



# Pat's Gourmet Coffee Shop

166 North Main Street, Mooresville, NC

The Most Patriotic Coffee Shop in the USA

Christmas Issue

December 25, 2005

## "A BATTLE PRAYER"



PFC Dusty Buzze in Iraq

**Young Warriors; Should fate  
find you on the battlefield, May  
your cause be a just one. May  
your courage not falter. May you  
show mercy to your enemies.**

**May your efforts bring the  
blessings of peace. May you be  
triumphant and earn victory.**

**May your sacrifice be always  
appreciated. May you endure the  
conflict unharmed. Should you be  
harmed, May your wounds heal.  
Should you perish in the struggle,  
May God embrace you and find a  
Place for you in his Kingdom.**

by : Scott A.Tackett Sr.

*This anonymous poem was blown into a slit trench in  
Tunisia during a heavy bombardment in the early days  
of World War II*

Stay with me, God. The night is dark,  
The night is cold: my little spark  
Of courage dies. The night is long;  
Be with me, God, and make me strong.

I love a game; I love a fight.  
I hate the dark; I love the light.  
I love my child; I love my wife.  
I am no coward. I love Life,

Life with its change of mood and shade.  
I want to live. I'm not afraid,  
But me and mine are hard to part;  
Oh, unknown God, lift up my heart.

You stilled the waters at Dunkirk  
And saved Your Servants. All Your work  
Is wonderful, dear God. You strode  
Before us down that dreadful road.

We were alone, and hope had fled;  
We loved our country and our dead,  
And could not shame them; so we stayed  
The course, and were not much afraid.

Dear God that nightmare road! And then  
That sea! We got there-we were men.  
My eyes were blind, my feet were torn,  
My soul sang like a bird at dawn!

I knew that death is but a door.  
I knew what we were fighting for:  
Peace for the kids, our brothers freed,  
A kinder world, a cleaner breed.

I'm but the son my mother bore,  
A simple man, and nothing more.  
But-God of strength and gentleness,  
Be pleased to make me nothing less.

Help me, O God, when Death is near  
To mock the haggard face of fear,  
That when I fall-if fall I must-  
My soul may triumph in the Dust





# Pat's Gourmet Coffee Shop

166 North Main Street, Mooresville, NC

The Most Patriotic Coffee Shop in the USA

Christmas Issue

December 25, 2005

## Why?

Cindy Sheehan asked President Bush, "Why did my son have to die in Iraq"??

Another mother asked President Johnson, "Why did my son have to die in Vietnam"??

Another mother asked Harry Truman, "Why did my son have to die in Korea"??

Another mother asked Franklin D. Roosevelt, "Why did son have to die at Iwo Jima"??

Another mother asked Woodrow Wilson, "Why did my son have to die on a battlefield in France"??

Yet another mother asked Abraham Lincoln, "Why did my son have to die at Gettysburg"??

And yet another mother asked George Washington, "Why did my son have to die near Valley Forge"??

Then long, long ago, a mother asked, "Heavenly Father, why did my son have to die on a cross outside Jerusalem"??

The answers to all these are similar:

That others may have life and dwell in peace, happiness and freedom.

Thanks to Jerry Baxter for forwarding this email for publication.

## LITTLE PICCOLA AFTER CELIA THAXTER

IN the sunny land of France there lived many years ago a sweet little maid named Piccola.

Her father had died when she was a baby, and her mother was very poor and had to work hard all day in the fields for a few sous.

Little Piccola had no dolls and toys, and she was often hungry and cold, but she was never sad nor lonely.

What if there were no children for her to play with! What if she did not have fine clothes and beautiful toys! In summer there were always the birds in the forest, and the flowers in the fields and meadows, -- the birds sang so sweetly, and the flowers were so bright and pretty!

In the winter when the ground was covered with snow, Piccola helped her mother, and knit long stockings of blue wool.

The snow-birds had to be fed with crumbs, if she could find any, and then, there was Christmas Day.

But one year her mother was ill and could not earn any money. Piccola worked hard all the day long, and sold the stockings which she knit, even when her own little bare feet were blue with the cold.

As Christmas Day drew near she said to her mother, "I wonder what the good Saint Nicholas will bring me this year. I cannot hang my stocking in the fireplace, but I shall put my wooden shoe on the hearth for him. He will not forget me, I am sure."

"Do not think of it this year, my dear child," replied her mother. "We must be glad if we have bread enough to eat."

But Piccola could not believe that the good saint would forget her. On Christmas Eve she put her little





# Pat's Gourmet Coffee Shop

166 North Main Street, Mooresville, NC

The Most Patriotic Coffee Shop in the USA

Christmas Issue

December 25, 2005

wooden patten on the hearth before the fire, and went to sleep to dream of Saint Nicholas.

As the poor mother looked at the little shoe, she thought how unhappy her dear child would be to find it empty in the morning, and wished that she had something, even if it were only a tiny cake, for a Christmas gift. There was nothing in the house but a few sous, and these must be saved to buy bread.

When the morning dawned Piccola awoke and ran to her shoe.

Saint Nicholas had come in the night. He had not forgotten the little child who had thought of him with such faith.

See what he had brought her. It lay in the wooden patten, looking up at her with its two bright eyes, and chirping contentedly as she stroked its soft feathers.

A little swallow, cold and hungry, had flown into the chimney and down to the room, and had crept into the shoe for warmth.

Piccola danced for joy, and clasped the shivering swallow to her breast.

She ran to her mother's bedside. "Look, look!" she cried. "A Christmas gift, a gift from the good Saint Nicholas!" And she danced again in her little bare feet.

Then she fed and warmed the bird, and cared for it tenderly all winter long; teaching it to take crumbs from her hand and her lips, and to sit on her shoulder while she was working.

In the spring she opened the window for it to fly away, but it lived in the woods near by all summer, and came often in the early morning to sing its sweetest songs at her door.

## THE STRANGER CHILD A LEGEND

BY COUNT FRANZ POCCHI  
[TRANSLATED]

THERE once lived a laborer who earned his daily bread by cutting wood. His wife and two children, a boy and girl, helped him with his work. The boy's name was Valentine, and the girl's,

Marie. They were obedient and pious and the joy and comfort of their poor parents.

One winter evening, this good family gathered about the table to eat their small loaf of bread, while the father read aloud from the Bible. Just as they sat down there came a knock on the window, and a sweet voice called: --

"O let me in! I am a little child, and I have nothing to eat, and no place to sleep in. I am so cold and hungry! Please, good people, let me in!"

Valentine and Marie sprang from the table and ran to open the door, saying: --

"Come in, poor child, we have but very little ourselves, not much more than thou hast, but what we have we will share with thee."

The stranger Child entered, and going to the fire began to warm his cold hands.

The children gave him a portion of their bread, and said: --

"Thou must be very tired; come, lie down in our bed, and we will sleep on the bench here before the fire."

Then answered the stranger Child: "May God in Heaven reward you for your kindness."

They led the little guest to their small room, laid him in their bed, and covered him closely, thinking to themselves: --





# Pat's Gourmet Coffee Shop

166 North Main Street, Mooresville, NC

The Most Patriotic Coffee Shop in the USA

Christmas Issue

December 25, 2005

"Oh! how much we have to be thankful for! We have our nice warm room and comfortable bed, while this Child has nothing but the sky for a roof, and the earth for a couch."

When the parents went to their bed, Valentine and Marie lay down on the bench before the fire, and said one to the other: --

"The stranger Child is happy now, because he is so warm! Good-night!"

Then they fell asleep.

They had not slept many hours, when little Marie awoke, and touching her brother lightly, whispered: -- "Valentine, Valentine, wake up! wake up! Listen to the beautiful music at the window."

Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. He heard the most wonderful singing and the sweet notes of many harps.

"Blessed Child,  
Thee we greet,  
With sound of harp  
And singing sweet.

"Sleep in peace,  
Child so bright,  
We have watched thee  
All the night.

"Blest the home  
That holdeth Thee,  
Peace, and love,  
Its guardians be."

The children listened to the beautiful singing, and it seemed to fill them with unspeakable happiness.

Then creeping to the window they looked out.

They saw a rosy light in the east, and, before the house in the snow, stood a number of little children

holding golden harps and lutes in their hands, and dressed in sparkling, silver robes.

Full of wonder at this sight, Valentine and Marie continued to gaze out at the window, when they heard a sound behind them, and turning saw the stranger Child standing near. He was clad in a golden garment, and wore a glistening, golden crown upon his soft hair. Sweetly he spoke to the children: --

"I am the Christ Child, who wanders about the world seeking to bring joy and good things to loving children. Because you have lodged me this night I will leave with you my blessing."

As the Christ Child spoke He stepped from the door, and breaking off a bough from a fir tree that grew near, planted it in the ground, saying: --

"This bough shall grow into a tree, and every year it shall bear Christmas fruit for you."

Having said this He vanished from their sight, together with the silver-clad, singing children -- the angels.

And, as Valentine and Marie looked on in wonder, the fir bough grew, and grew, and grew, into a stately Christmas Tree laden with golden apples, silver nuts, and lovely toys. And after that, every year at Christmas time, the Tree bore the same wonderful fruit.

And you, dear boys and girls, when you gather around your richly decorated trees, think of the two poor children who shared their bread with a stranger child, and be thankful.

-----o-----

**Hope you enjoy this special  
PGCS newsletter issue and  
Have a Merry Christmas Day.**

