

Dear Members of St. Barnabas' Parish:

Alice and I, along with Marie and Emery, Jr. were delighted to spend Christmas Eve with you last night. Thank you so much for your warmth and special Christmas package. Below, please find a timeless piece entitled One Solitary Life wrapped in Ronald Grames' rendition of Jesu Parvule written by Alfred Burt. It was chosen to fit into the Midnight Mass and tell the story of the importance of the Babe born in Bethlehem so many centuries ago, lest we forget.

Here's wishing each of you a Merry Christmas!

The Rev. Emery Washington, Sr.

Jesu parvule,
On Thy couch of hay,
Greet we Thee today
Sweet Son of Mary.
Be Thy slumber deep.
While fair angels keep,
Vigil o'er Thy sleep.
Blest Babe of Mary

One Solitary Life

Author Unknown

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village, where he worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty. Then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held office. He never owned a home. He never went to college. He never set foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He did none of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

He had nothing to do with the world except the naked power of His divine manhood. While He was still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends deserted Him. He was turned over to his enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only property He had-his coat. When he died, he was taken and laid in a borrowed grave.

To Thy joy to see
Kings on bended knee,
Off'ring gifts to Thee,
Sweet Son of Mary.
But Thou may'st not know,
What these gifts fore-show,
Of Thy future woe,
Blest Babe of Mary

***Twenty* wide centuries have come and gone, and *tonight* he is the centerpiece for much of the human race. All the armies that have ever marched and all the navies that ever sailed, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned put together have not affected the life of *the human* upon this earth as powerful as this “One Solitary Life.**

**Let this gold the while
With the glint beguile,
Thy dear lips to smile,
Sweet Son of Mary
May no shadow gray.
Cloud one happy day,
Of Thine infant play
Blest Babe of Mary.
(Amen. Amen!)**