

MEMO FROM THE MAYOR

SUBJECT: CHIP THE WONDER DOG SAVES CHRISTMAS

Every child in Martinsville at the bottom of the hill,
every child loves Christmas, and always will!

In fact, they love that day so much...

They dance and play and make presents and such!

Thinking of their family fun, no doubt...

They certainly can't wait for their school to let out!

So, on that wonderful final day of learning,
given their minds enter the greatest yearning,
as the teachers line them up to say, "Good-bye" ...

They bolt out the door with a roaring cry,

"It's Christmas vacation, let's fly! We're free!"

Then all race to their buses with glee.

"We get to go home!" they shout, "Don't you see?"

"It's Christmas vacation for you and me!"

How happy they are this time of year,

to have their family and friends so near.

Eating their favorite treats and snacks,
even bags of warm peanuts in little brown sacks.

But when they got home and they flew through the door, sad faces gave greetings with
Christmas décor, "What's the matter, mother dear?" *en banc* they inquired. "During the
Christmastide season, we must be inspired"

"This year, we can't," their mothers replied,

"Christmas has been cancelled."

Then all the children cried.

"But mother!" they protested, "How can that be?"

We've always had Christmas and a pretty tree!
Grandma and Grandpa and cousins come, too.
And we always make little presents for you!"
All the mothers in unison said, "True! We always have a wonderful Christmas with you.
But this year is different, as day from night.
It's not about Promise or Hope or what's right.
It's about a long, dark winter, full of fright.
This year no Christmas will be in sight."

Now, there lived a little girl at the end of the block, who just happened to own the friendliest
Dach.

Together they planned a campaign of hope,
one to allow their town to cope,
with sickness and grief, malaise and despair,
a campaign that would heal and mend and repair.

So, Wakeley and Chip thought long and hard, then sat at a table making card after card.
She enlisted her cousins for the task at hand, knowing they would make quite a cousin band:

Turner and Emmy and Clara, then Christian,
then Caleb and Mary, just no Prancer or Vixen.

For two days straight they printed and drew;
and Wakeley warned Chip not to chew,
the tasty paper or limited card stock,
for starting over would cause quite a shock.
They worked and worked and made over a thousand,
a number beyond a math-smart Dachshund.
And when they were done, Chip knew there's more,
His job was to deliver a card to each door.

Each card, handmade and multi-colored, could easily be read by even a dullard.

The message was simple, as that's the best way,
when proclaiming the Truth by foot or by sleigh.
At each house or apartment, with a card in the door,
Chip knew they'd be read, an easy chore.
For the message came from the Gospel of John,
an apostle of Christ who lived righteously long.
He was righteous not because of no sin,
Indeed, he knew the fix he was in;
so, Christ the Savior lived in him!

John suffered trials much harsher than ours,
banished to Patmos in his last hours.
There he continued as a vessel for truth,
completing the mission he started in youth.

He wrote a message so simply serene,
a message scholars now call Johannine;
a message in our hearts to engrave,
that God loved the world so much He gave
His only begotten Son to save
that same fallen world He once created.
Well knowing its outcome, He anticipated
the need for a Savior for each and all,
His genius technique to fix the Fall:
the ultimate gift for each to receive,
neither earned, nor deserved, don't be deceived.

No potentate, prince, dictator or tyrant,
can take this perfect gift so vibrant,
a gift He formed before even time,

a gift that gives true life sublime,
a gift that lives within our hearts,
a gift that has and forever imparts,
God's perfect love.

So, Chip and Wakeley and her cousins all know that if kept in our hearts God's love will grow.

Chip reminds us then, to reject despair.

We're destined for His eternal care,
if we don't reject His generous gift,
one that causes such worldly rift.

Now every child in Martinsville, that little town at the bottom of the hill,
continues to celebrate the Savior's birth
with cookies and candy and wonderful mirth.

Merry Christmas to all, an inherent right,
which allows us to honor the Eternal Light
of a babe who in swaddling once earthly nursed
as He continued to rule our universe.

Merry Christmas, Martinsville! Always remember: He is the reason for the season,
the One who cannot be cancelled.