



CHRISTIAN CHAPEL ACADEMY

3300 S. Providence Road

Columbia, MO 65203

573-874-2325 PH 573-443-5037 FAX

www.cca-columbia.com

info@cca-columbia.com

PRINCIPAL'S PERSPECTIVE

DECEMBER 21, 2011

Christmas Blessings

It was a joy to share the Christmas program with you last week. The students looked great and they sounded even better! I want to commend Mrs. Kindle for the excellent work she did in preparing the students. The selection of carols and songs provided a delightful variety of music that proclaimed Christ's coming to earth.

I want to clarify some comments that were made at the end of the program. It was stated that Mrs. Kindle receives no stipend for preparing programs. Some schools pay a fixed amount to teachers who take on responsibilities beyond their classroom assignments. At CCA, we prefer to pay our specialist teachers hourly for all their involvement with classes, extra rehearsals, and programs. We appreciate all our teachers, and we endeavor to compensate them fairly for their ministry to our students.

Finally, I want to wish you a Merry Christmas by sharing a poem written by my creative wife.

Sincerely in Christ,

Art Morgan, Principal

A certain priest and aged wife had quite a start one day;
A message from the Lord came down in an angelic way.
In faith they'd gone from year to year; their lives all planned they thought,
until the visiting angel said they'd have a little tot.
The priest, dumbfounded you might say, awaited the eventful day.

Elisabeth, past her time, conceived what lovingly was sown;
Her weakened body God empowered to bear the blessed load.
To the amazement of their friends, she bore the baby John;
Papa's tongue was loosed by God; the months of silence gone.
His voice broke forth in prophetic sound, proclaiming deliverance for the bound.

The virgin, making marriage plans, was startled by the news
that she would bear God's Holy Son; Her womb the Lord would choose.
Would she her reputation lose? Could she her faith release?
Her will she lay at Heavenly feet and drank in blessed peace.
She gave God honor, gave Him praise, and made Him Lord of all her days.

Mary, sweet little Jewish girl, Joseph was going to wed.
His heart was torn; she was with child before the marriage bed.
With sadness he made plans to put his promised bride away,
when the angel of the Lord appeared and told him of the day
the Heavenly Child conceived within would set the people free from sin.

So be it; they would make a home for God's only begotten Son;
before a warm and friendly hearth, a cradle for the Righteous One.
But a census rudely put to flight the dreams of house and home;
Venture to Bethlehem they must; to a stable they were shown;
No family or friends to watch with her as labor pains began to stir.

Wrapped in cloth and laid to sleep in a simple manger bed,
Lord of Glory, so small and frail, Bethlehem born, as prophets said.
Shepherds, startled by angels' song, learned of the blessed birth;
Believing, quickly ran to see the King of peace on earth.
These visiting strangers the only ones to greet the tiny baby Son.

Mary and Joseph took our Lord, when eight days old was he,
to the temple to mark the child a Jew, and Simeon did see.
He was content to die in peace, at Jesus having gazed;
He prophesied of glorious things—the Salvation God had raised,
but also spoke a sorrowful part about a sword through Mary's heart.

They longed to see the newborn King; a sign they followed—a star.
To give Him gifts and worship Him they came from lands afar.
To Herod they came to find out where the babe was to be born.
The crafty king, with wicked heart, conspired, but angels warned,
So after worshipping at His abode, they returned home by another road.

As Joseph lay dreaming, an angel warned of Herod's evil plan.
The good man led his family to safety in Egypt's land,
And there they stayed til danger passed and at the angel's bidding
Returned again to Israel, to Nazareth, the city
Where Jesus became strong and grew to be the Savior for me and you.

--Kathy Morgan