

# The MEDI COVAN



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MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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## THE WORLD'S STRANGEST MAN

*Morgan Beatty over NBC Radio, December 24, 1959*

Suppose you were the founder of a military academy for the youngest of our young people. Suppose you attracted through the years the sons of people of many faiths, or no faith at all . . . the sons of Moslems, Catholics, Jews, Protestants, agnostics, soldiers of fortune.

And suppose each of these knew when he enrolled that chapel would be held every Sunday.

And suppose just before Christmas leave you had to preach a sermon to these fresh young minds, one they could carry home and into the future with them.

Just suppose all this. Some years ago a far-seeing man, who founded Fork Union Military Academy at a crossroads in Virginia, had this very problem to meet, face to face.

Dr. John J. Wicker rose in chapel one morning and said:

"Gentlemen, I talk this morning about the strangest man that ever lived.

"He never enjoyed Christmas, but if He had not lived there never would have been a Christmas for anyone.

"He never had a toy, but He has caused more toys to be made for the joy of more children and the livelihood of more workmen than any man that ever lived.

"He rarely received any gifts, but every year has inspired the giving of more gifts than any other person in history.

"He never went to school, as far as we know, but He has caused thousands of schools, colleges, and universities to be erected all over the world.

"He never owned any of this world's goods, but wealth has multiplied wherever He has become known.

"He was a Jew, but He is the only universal and international personality who has risen above all national lines and every racial instinct.

"Every other man has had his faults, but even the judge who condemned Him to an ignominious death publicly declared, 'I find no fault in this Man.'

"He associated with sinners and His personal appearance was neither striking nor unusual, yet the world would give generously of its wealth for an actual picture of Him.

"His life on earth covered only 33 years, but the story of His life has been translated into every language and is acknowledged to be the world's best seller.

"His one brief sermon delivered in the open has become the Magna Carta and associates with the supreme law for uncounted millions of people of many faiths.

"Neither capital nor labor, howsoever wide apart in other matters, can disagree in any way with this universal Man and Friend.

"And if the people and the nations of the world would only follow His teachings, injustice, poverty, and fear would be banished and war would be no more.

"He is Jesus Christ, the strangest man that ever lived."

That's it—the late Doctor Wickham's justly famous sermon, in the chapel under our flag at Fork Union.





Each member of the Administrative Council of the College sends YOU a special Christmas message.

### CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR RE-DEDICATION

We who serve MCV are a large family—some three thousand strong. We are also a close family united by the bond of common dedication to the service of others—in teaching, in the care of the sick, and in the pursuit of new knowledge for their benefit.

We are blessed that we can be certain our services are important, intimately and personally important to each of those entrusted to our care whether he be student or patient. In such important and intimate relationships, conscience demands an unremitting striving for excellence; but technical excellence and competency alone will never be enough—each person with whom we are concerned must *know* that we have a real and compassionate concern for him as an *individual*. This evidence of *caring*, of love, in the scriptural sense, is important in all human relationships—in our relationships, it is indispensable, essential; without it those we serve will rightly have a sense of loss, of being cheated. Without it we fail.

What better time is there for re-dedication than the day we celebrate the birth of Christ, who sought so long ago to teach us this lesson?

May your Christmas be merry and the New Year filled with all that is good.

—R. BLACKWELL SMITH, JR.  
*President*

### Christmas Holidays

The main offices of the *College Division* will be closed Christmas eve and Christmas day and on New Year's eve and New Year's day.

The *Tompkins-McCaw Library* will be open December 19 through December 22 from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. and the same

hours from December 26 through December 29. The library will be closed December 23, 24, and 25, and December 30, 31, and January 1. The regular schedule will resume on January 2.

### THE MUSIC OF CHRISTMAS

There are many blessings that all of us enjoy at Christmastime. One that brings me a great deal of pleasure is the glorious music that has been handed down through the years. The songs sung that Holy Night to the shepherds on the plains have been the inspiration for many of the lullabies, carols, hymns, anthems, and oratorios we enjoy today.

Christmas songs are sung around the world in many languages by people of all nations. As they sing these songs, which tell of God's love for all of His children, their hearts rejoice as ours do.

In spirit, we join all of these people and share with them their experience and joy at Christmas. The music of Christmas is a universal language . . . it reaches the hearts of all people . . . it is one of the great blessings of Christmas.

May you enjoy the wonderful music of Christmas and may it gladden your heart and lift your spirits.

—JOHN H. HEIL, JR.  
*Assistant President*

### CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS

It's a joy to extend to everyone in the MCV community heartiest wishes for a most Happy Christmas and God's continuing blessings throughout the New Year.

Our sincere hope for the restoration of The Monumental Church of Richmond is coupled with our earnest desire that ways will be found for it to be of increasing usefulness and benefit to all at MCV.

—A. RONALD MERRIX, *Rector*  
*The Monumental Church*



### "LIFE IS TOO SHORT . . . . ."

At Christmastime, my thoughts turn to peace, happiness, and goodwill—these gifts are brought to mind more vividly as we approach the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour.

The words of Disraeli, "Life is too short to be little" could afford us great comfort during the year to come if we would live by them. Many of us lose precious hours brooding about things that we cannot control; we waste valuable time being thoughtless and small. All of these shortcomings affect our work, our associations, and our own happiness.

During my years at the College, I have been impressed by the generosity of so many who



## THE CHANGELESS IN A WORLD OF CHANGE

"We live in a changing world." How often we hear this said today and in a sense it is true. The world is always changing, at least it appears to be vastly different from what it was 50 years ago. In the span of one lifetime, many of us can remember when there were no automobiles, no telephones, no electric lights, and certainly no aeroplanes. Today, all of these things have been taken for granted long since and now our attention is turning to the exploration of space.

However, we are too prone to over-emphasize the importance of events and changes of this kind. So at this Christmas, perhaps we should take a long hard look at the important things in life, the fundamental truths on which men for generations untold have built their faith. It is possible to be so impressed by change as to lose sight of the fact that the fundamental things are all changeless: love—unselfishness—integrity—loyalty—and the desire for peace on earth among men. These are just as vital and as important today as they were at the beginning of time. These all come into sharp focus during the Christmastime and are embodied in Christ himself. So, I hope that we may all at this Christmastime recognize the need to appreciate the changeless in a world of change.

May I extend to each one of you and to your families a heartfelt and warm wish for the happiest of Christmases and a healthful and prosperous New Year.

—CHARLES P. CARDWELL, JR., Vice-President  
and Director of Hospitals

## "ALL WHO HEARD IT WONDERED"

The spirit of Christmas, which we wish in abundance for everyone, can be seen in part through Luke who noted that after the shepherds had gone to Bethlehem to see the Child they made the new event known to everyone.

"And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told by the shepherds." Indeed, it was an occasion to wonder about a story that was to make itself a part of so many of us.

Here in our own College, the spirit of *wondering* should never depart from us. It is seen in every laboratory, in every "cure", in the failures, too—each never is an end in itself, but rather opens up a new vista for wonderment at man's own ability to see a new beginning with every conclusion. It is a message worth remembering all year round.

May the joys and the spirit of the Season be with you now and throughout the year.

—WARREN E. WEAVER, Dean  
School of Pharmacy

This prayer is a particularly fitting expression for this, or any season.

—WILLIAM F. MALONEY, M.D., Dean  
School of Medicine

Lord, make me an instrument of thy Peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, joy.

Oh Divine Master, grant that I may not so much  
seek to be consoled, as to console;  
To be understood, as to understand;  
To be loved, as to love.  
For it is in giving that we receive,  
It is in pardoning, that we are pardoned.  
It is in dying, that we are born to eternal life.

—St. Francis of Assisi

## ... .. TO BE LITTLE"

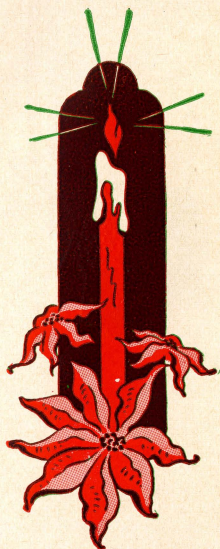
give so much of themselves in helping their fellow workers and our patients, thereby proving themselves *big*.

If I could have three wishes for the coming year, especially at Christmastime, they would be for health—for happiness—for compassion for my fellowmen and loved ones, and for the sincerity of each individual to make this world truly happy, secure, and peaceful.

Christmas is truly a time for us to take stock of ourselves, for "life is too short to be little."

May all of you enjoy a happy Christmas and a fruitful New Year.

—L. DANIEL CROOKS, Comptroller





## THESE THREE—LOVE, COMPASSION, THE DIGNITY OF MAN

Again, that time of the year has come when we pause long enough from the pressure of unrelenting activities to consider the factors that give depth and meaning to life, namely, friends and relatives, and the personal relationships these involve; a dedication and concern for the well-being of our fellowman; values that transcend crass materialism and take on the complexion of eternal verities; an abiding faith in something that is greater than the sum of the parts of this world.

The carols of Christmas ring out and all of the frills associated with the celebration elicit a response from us ranging from boredom and disgust with the annual repetition to one of elation and selflessness depending upon our individual identification with the Season.

Regardless of our acceptance or rejection of the event—the symbols inadequate as they may be—remind us again of a message divinely inspired, which for all times brought to the world a heretofore unknown dimension of LOVE — COMPASSION — AND DIGNITY OF MANKIND.

In the finest sense of the phrase then our wish for you is a Joyous Christmas Season.

—FRANKLIN BACON, *Dean of Students*



### MY CHRISTMAS WISH

To greet you this Christmastide, may I wish you an abundance of the following:

**C**harity—in our thoughts of others  
**H**ope—to meet anew each day  
**R**eason—to put meaning in our being  
**I**nspiration—for the thing we do  
**S**ervice—to the dedication of our life's work  
**T**olerance—for our fellowman  
**M**ind—of peace and spirit full  
**A**ppreciation—for our many blessings  
**S**pirit—with the grace of all above

May these ensure a Christmas blessing true  
 For each and every one of you.

—DORIS B. YINGLING,  
*Dean, School of Nursing*

*Know you what it is to be a child?*

*It is to be something very different from the man of today.*

*It is to have a spirit jet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief.*

*It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has a fairy godmother in its soul.*

—FRANCIS THOMPSON

### UNITED IN A COMMON CAUSE

The College now attracts to its faculty and student body men and women from many parts of the world who have been drawn here by their desire to advance human health and welfare.

We are all united in a common concern for the prevention and cure of disease and the addition of new knowledge.

At this Christmas time, our large family can also be united in our hope for peace and goodwill. It is in this hope I add my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a good New Year.

—EBBE CURTIS HOFF, *Dean  
 School of Graduate Studies*

### THE SEASON OF GOODWILL

In this Season of Goodwill, with our minds, hearts, and hands attuned for noble deeds, may we turn our steps toward the less fortunate and needy.

With compassion for all, may our hands bring sustenance to the poor, skilled care to the ill, and comfort to the suffering. Then shall our minds and hearts know the joy of brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Only then can there be real merriment at Christmastide.

May this Season afford you gladness and the New Year ever greater attainment.

—HARRY LYONS, *Dean  
 School of Dentistry*

### HUSH, ALL YE SOUNDS OF WAR

*Hush, all ye sounds of war,  
 Ye nations all be still,  
 A voice of heav'nly joy steals over vale and hill,  
 O hear the angels sing the captive world's release,  
 This day is born in Bethlehem the Prince of Peace.*

*No more divided be,  
 Ye families of men,  
 Old enmity forget, old friendship knit again,  
 In the new year of God let brothers' love increase,  
 This day is born in Bethlehem the Prince of Peace.*

—WILLIAM H. DRAPER



## SUPPOSE THE CHRISTMAS BELLS TOLLED A KNELL

Just suppose on Christmas day church bells, instead of pealing merrily, tolled the death knell all night Christmas eve, all of Christmas day, and almost all of Christmas night.

Can you imagine what the ceaseless, mournful tolling of the bells for that period of time would do to our Christmas spirit?

By Christmas day, almost 900 people will have been killed in car accidents on Virginia highways.

If 200 of these were children, the bells would toll that many death knells—if 350 were women, 700 strokes would be sounded—if 350 were men, 1,050 knells would be tolled—a total of 1,950 knells. If we allow one minute for each stroke of the bell's clapper, that means these dolorous sounds would be heard for 32½ hours!

This is an appalling idea for a Christmas message . . . BUT . . . the highway death rate in Virginia is even more appalling.



**DRIVE WITH CARE — LET NOT THE BELLS TOLL A KNELL  
FOR YOU, FOR YOUR LOVED ONES, OR FOR THOSE YOU HAVE KILLED.**

—THELMA VAINÉ HOKE, *Editor*

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

(From an old German Christmas Card)

No thought of care disturb your Christmastide;  
Be this the happiest day of all the year;  
May truest friends be present at your side.  
Charming the hours with words of merry cheer.  
Oh, what a beautiful day it was,  
That Christmas day so long ago,  
Tho' there wasn't a single Christmas tree,  
Nor even one little drift of snow,  
In the far-off land of Palestine—  
The land where the olive and fig tree grow.  
But out in the fields that blessed night  
The sheep lay sleeping, peaceful and still,  
And the shepherds sat by their quiet flocks  
And watched, while o'er a distant hill  
One star in the east shown marvelous bright,  
Seeming the very heavens to fill.  
Tis said that the angels sang that night,  
And the lowly shepherds, wondering, heard;  
They saw above them the glorious light,  
And then, with many a whispered word,

They left their flocks asleep on the hill,  
And wandered to where the city stirred.  
And what did they see when they reached the place?  
A hillside stable, a rude ox stall,  
A fair young mother, whose saintly face  
Bent over the baby; and that was all,  
Save three wise kings, who, kneeling, laid  
Gifts at the feet of the child so small.  
And, perhaps, to those simple shepherd lads  
The kings were the greatest sights to see;  
And may be they only dimly guessed  
That the babe so worshipped was even He—  
The Noblest, the Purest, Son of Man—  
A greater king than all the three.  
But I would that I that Christmas night  
With the shepherds had seen that little child;  
That I with the wise men might have knelt  
To kiss the hand of the Unfiled;  
Have heard the words that the mother heard  
And pondered within her heart, and smiled.

*What can I give Him  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd,  
I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man,  
I would do my part:  
Yet what can I give Him,  
Give my heart!*

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

*The joy of brightening other  
lives, bearing others' burdens,  
easing others' loads, and sup-  
planting empty hearts and lives  
with generous gifts becomes for  
us the magic of Christmas.*

—W. C. JONES



**CHRISTMAS IS AN**

Accumulation  
Of sights, sounds,  
and odors  
Of beauty and love  
Anticipation,  
frustration  
Revelry, high glee,  
devotion, and

**IT IS SANTA CLAUS**

Dickens and  
Christ

**CHRISTMAS IS PEOPLE**

Moving in haste  
Pushing—shoving  
Loving and laughing  
Kneeling in prayer

**CHRISTMAS IS FEET**

Tired feet  
Feet on tiptoe  
Wet, muddy feet in  
new cowboy boots

**THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS IS A**

Toy train, whistle,  
horses  
Voices in laughter  
Singing voices  
Low soft voices in love  
A small babe's cry

**CHRISTMAS IS**

Cake fresh from the oven  
The odor of pine boughs, silver polish, and  
Chanel No. 5  
It's the taste of eggnog, turkey, stuffing,  
pecans, hard candy

**IT IS SNOW**

Angel costumes  
Feathers in the stomach  
Sleeplessness and  
Children's voices — singing — calling —  
pleading — yelling — praying

**CHRISTMAS, TOO, IS A BABY**

Born in a manger, of a woman  
Worshipped by prince and slave  
Born of God  
To be to men

**A HOPE****A DREAM****A REALITY****CHRISTMAS**

What is there in the Christmas story that captures the hearts of men throughout the world?

One is inclined to believe that its appeal is more than sectarian.

Essentially, of course, Christmas is the celebration of the birth of Christianity's founder. But why should this have any effect, for example, on a Buddhist, a Moslem, or a free-thinker?

Yet it does. Visitors from foreign lands who have religious convictions far different from our own invariably are caught up in the whirl of the Christmas season. Nor is this merely external fascination with a new and strange phenomenon.

There is something more about Christmas—something that touches the soul of man, something elemental, something that goes to the core of his being.

You scurry through the herd of shoppers in a department store.

You hear the old, old carols again.

You feel winter's icy fingers in the streets.

You decorate your home with mistletoe and evergreen.

You mail greetings to your friends.

You watch a child around a lighted tree on Christmas morning.

These are the trappings of the season.

They are not, to be sure, all of it, but they are essential, for every idea that is dear to man must have its physical symbols.

Which brings us back to the question—what is this idea that has such universal attraction?

It is really nothing new nor particularly sophisticated. It is as old as time.

Stated as briefly as possible it is simple brotherhood—a realization that every man is part of the great human family, heirs to all the comedy and tragedy that form life's fabric.

The Christmas season with its appeal to both a man's spirit and his higher senses cloaks the idea in poetry at once so simple and so beautiful that its meaning is impossible not to comprehend.

And that is why on Christmas morning—even in lands where Christianity itself is rejected—the world, for all its grotesque instruments of destruction, is a brighter and better place.

—ROBERT ANDERSON, JR.  
*Editor, Delta Digest*





## LEGENDS OF FLOWERS AND TREES USED AT CHRISTMAS TIME

### The Christmas Rose

It is an old, old story about the three wise men, who sought the Christ Child to bring Him presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and we all know the story quite well. But how many know the story of the little shepherd maiden who also longed to see the Wonder Child and give Him presents?

This little girl stood outside the door where the Child lay, and she was weeping because she had no presents to give Him as did the wise men, for she was very poor. She had searched the whole long day for one little flower to bring Him, but she could find neither bloom nor leaf, for the winter had been very cold.

And so she stood there weeping, and soon an angel passed by and saw her and knew why she wept. Stooping, the angel brushed away the snow from her feet, and there sprang up instantly on the spot a cluster of beautiful roses, waxen white with the daintiest pink-tipped petals.

The little girl looked up in great joy. Then the angel spoke, "Myrrh and frankincense, and gold are not better to give the Christ Child than these pure white Christmas roses." Then the angel disappeared.

Joyfully the little shepherd maiden gathered the roses and took them to the Child.

Let us always remember that the best gifts cost the least if they come from the heart.

—*Sunshine Magazine*



### Rosemary

Once one of the choicest plants for decorating at Christmastime, rosemary is seldom used today. Its legend, however, says that it once had white blooms until the Holy Family in their flight to Egypt brushed against it. Its blooms were then changed to a light blue matching the robes of the Virgin Mary and its sweet odor came from the swaddling clothes of the Christ Child.

In old England, it was hung around the walls of rooms; so its fragrance could be enjoyed, and even today we still say, "Rosemary for remembrance"—quoting a line from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

It will grow well in most of the United States, but in the north new plants must be set out each year, for it will not weather wet winters.

### Holly and Mistletoe

Holly was first used in English windows to indicate Christian worship, as the red berries were supposed to represent the blood of Jesus. The holly was believed to keep evil spirits away.

Mistletoe was sacred in many ancient religions. The Druids of England cut it with a golden knife and hung it over their doors, believing that only happiness could pass under the branch. They also used it in their marriage ceremonies, originating the custom of kissing under the mistletoe.

*In Czechoslovakia, a girl takes a twig from a cherry tree and places it in water on December 4. If the twig blossoms before Christmas eve, it is believed she will marry during the coming year.*

### The First Christmas Tree

How was the first Christmas tree decorated?

According to legend, when Christ was born a group of stars looked down upon an olive tree, a date palm, and a pine tree that stood above the manger.

Seeing that the pine had nothing to offer in His honor, while the others gave fruit and dates, they descended from the heavens to rest upon the pine boughs as an offering—and that was the first Christmas tree.

To make fruit trees bear, Pennsylvania German farmers recite this charm before sunset on Christmas Eve:

*Christ was born on Christmas Eve.  
You shall not freeze but live.  
With these rags I wrap you round  
That in much fruit you may abound.*

### The Poinsettia

In Mexico, it is the custom for every church and chapel to have a manger in which lies an image of the Infant Saviour. On Christmas Eve, in the outer district of Cuernavaca, a small dark-eyed child grieved because she had no flowers to take to the manger. But as she cried a beautiful angel appeared and said, "Lovely child, weep no more. Go pluck a weed from the roadside, bring it to the altar, and wait." The little girl did as the angel told her, and when she had placed the weed on the altar it immediately became a vivid scarlet whorl. And today the Mexicans will tell you that it is the reason why the poinsettia is the most prized of all flowers for the beloved Christmastide and why they call it the *Flor de Noche Buena*, the Flower of the Holy Night.—*Legends of Holidays*—University of Tennessee





## Merry Christmas Everyone!

To little children everywhere—  
Reluctant feet upon the stair,  
Eyes filled with wonder, ears that hear  
Elfin sleigh bells drawing near—  
Merry, merry Christmas!

To parents who so lovingly  
Have decked the star-crowned Christmas Tree,  
Then join their neighbors as they go

Caroling across the snow—  
Happy, happy Christmas!

To men of good will, far and wide,  
Whose hearts and homes this Christmastide  
Are opened to the lonely stranger  
As their offering to the Manger—  
Blessed, blessed Christmas!

—Maureen Murdoch



### MERRY MORNING

To our house, to our  
house,  
Santa found his way.  
A merry morning this is—  
A merry, merry day.

At our house, at our house,  
Are hosts of pretty things  
Wrapped in colored paper  
And tied with silver strings.

The packages that beckon,  
And fairly seem to burst,  
Wear written invitations:  
"Open me first!"

A camera tagged for Dad  
Will catch the Christmas  
scene—  
The candy canes and mov-  
ing trains,  
The ornamented green.

In our house, in our house,  
Are love and Christmas  
cheer

A merry morning this is—  
The joyous day is here!

—Jeanne Cole

When I was a little girl, Santa Claus not only brought new toys, he mended beloved old ones. Every year, early in December, I would write a note to the jolly old saint: "Dear Santa, please fix Rosie!"

Rosie was an old black rag doll, much battered, whose kind, embroidered eyes viewed the uncertainties of my childhood with calm reassurance. I had other dolls, but none was so close to my heart as Rosie. I took care of the other dolls. Ragged though she was, Rosie took care of me. So every December, with a parting pang, I'd place her on the table with my note to Santa pinned to her torn dress, and go to bed lonely but hopeful.

I never knew exactly what happened to Rosie on these pre-Christmas trips. All I knew was that every year she came back, torn dress mended, almost as good as new. As a result, my belief in Santa lasted far longer than it does with most children. I stoutly held to my conviction even when it made me the laughing stock of the second grade. All I knew was that I wasn't going to risk Rosie's life by lack of faith.

The loving hands that did Santa's work are now at rest, but I still have Rosie with her limp, cotton arms and on her sweet embroidered face a relaxed and sleeping look, as if she knows her mission in this world is over and she now dreams those quiet dreams sacred to faithful, retired rag dolls.

And now at Christmas time, when once again the world turns to the ancient story of rebirth, when the exchange of presents among friends expresses our longing for a peaceful world, I find in my heart among all these things a place for the memory of Rosie's annual restoration.

Surely in the renewed blossoming of a little child's favorite doll lies the meaning of the miracle behind the Christmas story, through which we, too, can be reborn . . . the simple miracle of understanding love.

FRIEDA MARION

### AS THE OLD YEAR ENDS

*Let me remember, as the old year ends,  
That there has been no year without some new  
And unexpected happiness that transcends  
The years; let me recall how friendships grew  
Through days that I believed so desolate,  
That nothing beautiful could ever grow  
In them: and let me not forget how great  
Successes came, when hope had seemed to go.*

*Oh, let me not forget, beginning now  
A year that seems to promise little good,  
How even the darkest years contained somehow  
More lovely days than I believed they could,  
For so I am assured I shall not miss  
Some bright transcendent happiness in this.*

—Jane Merchant

### DECEMBER

I like days  
with a snow-white collar,  
and the nights when the  
moon is a silver dollar,  
and hills are filled  
with eiderdown stuffing  
and your breath makes  
smoke like an engine  
puffing.

I like days  
when feathers are snowing,  
and all the eaves  
have petticoats showing,  
and the air is cold,  
and the wires are  
humming,  
but you feel all warm . . .  
with Christmas coming!

—Aileen Fisher