

# Some Christmas Beliefs

Compiled by  
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Tradition holds that the Blessed Mother and her Babe, or some stranger instead, are likely to tap at the door on Christmas Eve and ask for food and shelter. With this thought in mind, some folks eagerly listen for a knock at the door during the meal on Christmas Eve and whoever hears the knock has good luck and great fortune in store for him.

If by chance the Christmas fire goes out, it is an unlucky sign. The ashes of the Christmas log are supposed to give fertility to the ground, rid the cattle of vermin, cure toothache and protect the house from fire.

It was believed that the ashes, if put in a well, would keep the water pure. In Italy, the ashes are preserved as protection against hail.

There is an Old Christmas superstition regarding "First Footings". It relates to the person who first enters the house on a Christmas morning. A woman or girl is thought to bring ill luck; a man or boy usually brings good luck; but he must always bring something into the house before he takes anything out of it. It is further held that a dark-haired man insures better luck than a fair-haired one. Somewhat similar is the belief that the luckiest person in the house is he who first opens the door to "let Christmas in."

The number of houses in which you eat a mince pie in the twelve days of Christmas, are the number of happy months that you will have in the year.

When Christmas falls on a Friday, the harvest of the ensuing year will be so bountiful that seeds sown anywhere will grow.

Children born within the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany  
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## the Miracle of Christmas

by bellie a. dolalas

THE FAINT strains of familiar Christmas songs will soon float upon the cold December atmosphere. Soon I will feel December's chilly breeze caressing in the mystic quietness of the dawn. Pretty soon, too, my brother, Joe, will make a bright, fanciful star lantern made of bamboo sticks and Japanese paper. This will light our simple house as the glowing stars will light the blue face of the sky on Christmas. Papa will surprise the family with a tall tree covered with cotton snow, glittering with tinsel and colored bulbs. Mama will gladden the whole family, too, with her luscious cakes. My brothers and sisters, bubbling over with gaiety and mirth, will race to open their Christmas gifts.

Then we will all greet Christmas with the "Noche Buena", that midnight snack which begins when Papa slices a juicy part of a fried chicken simmering in onion sauce, and distributes it among us. I will soon rack my brains trying to figure out what suitable gift to give to someone close to my heart; perhaps, a necktie, a belt, a bracelet with our names engraved on it, a lighter or a "playboy" shirt that will match the two of us when we stroll on Christmas eve.

For me, there will be no room for sadness, hatred or despair. I will join the world as it unites to celebrate the Feast of feasts, the birth of our dear Saviour. Mirth, peace and a festive mood will permeate everyone's heart. There will be a rise in the temperature of human kindness.

Christmas is purity and purity is whiteness, whiteness of the heart. I'm praying and hoping that on Christ you and I and the rest will give out our white hearts and offer them without reservation to the Pure White Host.

Christmas is light and light is whiteness, whiteness of the mind. I'm dreaming and hoping and praying that on Christmas, all of us will realize that without Christ, the Prince of Peace, there can be no peace and no love.

Peace and love through our Redeemer will gladden all human hearts to bring once more the miracle of Christmas. #