

The Journey of the Magi



"A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The snow was deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter."
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and
women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of
shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty, and charging high prices.
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.



Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the
darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.



All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we lead all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I have seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

—T. S. Eliot





*The beautiful poinsettias decorating our sanctuary
this holy season have been placed there:*



In honor of Anna Joy Allen Grady

In honor of Anna Joy Allen Grady

In honor of Susan and Joy Allen Grady

In honor of Sam Bangura and our family in Sierra Leone

In memory of John R. Bishop

In honor of Holly, Andrew and Claire Cantrell

To my grandmother, Violet Elaine Carlock, for her dedication
and gifts she has brought to her children, grandchildren,
and great grandchildren,

In memory of our grandmothers, Willa Pearl Clark, Mary Lou
Hancock, and Maxine Willis

In honor of our sweet Cokie

In honor of the Companions in Christ class

In memory of Oneita and Dan Connell and Milton Brown,
our parents

In memory of Charlie Craft

In memory of Cissy Craft

In memory of Malcolm Davis, my dad

In honor of the "Disciple Sisters" (You know who you are!)

In memory of Merlin J. Dixon

In memory of Evelyn and Deaderick Doak

In honor of our families

In memory of Brenda Fox

In memory of Mary Fuller

In memory of our sweet Mothers, Rachel Grant and
Ann Willis

In memory of Dr. Van Greene

In honor of Cheryl Gutterres, my mom

by Bill Ericson and Tom Sweeny

by Dave and Susan AllenGrady

by Ben T. Huiet, Jr.

by Teresa Davis

by Becky Wellman

by Rev. Jim Cantrell

by Amir Carlock

by Glenn and Becky Boyette,
Erin, Jessica and Rachel

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Erin, Jessica and Rachel

by Teresa Davis

by Van and Brenda Brown

by Don, Rebecca and Billy
Wallace

By Don, Rebecca and Billy
Wallace

by Teresa Davis

by Teresa Davis

by John and Candace Dixon

by Tera Pullen

By Bill Ericson and Tom Sweeny

by Sonia and Fred Fuller

by Fred and Sonia Fuller

by Glenn and Becky Boyette,
Erin, Jessica and Rachel

by Leslie Truman

by Teresa Davis



In honor of Estelle Hardy

In memory of Percy D. Hardy, Sr.

In memory of my grandparents, Norman Oliver and
Erma Howard, with much love

In memory of J. D. Howard, Jr.

In memory of Ben T. Huiet, Sr., my father

In memory of Edith F. Huiet, my sister

In memory of Edythe R. Huiet, my mother

In honor of Kay and Kathy, and those bravely fighting
breast cancer

In memory of Laura Bishop Koehnen

In memory of Minnie I. Levan

In honor of Joan Mayer

In honor of Rev. T. Jack McCollough and Orelia Dixon

In memory of Virginia Jones McCollough

In honor of Camerin Allgood McKinnon

In memory of Katharine and Bill McKinnon

In memory of Susan H. Methvin, her beloved mother

In memory of Freda Miller

In memory of Jewell Mote, Sally Larson, and Virgil Stephens

In memory of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Praytor

In honor of Shelby and Jacob Pullen

In memory of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Putnam

In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rappold, Sr.

In honor of the St. Paul congregation

In honor of my family, Gregg and Suzanne Stevens, and Kate,
Gregg, Shane and Alyssa

by Lana and Jimmy Hardy

by Lana and Jimmy Hardy

by Lisa (Roberson)

by Verona Zxelema Howard

by Ben T. Huiet, Jr.

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by Ben T. Huiet, Jr.

by Leslie Truman

by Becky Wellman

by Michelle Levan

by the Mayer Todds and Mayer
Seymours

by John and Candace Dixon

by John and Candace Dixon

by Corbin McKinnon

by Bill McKinnon

by Mandy, James and Leo
Palmer

by Ashley, Mark and Malayna
Miller

by James and Joan Stephens

by Carl and Laura Rappold

by Tera Pullen

by Carl and Laura Rappold

by Carl and Laura Rappold

by Rev. and Mrs. Jim Cantrell

by Jenny Stevens



In honor of St. Paul Children's Sunday School Teachers, Sarah,
Shelly, Allen and Lou

In loving memory of my cousin, Tracy Tharp. I miss you.

In memory of my grandparents, James Alexander and Annie
Ruth Vaughn, with much love

In memory of "Our Dog Joe"

In memory of the Rev. C. P. and Evelyn Watson

In memory of Emily and Charles Williams

In memory of Evelyn Woodworth, wife of Hank Woodworth,
and Woody's mother



by Jenny Stevens

by Lisa (Roberson)

by Lisa (Roberson)

by Don, Rebecca and Billy
Wallace

by Su Watson

by their grandchildren, Andy,
Anjie, Mike and Ben

by Woody and Linda Woodworth

Prayer for a New Mother

The things she knew, let her forget again-
The voices in the sky, the fear, the cold,
The gaping shepherds, and the queer old men
Piling their clumsy gifts of foreign gold.

Let her have laughter with her little one;
Teach her the endless, tuneless songs to sing,
Grant her her right to whisper to her son
The foolish names one dare not call a king.

Keep from her dreams the rumble of a crowd,
The smell of rough-cut wood, the trail of red,
The thick and chilly whiteness of the shroud
That wraps the strange new body of the dead.

Ah, let her go, kind Lord, where mothers go
And boast his pretty words and ways, and plan
The proud and happy years that they shall know
Together, when her son is grown a man.

— Dorothy Parker