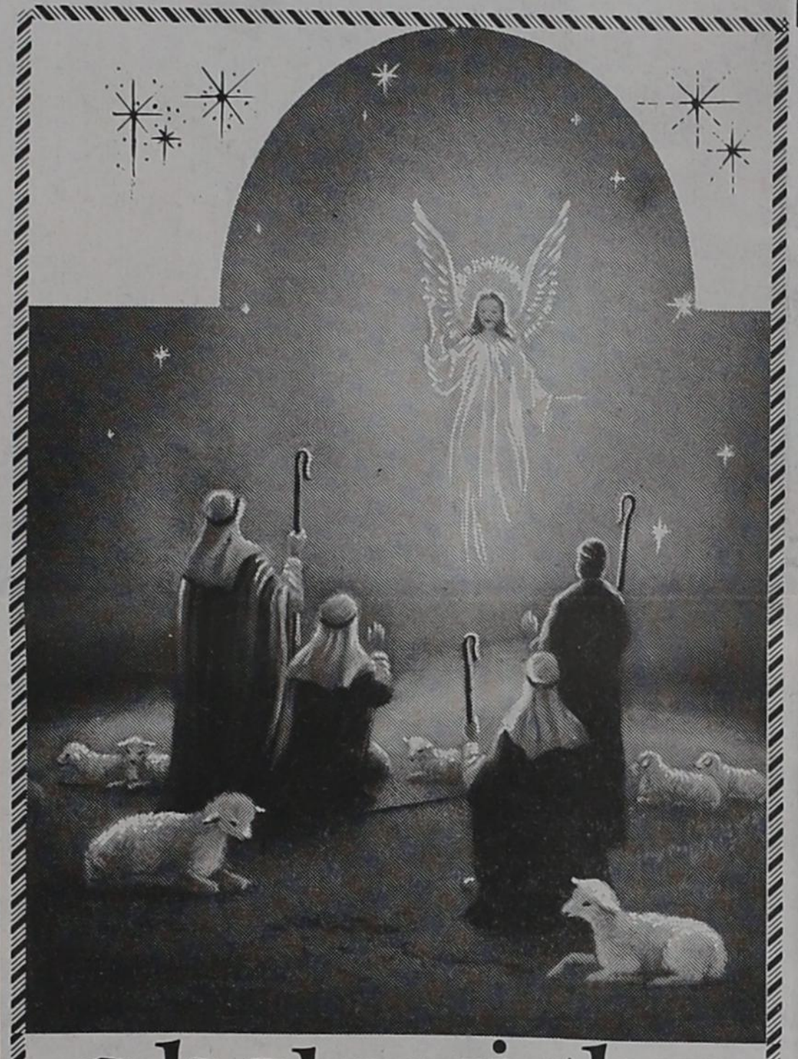
Hoping you experience all the love and joy that is Christmas.



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O HOLY NIGHT

May God bless you and keep you in the circle of His precious love now and forever. Have a wonderful Christmas season.

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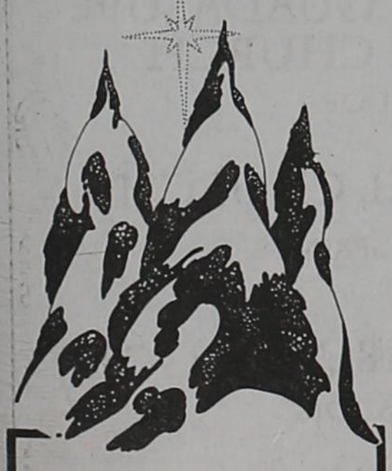
MERRY CHRISTMAS



To all, we wish health, happiness and good cheer, now and throughout the coming year.

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Happy holidays to all!

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The Spirit of Christmas, invisible as the wind, moves the heart to that station of special happiness in remembering and being remembered by friends and loved ones.

★★★

Christmas is a drift fence across prairies of the past to keep friends from wandering too far from our range.

★★★

If some of the spirit of Christmas did not linger throughout the year, the compassion in human hearts would vanish and love would become a meaningless word.

★★★

True compassion began with the first Christmas and its magnificence has inspired mankind to seek glory in humility. At its knee the great learned the simple truth of love.

★★★

Christmas is miracle of laughter when friends meet and feel the absolute freedom from jealousies and hate.

★★★

The silence of the stars, the timeless winds, gold-rimmed clouds at sunset; the remembering of friends and loved ones at Christmas bring priceless joy to the heart.

★★★

Love is one gift that requires no more Christmas wrapping than a smile; no more transportation thana voice.

★★★

A few favorite people seem to have the Spirit of Christmas in their hearts throughout the years.

The Innkeeper's Tale

by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

They think I'm some kind of cruel, heartless landlord. Someone must have told them that. But they're wrong, just plain wrong, and it's time to set the record straight, once and for all.

People say I'm an innkeeper. I suppose you'd call it an inn. To us it's just a big house. My grandfather, Joshua ben-Yahoudi, built it back when his trading business was at a peak. And he built it big enough to fit all fourteen kids.

Well, a few years ago, the missus and I were just rattling around in that big house—kids grown up and all—and we were thinking,maybe we could take in a few travelers. Rachel has always been mighty good in the kitchen, so we just let out word that we'd take people in, and they started to come. Every night we'd have a person or two, sometimes more. People would always come back when they came to town again, intent on another bowl of Rachel's lamb stew.

Then came that blankety-blank census the governor thought up. Taxation, pure and simple! People from all over the province flooded into town that week. Filled us clean up. Rachel and I slept in the main room where we always do, and we started putting guests in the other three rooms. They kept coming. Then we doubled up two or three families to a room. They kept coming. Finally, when we had filled the main room with four families plus Rachel and me, we started turning people away.

I must have gotten in and out of bed ten times that night, stumbling over bodies to get to the door. "No more room, sorry folks. No more room. Come back in the morning. We have a couple of families leaving then." They'd mutter something and head back to their party, and sleep somewhere next to a house under the shelter of a blanket. I just couldn't make any more room. That's the honest truth.

But I did make room for one more couple. Joseph was a burly man with big arms and strong hands, down from Nazareth, I think he said. He wouldn't take "no" for an answer. I would say, "No, I'm sorry," and he'd tell me about his "little Mary." Well, when I saw "little Mary" she wasn't very little. She was just about as pregnant as a woman can get, and awfully pale. While Joseph was pleading, I saw her grab her tummy in pain, and I knew I couldn't let her have that baby outside in the wind and sleet.

The barn. That would just have to do, I told myself, and led them and their donkey out back. Now it was pretty crowded, so I shooed several animals into the pen outside to make room in one dry corner. Joseph said, "We sure are grateful, sir." Then with a serious look, he asked me, "Do you know where I can find a midwife in these parts? We might need her tomorrow or the next day."

That man didn't know much about having babies, it was plain enough to see. I ran to Aunt Sarah's house and pounded on the door until her husband came. "One of the travelers is having a baby," I told him. "I'll wait while Aunt Sarah gets dressed." I stopped a moment to catch my breath. "And tell her to hurry."

By the time we got back to the barn, Joseph had "little Mary" settled on some soft, clean hay, wrapped up in a blanket, wiping the perspiration off her brow, and was speaking softly to her as she fought the waves of pain. Aunt Sarah sent me to get my Rachel, and then pushed Joseph and me out of the barn. "This ain't no place for men," she said.

We waited just outside in the shelter of the barn for hours, it seemed like. Well, all of a sudden, we hear a little cry. "You've got a baby boy," Aunt Sarah was saying as we peeped around the corner. She hands the young-un to Rachel, and she wraps it up in those swaddling bands she had saved. Cute little thing, I tell you.

Well, Joseph goes over to Mary and gives her a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek, and Rachel hands Mary the baby, and then comes over to me and takes my hand. "Remember when our Joshua was born?" she whispers.

The lantern was blowing almost out, the cattle were lowing softly, and baby Jesus was asleep in his mother's arms. That's how I left them as I walked Aunt Sarah home. Chilly wind, though the sleet had stopped.

By the time I got back, Rachel was in bed, and I was about ready to put out the light, step over sleeping bodies, and get under the warm covers, when I heard some murmuring out by the barn.

I'd better check, I told myself. When I peeped in, I saw shepherds. Raggedy, smelly old shepherds were kneeling down on the filthy barn floor as if they were praying. The oldest one was saying something to Joseph about angels and the Messiah. And the rest of them just knelt there with their heads bowed, some with tears running down their faces.

I coughed out loud, and Joseph looked up. I was almost ready to run those thieving shepherds off, when Joseph motioned to me with his hand. "It's okay," he whispered. "They've come to see the Christ-baby."

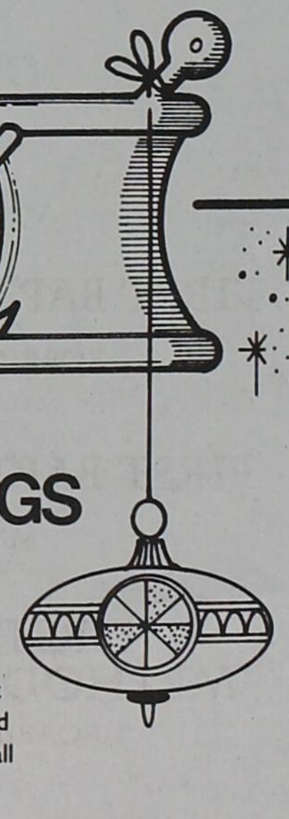
The Christ-baby? The Messiah? That was when I knelt, too. And watched, and prayed, and listened to the old shepherd recount his story of angels and heavenly glory, and the sign of a holy baby, wrapped in swaddling bands, to be found in a stable-manger.

My Lord, it was my stable where the Christ-baby was born. My manger he rested in. My straw, my lamp, my wife Rachel assisting at his birth.

The shepherds left after a while. Some of them leaned over and kissed the sleeping Christ-child before they departed. I know I did.

I'll always be glad I made room in the barn for that family— that holy family. You see, I'm not some mean inn-keeper. I was there. I saw him. And, you know, years later that boy came back to Bethlehem, this time telling about the Kingdom of God. Oh, I believe in him, I tell you. I was there. And, mark my words, if you'd seen what I've seen, you'd be a believer, too.

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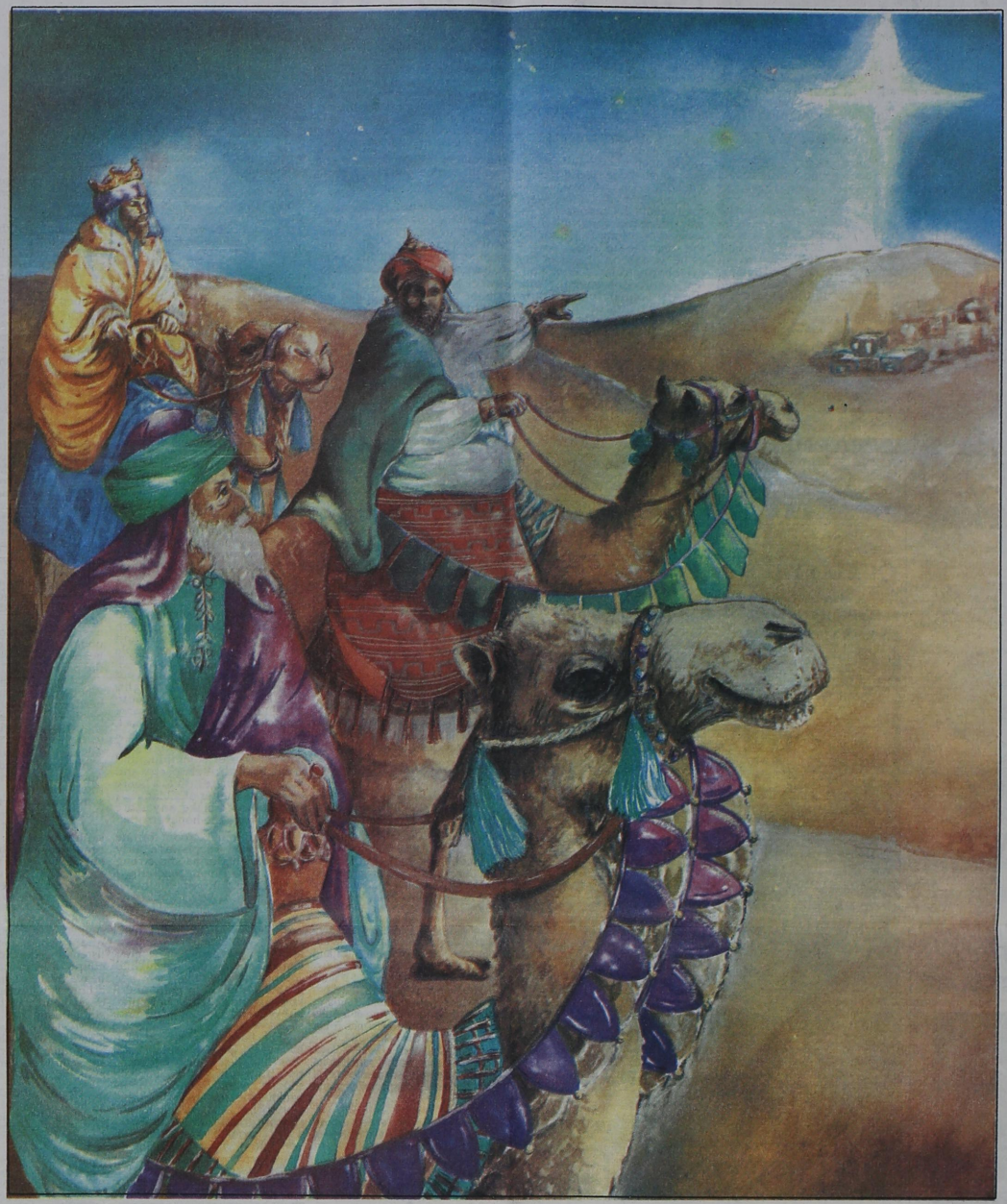


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