



*And at night we win to the ancient inn
Where the child in the frost is furled,
We follow the feet where all souls meet
At the inn at the end of the world.*

*The gods lie dead where the leaves lie red,
For the flame of the sun is flown,
The gods lie cold where the leaves lie gold,
And a Child comes forth alone.*

*G.K. Chesterton
A Child of the Snows*



Dear Linda,

I just heard that you'll
be moving to St. Louis soon.
You will really be missed.
Will you still be here for
the Lawrence Regional in
Feb.? Hope to see you then.

Barbara J.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
&
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Calligraphy and design by Carla Borea. Written without retouching or reduction. The hands used are Italic majuscules and minuscules and Roman capitals. The excerpt from "A Child of the Snows" is reprinted from THE COLLECTED POEMS OF G. K. CHESTERTON with the kind permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

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