

Crimson & White Connection

A ministry of prayer and encouragement to "High School, College, & Singles" (& others, too)

Values & Character + Spiritual Life + Relationships + Fun stuff

more resources at www.CrimsonWhite.org

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100% of our funding is directly or indirectly spent on encouraging spiritual growth, holiness, and abstinence from drugs, sex outside of marriage, and alcohol among young people.

For a free subscription, update your address, feedback, comments or to submit an article, contact us at:
4401 Wild Oak Lane, Greensboro, NC 27406
Ph.: 336-674-7564;

Crisis, emergency, or to "just talk about something", call: Your Mom; Your Dad; Your Pastor, or Rich or Marie Dymmel
(336/674-7564 or 336/908-3652)

Crimson & White? What's this?

... This letter is part of a ministry primarily to students and singles. It started with college students. Now about 1/3 of the mailing list is students, middle and high school and college, and 1/3 are age 22 to 30, and we'll just leave ages unsaid for the last 1/3 since, well, they're old. Articles are on character, values, spiritual life, relationships and more ... and some fun.

The theology position is "conservative," i.e. Jesus is God's Son, eternal, part of the single triune God, born of a virgin, sinless, crucified and risen, and is the *only* way to eternal life. We are free to choose Him. He has told us to be holy and that includes behaviors such as: sex outside of marriage is wrong.

Our goal is mail in your mail box about 15 times a year. We're trying to say that you are important enough for us to put this in your mailbox. We care about you and want to encourage your character growth and your spiritual walk. We also distribute a daily email devotional.

Another part of the ministry is prayer. We pray for those on our mailing list as the mail is prepared. When you get mail from us, you know someone prayed for you.

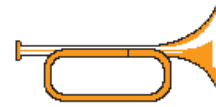
A college student reader chose the name **Crimson and White Connection** based on Isaiah 1:18 in the Bible "Come now, let us reason together," says the LORD. "Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red as crimson, they shall be like wool." The cleansing of our nature and our sins is a universal need. If you base your trust for entrance into Heaven in Jesus, God's Son, and His death and resurrection on your behalf, then your crimson stains are made white as wool. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. There is no other way. If you admit that you can not reach God's standard, are repentant and sorry for your short fall (sin) and have asked Him to forgive you, then He has forgiven you. If you are truly repentant, then there will be evidence of that in your actions, your life. -- If the "religion police" were to arrest you, would you be turned loose for "lack of evidence"? Or would the evidence of your actions convict

If you have chosen to accept Jesus as Lord of your life, either the first time or again, we would like to know so that we can pray for you and encourage you. Write or call us.

You WILL BE and ARE a slave! But you can CHOOSE your master! CHOOSE God today.

**John 3:16 is true.
Accept no substitute!**

The Rebel Bugle....



December 20, 2009

Merry Christmas

Whichever masthead you're familiar with, "Crimson & White Connection," which is our print ministry of encouragement since 1998, or "The Rebel Bugle," which has been our family Christmas card since 1985, ...

*Wishing you a most joyous Holiday,
and the Peace and Joy of the King of Kings*

Rich & Marie Dymmel

Christmas Joy 
(c) Dr. Richard R. Dymmel, Ed.D. 2009

Oh, you'll find Christmas in here, but I just really feel like having some fun, too, so you'll find a little of "Santa" in here... just for fun. And Santa is about gifts. And Christmas is about the biggest gift ever ... ever in the history of the world. You can find the real Christmas story starting in Matthew 1:18 and in Luke 1 and 2. Want the short version? For those of you like me, I'm a little ADHD, a little hyper, short attention span, all that... here it is in one verse, in one sentence, three translations. You find it in John 3:16:

(KJV) For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

(New Century) God loved the world so much that he gave his one and only Son so that whoever believes in him may not be lost, but have eternal life.

(The Message) This is how much God loved the world: He gave his Son, his one and only Son. And this is why: so that no one need be destroyed; by believing in him, anyone can have a whole and lasting life. (John 3:16)

"Not be lost." It's like God created the ultimate GPS. It's better than On-Star or TomTom. "Lost" is terrible. The KJV uses the word "perish." And "destroyed" in *The Message* is even worse. But instead find and have a "whole and lasting life."

God so loved the world, that includes you and me, that he gave us a gift, Jesus. Who was the perfect, complete substitutionary sacrifice, so we wouldn't perish, but have the option of Eternity in Heaven with God.

Well ... I just wish you a Super-Duper-Merry Christmas ... with Jesus this year.

Oh? What would I like for Christmas? A note from you that says, "I accepted the gift of life in Jesus" would be the most perfect gift anyone could give me.

In Christ, Rich

Do you have a relationship with God where you know He has accepted you just as you are? A relationship like with a loving father? If not, call me at 336-674-7564. Or call 1-888-NEED-HIM. – With God, you have never gone too far to return.

2009 Snapshots

May I tell you about “giving”? Hey, it’s a grampa thing. I just have to “brag” a little about the grandchildren (and my kids, too, because they are teaching their children).

‘04 Lauren, at age 4, starts her cookies-for-bicycles project. Last year it was 1300 cookies and she bought 16 bicycles for Ruandan farmers. This year, her 6th year for cookie sales, she baked 2700 cookies. As I write this, the final numbers aren’t in yet, but it is expected to be close to \$4,000 again. Gifts and giving.

This Summer, when Tim and Kristen and Nicole (almost 3 at the time), and Natalie (16 months) came from California to visit, Nicole learned to drive. (Those little Power Wheels cars for kids.) It took her about 15 minutes with a little instruction and help. But then she was all over the yard, at full throttle, and didn’t hit a single tree or person or obstacle, not once. - Stop. Back up. Turn again. GO!

After they left, Rich decided to find a “cuter” little car than the beat up one we had here. Well, one led to two, then three, then even finding 2 at a time. They almost all need some sort of repair, from a dead battery to a complete paint job to make them presentable. And a little geometry, and almost every one would get their front wheels aligned to parallel. Well, he’s sold 19 cars now, given one to a family on hard times, given one to a children’s home, and used profits to help several families on hard times. And there are still 8 cars in the garage(!) to do something with.

Matt and Jessica and their 3, Lauren, Gabe, and Caleb. Are doing good. The construction business has taken a hit for them, but they are getting some work. - And the church they helped start has grown to the point they are part of a team that is looking to plant another new church start.

Tim has been the stay-at-home-dad with the girls. And in their garage he has a small gym and has several personal-training clients. That has recently expanded. They got certified as “Cross Fit” trainers, have a training video almost ready to market on their web site, www.CrossFitPaloAlto.com, have rented a space in Palo Alto to move the training operation out of the garage, and are building a business.

Rich is officially old, decrepit, and retired - collects Social Security; his doctor gave him a handicapped permit for the car because his knees were getting so bad; and he’s declared himself retired. Now all he does is some math tutoring, repair and sells little kids cars; and writes the Crimson & White Connection and a daily devotional

Rich says, “God knew it wouldn’t be cool to be teaching, writing on the board, a student asks a question, and I turn and a knee goes out and I’m on the floor.” - The end of October Rich had a total right knee replacement. “I set off security systems now with my titanium knee.” And the left knee has been scheduled for January 28th. Therapy and all has gone very well, and he’s walking pretty good right now. “Before therapy this morning, I’m going to go for a full lap around the block, 1/4 mile, so I can check that off the therapy check list. Haven’t been able to do that since Spring.”

Marie is very busy as one of the Nursing Supervisors running the hospital. Big job, lots of responsibility, lots of physical, mental, and emotional energy. But she still likes what she does. She sings in the church choir and is active in her PEO (Philanthropic Education Organization) group.

Christmas for us this year will be a couple days with the kids here in NC. Then some time with friends. We’ll be heading to CA probably early Summer 2010 to visit that branch of the family.



We DO get snow in Greensboro - this year, once, 4”, and it was the weekend we had Lauren and Gabe at our house.



5 Grandkids, from Atlantic and Pacific coasts all together the end of July.



Nicole, “Hang on Natalie. I have to miss hitting that truck.”

(No pictures of us. No room. If you want to see us, come on over, and stay a while.)

1 CORINTHIANS 13 FOR CHRISTMAS

If I speak in the tongues of Christmas materialism and greed but have not love, I am only a tinny Christmas song or an out of tune choir.

If I have the gift of knowing what Aunt Agatha will give me this year and can even understand last year's present, and if I have the faith that I won't get yet more socks and ties this year but have not love, I am nothing.

If I clear out the house and give everything to charity and my credit cards are snapped in half but have not love, what can I possibly gain?

Love is patient when the fourth store you've tried doesn't have a bottle garden.

Love is kind and lets the couple with only a few items go in front of you and your bulging shopping cart.

Love does not envy your friend who gets mega-presents from everybody.

Love does not boast about the \$400 bike, the Xbox 360, the TV, VCR, and computer your dad gave you.

Love does not attempt to out buy, out wrap, and out give the rest of the family just to impress.

Love doesn't cut Aunt Flo off your Christmas card list because she forgot you last year.

Love is not self-seeking and leaves a copy of your Christmas list in every room of the house.

Love is not easily angered when the young girl at the checkout takes forever because she is just temporary staff.

Love doesn't keep remembering how many times your mum forgets you don't like Brussels sprouts.

Love does not delight in the commercial bandwagon but rejoices with the truth of a baby born in the stable.

Love always protects the family from Christmas hype.

Love always trusts that the hiding places for presents will remain secret for another year.

Love always hopes that this year more neighbors will drop in to your open house coffee morning.

Love always perseveres until the cards are written, the presents all bought, the shopping done, and the Christmas cake iced.

Toys may break, socks wear thin but love never fails.

Where there is the feeling of the presents to guess their contents, and mum going on about being good so Father Christmas will come, and searching through the cupboards to find your hidden presents, they will all stop.

For we think we know what we are getting, and we hope we know what we are getting but when Christmas Day arrives all will be revealed.

When I was a child I talked with big wide-open eyes about Christmas, thought that Christmas was all about me, I reasoned that Jesus should have been born more often. When I became an adult, I forgot the joy, wonder, and excitement of this special time.

Now we just hear about the angels, shepherds, and wise men, then we shall see them all the time. Now I know as much as the Bible says about the first Christmas, then I shall know just how many wise men there were and where they came from.

Now three things remain to be done:

To have faith that the baby born in a stable is the Son of God.

To hope that the true message of Christmas will not get discarded with the wrapping paper and unwanted gifts.

And the most important to have a love for others like the one that God has for us.

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When you get something forwarded on the net, well, it's accuracy may be in doubt. So I did some research at the San Diego Zoo and their reindeer exhibit. It's true. - *Rich*.

REMEMBER THIS AT CHRISTMAS TIME

According to the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, while both male and female reindeer grow antlers in the summer each year, male reindeer drop their antlers at the beginning of winter, usually late November to mid-December. Female reindeer retain their antlers till after they give birth in the spring.

Therefore, according to EVERY historical rendition depicting Santa's reindeer, EVERY single one of them, from Rudolph to Blitzen, had to be a girl.

We should've known... ONLY women would be able to drag a fat man in a red velvet suit all around the world in one night and **NOT GET LOST!**

http://www.sandiegozoo.org/kids/animal_reindeer.html
San Diego Zoo site

Zoo Name: Tundra

Species: Siberian Reindeer

Reindeer Games

.... Both male and female reindeer grow antlers, and drop them at different times of the year. And since females have their rack of antlers in winter, to help protect food sources and unborn calves against the males... Yep, you

Christmas Carols for the Psychiatrically Challenged

DEMENTIA - I Think I'll Be Home For Christmas.

NARCISSISTIC - Hark The Herald Angels Sing (About Me)

MANIA - Deck the Halls and Walls and House and Lawn and Streets and Stores and Office and Town ...or Deck the Halls and Spare No Expense!

PARANOIA - Santa Claus is Coming To Get Me.

PERSONALITY DISORDER - You Better Watch Out, I'm Gonna Cry, I'm Gonna out, then MAYBE I'll tell you why.

DEPRESSION - Silent anhedonia, Holy ahedonia. All is calm, All is pretty lonely.

OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE - Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell...

BORDERLINE PERSONALITY - Thoughts of Roasting in an Open Fire.

PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE - On the First Day of Christmas My True Love Gave to Me (and then took it all away).

SCHIZOPHRENIA - Do You Hear What I Hear?

The Famous Joke of the Day One Liner!

Those who dance are considered insane by those who can't hear the music. — George Carlin [**Do you hear the music of Christmas? The real music?**]

A Letter to Santa

Author unknown

Snowflakes softly falling
Upon your window they play
Your blankets snug around you,
Into sleep you drift away.

I bend to gently kiss you,
when I see that on the floor
there's a letter, neatly written
I wonder who it's for.

I quietly unfold it
making sure you're still asleep,
It's a Christmas list for Santa
one my heart will always keep.

It started just as always
with the toys seen on TV,
A new watch for your father
and a winter coat for me.

But as my eyes read on
I could see that deep inside,
there were many things you wished for
that your loving heart would hide.

You asked if your friend Molly
could have another Dad;
It seems her father hits her
and it makes you very sad.

Then you asked dear Santa
if the neighbors down the street
Could find a job, that he might have
some food, and clothes, and heat.

You saw a family on the news
whose house had blown away,
“Dear Santa, send them just one thing,
a place where they can stay.”

“And Santa, those four cookies that
I left you for a treat,
Could you take them to the children
who have nothing else to eat.”

“Do you know that little bear I have
the one I love so dear?
I'm leaving it for you to take
to Africa this year”.

“And as you fly your reindeer
on this night of Jesus' birth,
Could your magic bring to everyone
goodwill and peace on earth”.

“There's one last thing before you go,
so grateful I would be,
If you'd smile at Baby Jesus
in the manger by our tree.”

I pulled the letter close to me'
I felt it melt my heart.
Those tiny hands had written
what no other could impart.

“And a little child shall lead them,”
was whispered in my ear
As I watched you sleep
on Christmas Eve
while Santa Claus was here.

~~~~~



**Giving... gifts...** That is what Christmas is about. Giving gifts is what “Santa Claus” is about. ... Giving gifts is what **God** is about. God gave mankind a gift at what we now celebrate as Christmas. Jesus is the ultimate gift, a way for us to understand God, a way for us to spend eternity with God rather than separated from God. Jesus... because He cared enough to send the very best. All we have to do is accept His gift.

### Mary, Did You Know?

©RRD – 12/01, 02, 06, 2009 – The choir sang “Mary, Did You Know” (written by Mark Lowry and Buddy Green). Oh, what a beautiful piece of music. Love the music. Listen and think about the words.

Think about it. – Mary, a pregnant teenager, not yet married but espoused. It meant more than engaged, but they weren't yet married. No sex yet. And in that culture, and still in much of that part of the world, they were serious about the sex thing. Sex outside of marriage could get you killed. She was eligible to be publicly stoned to death for being pregnant.

When the angel tells her she is to bear a son, she asks “How, since I am a virgin?” (Luke 1:34) She's not asking whether God can do it, just how He will do it. (She didn't need a formal education to understand Sex 101.) – Willing to be used by God. – And then she is pregnant.

“Christmas.” A baby, the Lamb of God, born in a barn. Actually just down the road from Herod's palace. An animal feeding trough for a bed. The song asks, “Mary, did you know that your baby boy would one day walk on water?” (Matthew 14:25) Did she understand that He would do things that defy the laws of nature? Could she really comprehend that He was God?!

“Mary, did you know that your baby boy would save your sons and daughters? Did you know that your baby boy has come to make you new? (2Cor 5:17) And this child that you delivered will soon deliver you?” – Her baby would be the sacrificial perfect Lamb of God that would take away the sins of the world. Could she possibly comprehend that? I'm not sure I can.

Some of this is beyond understanding, I think. It is in the realm of “super”-natural. I'm a fairly smart guy, maybe too

smart. I can reason through logical, scientific, explanations for creation and the flood in Genesis; provide proofs and arguments for a young, 6,000 year old earth, etc. Sometimes I try to use logic and reason to figure out spiritual things, and they get real confusing. Sometimes simpler is better. It's not by mental understanding – head knowledge, it's accepting it by faith – heart knowledge. Some people say “I'll believe it when I see it.” This stuff is “I'll see it when I believe it.”

“Mary, did you know that your baby boy would give sight to the blind man? (Matt 9:30, 12:22, Mark 8:22) ... calm the storm with His hand? (Mark 4:39) ... has walked where angels trod? And when you kissed the baby you've kissed the face of God.” - Can you see Mary? This young mother, holding her baby, gently kissing him, ... and this baby is ... God! God who will calm the storm with a wave of His hand and the words, “Peace. Be still,” and the men with him who were first terrified of the storm, said, “Who is this that even the wind and waves obey Him?!” (Matt 8:27, Mark 4:41) They didn't understand it yet and they walked and lived with Him.

“Mary, did you know that your baby boy is Lord of all creation? ... will one day rule the nations? ... was Heaven's perfect Lamb? And the sleeping child you're holding is the great I Am. ... Did - you - know?” – He is “the Great I Am.” Can you comprehend that? That GOD! gave up His God-ness to become a baby? He will come again as ruler, but He came as a servant to SAVE us. To make a way for us to live forever with Him, deliver us, save us from the consequence of our sin: separation from God. “For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.” (Romans 6:23) Did YOU know that?

What are YOU doing with what you know about Jesus?

## What's in a name?

©RRD – 12/5/01, 2006 –The choir was singing “Sing and Shout for Joy” that year. I’d marked several parts of lyrics and narration that just “jumped up” and really stuck in my mind at practice. One is the lyrics to an African-American spiritual, “What you (pronounced “wha-cha”) gonna call the precious little baby? Wha-cha gonna call the tiny child? ... He shall be called (from Isaiah 9:6) the Wonderful Counselor. ...the Mighty God. ... Everlasting Father. The Prince of Peace. ... Wha-cha gonna call the precious little baby born on Christmas morn?”

Matthew 1:21 says his name will be Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. Matthew 1:23 says his name shall be Emanuel, which means God with us. Luke 1:32 He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest.

I call Him “Lord.” Lord means “ruler.” He is God. That makes Him the ultimate ruler. And He rules over me by my voluntarily submitting myself to Him. That makes Him my Lord. It has been said that if He is not Lord of all, then He is not Lord at all. If He is not your *Lord*, then how can He be your *Savior*?

I also call the “tiny baby” my Friend. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you” (John 15:13-14) He laid down His life for me, so that I might have eternal life with Him. He’s *that* kind of friend. He is also a friend that is there every day, in every thing that happens and everything I do. He’s the closest of friends. He cares about and for me. Jesus is my Lord, All-mighty God, my Friend in good times and in trouble.

If He is not *your* Lord and Friend, He *can* be. All it takes is a *decision*. You just decide that you want to become friends with the God of the Universe and make Him Lord of your life. The decision is easy. Doing it is hard. It will be a life-long

continuous process. I think this is what Paul meant by “as ye have always obeyed ... work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.” (Phil 2:12) Like being married, the initial words of commitment are easily said. It is the daily living that is hard and it is the life-long living that makes you married. After 30+ years, Marie and I are more and more like “one flesh.” We know and understand each other and what we want from each other much more than we did after 5 years of being married, and certainly better than after the 44 months of dating and courting when we first said “I do.”

If He is not all these things to you, He can be. Just ask Him.

*Dear Jesus, I believe you are the Son of God and that you died as payment for my sins. I believe you rose from the dead and are alive today. I have not lived a life that honors you, that is sin. Please forgive me. I want you to come into my heart and life. I want to grow in knowing you and in obedience to you. Thank you for forgiving me. Thank you for coming into my life. Thank you for giving me eternal life. Amen*

The Bible says: “All have sinned” (Romans 3:23) and “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life” (Rom. 6:23). It’s a *gift*; you can’t work hard enough or be good enough to deserve it. “That if you confess with your mouth, “Jesus is Lord,” and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved.” (Rom 10:9-10). Believe in your *heart*, not just your head. Confess with your mouth – it can’t be a secret, tell others what you believe, “walk the aisle” at church, call or write me, – and you will be saved from the eternal consequences of resisting and rebelling against God.

If you meant it, your life will be lived differently. You cannot have God living in you and live the way most of the world lives. You will be different. What do *you* call Him?

[www.cstone.net/~bry-back/holidayfun/hannukah.html](http://www.cstone.net/~bry-back/holidayfun/hannukah.html) and [www.everythingjewish.com/Hanukah/origins.htm](http://www.everythingjewish.com/Hanukah/origins.htm)

## Do you know what Hanukah celebrates?

[Since Jesus was a Jew, he would have celebrated Hanukah. We’re told to pass our heritage and our faith on to our children by retelling the stories, by writing it on our doorposts and gates. See Deuteronomy chapters 6 and 11.]

The origins of Hanukah or the Festival of Lights are an event that happened 200 years before the birth of Christ. A king named Antiochus attempted to have all Jewish persons under his reign follow the Greek religion. For all its beauty and accomplishments, especially in the fields of athletics, theater and philosophy, Hellenism had a dark side. In ancient Greece, behavior that is today considered deviant, such as infanticide, pedophilia, adultery and institutionalized prostitution, were routine and even encouraged. To Jews, who valued the Torah and purity of family life, these aspects of



Hellenistic culture was incompatible with their own. Under the leadership of Judah Maccabee, there was a rebellion.

After three years of fighting, the Maccabees drove the Greek soldiers away. The Maccabees wanted to rededicate the temple, but were only able to find enough oil for one day. Miraculously, the oil lasted eight days; long enough to make new oil.

An important part of the Hanukah celebration is the menorah. This is a candleholder with eight candles and a shammash or servant candle. One candle is lit by the shammash for each of the nights of Hanukah.

After the lighting of the candles, people give gifts to one another. People sing and make merry. A popular food for Hanukah is potato pancakes, or latkes, cooked in oil in honor of the miracle.

Children enjoy playing the dreidel game. This is a top game played with nuts or gold-covered chocolate coins. There are four letters of the top which stand for nun, gimmel, hay, and shin and give the directions for what to give or take during the game. The letters also stand for “nes gadol hayah sham” or “a great miracle happened

## A Technical Night Before Christmas

The scientific and politically Correct Version of *The Night Before Christmas* [This is why scientists, engineers, and mathematicians aren't popular writers.]

### 'Twas The Nocturnal Segment of the Diurnal Period.....

'Twas the nocturnal segment of the diurnal period preceding the annual Yuletide celebration, and throughout our place of residence, kinetic activity was not in evidence among the possessors of this potential, including that species of domestic rodent known as *Mus musculus*. Hosiery was meticulously suspended from the forward edge of the wood burning caloric apparatus, pursuant to our anticipatory pleasure regarding an imminent visitation from an eccentric philanthropist among whose folkloric appellations is the honorific title of St. Nicholas.

The prepubescent siblings, comfortably ensconced in their respective accommodations of repose, were experiencing subconscious visual hallucinations of variegated fruit confections moving rhythmically through their cerebrums. My conjugal partner and I, attired in our nocturnal head coverings, were about to take slumberous advantage of the hibernal darkness when upon the avenaceous exterior portion of the grounds there ascended such a cacophony of dissonance that I felt compelled to arise with alacrity from my place of repose for the purpose of ascertaining the precise source thereof.

Hastening to the casement, I forthwith opened the barriers sealing this fenestration, noting thereupon that the lunar brilliance without, reflected as it was on the surface of a recent crystalline precipitation, might be said to rival that of the solar meridian itself - thus permitting my incredulous optical sensory organs to behold a miniature airborne runnered conveyance drawn by eight diminutive specimens of the genus *Rangifer*, piloted by a minuscule, aged chauffeur so ebullient and nimble that it became instantly apparent to me that he was indeed our anticipated caller. With his ungulate motive power traveling at what may possibly have been more vertiginous velocity than patriotic alar predators, he vociferated loudly, expelled breath musically through contracted labia, and addressed each of the octet by his or her respective cognomen - "Now Dasher, now Dancer..." et al. - guiding them to the uppermost exterior level of our abode, through which structure I could readily distinguish the concatenations of each of the 32 cloven pedal extremities.

As I retracted my cranium from its erstwhile location, and was performing a 180-degree pivot, our distinguished visitant achieved - with utmost celerity and via a downward leap - entry by way of the smoke passage. He was clad entirely in animal pelts soiled by the ebony residue from oxidations of carboniferous fuels which had accumulated on the walls thereof. His resemblance to a street vendor I attributed largely to the plethora of assorted playthings which he bore dorsally in a commodious cloth receptacle.

His orbs were scintillant with reflected luminosity, while his submaxillary dermal indentations gave every evidence of engaging amiability. The capillaries of his malar regions and nasal appurtenance were engorged with blood which suffused the subcutaneous layers, the former approximating the coloration of Albion's floral emblem, the latter that of the *Prunus avium*, or sweet cherry. His amusing sub- and supralabials resembled nothing so much as a common loop knot, and their ambient hirsute facial adornment appeared like small, tabular and columnar crystals of frozen water.

Clenched firmly between his incisors was a smoking piece whose grey fumes, forming a tenuous ellipse about his occiput, were suggestive of a decorative seasonal circlet of holly. His visage was

wider than it was high, and when he waxed audibly mirthful, his corpulent abdominal region undulated in the manner of impectinated fruit syrup in a hemispherical container. He was, in short, neither more nor less than an obese, jocund, multigenarian gnome, the optical perception of whom rendered me visibly frolicsome despite every effort to refrain from so being. By rapidly lowering and then elevating one eyelid and rotating his head slightly to one side, he indicated that trepidation on my part was groundless.

Without utterance and with dispatch, he commenced filling the aforementioned appended hosiery with various of the aforementioned articles of merchandise extracted from his aforementioned previously dorsally transported cloth receptacle. Upon completion of this task, he executed an abrupt about-face, placed a single manual digit in lateral juxtaposition to his olfactory organ, inclined his cranium forward in a gesture of leave-taking, and forthwith effected his egress by renegotiating (in reverse) the smoke passage. He then propelled himself in a short vector onto his conveyance, directed a musical expulsion of air through his contracted oral sphincter to the antlered quadrupeds of burden, and proceeded to soar aloft in a movement hitherto observable chiefly among the seed-bearing portions of a common weed. But I overheard his parting exclamation, audible immediately prior to his vehiculation beyond the limits of visibility: "Ecstatic Yuletide to the planetary constituency, and to that self same assemblage, my sincerest wishes for a salubriously beneficial and gratifyingly pleasurable period between sunset and dawn."

### Why Women Would Love Being Santa Claus

1. You'd never be expected to make the coffee.
2. There'd be no more early morning decisions about what to wear to the office.
3. You could grow a gut the size of Fat Albert's and consider it a job requirement.
4. One big black belt - accessorized for life!
5. There'd be no reason to have your colours done.
6. Everyone would be extremely nice to you, even if you weren't.
7. Should people suggest your belly jiggled... that is when you jiggled... like a bowlful of jelly, you could hit them with your purse.
8. You'd always work in sensible footwear.
9. There'd be no need to play office politics; a hearty 'Ho! Ho! Ho!', would remind everyone who's boss.
10. You wouldn't need an expensive briefcase.
11. No one would dare ask for a ride to work.
12. Never again have to wear pantyhose or worry about your slip showing.
13. No more trips to the vending machine... you'd just snack on milk and cookies all day.
14. You'd never be asked to take an early retirement package.
15. Juggling work and family would be a breeze because your children would adore you; even your teen-agers would want to sit in your lap.
16. You'd be guaranteed the best chair in the office.
17. Age discrimination wouldn't be an issue.
18. You'd never grab the wrong coat on your way out the door.
19. No one would ask to see your job description.
20. Your co-workers would be on notice that they'd better not pout.



### Crimson & White Connection

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Someone PRAYED for YOU and mentioned YOUR NAME before God's throne  
as this was prepared for mailing. God bless and watch over you today.

**Dec. 20, 2009  
Christmas**

Spiritual and otherwise (like, did you know  
that Dec. 26 is actually Whiner's Day?)

**You can't be good enough to deserve  
heaven. And you can't be bad enough  
to be beyond God's forgiveness.**

A publication so dangerous it now  
comes with it's own warning label.

## WARNING

Do not read the Crimson & White  
Connection unless you want your  
HEART ENCOURAGED and  
your MIND CHALLENGED and  
your SPIRIT PRODDED

Yes! This is a subversive, challenging, counter-  
culture publication. That's what Christianity is - a  
counter-culture. This should have a warning label.

 **Cartoon Knuggets**  
www.christiancartoons.com/kartoons



Lift HIS name on high! Psalm 7:17

knechtans@sidestream.com

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Troy Knechtel

## You are cordially invited to A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION!!!

**Guest of Honor: Jesus Christ**

**Date: Every day. Traditionally, December 25**  
but He's always around, so the date is flexible....

**Time: Whenever you're ready.**

(Please don't be late, though, or you'll miss out on all the fun!)

**Place: In your heart.... He'll meet you there.**

(You'll hear Him knock.)

**Attire: Come as you are... grubbies are okay.**

He'll be washing our clothes anyway. He said something about new white robes  
and crowns for everyone who stays till the last.

**Tickets: Admission is free.**

He's already paid for everyone... He says you wouldn't have been able to afford it  
anyway... it cost Him everything He had. But you do need to accept the ticket!!

**Gift Suggestions: Your life.**

He's one of those people who already has everything else.  
(He's very generous in return though. Just wait 'til you see what He has for you!)

**Entertainment: Joy, Peace, Truth,  
Light, Life, Love, Real Happiness,  
Communion with God, Forgiveness, Miracles, Healing, Power, Eternity  
in Paradise, Contentment, and much more!**

For those of you whom I will see at the party, share this with someone today.