


Let's put on our mittens and button our coat.

Wrap a scarf snugly around our throat.

Pull on our boots, fasten the straps,  
and tie on tightly our warm winter caps.

Then open the door and out we go  
into the soft and feathery snow.



A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring four lit candles (two on the left, two on the right) and several four-pointed starburst sparkles. At the top and bottom center, there are two horizontal candles with a sparkly starburst between them.

A candle's but a simple thing,  
it starts with just a bit of string.

But dipped or rolled with patient hand,  
it gathers wax upon the strand.

Until complete and snowy white,  
it gives at last a lovely light.

Life seems so like that bit of string,  
each deed we do a simple thing.

Yet day by day on life's strand,  
we work with patient heart and hand.

It gathers joy, makes dark days bright,  
and gives at last a lovely light.



See the little snowflakes  
Falling from the sky,  
On the hills and housetops,  
Soft and thick they lie.  
On the window ledges,  
On the branches bare;  
See how fast they gather,  
Filling all the air!

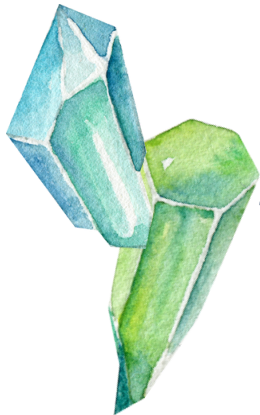


Look into the garden  
Where the grass was green,  
Covered by the snowflakes,  
Not a blade is seen.

Look outside the window,  
All looks still and white;  
Under snowy blankets,  
What a pretty sight!

-J.D. Macey





The first light of Advent is the light  
of stones.

Stones that live in crystals,  
seashells, and bones.



The second light of Advent is the  
light of plants.

Roots, stem, leaf, flower and fruit  
by whom we live and grow.



The third light of Advent is the light  
of beasts.

Animals of farm, field, forest, air  
and sea.

All await the birth in greatest and in  
least.



The fourth light of Advent is the  
light of humankind.

The light of love, the light of  
thought, to give and to understand.

