



# Christmas Greetings

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON EARTH  
PEACE GOOD WILL TO MEN.

December 9, 1957.

A Blessed Christmas to One and All!

Another year has passed, and my time in México is running out. Naturally in my thinking I am wondering about the value of my part of the work. May "The Master of All Good Workmen" over-rule my mistakes for I know they have been many. Twenty-eight years does not seem a long period on a Field; then I remember that I worked for five years at Brevard Institute, one of our mission schools and where I finished high school and commercial course; then eight good years in the office of my Alma Mater, Greensboro College, Greensboro, North Carolina, my "Beloved North Carolina", making a total of forty-one years, having worked my way through high school and college. My brother, Walter, helped me financially as much as he could, and is younger than I. His spiritual help continues. He is always helping someone. And how I appreciate the help of my youngest brother, George B. who still does more than I deserve; then the many loyal friends who have been grand all along the way. For each of you, I thank my Heavenly Father,

Puebla has celebrated my retirement this year, giving us a fall like a spring or early summer. This is the coldest morning we have had-down to 38 F. outside my door early, but by afternoon I will have my windows open letting the air and sunshine flood my room with warmth. Poisentias have never been so large, plentiful and beautiful. This morning I tried to wash the faces of those I could reach. Dust dulls their apperance, but with a little water they look fresh and gorgeous again. In the front patio I leave in my Good Will to Casa Hogar an aguacate tree with a start of two or three years' growth, a little pine and a beautiful night-blooming cereus which is enjoyed by all in May and June. Now for months I have enjoyed passing my African violets along to friends and will have that pleasure until I get away in January or Ferbruary. Dread packing up to go home, for I am too much of an accumulator Notes, papers, clippings, etc., are the very worst, and I am having a very hard time sorting them. It may be just a sentence caught here or there, but I always think I may want to see that idea again along the way Many of these I have been able to share with girls or fellow-workers for their work in daily vacation Bible schools in the villages or class-rooms which I like to do.

And the week-end of the 14th I hope to spend with one of our Normal graduates in her village and a short time with two of our workers in their home in another village.

Some of you know that I enjoyed the visit of my brother George and his wife in March. They first attended the meeting of International College of Surgeons in México City; then I had a few days of pure delight with them in Forín de las Flores, Cuernavaca and Taxco. I told them that they did not sit down in our House-Casa Hogar, but my Bud said, "Oh, yes, we did, to put on our shoes". The only visiting we did in Puebla was at meal time and that was too short to suit me; however one can visit as they travel along.

This year workers have gotten together for Retreatts, twice in this part of the Country. I had the privilege of attending one in September which was most worth while. There have been other special affairs which I shall want to share with you home folk in detail as I talk with you of our work in México. For instance a description of the wedding I attended last Sunday in México City of one of our finest young Christian men with one of the girls of our church just as consecrated as he, a couple I am hoping to see in Evanston where they will be preparing for further service in their home-land.

December 8th. Let's turn back the days to November 30th and come with me to the graduation exercises of the Primary, Secondary and Normal students. I thought it was the nicest I had seen. The students under the direction of a teacher had done a good job with their descorations. An Alumna brought them a message of beauty and challenge. We are counting on our young teachers to do good work as they go out for their first year.

A Merry Christmas to You and Yours;

Ola Eugene Callahan