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(2) Tract 1

enclosed: 2pg letter / 2020 Jan 2nd, Monday

Mailed: 23

December 2019, Monday

anything. I'll be a man. Please, Sir, let me cover her with this coat." Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"No," I said, "keep your coat, your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her." "God bless you," sobbed the prisoner. I took the girl to my home. She remained a number of years and became a Christian by faith in the Lord Jesus.

A few years later, I visited Nellie and her father, also a born again believer, in their neat little home on a quiet street. It was a real joy to see the change in that man. Because of his reformation, he had been pardoned, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his hard heart.

What does it take for us to stop what we are doing to ourselves—our family—and our world? Will it take tragedy, despair, loneliness, financial loss, or even death. Will we ever look around us and become sensitive and aware of our loved ones. Yes, Christmas is a time of families, of tender moments, but until we stop and realize that the greatest gift has already been given to us, we can never enjoy the full benefits of our families. That gift is salvation, yes, accept Jesus Christ into your heart as Lord and Savior.

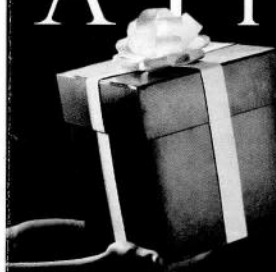
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Gospel Tract Society, Inc.
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A Present for Papa



One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison, instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning while it was yet dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets full of presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake. As I hurried along, I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then, I saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress; her bare feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper parcel. Wondering who she was and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be interested, I hurried on. But soon heard that I was being followed. I stopped, and turned around, and there before me stood the same wretched-looking child.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply. "Are

intercession for us,"

Romans 8:34.

What Child Is This?

This Child will come again as a Bridegroom to take His Bride away.

"For the LORD Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the Voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God: and the Dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the LORD in the air: and so shall we ever be with the LORD,"

1 Thessalonians 4:16-17.

What Child Is This?

This Child will come in great power and glory to judge the world.

"In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to My gospel,"

Romans 2:16.

What Child Is This?

This Child wants to give Himself to you! Will you accept His gift today?

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,"

Titus 2: 14.

If you will confess with your mouth the LORD Jesus Christ, and will believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved,

Romans 10:9.

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What Child Is This?

you the keeper of the prison, sir." "Yes, who are you, and why are you not at home?" "Please sir, I have no home, mama died two weeks ago, and she told me just before she died that papa was in prison, an' she thought maybe he would like to see his little girl now. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today is Christmas, and I want to give him a present."

"No," I replied gruffly, "you will have to wait until visitors' day," and started on. I had not gone many steps when I felt a pull at my coat, and a pleading voice said, "Please, don't go." I stopped once more, and looked into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were in her eyes, while her little chin quivered with emotion.

"Mister," she said, "If your little girl was me, and your little girl's mama had died an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, and your little girl came to see me, if I was keeper of the prison, an' asked me to please let her see her papa to give him a present, don't you—don't you think I would say yes?"

By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered, "Yes, my little girl, I think you would and you shall see your papa," and taking her hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own fair-haired little girl at home. Arriving in my office, I bade her come near the warm stove, while I sent a guard to Cell No. 37. The man came out of the cell and when he saw the little girl his face

formed an angry frown and in a gruff, angry voice he snarled:

"Nellie, what are you doing here, what do you want, go back to your mama." "Please papa," begged the little girl, "mama's dead. And before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved him so, an' told me to tell you she loved you, too—but papa,"—and her voice broke in sobs and tears—"Jimmie died, too, last week, and now I am alone, papa, an' today is Christmas, papa, an'- and I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him."

Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little fair curl, and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so, "I cut it from dear little Jimmie's head, papa, just before they buried him."

Her papa by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down, he picked up the little girl, pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left them alone. In about an hour I returned. Her father stayed near the stove with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly, for a moment, and then said, "Sir, I haven't any money." Then, suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, "For God's sake don't let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late, I'll do

*What Child is this, who, laid to rest
On Mary's lap, is sleeping?*

*Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?*

*This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!*

*Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.*

*So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant king to own Him,
The King of kings, salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!*

What Child Is This?

This Child is God's Son.

*"And lo a voice from Heaven, saying, This is My
beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,"*

Matthew 3:17.

What Child Is This?

This Child is God-become-man.

*"But when the fullness of the time was come,
God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made
under the Law,"*

Galatians 4:4.

What Child Is This?

This Child became a Man to save us.

*"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt
call His name JESUS: for He shall save His
people from their sins,"*

Matthew 1:21.

What Child Is This?

This Child lived a perfect life.

*"Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His
mouth,"*

1 Peter 2:22.

What Child Is This?

This Child shed His Blood on the Cross to pay
the price for our sins.

*"In whom we have redemption through His
blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the
riches of His grace,"*

Ephesians 1:7.

What Child Is This?

This Child rose from the dead after three days.

*"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of
David was raised from the dead according to My
gospel,"*

2 Timothy 2:8.

What Child Is This?

This Child now reigns in Heaven with God.

*"Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that
died, yea rather, that is risen again, Who is even
at the right hand of God, Who also maketh*

should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Philippians 2:10-11).

Many people have stumbled at the wrapping. Their eyes have seen only the swaddling clothes or the form of a man. They have never recognized His inward beauty, His grace, His truth, or His deity. They have never considered that His poverty was due to His love for them. *"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich"* (2 Corinthians 8:9).

How important it is to trust the lowly Man of Nazareth as Saviour in this, the day of Grace. For in His next appearance *"...the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power"* (2 Thessalonians 1:7-9).

Trust Him this Christmas season as your Saviour. It was for this purpose He came.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11). *"For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them..."* (Luke 9:56).

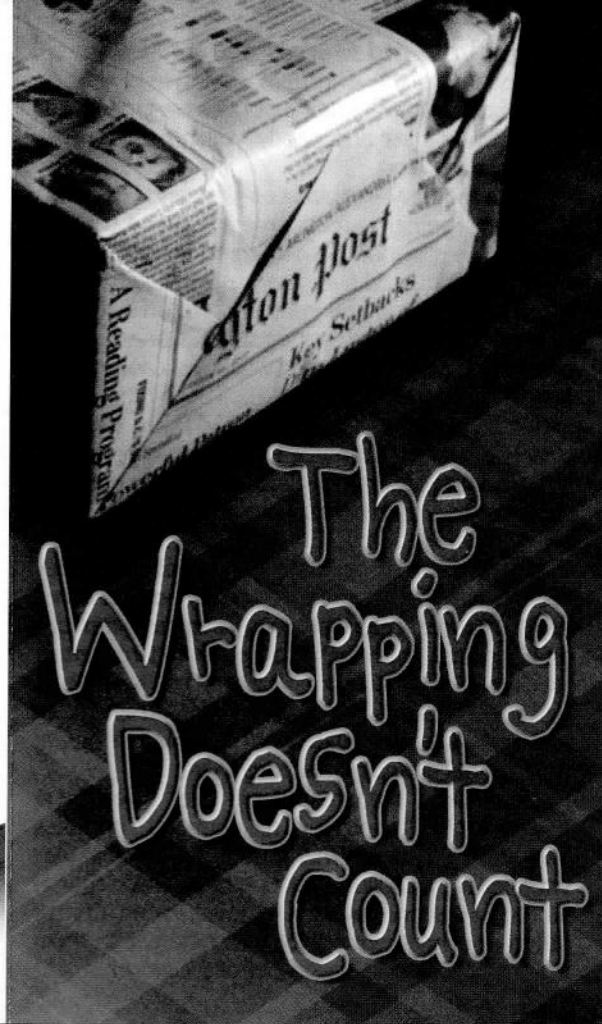
—Sam Gallagher

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Eight-year-old Mary, like all children, looked forward to the Christmas season with happy anticipation. Although her parents were poor, there were always gifts and candy waiting for her on Christmas morning.

This year little Mary had been pondering how she could surprise her parents with a gift. The pennies and nickels she had earned through running errands were counted over and over. Would there be enough to buy something nice? Many an hour was spent looking in store windows, and one day her eyes alighted upon a brightly colored candy bowl, and she knew that this was it.

Her purchase was made quickly, but it was not until she had arrived home that she thought about the wrapping paper and ribbon. A gift so fine should surely have a special wrapping, but alas, her money had all been spent. "Oh, well," she thought, "it's really the gift that counts." Then slipping into her room quietly, she wrapped the candy bowl in newspapers. For fear that the poorly wrapped gift might go unnoticed, she attached a note with large letters reading, "To mama and daddy. THE WRAPPING DOESN'T COUNT. IT'S good inside." Then tiptoeing downstairs, she placed her humble gift beside the gaily-decorated gifts already there.

Jesus Christ, the greatest gift ever given, who has brought lasting joy to countless numbers and changed the eternal destiny of millions, was wrapped in swaddling clothes at birth. These coarse, worthless scraps of material revealed, in part, Christ's depth of condescension, for they held within them the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

The wrapping at His birth characterized His entire life and spirit while on earth. There were the years of obscurity when, dressed as a common woodworker, Christ labored in Joseph's carpenter shop in Nazareth. Next came the three and one-half years of public ministry spent about His Father's business, speaking words of truth and healing the sick. He, with His little band of lowly disciples, was without home or wealth, and dressed in the garb of the poor. He was often reproached for eating with the outcasts of society.

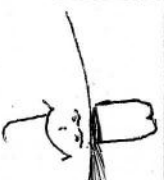
The final hours of His life on earth were spent on a hill called Calvary. Never was He wrapped in garments of royalty nor crowned with jewels. Instead, the Roman soldiers *"...parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots"* (Matthew 27:35), and upon His holy brow they placed a mocking crown of thorns. Shortly thereafter, Joseph of Arimathea lovingly wrapped His body in a clean linen cloth (Matthew 27:57-60); never again was Jesus to be wrapped in the clothing of this world. God raised Him from the dead on the third day in a new and glorious body of triumph.

The world will soon see Jesus again. This time He will not appear in swaddling clothes or garments of the poor, nor will He wear a crown of thorns. He will appear the second time in majesty, crowned with glory and honor as the mighty World Conqueror. *"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; And that every tongue*

"By consciously looking for the good outcome, we become co-creators of the future."
- THE NAPOLEON HILL FOUNDATION

January 2020

"I want to give good measure running over And into angry hearts I want to pour The answer soft that turneth wrath away, I'm sure I shall not pass again this way."
- Dr. Napoleon Hill

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
 <p>"If you do what you always do, you will get what you have always got!"</p>			1		2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	19	20	21	22	23	24
						25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

"Having an attitude that is positive or negative affects more than just you. It affects your work, customers, clients, co-workers, and everyone you come in contact with."
- Mac McGee

"Remember... the creation of habits requires repetition through physical action."
- Napoleon Hill

by: "The Light" 23 December 2019

dear Truman,

So pleased to receive your letter on 20 December - Friday. Many thanks!!! Our people dare not underestimate the evil that drives those who have done as much as they have done to myself and to so many others. As it was in German occupied Europe, most of the people have no clue - NONE! what is going on right under their noses. ☹️



Don't Dana and I look just like the worst criminals you could ever imagine? I thought you would see. 😊

None of this is outside the view of our Lord Jesus Christ. It will be a testimony against the powers of darkness just as surely as day follows the night! When He stood up for us, He never looked back. Our victory is sure! (Proverbs 3:5,6). I thank God for your prayers and join in with thanks!

I am looking forward to that steak you've placed my name on. May it be soon. I'm sure that they are very good. Our Father provides nothing but the best. We focus on the strength of the Lord, Philippians 4:13, and not on our own and we have all the strength we could ever need. Moses was 80 when he went to Egypt to lead our fathers, House of Israel [true Isreal] out and to the promised land.

As Christmas is only a day or so away, I pray that your gathering will truly be a blessing and birth many lasting memories for all who are there. It certainly brings many wonderful memories to mind for me, as I look back. We will have quiet time and are blessed to have our scriptures and reminders of the wonder of it all. "Joy to the World!" 😊

Here we have had snow, but if the 45° temps continue there will be very little snow on Christmas day. It is actually above normal temps even for this spot in the lower 48. It is generally mild anyway. I grew up and lived for many years in northern Iowa and southern Minnisota and winter there is much more winter than they have here. And 50° below zero from Montana would freeze these folks out.

In your letter you mention your Christmas traditional Norse meal. My wife Dana, is Scotch-Norwegian. Her mothers parents came to Chicago from Norway when they were in their 20s, 1890s. Her cousins are still Vikings, as they have huge ships at sea and transport around the globe. In the 70s Dana and her sister and brothers had the good fortune to help off-load Volkswagens off their ship in Chicago. They loved driving all those cars on to the port lot. And got paid for doing so. [SMILE !]

Beautiful people. Dana's mother, Elsa, was Miss Illinois in late 40s as well as a concert pianist who played with the Chicago Symphony. She was thus able to graduate from Berkley with a degree in English. My how the world turns.

You are in my heart and prayers as we turn the calendar for year 2020, and look forward with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for His goodness and mercy abound forever. (Ps 23).

May all be well with you and yours!!! I remain privileged to have you as a friend and fellow worker in the Kingdom!

with Love of Christ,
your fellow servant,

rex russell dean

