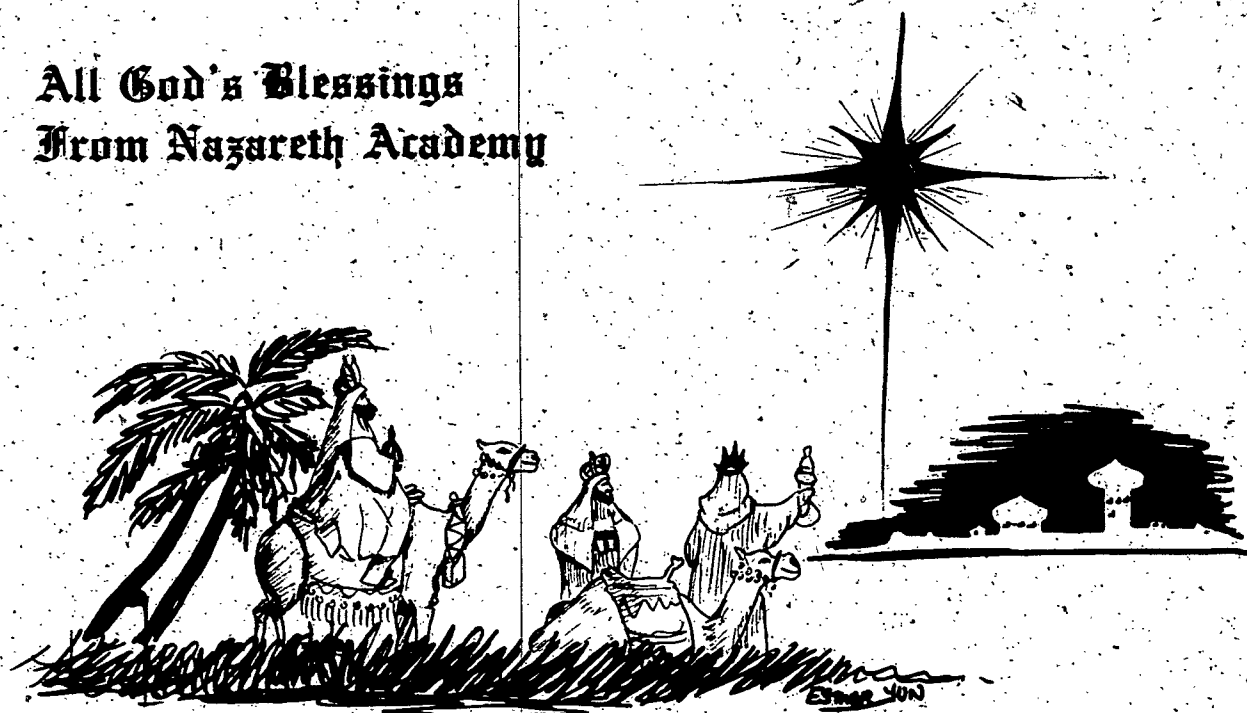




Joan M. Smith, Editor

### All God's Blessings From Nazareth Academy



### Christmas Is Understanding

I woke up. It must have been the tenth time, but this time I could see the outline of my window. It was morning! Finally! They had slept long enough. There were 364 other days to sleep in. I was down the hall and through their bedroom door in a flash. I hopped up on the bed and began to give my annual speech: "How can you sleep! Don't you know what day this is?"

Dad rolled over and tried to wake up. Mom sat up and asked me to go back to bed; at least for a while. This had never happened before. I couldn't believe it. "But, what about Christmas!" I said. "We'll miss Christmas!"

Mom ran out of the room. She was crying. I started after her but before I got to the door, Dad stopped me. He picked me up and sat me on his lap, like he did when he explained how it was going to hurt him more than me. I was worried.

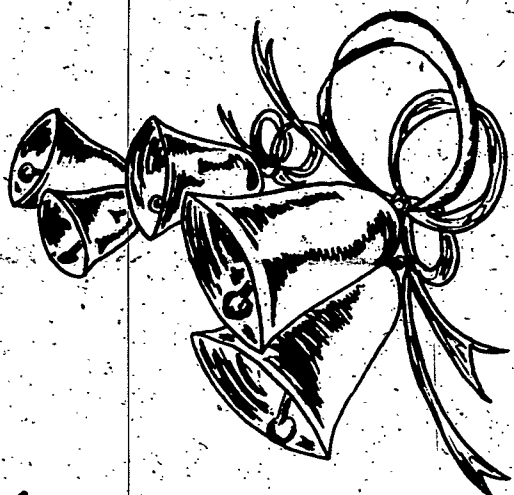
"You don't understand why your mom is so upset, do do you?" he asked. I shook my head. "Mom feels bad that we can't give you a real Christmas like you've had before. I just know things will be better next year. We'll make it up to you. I promise we will." He hung his head, avoiding my eyes.

I grabbed my father's hand and dragged him to the kitchen. I kissed my mother and asked her not to cry. I pulled them to the window. I pointed to the falling snow. "There's Christmas," I said as I pointed to the fir tree someone had decorated. "There's Christmas."

Dad hugged us both. "We're Christmas," he said. Mom squeezed my hand. "It's only what we make it to be."

Anonymous  
Class of '81

God's Blessings  
in the New Year  
From Cardinal Mooney



### A Merry Christmas

### Rap Around

Season's  
Greetings  
from all  
the students  
at

# AQUINAS



a Christmas  
wish from  
St. Agnes  
High School...



...Peace  
on  
earth



## A Blessed Christmas and Joyful New Year From The Bishop Kearney Family