

When the song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with their flock,
The work of Christmas begins:
 To find the lost,
 To heal the broken,
 To feed the hungry,
 To release the prisoner,
 To rebuild the nations,
 To bring peace among others,
 To make music in the heart.

Howard Thurman, African-American mystic

May you have a blessed Christmas – today and tomorrow and in the year to come.

**Peace,
Tony and Margaret**