# BEST QUOTES ON HOLIDAYS

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==HOLIDAYS

There are exactly as many special occasions in life as we choose to celebrate.
—Robert Brault

Celebrations are the juice of life.
—John D. Hofbrauer, Jr.

The holidays are welcome to me partly because they are such rallying points for the affections which get so much thrust aside in the business and preoccupations of daily life.
—George E. Woodberry
These special holidays give rise to various liturgical calendars that suggest we should mark our days not only with the cycles of the moon and seasons, but also with occasions to tell our children the stories of our faith community’s past so that this past will have a future, and so that our ancient way and its practices will be rediscovered and renewed every year.

--Brian D. McLaren

Do what you do. This Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, New Year’s Eve, Twelfth Night, Valentine’s Day, Mardi Gras, St. Paddy’s Day, and ever day henceforth. Just do what you do. Live out your life and your traditions on your own terms. If it offends others, so be it. That’s their problem.

--Chris Rose

During the holidays, I’ll buy one gift for each member of a family. But they’ll give me just one gift. It feels a little uneven. There’s a lot of money attached to general society expectations.

—Jean Marie Baiardi

Many Americans celebrate both Christmas and Xmas. Others celebrate one or the other. And some of us celebrate holidays that, although unconnected with the [winter] solstice, occur near it: Ramadan, Hanukkah and Kwanzaa.

--John Silber

I ignore Hallmark Holidays. And this comes from a guy who has sold a million Opus greeting cards.

—Berke Breathed

Purpose of school: without school there wouldn’t be a reason for holidays and summer vacation.

—Unknown

The only thing bad about a holiday is that it’s followed by a non-holiday.

--Unknown

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart.

--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals, has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet on such occasions like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through the diminished ranks of those who remain, while we think of those who are no more.

--Sir Walter Scott

I don’t understand what the big deal is...
If you are Jewish, tell Me: ‘Happy Hanukkah.’
If you are Christian, tell me: ‘Merry Christmas.’
If you are African American, tell me: ‘Joyous Kwanzaa.’
If you don’t prefer those, tell me: ‘Happy Holidays.’
I will not be offended. I will be thankful that you took the time to say something nice to me.

—Internet Meme

Ironically, typical heritage month programs may do as much to reinforce stereotypes as they do to challenge them. For example, what do students learn if the Hispanic Heritage Month events consist of a dance performance assembly and tacos for lunch? Try asking students at your school what they have learned from the activities. Don’t be surprised if they tell you that ‘Latinos like to dance and eat.’ The heritage month events have simply reinforced a stereotype that students have already learned from television.

What do students learn if every year they have to write a report on the same few African Americans? They will learn forever the names of Harriet Tubman, Martin Luther King Jr., Frederick Douglass, and Rosa Parks. But they are also probably left to assume that these black men and women must be exceptions.

—Deborah J. Menkart

Consider the following points when planning heritage events for your school:

➢ Develop learning objectives.
➢ Recognize the diversity that exists within the United States.
➢ Address the values, history, current reality, and power relationships that shape a culture.
➢ Learn about food and dance in context.
➢ Include all the Americas.
➢ Portray Native American in the present.
➢ Introduce leaders in the context of their organizations.

—Deborah J. Menkart
I do think New Year’s resolutions can’t technically be expected to begin on New Year’s Day, don’t you? Since, because it’s an extension of New Year’s Eve, smokers are already on a smoking roll and cannot be expected to stop abruptly on the stroke of midnight with so much nicotine in the system. Also dieting on New Year’s Day isn’t a good idea as you can’t eat rationally but really need to be free to consume whatever is necessary, moment by moment, in order to ease your hangover. I think it would be much more sensible if resolutions began generally on January the second.

—Helen Fielding

Can one still make resolutions when one is over forty? I live according to twenty-year-old habits.

—André Gide

Soon we will have completed our annual list of good intentions. Across the country there are millions of cigarettes waiting to be stomped out, tons of fat waiting to be lost, miles to be run, lives to be organized, selves to be improved.

Once again, we will pass resolutions as if we were our own Congress, legislating changes in our lives. On a million scraps of paper, we will publish an updated catalog of promises to be filed on the shelf of the self....

But I have a feeling that our resolutions have more to do with controlling our lives than enriching them....

We spend Jan. 1 walking through our lives, room by room, drawing up a punch list of work to be done, cracks to be patched. We decide that it’s time to get a painful grip on ourselves....

But life improvement is not just a matter of discipline, self-control. It’s a matter of expansion, the deliberate pursuit of happiness....

We ought to walk through the rooms of our lives a second time, not looking for the flaws, but for potential.

—Ellen Goodman

The bad news is time flies. The good news is you’re the pilot.

—Michael Altshuler
Dear World,
I am excited to be alive in you, and I am thankful for another year.
--Charlotte Eriksson

You don’t like New Years Eve? Are you insane? It’s literally the best holiday ever. You just party all night and it doesn’t matter what stupid stuff you do because the year’s over and you get a brand new start in the morning.
--Hillary DePiano

New Year’s resolutions prove that our weaknesses are usually too strong for us.
--Unknown

Each New Year, we have before us a brand new book containing 365 blank pages. Let us fill them with all the forgotten things from last year—the words we forgot to say, the love we forgot to show, and the charity we forgot to offer.
--Peggy Toney Horton

As the year comes to a close, it is a time for reflection – a time to release old thoughts and beliefs and forgive old hurts. Whatever has happened in the past year, the New Year brings fresh beginnings. Exciting new experiences and relationships await. Let us be thankful for the blessings of the past and the promise of the future.
--Peggy Toney Horton

Another fresh new year is here . . .
Another year to live!
To banish worry, doubt, and fear,
To love and laugh and give!

This bright new year is given me
To live each day with zest . . .
To daily grow and try to be
My highest and my best!

I have the opportunity
Once more to right some wrongs,
To pray for peace, to plant a tree,
And sing more joyful songs!

--William Arthur Ward
I think in terms of the day’s resolutions, not the year’s.  
—Henry Moore

He who breaks a resolution is a weakling; He who makes one is a fool.  
—F. M. Knowles

Many years ago I resolved never to bother with New Year’s resolutions, and I’ve stuck with it ever since.  
—Dave Beard

An optimist stays up until midnight to see the New Year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves.  
—Bill Vaughn

A new year... a fresh, clean start! It’s like having a big white sheet of paper to draw on! A day full of possibilities! It’s a magical world!  
—Bill Watterson

Every man should be born again on the first of January. Start with a fresh page. Take up one hole more in the buckle, if necessary, or let down one, according to circumstances; but, on the first of January let every man gird himself once more, with his face to the front, and take interest in the things that are and are to be, and not in the things that were and are past.  
—Henry Ward Beecher

Now we welcome the new year, full of things that have never been.  
—Rainer Maria Rilke

Be at War with your Vices, at Peace with your Neighbours, and let every New-Year find you a better Man.  
—Benjamin Franklin

A New Year’s resolution is something that goes in one year and out the other.  
—William R. Gerler

Youth is when you’re allowed to stay up late on New Year’s Eve. Middle age is when you’re forced to.  
—Bill Vaughn
There is too much said at New Year’s about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that we must hasten to forget them? Is the blank whiteness of the untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely written, underlined, untidy, but familiar pages which make up the story of one’s life?

—Bliss Perry

New Year’s Day—Now is the accepted time to make your regular annual good resolutions. Next week you can begin paving hell with them as usual. Yesterday, everybody smoked his last cigar, took his last drink, and swore his last oath. Today, we are a pious and exemplary community. Thirty days from now, we shall have cast our reformation to the winds and gone to cutting our ancient shortcomings considerably shorter than ever. We shall also reflect pleasantly upon how we did the same old thing last year about this time. However, go in, community. New Year’s is a harmless annual institution, of no particular use to anybody save as a scapegoat for promiscuous drunks, and friendly calls, and humbug resolutions, and we wish you to enjoy it with a looseness suited to the greatness of the occasion.

—Mark Twain

It is 9 o’clock, and I am sitting before the big fireplace in my library, where the pine knots are fast becoming ashes. Why not? Yes, why not see the Old Year out and the New Year in? I will pile more knots on the embers, and, leaning back in my chair, will see how the two years are mortised together. Why should I not help to look after these things, for I have had nearly eighty of these years, and every one of them chock full of gifts and goodness? I will have nothing to do with the doleful dolts, who count their troubles and see only what is missing. Tonight I shall see God tinkering at the joints of the years. Have you any idea how many years are locked together in one of these pine knots? Different trees, like different folk, vary in power to carry bruises and scratches. Early in life I learned there were two sides to everything, and I resolved that I would see always the bright side; I would stand as close as I could to God, and get his angle of vision. The more I see of the world, the more I am sure there is sunshine enough to go around. After all and thru it all, to make life worth the while, what we must have and make for health and growth, is soul-shine.

—Edward Payson Powell

The New Year lies before you
Like a spotless tract of snow
Be careful how you tread on it
For every mark will show.

—Unknown
MY NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTIONS

I will not throw the cat out the window
Or put a frog in my sister’s bed
I will not tie my brother’s shoelaces together
Nor jump from the roof of Dad’s shed
I shall remember my aunt’s next birthday
And tidy my room once a week
I’ll not moan at Mum’s cooking (Ugh! fish fingers again!)
Nor give her any more of my cheek.
I will not pick my nose if I can help it
I shall fold up my clothes, comb my hair,
I will say please and thank you (even when I don’t mean it)
And never spit or shout or even swear.
I shall write each day in my diary
Try my hardest to be helpful at school
I shall help old ladies cross roads (even if they don’t want to)
And when others are rude I’ll stay cool.
I’ll go to bed with the owls and be up with the larks
And close every door behind me
I shall squeeze from the bottom of every toothpaste tube
And stay where trouble can’t find me.
I shall start again, turn over a new leaf,
leave my bad old ways forever
shall I start them this year, or next year
shall I sometime, or …..?

—Robert Fisher

To our savage as well as our animal ancestors, spring was a time of awakening from
the winter’s torpor, a time of throbbing pulse, of eager running hither and thither,
of combat and mating and rioting. It was the real New Year, and should be ours
instead of that pale, frost-bitten shadow of a shade which the almanacs have
deluded us into anæmically celebrating in midwinter.

—Woods Hutchinson

It may interest those who wish to marry to know that the luckiest day and month
for marriages is by superstitious people held to be the thirty-first of December.

—Charles Dickens
RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve whole months.  
Clean them thoroughly of all bitterness,  
hate, and jealousy.  
Make them just as fresh and clean as possible.  
Now cut each month into twenty-eight, thirty, or  
thirty-one different parts,  
but don’t make up the whole batch at once.  
Prepare it one day at a time out of these ingredients:  
Mix well into each day one part of faith,  
one part of patience, one part of courage,  
and one part of work.  
Add to each day one part of hope,  
faithfulness, generosity, and kindness.  
Blend with one part prayer, one part meditation,  
and one good deed.  
Season the whole with a dash of good spirits,  
a sprinkle of fun, a pinch of play,  
and a cupful of good humor.  
Pour all of this into a vessel of love.  
Cook thoroughly over radiant joy,  
garnish with a smile,  
and serve with quietness, unselfishness,  
and cheerfulness.  
You’re bound to have a happy new year.  
—Unknown

NEW YEAR’S REFLECTIONS

Looking back on the months gone by,  
As a new year starts and an old one ends,  
We contemplate what brought us joy,  
And we think of our loved ones and our friends.  
Recalling all the happy times,  
Remembering how they enriched our lives,  
We reflect upon who really counts,  
As the fresh and bright new year arrives.  
And when I/we ponder those who do,  
I/we immediately think of you.  
Thanks for being one of the reasons I’ll/We’ll have a Happy New Year!  
—Joanna Fuchs
HAPPY NEW YEAR WISH

My Happy New Year wish for you
Is for your best year yet,
A year where life is peaceful,
And what you want, you get.
A year in which you cherish
The past year’s memories,
And live your life each new day,
Full of bright expectancies.
I wish for you a holiday
With happiness galore;
And when it’s done, I wish you
Happy New Year, and many more.

—Joanna Fuchs

Truth is, no matter how fat your bank account, there are just some things that money can't buy, things like friends and family and love and laughter, as you will find out the first time you wrap yourself in shoulder-to-hem mink, slide behind the wheel of a shiny new Benz and drive to the most exquisite restaurant in town to eat Christmas dinner or ring in the New Year—alone.

--Laura B. Randolph

New Year’s Eve, where auld acquaintance be forgot. Unless, of course, those tests come back positive.

—Jay Leno

What can be said in New Year rhymes,
That’s not been said a thousand times?
The new years come, the old years go,
We know we dream, we dream we know.
We rise up laughing with the light,
We lie down weeping with the night.
We hug the world until it stings,
We curse it then and sigh for wings.
We live, we love, we woo, we wed,
We wreathe our prides, we sheet our dead.
We laugh, we weep, we hope, we fear,
And that’s the burden of a year.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox
In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration; and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods; and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel.... I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends. To be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet, or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood....

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holydays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh; or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?...

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me....

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind.... I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow....

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself.... In the meantime I am alive.... I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and... that turn-coat bell... just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, [and] with changed notes lustily rings in a successor...

—Charles Lamb
Why won’t they let a year die without bringing in a new one on the instant, can’t they use birth control on time? I want an interregnum. The stupid years patter on with unrelenting feet, never stopping—rising to little monotonous peaks in our imaginations at festivals like New Year’s and Easter and Christmas—But, goodness, why need they do it?

—John Dos Passos

October began as new months are wont to do—their beginnings are perfectly modest and hushed, with no outward signs, no birthmarks. Indeed, they steal in silently and quite unnoticed, unless you are paying very strict attention. Time has no divisions to mark its passage, there is never a thunder-storm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols.

—Thomas Mann

The last fire of many that have blazed on my hearth these twelve months gone is fast sinking into ashes. I do not care to revive its expiring flame, because I find its slow fading into darkness harmonious with the hour and the thought which comes with it as the shadow follows the cloud. While it is true that our division of time into years is purely conventional, and finds no recognition or record on the great dial face of the heavens, no man can be quite oblivious of it. New Year’s eve is like every other night; there is no pause in the march of the universe, no breathless moment of silence among created things that the passage of another twelve months may be noted; and yet no man has quite the same thoughts this evening that come with the coming of darkness on other nights. The vast and shadowy stream of time sweeps on without break, but the traveler who has been journeying with it cannot be entirely unmindful that he is perceptibly nearer the end of his wanderings.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie

The old year dies and we face the new year as though it were an entity, new as a newborn babe. A new calendar with twelve leaves, one for each month. Something in us, some need for the specific, the orderly, the mathematical exactitude, calls for such demarcation. Yet any year, regardless of arbitrary time, is like a circle; you can start at any point upon it and, following the circle, you come back to that point. Our year, our circle, happens to be a cycle of the seasons, planting, growing, reaping, resting; and thus it is a part of the earth, the soil and the flowing waters as well as of the stars by which it is gauged.... And year’s end is neither an end nor a beginning but a going on, with all the wisdom that experience can instill in us.

—Hal Borland
The fire has burned low. The Old Year has gone. Let the dead past bury its own dead. The New Year has taken possession of the clock of time. All hail the duties and possibilities of the coming twelve months! Yet I do not see anything new about it. It is already fringed at the edges with inherited aches and unsolved problems.

—Edward Payson Powell

Then out through the gates of the midnight—
   The door of the past was ajar—
   His robe like a shroud wrapped around him,
   The Old Year vanished afar.
And as morn with her soft rosy fingers
   Flung open the gates of the East,
   The New Year looked out from its chambers
   With a smile and a blessing of peace.

—Eliza A. Wetherby Otis

But to the slave mother New Year’s day comes laden with peculiar sorrows. She sits on her cold cabin floor, watching the children who may all be torn from her the next morning; and often does she wish that she and they might die before the day dawns.

—Harriet Ann Jacobs
   (1813-1897)

Time, the years, the seasons, the dreaming and the hopes which throb with life even under the ice and snow. There is an order to all things, a pressure of progression, and the winds themselves will die into nothingness and the tides wither away before the hopes shall have ended, the aspirations frozen forever. Year builds upon year, even as the seasons follow. And year’s end is no end at all, but only a pause, a time for the deep breath that marks the next step forward. There is no halt, no turning back. Tomorrow rises in the east, and all tomorrows.

—Hal Borland

‘Happy New-year! Happy New-year!’ It is the day of hope and a fresh beginning. Old debts shall be forgiven; old feuds forgotten; old friendships revived. To-day shall be better than yesterday. The good vows shall be kept. A blessing shall be wrung from the fleet angel Opportunity. There shall be more patience, more courage, more faith; the dream shall become life; to–day shall wear the glamour of to–morrow. Ring out the old, ring in the new!

—George William Curtis
Last night, between eleven and twelve o’clock... the Old Year was leaving her final foot-prints on the borders of Time’s empire.... she thus awaited the midnight knell that was to summon her to the innumerable sisterhood of departed years....

The New Year.... greeted the disconsolate Old Year with great affection, and sat down beside her... waiting for the signal to begin her rambles through the world. The two were own sisters, being both grand-daughters of Time; and though one looked so much older than the other, it was rather owing to hardships and trouble than to age, since there was but a twelve-month’s difference between them.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

Every man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away; or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

—Charles Lamb

New Year’s eve is like every other night; there is no pause in the march of the universe, no breathless moment of silence among created things that the passage of another twelve months may be noted; and yet no man has quite the same thoughts this evening that come with the coming of darkness on other nights.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie

Making resolutions is a cleansing ritual of self-assessment and repentance that demands personal honesty and, ultimately, reinforces humility. Breaking them is part of the cycle.

—Eric Zorn

New Year’s Eve always terrifies me. Life knows nothing of years. Now the horns have stopped and the firecrackers and the thunder... it’s all over in five minutes... all I hear is the rain on the palm leaves, and I think, I will never understand men, but I have lived it through.

—Charles Bukowski

I would say happy new year but it’s not happy; it’s exactly the same as last year except colder.

—Robert Clark
There was a smell of Time in the air tonight. He smiled and turned the fancy in his mind. There was a thought. What did time smell like? Like dust and clocks and people. And if you wondered what Time sounded like it sounded like water running in a dark cave and voices crying and dirt dropping down upon hollow box lids, and rain. And, going further, what did Time look like? Time looked like snow dropping silently into a black room or it looked like a silent film in an ancient theater, 100 billion faces falling like those New Year balloons, down and down into nothing. That was how Time smelled and looked and sounded.

—Ray Bradbury

May all your troubles last as long as your New Year’s resolutions!

—Joey Adams

I made no resolutions for the New Year. The habit of making plans, of criticizing, sanctioning and molding my life, is too much of a daily event for me.

—Anaïs Nin

We spend January 1 walking through our lives, room by room, drawing up a list of work to be done, cracks to be patched. Maybe this year, to balance the list, we ought to walk through the rooms of our lives...not looking for flaws, but for potential.

—Ellen Goodman

Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

—Walter Scott

A new year is unfolding--like a blossom with petals curled tightly concealing the beauty within.

—Unknown

For last year’s words belong to last year’s language
And next year’s words await another voice.
And to make an end is to make a beginning.

—T. S. Eliot

Year’s end is neither an end nor a beginning but a going on, with all the wisdom that experience can instill in us. Cheers to a new year and another chance for us to get it right.

—Oprah Winfrey
As we did every New Year's Eve we made ridiculous resolutions that no one would keep, and quietly we all wondered what the coming year would hold, each of us praying for our own private miracles. Good health. Better health. A marriage for this child, a good job for another. This hopefulness was something hardwired into our psyches, that a new year might mean some monumental something wonderful could happen to bring us happiness at a level we had never known. A new year was a chance to start over. Maybe even, just maybe, there would be peace on earth for one entire day.

--Dorothea Benton Frank

You staying home all alone on New Year's Eve? Unthinkable. Take my advice ... the countdown should be shared with someone, or it's just another set of numbers passing you by.

—E. A. Bucchianeri

The object of a New Year is not that we should have a new year. It is that we should have a new soul and a new nose; new feet, a new backbone, new ears, and new eyes. Unless a particular man made New Year resolutions, he would make no resolutions. Unless a man starts afresh about things, he will certainly do nothing effective.

—G. K. Chesterton

I don’t really get it. I usually find myself staring at the midnight deadline filled with regrets both for opportunities and loved ones missed. It’s another day closer to the end. The last thing I feel like doing is counting down to some wild celebration. It just seems so sad to say goodbye to a year and know that it’s gone forever and you can’t go back to it. Not to relive, not to correct....There’s something so final about it. It’s the period at the end of the sentence.

—Hillary DePiano

We will open the book. Its pages are blank. We are going to put words on them ourselves. The book is called Opportunity and its first chapter is New Year’s Day.

—Edith Lovejoy Pierce

And even when I don’t stay up until midnight, I still enjoy the tradition of New Year’s resolutions. What can I say? I like setting personal goals and challenging myself to improve. I suppose I could do it on any day of the year, but the New Year is as good a day as any. It’s a fresh start.

—Hillary DePiano
Why do we even celebrate the New Year? It’s just this arbitrary quirk of how we measure time in years, right? Midnight tonight is the very same transition from day to day that we do every 24 hours. But this thing in my hands, it feels real in a way the numbered calendar box never does. Why? What makes midnight tonight any different?

--Hillary DePiano

Resolutions are a complete waste of time. They’re just this meaningless ritual, empty promises we make and break within hours of each other.

--Hillary DePiano

Life goes by so very fast, my dears, and taking the time to reflect, even once a year, slows things down. We zoom past so many seconds, minutes, hours, killing them with the frantic way we live that it’s important we take at least this one collective sigh and stop, take stock, and acknowledge our place in time before diving back into the melee. Midnight on New Year’s Eve is a unique kind of magic where, just for a moment, the past and the future exist at once in the present. Whether we’re aware of it or not, as we countdown together to it, we’re sharing the burden of our history and committing to the promise of tomorrow.

--Hillary DePiano

The aftertaste of New Year’s Eve parties wears on me for the same reason I am not much for resolutions. Dusting off a stepper because we switched out our calendar is pointless. After all, society also conditions that most will whiff their resolutions by January 3rd, at which point one is to abandon the resolutions utterly and feel guilty as one devours a box of Christmas chocolates.

--Thomm Quackenbush

It is a new day, new month, new year, but it isn’t a new you. You are the same person dealing with the same problems that you cannot dispatch by tearing off the calendar page. Solutions come incrementally, however much the sliding into magical thinking seems permissible when grass lies under a foot of snow.

--Thomm Quackenbush

I used to have this toy, a magic slate. You wrote or drew on it and then, just by pulling up the plastic cover, everything you did disappeared and you could start new. Maybe everyone feels that on New Year’s Eve: They can pull up the magic sheet and rewrite their lives.

—V. C. Andrews
May the New Year bring you new strength, new hope and new dreams.
--Lailah Gifty Akita

Rightly understood the New Year festival is an act of faith. It is easier for the year to change than to change ourselves. But we believe that somehow, magically, one will lead to the other.
--R. Joseph Hoffmann

The attraction of New Year is this: the year changes and in that change we believe that we can change with it. It is far more difficult however to change yourself than turn the calendar to a new page. We are creatures of faith, like it or not.
--R. Joseph Hoffmann

As the last curtain falls on a spent year, a new year pirouettes to center stage with the elegance and charm of a prima ballerina – and delivers the promise of peace, hope, love and joy.
--Peggy Toney Horton

I am grateful for all that this year has given me, including the lessons it has given to my soul.
This year I will be kinder and more compassionate to myself and to all beings.
I will stop being so hard on me.
I will laugh more.
I will unplug more.
I will shift into my heart more.
I will make the time to connect to the Divine and feed my spirit.
I will let go of the small stuff.
I will surround myself with uplifting people and activities.
This is my truth and so it is. Amen.
--Eileen Anglin

It seems silly to worry about the arbitrary moment some person long dead declared to be the end of one year and the beginning of another, as if our attempts to divide time into meaningful chunks actually mean anything. People wait for the countdown to tell them it’s okay to believe in themselves again. They end each year with failure, but hope that when the clock strikes twelve, they can begin the new year with a clean slate. They tell themselves that this is the year things will happen, never realizing that things are always happening; they’re just happening without them.

—Shaun David Hutchinson
I went into the new year loving myself in different ways, in a different possibility. It was then that I understood things I hadn’t. It was then that I understood people I hadn’t. We work in ways where sometimes we don’t align because our intersections lead us elsewhere. We find ourselves in rapids which lead to lightning, in beds that leave us homesick. We lust after the impetuous, in hopelessness, and sometimes in the reactive.

We like things and people who are bad for us and that’s fine. It’s fine because it’s life. It happens. They exist. We exist. We all exist together in this world where nothing seems to make sense. Where everything is nothing but imaginary because it’s what we imagine it to be. Reality exists and it’s there, but life is what you make it. Your actions ask for it. How you exist is how you exist.

We take every new year and give it a theme because we’re scared of how it could be. You change in the moment, not by years. You be to become and becoming is something which frightens people. Lead by example instead of letting the example lead you. Take this new year and find yourself in people who question it because questioning is how you gain from it.

--Dominic Riccitello

The drums are slamming, rhythmic, exciting. As the minutes pass, it feels to me like we are collectively pulling the year 2004 toward us. Like we have roped it with our music, and now we are hauling it across the night sky like it’s a massive fishing net, brimming with all our unknown destinies. And what a heavy net it is, indeed, carrying as it does all the births, deaths, tragedies, wars, love stories, inventions, transformations and calamities that are destined for all of us this coming year.

--Elizabeth Gilbert

The New Year is a painting not yet painted; a path not yet stepped on; a wing not yet taken off! Things haven’t happened as yet! Before the clock strikes twelve, remember that you are blessed with the ability to reshape your life!

--Mehmet Murat ildan

And now let us believe in a long year that is given to us, new, untouched, full of things that have never been, full of work that has never been done, full of tasks, claims, and demands; and let us see that we learn to take it without letting fall too much of what it has to bestow upon those who demand of it necessary, serious, and great things.

--Rainer Maria Rilke
Make New Year’s goals. Dig within, and discover what you would like to have happen in your life this year. This helps you do your part. It is an affirmation that you’re interested in fully living life in the year to come.

Goals give us direction. They put a powerful force into play on a universal, conscious, and subconscious level. Goals give our life direction.

What would you like to have happen in your life this year? What would you like to do, to accomplish? What good would you like to attract into your life? What particular areas of growth would you like to have happen to you? What blocks, or character defects, would you like to have removed?

What would you like to attain? Little things and big things? Where would you like to go? What would you like to have happen in friendship and love? What would you like to have happen in your family life?

What problems would you like to see solved? What decisions would you like to make? What would you like to happen in your career?

Write it down. Take a piece of paper, a few hours of your time, and write it all down—as an affirmation of you, your life, and your ability to choose. Then let it go.

The new year stands before us, like a chapter in a book, waiting to be written. We can help write that story by setting goals.

--Melody Beattie

May the New Year bring you courage to break your resolutions early! My own plan is to swear off every kind of virtue, so that I triumph even when I fall!

--Aleister Crowley

As the old year retires and a new one is born, we commit into the hands of our Creator the happenings of the past year and ask for direction and guidance in the new one. May He grant us His grace, His tranquility and His wisdom!

--Peggy Toney Horton

We will open the book. Its pages are blank. We are going to put words on them ourselves. The book is called Opportunity and its first chapter is New Year’s Day.

--Edith Lovejoy Pierce

Tomorrow, is the first blank page of a 365 page book. Write a good one.

--Brad Paisley
I hope that in this year to come, you make mistakes.
Because if you are making mistakes, then you are making new things, trying new things, learning, living, pushing yourself, changing yourself, changing your world. You’re doing things you’ve never done before, and more importantly, you’re Doing Something.
So that’s my wish for you, and all of us, and my wish for myself. Make New Mistakes. Make glorious, amazing mistakes. Make mistakes nobody’s ever made before. Don’t freeze, don’t stop, don’t worry that it isn’t good enough, or it isn’t perfect, whatever it is: art, or love, or work or family or life.
Whatever it is you’re scared of doing, Do it.
Make your mistakes, next year and forever.

--Neil Gaiman

Many people look forward to the new year for a new start on old habits.
—Unknown

The proper behavior all through the holiday season is to be drunk. This drunkenness culminates on New Year’s Eve, when you get so drunk you kiss the person you’re married to.

—P. J. O’Rourke

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

The best way to keep a New Year’s resolution is—to yourself.
—Unknown

Looking forward into an empty year strikes one with a certain awe, because one finds therein no recognition. The years behind have a friendly aspect, and they are warmed by the fires we have kindled, and all their echoes are the echoes of our own voices.

—Alexander Smith

Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results means you’re either insane or are making a New Year’s resolution.

—@thedeadauthor
The old year is gone, the new year begun, and those of us who set store by the calendar draw a line to sum up a total, since it is man’s habit to count the minutes and the days and try to map time. Nature, of course, has her own map of time, and although man’s calculations may approximate it, they miss the mark repeatedly. If we insist on starting the year in mid-Winter, the solstice would be the logical moment, and the solstice occurred nine days ago. The ancients, being practical people, started their year with the vernal equinox, the beginning of Spring.

But, being insistently illogical, we follow long habit and ingrained tradition and give this day unwonted significance. We draw a mythical total line, hoping somehow to stop time long enough to sum up. But even before we have totted the first column, time has gone beyond us. Time doesn’t wait for totals. Only the tax collector can command time, and even he can’t check the sun in its course. The sun already leans toward Spring and another Summer.

—Hal Borland

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We’ll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer...

—Walter Scott

Last night the Old Year passed away, all
Scarred with guilt and sin;
This morn the New Year, pure and white,
Time’s angel ushered in.
The starry midnight gates were flung
Upon their hinges wide,
The angels dipped their silv’ry oars in
Time’s incoming tide.

—Eliza A. Wetherby Otis

Good resolutions are useless attempts to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely nil. They give us, now and then, some of those luxurious sterile emotions that have a certain charm for the weak. That is all that can be said for them. They are simply cheques that men draw on a bank where they have no account.

—Oscar Wilde
The old year cracks under the burdensome weight of twelve heavy months, and the next year emerges fresh and anew from its shell.  

—Terri Guillemets

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.  

—Alfred Tennyson

I’m not much of a resolution-maker beyond a few loosey-goosey mantras (Travel more! Whine less!)....If nothing else this year, if you don’t make it to your thrice-weekly kickboxing class, eat more whole grains, or call your mother once a week, make a tremendous effort...

—Nicki Porter

So often, New Year’s resolutions focus on ‘less’—eating less, spending less, wasting less. But maybe in 2018, we should see what happens if we set our minds on ‘more.’ Imagine what we could accomplish if our goals called for more patience, more compassion, more understanding, more thought, more dialogue.

—Christie Willhite

According to a 2017 article in US News and World Report, 80 percent of New Year’s Resolutions fail by February.

—Tyler Moss

This January start the year with an empty jar. Each week add a note with a good thing that happened. On New Year’s Eve empty the jar and read about the amazing year you had.

—Internet Meme

What will the new year bring us?  
365 opportunities.  

—Internet Meme
I LOVE the first day of a new year! It’s a completely blank slate—365 days to bring your dreams to life and become the best version of yourself.

—Melyssa Griffin

Love Valentine’s Day, love New Year’s Eve, love taking the SATs, just love high pressure situations and extreme expectations in general.

—B. J. Novak

==MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY==

We have flown the air like birds, and swum the sea like fishes, but we have not learned the simple act of walking the earth like brothers.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

We’ve got some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn’t matter with me now because I’ve been to the mountaintop . . . I’ve looked over and I’ve seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight that we as a people will get to the promised land.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

The strong man is the man who can stand up for his rights and not hit back.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

The ultimate weakness of violence is that it is a descending spiral, begetting the very thing it seeks to destroy. Instead of diminishing evil, it multiplies it. Through violence you may murder the liar, but you cannot murder the lie, nor establish the truth. Through violence you may murder the hater, but you do not murder hate. In fact, violence merely increases hate. So it goes. Returning violence for violence multiplies violence, adding deeper darkness to a night already devoid of stars. Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can do that.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

Life’s piano can only produce the melodies of brotherhood when it is recognized that the black keys are as basic, necessary, and beautiful as the white keys.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.
MARKING MARTIN’S DAY

Some mark this day with service.
Some mark this day to shop.
Some mark this day to tell us
the struggle never stops.
Some grimace, grumbling still
that we mark this day at all,
but Martin’s shout for justice
helped us answer freedom’s call.
He moved America
to strive for its ideals
to uphold its Declaration
and recall its founding zeal to build
a glorious nation
that stands for liberty.
King pricked the people’s
conscience to seek equality.

--Nordette Adams

MLK DAY: A POEM FOR MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Dear brother,
servant of justice,
you showed America how
to walk in the light. To tell the truth,
to create the beloved community.
Like Gandhi,
you conspired
to nonviolently resist injustice–
to overcome evil with good!
Minister and Peacemaker
prisoner for Jesus,
you challenged America
to break its addiction to the triple evils:
racism,
materialism,
militarism.
You called us forth,
to follow the way of Jesus,
to renounce violence,
resist war,
to break down the walls of prejudice,
to embrace peace.
The powers that be
threatened by justice,
killed you–
but not your message.
You live, dear brother,
your life—a beacon of hope!
The beloved community
is still being forged.
Death will not have the last word.
Love will overcome!

—Art Laffin

MARTIN LUTHER KING

Martin Luther King, Junior,
a modern man of great.
On principal in peace he stood,
his words, his character proved.

Content of ones character,
the essence of a man.
To be judged by who you are,
not by your skin color.

Simple truth, spoke the King,
yet men in ignorance stand.
Bigotry in depth of man,
in need of light to fade the dark.

Reverend King spoke God’s truth,
equality between each race.
I simplify his speech,
with ‘consideration’ for us each.

The man spoke for all on earth,
not only for one race.
Forgive, forget, move on in peace,
with no tolerance for injustice.
Peaceful nonviolence to the end,
his words, his wisdom proclaim.
Perseverance against unjust laws,
in peace changing social law.

The man, the King, modern prophet,
whose message changed America.
Justice increased, yet more to come,
justice prevails within the peace.

—Roger W. Hancock

Martin Luther King Jr. We remember MLK, Honored on this special day. He had a
dream that we would stand United together in this land, That we would strive to
find a way To live as friends in peace today. He wanted each of us to see The beauty
of equality. He taught that right overcomes wrong, That hope can turn the weak to
strong, And showing love instead of hate Would make our country truly great. His
message, meant to set us free, Was filled with hope for you and me. So on this day
let freedom ring, As we remember Dr. King!

—lakeshorelearning.com

REMEMBERING A LIFE

I remember him in the misted vision of toddler years
and again in girlhood, the booming voice on TV,
someone grown-ups talked about, eyelids flapped wide.
Elders huddled ’round the screen enraptured,
in fear for him, in awe.

I remember him.
His words swept the land, singing our passion.
Dogs growled in streets. Men in sheets.
Police battering my people. (Water, a weapon.)
Yet my people would rejoice... And mourn.

I remember him, a fearsome warrior crying peace,
a man--blemished by clay, the stain of sin as
any other, calling on the Rock--
Death’s sickle on his coat tails,
yet he spied glory.
Shall we walk again and remember him, 
not as the Madison Aveners do, 
but in solitude and hope 
with acts of courage and compassion, 
with lives of greater scope 
carving fresh paths of righteousness?

I remember. 

—Nordette Adams

With profound faith in our Nation’s promise, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., led a non-violent movement that urged our country’s leaders to expand the reach of freedom and provide equal opportunity for all.... By preaching his dream of a day when his children would be judged by the content of their character — rather than by the color of their skin — he helped awaken our Nation to the bitter truth that basic justice for all had not yet been realized.... Today, we celebrate the long arc of progress for which Dr. King and so many other leaders fought to bend toward a brighter day.... As Americans of all races and beliefs come together on this day of service to honor the life and legacy of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., let us pledge to recognize the common humanity of all people, regardless of the color of their skin or the station into which they were born.

—Barack Obama

Man is free because he is free to operate within the framework of his destiny. 
He is free to deliberate, to make decisions, and to choose between alternatives. 
He is distinguished from animals by his freedom to do evil or to do good and to walk the high road of beauty or tread the low road of ugly degeneracy.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

The first question which the priest and the Levite asked was: ‘If I stop to help this man, what will happen to me?’ But... the good Samaritan reversed the question: ‘If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?’

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

When you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have see hate filled policemen curse, kick and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your 20 million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your 6-year-old-daughter why she can’t
go the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious bitterness toward white people.

--Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Non-violence is a powerful and just weapon. It is a weapon unique in history, which cuts without wounding and ennobles the man who wields it. It is a sword that heals.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

There is nothing in all the world greater than freedom. It is worth paying for....If physical death is the price that some must pay to free their children from a permanent life of psychological death, then nothing could be more honorable.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

Violence as a way of achieving racial justice is both impractical and immoral. It is impractical because it is a descending spiral ending in destruction for all. The old law of an eye for an eye leaves everybody blind. It is immoral because it seeks to humiliate the opponent rather than win his understanding; it seeks to annihilate rather than to convert. Violence is immoral because it thrives on hatred rather than love. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It leaves society in monologue rather than dialogue. Violence ends by defeating itself. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers.

--Martin Luther King Jr.

If you want us to stop marching, make justice a reality. I don’t mind saying...I’m tired of marching for something that should’ve been mine at birth....I don’t march because I like it. I march because I must.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

We are (all) tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. As long as there is poverty in the world, no man can be totally rich....I can never be what I ought to be until you are what you ought to be. You can never be what you ought to be until I am what I ought to be

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

Even though morality cannot be legislated, behavior can be regulated....It may be true that the law can’t make a man love me, but it can keep him from lynching me.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.
(People) often hate each other because they fear each other; they fear each other because they do not know each other; they do not know each other because they cannot communicate; they cannot communicate because they are separated.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

This is the ultimate tragedy of segregation. It not only harms one physically but injures one spiritually. It scars the soul and degrades the personality. It inflicts the segregated with a false sense of inferiority, while (giving) the segregator...a false estimate of his own superiority.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

I want young men and young women who are not alive today but who will come into this world, with privileges and new opportunities. I want them to know and see that these new privileges and opportunities did not come without somebody suffering and sacrificing for them.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

Whatever career you may choose for yourself (also) become a dedicated fighter for civil rights....It will make you a better doctor, a better lawyer, a better teacher....Make a career of humanity....You will make a greater person of yourself, a greater nation of your country, and a finer world to live in.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

[When your first name becomes ‘nigger,’ your middle name becomes ‘boy’ (however old you are), and your wife and mother are never given the respected title ‘Mrs.’; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro... when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of ‘nobodiness’—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait.

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

• Faith is taking the first step even when you can’t see the whole staircase.
• There comes a time when silence is betrayal.
• Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter.
• In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.
• Only in the darkness can you see the stars.
• If you can’t fly then run, if you can’t run then walk, if you can’t walk then crawl, but whatever you do you have to keep moving forward.
• Darkness cannot drive out darkness: Only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: Only love can do that.
• Let no man pull you so low as to hate him.
• That old law about ‘an eye for an eye’ leaves everybody blind. The time is always right to do the right thing.
• There comes a time when one must take a position that is neither safe nor politic nor popular, but he must take it because his conscience tells him it is right.
• Nothing in the world is more dangerous than sincere ignorance and conscientious stupidity.
• Our scientific power has outrun our spiritual power. We have guided missiles and misguided men.
• Intelligence plus character--that is the goal of true education.
• We must come to see that the end we seek is a society at peace with itself, a society that can live with its conscience.
• A genuine leader is not a searcher for consensus but a molder of consensus.
• I have decided to stick to love ... Hate is too great a burden to bear.
• Everybody can be great ... because anybody can serve. You don’t have to have a college degree to serve. You don’t have to make your subject and verb agree to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love.
• A man who won’t die for something is not fit to live.
• No one really knows why they are alive until they know what they’d die for.
• Forgiveness is not an occasional act; it is a constant attitude.
• Those who are not looking for happiness are the most likely to find it, because those who are searching forget that the surest way to be happy is to seek happiness for others.
• Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.
• We must build dikes of courage to hold back the flood of fear.
• The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy.
• We must accept finite disappointment but never lose infinite hope.
• I have a dream that one day little black boys and girls will be holding hands with little white boys and girls.
• We must live together as brothers or perish together as fools.
• Science investigates; religion interprets. Science gives man knowledge, which is power; religion gives man wisdom, which is control. Science deals mainly with facts; religion deals mainly with values. The two are not rivals.
• People fail to get along because they fear each other; they fear each other because they don’t know each other; they don’t know each other because they have not communicated with each other.
• We must develop and maintain the capacity to forgive. He who is devoid of the power to forgive is devoid of the power to love. There is some good in the worst of us and some evil in the best of us. When we discover this, we are less prone to hate our enemies.

• No person has the right to rain on your dreams.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

‘The Purpose of Education’ (1947)

True peace is not merely the absence of tension; it is the presence of justice.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor, it must be demanded by the oppressed.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

Out of the mountain of despair, a stone of hope.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality. This is why right, temporarily defeated, is stronger than evil triumphant.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

The contemporary tendency in our society is to base our distribution on scarcity, which has vanished, and to compress our abundance into the overfed mouths of the middle and upper classes until they gag with superfluity. If democracy is to have breadth of meaning, it is necessary to adjust this inequity. It is not only moral, but it is also intelligent. We are wasting and degrading human life by clinging to archaic thinking.

—Martin Luther King Jr.
The time is always right to do what is right.  —Martin Luther King Jr.

Be a bush if you can’t be a tree. If you can’t be a highway, just be a trail. If you can’t be a sun, be a star. For it isn’t by size that you win or fail. Be the best of whatever you are.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

For when people get caught up with that which is right and they are willing to sacrifice for it, there is no stopping point short of victory.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

All we say to America is, ‘Be true to what you said on paper.’ If I lived in China or even Russia, or any totalitarian country, maybe I could understand the denial of certain basic First Amendment privileges, because they hadn’t committed themselves to that over there. But somewhere I read of the freedom of assembly. Somewhere I read of the freedom of speech. Somewhere I read of the freedom of the press. Somewhere I read that the greatness of America is the right to protest for right.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

=WASHINGTON’S BIRTHDAY
(PRESIDENTS’ DAY)

Let him who looks for a monument to Washington look around the United States. Your freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth are a monument to him.

--Louis Kossuth

I venture to say, that, from the Latin American point of view, the greatest glory of George Washington consists in having governed with success the first republican nation established in modern times and in having set examples and standards that will last as long as justice and righteousness, honesty and wisdom, unselfishness and patriotism preside over the destinies of free and civilized nations.

--Ricardo J. Alfaro

George Washington is one of the beacons placed at intervals along the highroad of history.

--Orestes Ferrara
The superiority of Washington’s character and genius were more conspicuous in the formation of our government and in putting it on indestructible foundations than leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country.

--Chauncey M. Depew

The chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington, inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement—here indeed is a character to admire and revere, a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

--William Makepeace Thackeray

Presidents Day is an annual U.S. holiday honoring those in the market for a new mattress or car.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

Another remarkable thing about George Washington was that he was born on a national holiday.

--Unknown

Washington stands alone and unapproachable like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy, and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations.

--James Bryce

Because he was a gentleman and a man of wise propriety, his acts became precedents that to this day gives the Presidency the great dignity it has. He shaped and molded that office to the contours of his own heroic stature.

--W. J. Cameron

Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities.

--William Ellery Channing

If to set a mark upon the minds of men which changes the whole course of human events is teaching, then Washington ranks as a prince of teachers.

--Calvin Coolidge
Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain-range of greatness.

--John W. Daniel

His life was a hymn in praise of honor, uprightness, and patriotism.

--Orestes Ferrara

The character, the counsels, and example of our Washington...will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us; they will guide our children and our children’s children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations.

--Edward Everett

Washington is, to my mind, the purest figure in history.

--William Ewart

Gladstone

From the life of George Washington one lesson stands forth that is to me of more interest than the great work he accomplished in winning the independence and liberty of his country. It is that in this great American is incarnate the type of statesman that is capable of converting his ideal of government into a practical and stable reality through the sheer strength of his uprightness and determination, without having recourse to secret machinations, to opportunism, or to that divergence between private and public morality of which the science and art of politics have been believed for many centuries to consist.

--Enrique Olaya Herrera

Washington’s is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on.

--Abraham Lincoln

Behind the popular myths, behind the statuesque figure of the orator and the preacher, behind the general and the President and the historian, there was a strong, vigorous man, in whose veins ran warm, red blood, in whose heart were strong passions and deep sympathy for humanity, in whose brain were far-reaching thoughts, and who was informed throughout his being with a resistless will.

--Henry Cabot Lodge
The Constitution is the guide which I never will abandon.

—George Washington

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.

—George Washington

It is well. I die hard but am not afraid to go.

—George Washington

Life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed.

—George Washington

It is infinitely better to have a few good men than many indifferent ones.

—George Washington

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well-tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to appellation.

—George Washington

I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent.

—George Washington

Truth will ultimately prevail where there is pains to bring it to light.

—George Washington

My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth.

—George Washington

Nothing can be more hurtful to the service, than the neglect of discipline; for that discipline, more than numbers, gives one army the superiority over another.

—George Washington

The administration of justice is the firmest pillar of government.

—George Washington
I shall not be deprived ... of a comfort in the worst event, if I retain a consciousness of having acted to the best of my judgment.

—George Washington

Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God.

—George Washington

Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

—George Washington

I can only say that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it [slavery]—but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by Legislative authority: and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

—George Washington

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, ‘not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends.

—George Washington

Discipline is the soul of an army. It makes small numbers formidable; procures success to the weak, and esteem to all.

—George Washington

If the freedom of speech is taken away, then dumb and silent we may be led, like sheep to the slaughter.

—George Washington

The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government.

—George Washington

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all.

—George Washington

To be prepared for war is one of the most effective means of preserving peace.

—George Washington
Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

—George Washington

Bad seed is a robbery of the worst kind: for your pocket-book not only suffers by it, but your preparations are lost and a season passes away unimproved.

—George Washington

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

--George Washington

Impressed with a conviction that the due administration of justice is the firmest pillar of good government, I have considered the first arrangement of the judicial department as essential to the happiness of our country and to the stability of its’ political system – hence the selection of the fittest characters to expound the laws, and dispense justice, has been an invariable object of my anxious concern.

—George Washington

A primary object should be the education of our youth in the science of government. In a republic, what species of knowledge can be equally important? And what duty more pressing than communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the country?

—George Washington

A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined; to which end a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite; and their safety and interest require that they should promote such manufactories as tend to render them independent of others for essential, particularly military, supplies.

—George Washington

There is a Destiny which has the control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

—George Washington

But lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

—George Washington
Every post is honorable in which a man can serve his country.

—George Washington

Happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected.

—George Washington

If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known, that we are at all times ready for War.

—George Washington

I sincerely wish, gentlemen, that you may in your social and individual capacities taste those blessings which a gracious God bestows upon the righteous.

—George Washington

I hope I shall possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

—George Washington

We should not look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dearly bought experience.

—George Washington

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distress of everyone, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse.

—George Washington

My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother. I attribute my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from her.

—George Washington

In politics as in philosophy, my tenets are few and simple. The leading one of which, and indeed that which embraces most others, is to be honest and just ourselves and to exact it from others, meddling as little as possible in their affairs where our own are not involved. If this maxim was generally adopted, wars would cease and our swords would soon be converted into reap hooks and our harvests be more peaceful, abundant, and happy.

—George Washington
It is better to offer no excuse than a bad one.

—George Washington

Worry is the interest paid by those who borrow trouble.

—George Washington

WASHINGTON’S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation’s heart,
All other days above.
And this is Washington’s glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country’s honor
When his country’s days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in radiant glory,
His name is on every tongue.
Yes, it’s splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster

The last few days I have read various addresses made on Lincoln’s Birthday. Every Politician always talks about him, but none of them ever imitate him. They always make that a day of delivering a Lecture on ‘Americanism.’ When an Office Holder, or one that has been found out, can’t think of anything to deliver a speech on, he always falls back on the good old subject, AMERICANISM. Now that is the one thing that I have never delivered an Essay on, either written or spoken. They have all had a crack at it every Fourth of July and Lincoln’s Birthday.

—Will Rogers
VALENTINE’S DAY

What the heart gives away is never gone ...
It is kept in the hearts of others. —Robin St. John

I’ve fallen in love many times... always with you. —Unknown

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach....
--Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

For ’twas not into my ear you whispered
But into my heart.
’Twas not my lips you kissed
But my soul.
—Judy Garland

On Valentine’s Day, the Spirit Club plastered the school with red streamers and pink balloons and red and pink hearts. It looked like Clifford the Big Red Dog ate a flock of flamingoes and then barfed his guts up.
--Carolyn Mackler

I got a Valentine’s Day card from my girl. It said, ‘Take my heart! Take my arms! Take my lips!’ Which is just like her. Keeping the best part for herself.
--Robert Orben

Here comes February, a little girl with her first valentine, a red bow in her windblown hair, a kiss waiting on her lips, a tantrum just back of her laughter.
--Hal Borland

Valentine hearts beat more passionately than everyday hearts.
—Terri Guillemets

Love me and the world is mine.
—David Reed
VALENTINE'S DAY SLOGANS

A hundred hearts would be too few to carry all my love for you.
A rose is only a rose. . . until you give it away.
All I really need is love, but a little chocolate now and then doesn’t hurt!
Cakes and Candy can’t compare to the sweetness of your love.
Come live in my heart and pay no rent.
Everyday with you is like Valentines Day.
For us to be together I pray, for this Valentines Day.
Heart to Heart – Sharing, caring and growing together.
I couldn’t forget you if I would – I wouldn’t forget you if I could.
I love you more than you know, you’re in my heart wherever I go.
I love you with all my heart, lets stay together and never part.
I loved you yesterday, I love you still, I always have, and always WILL.
I see your face when I am dreaming. That’s why I always wake up screaming.
I thought that I could love no other. Until, that is, I met your brother.
I’ll do whatever it takes to make you smile; I’ll be true to you till my Life’s last mile.
If I had but one wish to come true, it would be to spend Valentines with you.
It feels like bliss, to get a hug and kiss, from you miss.
Lets dance and Dine, this Valentine.
Love is an Art, which comes from the Heart.
Love is like fire, whether it will warm your heart or burn your house down, you never know.
May love come your way, this Valentine’s day.
Meeting you was fate, becoming your friend was a choice, but falling in love with you was beyond my control.
My love, you take my breath away. What have you stepped in to smell this way?
My lovely honey Valentine, You make me half insane.
Roses are red Violets are blue I want everyone to know that I love you.
Take my heart and lets never part.
The spaces between your fingers were created so that another’s could fill them in.
This Valentine Day give her the gift that vibrates with love.
To hold your hand feels so sweet, with you I always feel complete.
Valentine’s Day is finally here, so hug the one you hold dear.
Valentines is near—Just wishing you were here.
When you love someone, all your saved-up wishes start coming out.
Will you come my way, this Valentine’s Day?
You are so Fine, Please be Mine, This Valentine.
You are so sweet, You are so fine, Please will you be my Valentine?

—Slogans

Oh, if it be to choose and call thee mine, love, thou art every day my Valentine!

—Thomas Hood
If I had a single flower for every time I think of you, I could walk forever in my
garden.

—Claudia Adrienne
Grandi

My heart to you is given:
Oh, do give yours to me;
We'll lock them up together,
And throw away the key.

—Frederick Saunders

How did it happen that their lips came together? How does it happen that birds
sing, that snow melts, that the rose unfolds, that the dawn whitens behind the
stark shapes of trees on the quivering summit of the hill? A kiss, and all was said.

—Victor Hugo

Love is missing someone whenever you’re apart, but somehow feeling warm inside
because you’re close in heart.

—Kay Knudsen

Nobody has ever measured, even poets, how much a heart can hold.

—Zelda Fitzgerald

The heart has its reasons that reason knows nothing of.

—Blaise Pascal

I don’t understand why Cupid was chosen to represent Valentine’s Day. When I
think about romance, the last thing on my mind is a short, chubby toddler coming
at me with a weapon.

—Unknown

A bell is no bell ’til you ring it,
A song is no song ’til you sing it,
And love in your heart
Wasn’t put there to stay—
Love isn’t love
’Til you give it away.

—Oscar Hammerstein
Love makes your soul crawl out from its hiding place. —Zora Neale Hurston

Who, being loved, is poor? —Oscar Wilde

In melody divine,  
My heart it beats to rapturous love,  
I long to call you mine. —Unknown

Time is too slow for those who wait, too swift for those who fear, too long for those who grieve, too short for those who rejoice, but for those who love, time is eternity. —Henry Van Dyke

We loved with a love that was more than love. —Edgar Allan Poe

Grow old with me! The best is yet to be. —Robert Browning

I claim there ain’t  
Another Saint  
As great as Valentine. —Ogden Nash

A hundred hearts would be too few  
To carry all my love for you. —Unknown

Trip over love, you can get up. Fall in love and you fall forever. —Unknown

Love—a wildly misunderstood although highly desirable malfunction of the heart which weakens the brain, causes eyes to sparkle, cheeks to glow, blood pressure to rise and the lips to pucker. —Unknown

Many are the stars I see, but in my eye no star like thee. —English Saying
Without Valentine’s Day, February would be... well, January.
—Jim Gaffigan

The hours I spend with you I look upon as sort of a perfumed garden, a dim twilight, and a fountain singing to it. You and you alone make me feel that I am alive. Other men it is said have seen angels, but I have seen thee and thou art enough.
—George Moore

What’s Valentine’s Day about except the desperate search to find someone to spend Valentine’s Day with? It just shows that love has become a marketing campaign, like everything else. You buy into it and lose everything.
--David Levithan

To the romantic soul, the rituals of Valentine’s Day echo every day of the year.
--Richelle E. Goodrich

If you love yourself first, you will find your Valentine much quicker!
--Mehmet Murat ildan

February—the month of love..?!!
No wonder the shortest one in the calendar.
--Dinesh Kumar Biran

Love is the ultimate no-calorie sweetener.
--Richelle E. Goodrich

What was that? Valentine’s Day? Her heart gave a little skip at the thought, she had never spent it in a romantic way before, usually the day meant sending and receiving cute Cupid cards and heart shaped sugar candies, but it was all in a platonic celebration of friendship. This time, it would not be like that, it would be ... special.
—E. A. Bucchianeri

I feel you not only on Valentine’s day but with every breath of everyday.
--Debasish Mridha

Valentine’s Day is an extraordinary moment for recalling the lasting power of a true love.
—M. F. Moonzajer
Valentine’s Day is a disaster. Any day that is designed to perfectly encapsulate something as messy and personal as two people in a romantic relationship would have to be.

--Joseph Fink

Love is an afternoon of fishing when I’d sooner be at the ballet.
Love is eating burnt toast and lumpy gravy with a big smile.
Love is hearing the words ‘You’re beautiful’ as I fail to squeeze into my fat jeans.
Love is refusing to bring up the past, even if doing so would be a slam dunk to prove your point.
Love is your hand wiping away my tears, trying to erase streaks of mascara.
Love is the warm hug that extinguishes an argument.
Love is a humbly-uttered apology, even if not at fault.
Love is easy to recognize but so hard to define; however, I think it boils down to this...
Love is caring so much about the feelings of someone else, you sacrifice whatever it takes to help him or her feel better.
In other words, love is my heart being sensitive to yours.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

When I ask you to be my valentine, I’m not asking you to love me. I’m simply asking you to accept tokens of my love for you.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

In February when my garden is barren of flowers, you are the only flower blooming in my heart. I cherish you and adore you with all of my heart because you are my Valentine.

--Debasish Mridha

Love attracts, connects, builds and frees the beauty of humanity. Happy Valentines Day.

--Euginia Herlihy

It was February sixth: eight days until Valentine’s Day. I was dateless, as usual, deep in the vice grip of unrequited love. It was bad enough not having a boyfriend for New Year’s Eve. Now I had to cope with Valentine datelessness, feeling consummate social pressure from every retailer in America who stuck hearts and cupids in their windows by January second to rub it in.

--Joan Bauer
Valentine’s Day is the poet’s holiday.  

--Ted Kooser

V-Day…if you need this one day in a year to show everyone else you truly care for ‘your loved one’ I think it’s quite stupid. I hate this commercialism. It’s all artificial, and has nothing to do with real love.

—Jess C. Scott

Today is Valentine’s Day—or, as men like to call it, Extortion Day!  

--Jay Leno

VALENTINE’S DAY (DATING)  
Mushy care, roses, chocolates, lingerie, dinner reservations at a nice restaurant.

VALENTINE’S DAY (MARRIED 20 YEARS)  
‘They’re charging $7.99 for a greeting card now.’  
‘Eight bucks for a CARD? Ridiculous!’  
‘I won’t get you a card if you don’t get me a card.’  
‘Deal. I don’t even want a card. I want a new vacuum.’

—Internet Meme

Valentine’s Day idea: go bar hopping and fake a proposal in each place so people buy us drinks all night and we get drunk for free.

—Hayden Hintz

Can we replace Valentine’s Day with another Thanksgiving?  

—Internet Meme

Every Valentine’s Day card in history was signed on the dashboard of a car in a Walgreens parking lot.

—Cameron McQuaig

Love Valentine’s Day, love New Year’s Eve, love taking the SATs, just love high pressure situations and extreme expectations in general.

—B. J. Novak

Jokes on you, people trying to make me feel bad about Valentine’s Day—I feel bad every day!

—Internet Meme
I don’t need a valentine. I need 8 million dollars and a fast metabolism
—Jamie Macgregor

—ST. PATRICK’S DAY

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure ’tis like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing,
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure, they steal your heart away.
—Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr.

St. Patrick’s Day is an enchanted time—a day to begin transforming winter’s
dreams into summer’s magic.
—Adrienne Cook

TREASURE HUNT

St. Patrick’s Day is coming
And you might think it’s a joke.
But I’d like to get my hands on
One of the little folk.
For they say in good old Ireland
If a Leprechaun you hold,
You’ll go to the end of the rainbow
To his treasure pot of gold.
It may be a lot of blarney
For ’tis written in Irish folklore.
The Isle is home to the fairies
To be sure, to be sure, to be sure.
—Nancy Russell

St. Patrick—one of the few saints whose feast day presents the opportunity to get
determinedly whacked and make a fool of oneself all under the guise of acting Irish.
—Charles M. Madigan

The list of Irish saints is past counting; but in it all no other figure is so human,
friendly, and lovable as St. Patrick—who was an Irishman only by adoption.
—Stephen Gwynn
Ireland and her people
Land of pristine lakes, Verdant valleys and pastoral country side.
Sea swept coastlines, cliffs that climb up and skyward from the ocean waves.
Sun that warms both heart and summer air, casting long
Shadows upon the mist that lingers in the sweet meadow.
Music that delights the ear, while settings one’s heart a-flutter.

‘Danny Boy’ not just a song, but a nation’s ‘anthem’
Brilliant minds, scholars, poets, playwright, authors and men
of letters. Great universities and halls of higher learning.

Great statesmen and parliamentarians.
St. Patrick her holy patron.
The harsh famines that gave way to the tidal wave of immigration that
never diminished the Irish spirit and gift of laughter of her great

People who contributed resource and talent to their newly adopted home-lands.
—Joseph P. Martino

DON’T PINCH

When I got on the school bus,
I was in for a surprise.
My friends all stared and pointed.
There was mischief in their eyes.
A kid who sat in front of me
reached out and pinched my knee.
My friends all started laughing,
but the joke was lost on me.
And then I got my second pinch.
I felt it on my ear.
And then I felt a third and fourth.
You guessed it—on my rear.
I asked, ‘Why are you pinching me?
I think it’s very mean!’
They said, ‘Today’s St. Patrick’s Day
and you’re not wearing green.’

—Bruce Lansky
You’ve heard I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th’ Atlantic

—William Maginn

Oh, the music in the air!
An’ the joy that’s ivrywhere -
Shure, the whole blue vault of heaven is wan grand triumphal arch,
An’ the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th’-day,
Fur the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth o’ March!

—Thomas Augustin Daly

May luck be our companion
May friends stand by our side
May history remind us all
Of Ireland’s faith and pride.
May God bless us with happiness
May love and faith abide.

—Irish Blessing

If you hold a four-leaf shamrock in your left hand at dawn on St. Patrick’s Day you get what you want very much but haven’t wished for.

—Patricia Lynch

With the frost he kindled fire;
Drove the snakes from brake and brier,
Hurling out the writhing brood
With the lightning of his rood.

—Edwin Markham

May your pockets be heavy and your heart be light,
May good luck pursue you each morning and night.

—Irish Blessing

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.

—Henry Bennett
The anniversary of St. Patrick’s day: and may the Shamrock be green for ever.

—Shane Na Gael

There’s a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
’Twas St Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland...

—Andrew Cherry

No wonder that we Irish lads should be so free and frisky,
Since St. Patrick taught us first the knack of drinking of good whiskey;
’Twas he that brew’d the best of malt, and understood distilling,
For his mother she kept a shebeen shop in the town of Inniskillen!

—Shane Na Gael

If a man who cannot count finds a four-leaf clover, is he lucky?

—Stanislaw J. Lec

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, he came of decent people
In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher, his mother was a Brady
His aunt was an O’Shaughnessy and his uncle was a Grady.
So success attend St. Patrick’s fist, he was a saint so clever,
He gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished them for ever!

—Zozimus (Michael Moran)

May the Irish hills caress you.
May her lakes and rivers bless you.
May the luck of the Irish enfold you.
May the blessings of Saint Patrick behold you.

—Irish Blessing

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, who through strategy and stealth
Drove all the snakes from Ireland, here’s a drink to his health!
But not too many drinks, lest we lose ourselves and then
Forget the good Saint Patrick, and see them snakes again!

—Unknown
Anyone acquainted with Ireland knows that the morning of St. Patrick’s Day consists of the night of the seventeenth of March flavored strongly with the morning of the eighteenth.

—Unknown

May your blessings outnumber
The shamrocks that grow,
And may trouble avoid you
Wherever you go.

—Irish Blessing

For each petal on the shamrock
This brings a wish your way -
Good health, good luck, and happiness
For today and every day.

—Unknown

St. Patrick’s Day is a cultural holiday during which Irish people act exactly like their stereotypes.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

IRELAND

When Irish stew is bubbling
And the soda bread is hot
And the Irish tea is steeping in
a little Irish pot,
When the room is warm with laughter
And the songs are bright and bold
And there’s poetry and magic
In the stories that are told,
Isn’t it a blessing,
Isn’t it just grand
To know the heart and soul
Of you belongs to Ireland.

—www.irelandcalling.ie
Easter is...
Joining in a birdsong,
Eying an early sunrise,
Smelling yellow daffodils,
Unbolting windows and doors,
Skipping through meadows,
Cuddling newborns,
Hoping, believing,
Reviving spent life,
Inhaling fresh air,
Sprinkling seeds along furrows,
Tracking in the mud.
Easter is the soul’s first taste of spring.

—Richelle E. Goodrich

Holidays can be fun times for families to get together and to celebrate life. This weekend let’s not lose focus. For this is the one and ONLY holiday that our Christ commands us to memorialize. It’s in his words. It’s in the Bible. It was important enough for Him to spell it out. It should be important enough for us to listen. Above all other events in our lives, isn’t Christ Jesus’s sacrifice truly the most magnificent one? Let’s remember our Savior and not allow the World to mislead us into over prioritizing any other day than when He gave His life for us. Truly His act was a gift to mankind that remains matchless.

—José N. Harris

Christmas and Easter are attitudinal bookends for an enlightened world view. With an enlightened view of Christmas, we understand that it is within our power through God to give birth to a divine self. With an enlightened view of Easter, we understand that this self is the power of the universe before which death itself has no real power. Resurrection is the symbol of joy, it is the great ‘ah-ha!’ The acceptance of the resurrection is the realization of the fact that we need wait no longer to see ourselves as healed and whole.

—Marianne Williamson

Other Sundays could be made as popular at church as Easter Sunday if you made them into fashion shows too.

—Will Rogers
Bunnies are cuddly
The large and the small
But I like chocolate ones
The best of them all.

—Unknown

God expects from men something more than at such times, and that it were much to be wished for the credit of their religion as well as the satisfaction of their conscience that their Easter devotions would in some measure come up to their Easter dress.

—Robert South

EASTER FEELING

The Easter feeling does not end. It signals a new beginning, Of nature, spring, and brand new life, And friendship, peace, and giving. The spirit of Easter is all about Hope, love, and joyful living.

—Unknown

EASTER PARADE

Never saw you look quite so pretty before
Never saw you dressed quite so lovely what’s more
I could hardly wait to keep our date this lovely Easter morning
And my heart beat fast as I came through the door
For—

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it
You’ll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade

I’ll be all in clover and when they look you over
I’ll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade

On the Avenue
Fifth Avenue
The photographers will snap us
And you’ll find that you’re
In the rotogravure

Oh, I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet
And of the girl I’m taking to the Easter parade

—Irving Berlin
**PETER COTTONTAIL**

Here comes Peter Cottontail  
Hoppin’ down the bunny trail,  
Hippity hoppin’, Easter’s on its way

Bringin’ ev’ry girl and boy  
A basketful of Easter joy  
Things to make your Easter bright and gay

He’s got jelly beans for Tommy  
Colored eggs for sister Sue  
There’s an orchid for your mommy  
And an Easter bonnet too. Oh!

Here’ comes Peter Cottontail  
Hoppin’ down the bunny trail  
Hippity hoppity Happy Easter Day

Look at him hop and listen to him say,  
‘Try to do the things you should’  
Maybe if you’re extra good  
He’ll roll lots of Easter eggs your way

You’ll wake up on Easter morning  
And you’ll know that he was there  
When you find those choc’late bunnies  
That he’s hiding ev’rywhere, Oh!

Here’ comes Peter Cottontail  
Hoppin’ down the bunny trail  
Hippity hoppity Happy Easter Day.

—Gene Autry

I lied on my Weight Watchers list. I put down that I had 3 eggs... but they were Cadbury chocolate eggs.

—Caroline Rhea
THE EASTER BUNNY

There’s a story quite funny,
About a toy bunny,
And the wonderful things she can do;
Every bright Easter morning,
Without warning,
She colors eggs, red, green, or blue.

Some she covers with spots,
Some with quaint little dots,
And some with strange mixed colors, too
-- Red and green, blue and yellow,
But each unlike his fellow
Are eggs of every hue.

And it’s odd, as folks say,
That on no other day
In all of the whole year through,
Does this wonderful bunny,

So busy and funny,
Color eggs of every hue.

If this story you doubt
She will soon find you out,
And what do you think she will do?
On the next Easter morning
She’ll bring you without warning,
Those eggs of every hue.

—M. Josephine Todd

Easter spells out beauty, the rare beauty of new life.

—S. D. Gordon

So with Easter. It was fun, as a child, to bound down the stairs to find seasonal sweet-treats under each plate, but again, with the passing of time, and the shadow of death over our broken family circle, I’ve seen Easter as highest necessity. If hope is to flourish, it had better be true.

--Gerhard Frost
Happy Easter to you, my friend!
This day’s light shall have no end.
For Christ did rise
In the golden morn
And by His life are we reborn.

Happy Easter to one and all!
The night is over, the sun is tall.
The day did break with a tiny beam
And flooded life with Light supreme.

--Paul F. Kortepeter

Like the rest of Holy Week, Easter is also a terrific story. It starts as tragedy: the hero broken and bloody, against all expectation dead, his followers’ joyful hope in him entombed with his corpse, the rock rolled into place, sealing their despair.

But the curtain doesn’t fall there. The next morning at dawn they discover the rock has been rolled back. The tomb is empty, the body’s gone! A missing corpse? Great stuff. A whisper of comedy. Now a touch of farce as Mary Magdalen and the guys chase frantically around looking for help, or the corpse, when suddenly, out of nowhere, up it pops—alive!

Of course it’s Jesus, who’s done the impossible and beaten death.

And they’re so amazed they think he’s the gardener! It’s a payoff way beyond the Hollywood ending: all the flooding emotion and uplift of a tragedy followed by all the bubbling joy and optimism of a comedy.

Is that possible? Not just to live happily ever after but to die—and still live happily ever after? It’s the most audacious claim of Christianity, the one element that marks the brand indelibly, that trumps the claims of all other major faiths.

--Tony Hendra

Two thousand years ago Jesus is crucified, three days later he walks out of a cave and they celebrate with chocolate bunnies and marshmallow Peeps and beautifully decorated eggs. I guess these were things Jesus loved as a child.

--Billy Crystal

EASTER HAS BEEN CANCELED—THEY FOUND THE BODY.

--Jim Butcher
Sooner or later I will realize that the very things I most desperately need are the very things I am unable to give myself. Therefore, I will either be left despising the fact that I am doomed to live out a life that is perpetually empty, or I will realize that an empty tomb is the single thing that will eternally fill me.

--Craig D. Lounsbrough

Easter is a time when God turned the inevitability of death into the invincibility of life.

--Craig D. Lounsbrough

On Easter we wrap up pretty, little decorated eggs symbolizing life and renewal. We do this because of the intangibility of a promised gift, which is the eventual resurrection of the body, restored to its finest forever state. Easter celebrates life and the idea of its eternal value, most notably the life of the gift-giver who demands nothing in return. He is your Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

To summarize, Easter Sunday is the most important Sunday. It is the Sunday of all Sundays. It is the day of the new beginning of the entire cosmos, the day of resurrection.

In our worship we must be careful not to reduce our message to the Easter fact only. The Easter fact must include the message this fact proclaims: God makes all things new. It must also include the message that we have been raised with Christ. Calling God’s people to die to sin and rise to the new life is central not only to Easter day but to the Easter season.

--Robert E. Webber

New Rule: Someone must x-ray my stomach to see if the Peeps I ate on Easter are still in there, intact and completely undigested. And I’m not talking about this past Easter. I’m talking about the last time I celebrated Easter, in 1962.

--Bill Maher

Christmas and Easter can be subjects for poetry, but Good Friday, like Auschwitz, cannot. The reality is so horrible it is not surprising that people should have found it a stumbling block to faith.

—W. H. Auden

Easter is an annual religious holiday celebrating the one-hour resurrection of your lapsed Catholicism.

—TL;DR Wikipedia
If man had his way, the plan of redemption would be an endless and bloody conflict. In reality, salvation was bought not by Jesus’ fist, but by His nail-pierced hands; not by muscle but by love; not by vengeance but by forgiveness; not by force but by sacrifice. Jesus Christ our Lord surrendered in order that He might win; He destroyed His enemies by dying for them and conquered death by allowing death to conquer Him.

—A. W. Tozer

A strangely reflective, even melancholy day. Is that because, unlike our cousins in the northern hemisphere, Easter is not associated with the energy and vitality of spring but with the more subdued spirit of autumn?

—Hugh Mackay

For I remember it is Easter morn, And life and love and peace are all new born.

--Alice Freeman Palmer

Two things the Easter Light does definitely: it liberates us from the closely cabined and confining thought of life as an hourglass running down; and it infinitely enhances the present quality of life.

--W. J. Cameron

Easter spells out beauty, the rare beauty of new life.

--S. D. Gordon

=APRIL FOOL’S DAY

Take all the fools out of this world and there wouldn’t be any fun living in it, or profit.

—Josh Billings

APRIL FOOLS DAY

When it’s April Fools Day, you better beware. There’s so many pranksters, lurking out there. They’re waiting to bait you, with stories so bold. To see your expression, on what you were told. If they get a reaction, they’ll
consider you real cool. They’ll blurt out and say...April Fool! Through the course of the day, you can be sure others, will be ready to pounce on you. Be a good sport and have a retort, enjoy the moment too!

--Audrey Heller

GOOD MORNING, DEAR STUDENTS

‘Good morning, dear students,’ the principal said. ‘Please put down your pencils and go back to bed. Today we will spend the day playing outside, then take the whole school on a carnival ride.

‘We’ll learn to eat candy while watching TV, then listen to records and swing from a tree. We’ll also be learning to draw on the walls, to scream in the classrooms and run in the halls.

‘So bring in your skateboard, your scooter, your bike. It’s time to be different and do what you like. The teachers are going to give you a rest. You don’t have to study. There won’t be a test.

‘And if you’d prefer, for a bit of a change, feel free to go wild and act really strange. Go put on a clown suit and dye your hair green, and copy your face on the Xerox machine.

‘Tomorrow it’s back to the regular grind. Today, just go crazy. We really don’t mind. So tear up your homework. We’ll give you an A. Oh wait. I’m just kidding. It’s April Fools’ Day.’

—Kenn Nesbitt
APRIL FOOL

The maple syrup’s full of ants.
   A mouse is creeping on the shelf.

   Is that a spider on your back?
   I ate a whole pie by myself.

The kitchen sink just overflowed.
   A flash flood washed away the school.
   I threw your blanket in the trash.

   I never lie——— I———
   APRIL FOOL!
   —Myra Cohn Livingston

The origins of April Fools’ Day are obscure.

The predominant theory holds that it dates from about 1582, the year France adopted the Gregorian Calendar, which switched the beginning of the year from what is now the end of March (around the time of the vernal equinox) to the first of January.

According to popular lore, some folks, out of ignorance, stubbornness, or both, continued to ring in the New Year on April first and were made the butt of jokes and pranks (‘poissons d’avail,’ or ‘April Fish’) on account of their ‘foolishness.’ This became an annual celebration which ultimately spread throughout Europe and other parts of the world.

However, the earliest known historical reference to April Fools’ Day occurs in a Dutch poem published in 1561, which predates the adoption of the Gregorian calendar by some 21 years.

Another problem with the calendar-change theory is that it doesn’t account for a historical record replete with traditions linking jollity and tomfoolery to springtime dating all the way back to antiquity — and not just in the West.

The ancient Romans, for example, celebrated a festival on March 25 called Hilaria, marking the occasion with masquerades and ‘general good cheer.’ Holi, the Hindu ‘festival of colors’ observed in early March with ‘general merrymaking’ and the ‘loosening of social norms,’ is at least as old as Hilaria.
The Jewish festival of Purim has a long, colorful history as well. Coinciding with the advent of spring, it’s celebrated annually with costume-wearing, carnivals, and pranks.
It’s not unreasonable to suppose that the calendrical changes of the 16th and 17th centuries served more as an excuse to codify a general spirit of mirth already associated with springtime, the season of rebirth and renewal, than as the sole inspiration for a pranksters’ holiday.

—David Emery

APRIL FOOL’S DAY

All fools day put a spring in your step
Play a trick or two
Riddle and joke galore
In jovial madness try to mislead the jester
Let’s put on a mask and masquerade as a clown

Foolish fun and pranks
On the First day of April
One of many traditions
Laughter, the best medicine on a day
Surrounded by an enigma

Did you play a prank today?
And laugh because it was comical, then
Yell ‘you’re a fool, you’re a fool’

—allpoetry.com

The first of April, some do say
Is set apart for All Fool’s Day;
But why the people call it so
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know,
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment.

—Poor Robin’s Almanac
(1790)
Mackenzie put a whoopie cushion on the teacher's chair.
Makayla told the teacher that a bug was in her hair.
Alyssa brought an apple with a purple gummy worm and gave it to the teacher just to see if she would squirm.
Elijah left a piece of plastic dog doo on the floor, and Vincent put some plastic vomit in the teacher's drawer.
Amanda put a goldfish in the teacher's drinking glass.
These April Fool's Day pranks are ones that you could use in class.
Before you go and try them, though, there's something I should mention:
The teacher wasn't fooling when she put us in detention.

—Kenn Nesbitt

THE ARISTOCRAT

The Devil is a gentleman, and asks you down to stay
At his little place at What'sitsname (it isn't far away).
They say the sport is splendid; there is always something new,
And fairy scenes, and fearful feats that none but he can do;
He can shoot the feathered cherubs if they fly on the estate,
Or fish for Father Neptune with the mermaids for a bait;
He scaled amid the staggering stars that precipice, the sky,
And blew his trumpet above heaven, and got by mastery
The starry crown of God Himself, and shoved it on the shelf;
But the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn't brag himself.
O blind your eyes and break your heart and hack your hand away,
And lose your love and shave your head; but do not go to stay
At the little place in What'sitsname where folks are rich and clever;
The golden and the goodly house, where things grow worse for ever;
There are things you need not know of, though you live and die in vain,
There are souls more sick of pleasure than you are sick of pain;
There is a game of April Fool that's played behind its door,
Where the fool remains for ever and the April comes no more,
Where the splendour of the daylight grows drearier than the dark,
And life droops like a vulture that once was such a lark:
And that is the Blue Devil that once was the Blue Bird;
For the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn’t keep his word.

—G. K. Chesterton

I’ve been known to act like a fool,
not just once but a time or two.
So April Fools Day suits me to a T
It’s a special holiday made just for me!

—Nancy Hughes

Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else.

—Will Rogers

The trouble with practical jokes is that very often they get elected.

—Will Rogers

You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself.

—Ethel Barrymore

It is the ability to take a joke, not make one, that proves you have a sense of humor.

—Max Eastman

No one looks stupid when they’re having fun.

—Amy Poehler

I don’t trust anyone who doesn’t laugh.

—Maya Angelou

A sense of humor is good for you. Have you ever heard of a laughing hyena with heart burn?

—Bob Hope

Lord, what fools these mortals be.

—William Shakespeare

Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.

—Truman Capote
A mother takes twenty years to make a man of her boy, and another woman makes a fool of him in twenty minutes.

—Robert Frost

The world is full of fools; and he who would not wish to see one, must not only shut himself up alone, but must also break his looking-glass.

—Nicolas Bioleau

April the first stands mark'd by custom’s rules,
A day for being, and for making fools: —
But, pray, what custom, or what rule supplies
A day for making, or for being — wise?

—Rev. Samuel Bishop, (1796)

In France today, April first is called ‘Poisson d’Avril.’ French children fool their friends by taping a paper fish to their friends’ backs. When the ‘young fool’ discovers this trick, the prankster yells ‘Poisson d’Avril!’ (April Fish!)

—Mary Bellis

Mix a little foolishness with your prudence: It’s good to be silly at the right moment.

—Horace

Americans play small tricks on friends and strangers alike on the first of April. One common trick on April Fool’s Day, or All Fool’s Day, is pointing down to a friend’s shoe and saying, ‘Your shoelace is untied.’ Teachers in the nineteenth century used to say to pupils, ‘Look! A flock of geese!’ and point up.

School children might tell a classmate that school has been canceled. Whatever the trick, if the innocent victim falls for the joke the prankster yells, ‘April Fool!’

—Mary Bellis

The ‘fools’ errands’ we play on people are practical jokes. Putting salt in the sugar bowl for the next person is not a nice trick to play on a stranger.

College students set their clocks an hour behind, so their roommates show up to the wrong class—or not at all. Some practical jokes are kept up the whole day before the victim realizes what day it is. Most April Fool jokes are in good fun and not meant to harm anyone. The most clever April Fool joke is the one where everyone laughs, especially the person upon whom the joke is played.

—Mary Bellis
The first of April, some do say
Is set apart for All Fool's Day;
But why the people call it so
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know,
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment.

—Poor Robin's Almanac,
(1790)

The aim of a joke is not to degrade the human being, but to remind him that he is already degraded.

—George Orwell

A man always blames the woman who fools him. In the same way he blames the door he walks into in the dark.

—Henry Louis Mencken

If you would avoid all fools, go into a dense forest and there refrain from gazing into still pools.

—Austin O'Malley

If every fool wore a crown, we should all be kings.

—Welsh Proverb

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.

—Abraham Lincoln

Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee,
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.

—Robert Frost

Here cometh April again, and as far as I can see the world hath more fools in it than ever.

—Charles Lamb

Let us be thankful for the fools; but for them the rest of us could not succeed.

—Mark Twain
He who is born a fool is never cured.  
—Proverb

Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me.  
—Chinese proverb

Why are people so tired on April 1st? Because they just finished a 31-day March.  
—Boys’ Life

1st April—to lie as if they were honest throughout the year.  
—Nabil Toussi

Here cometh April again, and as far as I can see the world hath more fools in it than ever.  
—Charles Lamb

April Fool, n. The March fool with another month added to his folly.  
—Ambrose Bierce

April Fool’s Day is an informal holiday during which people lie to each other for amusement instead of to get ahead.  
—TL;DR Wikipedia

April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four.  
—Mark Twain

=CINCO DE MAYO

Cinco de Mayo is an important day. The Mexicans had to defend themselves from the French. It is historically significant, but it is not Mexican Independence Day.  
—Kuno Becker

For children, diversity needs to be real and not merely relegated to learning the names of the usual suspects during Black History Month or enjoying south-of-the-border cuisine on Cinco de Mayo. It means talking to and spending time with kids not like them so that they may discover those kids are in fact just like them.  
—John Ridley
CINCO DE MAYO

Today is the day
the fifth of May
when we can celebrate
the Battle of La Puebla
where 400 Mexican soldiers
defeated the 800 French.

It is a day
for family parties,
for a fiesta with food,
for music and dancing,
and for breaking
the pinata
and eating candy.

Happy Cinco de Mayo.

—Joy Acey

Let’s gather for a shockingly disrespectful homage to Mexican culture.

--Someecards.com

BEAUTIFUL SOUL SPEAK

A town with a snag
Never about a flag
Expecting participation
In our dignity’s expatriation
Politics and hate leaving a sour taste
Attempting to seal our fate
Silence the masses
Breed fear in our classes
From cinco de mayo
El pueblo sagrado
Her arms outstretched
She speaks to our gente
A poet projects
An activist shines
La danzante enshrines
with a full heart entwines
Swirled in sage and copal,
Esa esencia de saguaro nopal:
Transcending
borrowed time
Our people
Caretakers
working the land
For a peaceful world
Simple and just
Generations before
Sacrificing in trust
Touching our souls
Ripple effects
Confronting the web
Grace and eloquence
The right of the people.
tears beckoning
humanidad reckoning
For our children.
Peace.

—Rosanna Alvarez

Cinco de Mayo
a battle
in some
history books
a fiesta
of music
and colors
a flag
waving
occasion
a flirting
dance
and a pinata
orchata
corn chips
and guacamole
a mango
with some chile
and lemon
a cry
of joy
and spring
yes, summer
vacation is just
around the corner!

—Francisco X. Alarcon

THE PAYMENT

To those conquistadors
who came here and tried
to replace our culture
with their own:
This is what the world
shall know about you.
You were nothing but unwelcome
visitors here,
your names and language
were left here
like forgotten baggage.
Here’s what we have done:
We have kept your names
and language as payment
for the destruction you left
behind,
for lives lost,
for rape and enslavement,
for your gold lust.
No one will say now that
we are Hispanic or
Latino.
We are Indigenous People.
The names we carry and
the common language we speak
belong to us and we
are not giving them back.
They belong to the Indigenous now.
Our names are not Spanish names. They are Mexican names. The new language we speak is not the Spanish language. It is a Mexican language. You did not erase our Indigenous identities. We still dance the fire dance. We still dance the deer dance. We remember and honor our ancestors. You are gone, but we are still here. When people hear our names and when people hear us speak, they will say, ‘Ah, there is one who carries the blood, A child of The Survivors.’ Our People live on.

—Richard Walker

CINCO DE MAYO

Happy Cinco de Mayo, a day to party while clad in red and white and green To drink Coronas and eat Mexican rice with a side of refried beans.

You could drink a Margarita, or around a glass of Dos Equis your hand might be curled As you believe at least for a day you could be the most interesting man in the world.

But there is something you should know about Cinco de Mayo...something to remember. It does not celebrate Mexico’s Independence Day, (that’s the 16th of September).

Today celebrates the Battle of Puebla where a small number of Mexicans stopped the advance Of the larger, more equipped and better trained oncoming army of France.

It celebrates freedom and courage and pride in the face of an unbeatable foe It celebrates the Mexican heritage and the people of Mexico.

In truth when we take the time to celebrate another countries spirit it’s not very far
from our thoughts
To remember and celebrate our own country and the battles for freedom we’ve fought.

It reminds us that freedom is precious, and should come with some chivalry
For we know the only way to enjoy freedom is for everyone to be free.

It’s a time to remember that freedom has a price, not just today but every day.
For there are many people out in the world who would take that freedom away.

So as you raise a glass this Cinco de Mayo as you celebrate vociferously
Remember in a way you’re celebrating all people who fight for the right to be free.

--Jim Yerman

I don’t drink anymore for Cinco de Mayo. I celebrate with Mexican food, or as it’s known in Mexico: ‘food.’

--Craig Ferguson

Cinco de Mayo has come to represent a celebration of the contributions that Mexican Americans and all Hispanics have made to America.

—Joe Baca

Every year thousands of Americans mistakenly refer to Cinco de Mayo as Mexico’s Independence Day.

—Joe Baca

Let’s celebrate Uno, Dos, Tres, and Cuatro de Mayo just like it’s Cinco de Mayo.

—Unknown

Happy Mexican St. Patrick’s Day!

--Someecards.com

Respect for the rights of others means peace.

—Benito Juarez

The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or woman.

—Willa Cather
Cinco de Mayo is not Mexican Independence Day which falls on September 16. The 5th of May is the celebration of the defeat of Napoleon III in Mexico, but is largely only celebrated in the United States.

—poemofquotes.com

Cinco de Mayo is an annual holiday commemorating the availability of 1/2 price Margaritas and apps until 7pm.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

= MOTHER’S DAY

When you look at your mother, you are looking at the purest love you will ever know.

—Mitch Albom

A little girl was holding two apples; her mother asked for one. The girl quickly bit one apple, and, then, the other. Her mother held back her disappointment. Then the girl handed one to her saying: ‘Here, this is the sweeter one.’ Moral: Never judge.

—TheJewishWoman.org

Making the decision to have a child is momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body.

—Elizabeth Stone

A mother thinks about her children day and night. Even when they are not with her, and will love them in a way they will never understand.

—Unknown

What’s the definition of unconditional love? Your mother.

—Unknown

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in the whole world.

--Kate D. Wiggins

Woman in the home has not yet lost her dignity, in spite of Mother’s Day, with its offensive implication that our love needs an annual nudging, like our enthusiasm for the battle of Bunker Hill.

--John Erskine
MOTHERHOOD'S REWARD

She rocks another baby...hums an age-old lullaby.
She hopes no one is watching as with thanks, she starts to cry.  
Remembering the time when the babies were her own, 
And her mother told her gently too soon they would be grown. 
Lots of bedtime stories, skinned knees, and tears to dry, 
Teddy bears, toy trucks and dolls and kites up in the sky. 
First days of school, first love, first cars, the proms, the wedding days, 
Sand castles and snowball fights and teaching them to pray. 
Now, as she holds her grandchild and gives thanks unto the Lord, 
She knows to be a grandma is motherhoods’ reward.  

—Unknown

There was never a great man who had not a great mother. 

—Olive Schreiner

She gave me love, as well as life; 
So whatever goodness I may bring to Earth 
Began with the gift of my mother’s heart. 

—Robert Sexton

MOTHER

Father retires at 60, 
But Mother never retires. 
She works for her Husband 
She works for her Children 
She looks after her Grandchildren 
She looks after everyone 
Everyone retires 
But Mother never retires. 

—Internet Meme

My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother. 
I attribute my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from her.  

—George Washington
Once there were two women who never knew each other.
One you do not remember, the other you call mother.
Two different lives, shaped to make your one...
One became your guiding star, the other became your sun.
The first gave you life and the second taught you to live it.
The first gave you a need for love, and the second was there to give it.
One gave you a nationality, the other gave you a name.
One gave you a seed of talent, the other gave you an aim.
One gave you emotions, the other calmed your fears.
One saw your first sweet smile, the other dried your tears.
One gave you up ... that's all she could do.
The other prayed for a child and God led her straight to you.
And now you ask me, through your fears, the age old question unanswered throughout the years...
Heredity or environment, which are you the product of?
Neither, my darling neither.
Just two different kinds of love.

—Unknown

I THOUGHT I KNEW A THING OR TWO OF BEAUTY

I thought I knew a thing or two of beauty:
I've known your love since I was hours old.
But now I bear myself the awesome duty
That love turns into joy, and joy to gold.
How precious to experience your pleasure!
To be on both sides of the deep-felt glance;
To know so well the moment’s gift full measure;
To be both lead and partner in that dance.
No child can be but grateful for her children
When loved so well as to know well to love.
No mother can but hope her prudent passion
Will move a heart to move as her heart moved.
The love you felt for me I now can feel,
Which makes it not more lovely but more real.

—Nicholas Gordon
BEFORE I WAS MYSELF YOU MADE ME, ME

Before I was myself you made me, me
With love and patience, discipline and tears,
Then bit by bit stepped back to set me free,
Allowing me to sail upon my sea,
Though well within the headlands of your fears.
Before I was myself you made me, me
With dreams enough of what I was to be
And hopes that would be sculpted by the years,
Then bit by bit stepped back to set me free,
Relinquishing your powers gradually
To let me shape myself among my peers.
Before I was myself you made me, me,
And being good and wise, you gracefully
As dancers when the last sweet cadence nears
Bit by bit stepped back to set me free.
For love inspires learning naturally:
The mind assents to what the heart reveres.
And so it was through love you made me, me
By slowly stepping back to set me free.

—Nicholas Gordon

Way down deep we feel it. The power of mother love. For centuries, it is been the glue that cemented the two things Black folks have traditionally valued above all others: our families and our faith.

--Laura B. Randolph

There is nothing so strong as the force of love; there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her natural child.

--Elizabeth Grymeston

Education commences at the mother’s knee, and every word spoken within hearsay of little children tends toward the formation of character.

--Hosea Ballou

If evolution really works, how come mothers only have two hands?

--Milton Berle

A man loves his sweetheart the most, his wife the best, but his mother the longest.

—Irish Proverb
You may have tangible worth untold,
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold,
Richer than I you can never be,
I had a mother who read to me.

--Strickland Gillian

A mother is the truest friend we have, when trials heavy and sudden, fall upon us;
when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends who rejoice with us in
our sunshine desert us; when trouble thickens around us, still will she cling to us,
and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness,
and cause peace to return to our hearts.

—Washington Irving

When you are caring about your children perhaps you always have to remember at
what point you can become over involved because of something you need rather
than something the child needs.

—Frank Shorter

When you are a mother, you are never really alone in your thoughts. A mother
always has to think twice, once for herself and once for her child.

—Sophia Loren

‘M’ is for the million things she gave me,
‘O’ means only that she’s growing old,
‘T’ is for the tears were shed to save me,
‘H’ is for her heart of purest gold;
‘E’ is for her eyes, with love-light shining,
‘R’ means right, and right she’ll always be,
Put them all together, they spell ‘MOTHER,’
A word that means the world to me.

—Howard Johnson

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother’s secret love outlives them all.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

—Napoleon

The best academy, a mother’s knee.

—James Russell Lowell
There is in all this cold and hollow world
No fount of deep, strong, deathless love;
Save that within a mother’s heart.

--Felicia Hemans

Some are kissing mothers and some are scolding mothers, but it is love just the same, and most mothers kiss and scold together.

--Pearl S. Buck

Men are what their mothers made them.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson

Only mothers can think of the future—because they give birth to it in their children.

--Maxim Gorky

The child, in the decisive first years of his life, has the experience of his mother, as an all-enveloping, protective, nourishing power. Mother is food; she is love; she is warmth; she is earth. To be loved by her means to be alive, to be rooted, to be at home.

--Erich Fromm

A mother is one to whom you hurry when you are troubled.

--Emily Dickinson

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of children.

--William Makepeace Thackeray

For the mother is and must be, whether she knows it or not, the greatest, strongest and most lasting teacher her children have.

--Hannah Whitall Smith

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.

--Spanish Proverb

Mother—that was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries.

--T. DeWitt Talmage

Children are what the mothers are.

--Walter Savage Landor
Men are what their mothers make them. —Edward Bulwer-Lytton

The mother’s heart is the child’s schoolroom. —Henry Ward Beecher

**EXCUSE THIS HOUSE**

Some houses try to hide the fact that children shelter there—

Ours boasts of it quite openly,  
The signs are everywhere—  
For smears are on the windows,  
Little smudges on the doors;  
I should apologize I guess for toys strewn on the floor.

But I sat down with the children  
And we played and laughed and read;  
And if the doorbell doesn’t shine,  
Their eyes will shine instead.

For when at times I’m forced to choose  
The one job or the other;  
I want to be a housewife—  
But first I’ll be a mother. —Unknown

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. —Abraham Lincoln

All that I am my mother made me. —John Quincy Adams

What the mother sings to the cradle goes all the way down to the coffin. —Henry Ward Beecher

We love our mother because she cares and also because she cooks. —Amit Kalantri
There is no friendship, no love, like that of the mother for the child.
--Henry Ward Beecher

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism of a mother’s love.
--Edwin H. Chapin

A mother’s love is like a circle, it has no beginning and no ending. It keeps going around and around ever expanding, touching everyone who comes in contact with it. Engulfing them like the morning’s mist, warming them like the noontime sun, and covering them like a blanket of evening stars. A mother’s love is like a circle, it has no beginning and no ending.
--Art Urban

Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of little children.
--William Makepeace Thackery

Mother love is the fuel that enables a normal human being to do the impossible.
--Marion C. Garretty

A mother’s love perceives no impossibilities.
—Benjamin Henry Paddock

A mother is not a person to lean on but a person to make leaning unnecessary.
--Dorothy Canfield Fisher

The mother-child relationship is paradoxical and, in a sense, tragic. It requires the most intense love on the mother’s side, yet this very love must help the child grow away from the mother and to become fully independent.
--Erich Fromm

Womanliness means only motherhood; All love begins and ends there.
--Robert Browning

A mother’s love for her child is like nothing else in the world. It knows no law, no pity, it dates all things and crushes down remorselessly all that stands in its path.
—Agatha Christie

An ounce of mother is worth a ton of priest.
—Spanish Proverb
Mothers were meant to love us unconditionally, to understand our moments of stupidity, to reprimand us for lame excuses while yet acknowledging our point of view, to weep over our pain and failures as well as cry at our joy and successes, and to cheer us on despite countless start-overs. Heaven knows, no one else will.

—Richelle E. Goodrich

Of all the rights of women, the greatest is to be a mother.

—Lin Yutang

The heart of a mother is a deep abyss at the bottom of which you will always find forgiveness.

—Honore De Blazac

Because even if the whole world was throwing rocks at you, if you had your mother at your back, you’d be okay. Some deep-rooted part of you would know you were loved. That you deserved to be loved.

—Jojo Moyes

No one worries about you like your mother, and when she is gone, the world seems unsafe, things that happen unwieldy. You cannot turn to her anymore, and it changes your life forever. There is no one on earth who knew you from the day you were born; who knew why you cried, or when you’d had enough food; who knew exactly what to say when you were hurting; and who encouraged you to grow a good heart. When that layer goes, whatever is left of your childhood goes with her.

—Adriana Trigiani

I will look after you and I will look after anybody you say needs to be looked after, any way you say. I am here. I brought my whole self to you. I am your mother.

—Maya Angelou

Motherhood is a choice you make everyday, to put someone else’s happiness and well-being ahead of your own, to teach the hard lessons, to do the right thing even when you’re not sure what the right thing is...and to forgive yourself, over and over again, for doing everything wrong.

—Donna Ball

Mothers and their children are in a category all their own. There’s no bond so strong in the entire world. No love so instantaneous and forgiving.

—Gail Tsukiyama
All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That’s his.

—Oscar Wilde

As mothers and daughters, we are connected with one another. My mother is the bones of my spine, keeping me straight and true. She is my blood, making sure it runs rich and strong. She is the beating of my heart. I cannot now imagine a life without her.

—Kristin Hannah

A man’s work is from sun to sun, but a mother’s work is never done.

—Unknown

Sweater, n.: garment worn by a child when its mother is feeling chilly.

—Ambrose Bierce

A mother is the truest friend we have, when trials heavy and sudden, fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends who rejoice with us in our sunshine desert us; when trouble thickens around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

—Washington Irving

Mom, when thoughts of you are in our hearts, we are never far from home.

—Unknown

On Mother’s Day I have written a poem for you. In the interest of poetic economy and truth, I have succeeded in concentrating my deepest feelings and beliefs into two perfectly crafted lines:

You’re my mother,
I would have no other!

—Forest Houtenschil

Who fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

—Ann Taylor

A mom’s hug lasts long after she lets go.

—Unknown
Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

—Ann Taylor

The real religion of the world comes from women much more than from men—from mothers most of all, who carry the key of our souls in their bosoms.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.

—Jewish Proverb

A mother understands what a child does not say.

—Unknown

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The moment a child is born, the mother is also born. She never existed before. The woman existed, but the mother, never. A mother is something absolutely new.

—Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

A mother is a person who seeing there are only four pieces of pie for five people, promptly announces she never did care for pie.

—Tenneva Jordan

Mother’s Day is an annual worldwide holiday honoring those who still use Yahoo! mail.

—TLDR Wikipedia

Unpleasant questions are being raised about Mother’s Day. Is this day necessary?...Isn’t it bad public policy?...No politician with half his senses, which a majority of politicians have, is likely to vote for its abolition, however. As a class, mothers are tender and loving, but as a voting bloc they would not hesitate for an instant to pull the seat out from under any Congressman who suggests that Mother is not entitled to a box of chocolates each year in the middle of May.

--Russell Baker
Mothers hold their children’s hands for a short while, but their hearts forever.
—Unknown

Mother was anchor. Mother was comfort. Mother was home. A girl who lost her mother was suddenly a tiny boat on an angry ocean. Some boats eventually floated ashore. And some boats, like me, seemed to float farther and farther from land.
—Ruta Sepetys

Mom, I just wanted to tell you that Mother’s Day wouldn’t be possible without me.
—Internet Meme

Of course, florists—they got mothers, too, florists have, but they’ve got more flowers than they’ve got mothers, and—and they have a great organization the florists have. They, they have led us to believe that no matter how we have treated our Mothers during the last year that a little bouquet of hyacinths or verbenas will square it, you know—not only with mother but with our conscience too; when, as a matter of fact you don’t need to be square with your mother. She knows you better than you know yourself.

A mother is the only thing that is so constituted that they possess eternal love under any and all circumstances. No matter how you treat her, you still have the love...I was telling that to my wife today, and I was telling her a little thought that I wanted to use in there, and I said—you know Betty—I says—a mother and a dog is the only two friends that has eternal love. No matter how you treat ’em. And my wife makes me cut the dog out. Said it—well, it didn’t sound very good, and it might sound disrespectful to a mother, but I certainly didn’t mean it that way, but it’s the only thing that really is. You know what I mean.
—Will Rogers

=MEMORIAL DAY

Our flag does not fly because the wind moves it. It flies with the last breath of each soldier who died protecting it.
—Unknown

Memorial Day isn’t just about honoring veterans, its honoring those who lost their lives. Veterans had the fortune of coming home. For us, that’s a reminder of when we come home we still have a responsibility to serve. It’s a continuation of service that honors our country and those who fell defending it.
—Pete Hegseth
On this day, we must tell the stories of those who fought and died in freedom’s cause. We must tell their stories because those who’ve lost loved ones need to know that a grateful Nation will always remember. We must tell their stories so that our children and grandchildren will understand what our lives might have been like had it not been for their sacrifice.

—George H. W. Bush

Here on this peaceful hillside, the silent rows of headstones tell tales of service and sacrifice that are so much the story of our nation. Here lies the spirit that has guided our country for more than 200 years now. Nurses and drummer boys, scouts and engineers, warriors and peacemakers -- joined by a shared devotion to defend our nation, protect our freedom, keep America strong and proud.

—Bill Clinton

For 147 years, our nation has set aside this day to pay solemn tribute to patriots who gave their last full measure of devotion for this country that we love. And while the nature of war has changed over that time, the values that drive our brave men and women in uniform remain constant: Honor, courage, selflessness.

—Barack Obama

Memorial Day has been an official holiday since the passage of the National Holiday Act in 1971, but its origins reach back decades. Following the Civil War, many Americans began honoring dead soldiers by decorating their graves with flowers. By 1868, the tradition had become so popular that an organization of Union veterans declared May 30 Decoration Day, and the future president James Garfield recognized the day with a speech at Arlington National Cemetery. The holiday originally honored Civil War soldiers, but after World War I, it was expanded to include the fallen in every American war. Eventually, the holiday came to be known as Memorial Day. Decades later, it’s still celebrated today.

—Claire Warner

Looking across this field, we see the scale of heroism and sacrifice. All who are buried here understood their duty. All stood to protect America. And all carried with them memories of a family that they hoped to keep safe by their sacrifice.

—George W. Bush

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor
long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
    That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
    Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
    The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—John McCrae

THE UNKNOWN

I DO not understand...
They bring so many, many flowers to me—
Rainbows of roses, wreaths from every land;
And hosts of solemn strangers come to see
My tomb here on these quiet, wooded heights.
My tomb here seems to be
One of the sights.
The low-voiced men, who speak  
Of me quite fondly, call me The Unknown:  
But now and then at dusk, Madonna-meek,  
Bent, mournful mothers come to me alone  
And whisper down—the flowers and grasses through—  
Such names as ‘Jim’ and ‘John’...  
I wish I knew.  
And once my sweetheart came.  
She did not—nay, of course she could not—know,  
But thought of me, and crooned to me the name  
She called me by—how many years ago?  
A very precious name. Her eyes were wet,  
Yet glowing, flaming so...  
She won’t forget!  

— E. O. Laughlin

GRASS

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.  
Shovel them under and let me work—  
I am the grass; I cover all.  

And pile them high at Gettysburg  
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.  
Shovel them under and let me work.  
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:  
What place is this?  
Where are we now?  

I am the grass.  
Let me work.  

—Carl Sandburg

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.  
Straight of limb, true of eyes, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.  
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,  
We will remember them.  

—Laurence Binyon

MEMORIAL DAY

The fields are now quiet,  
The thunder long gone;  
The graves with their shadows  
Stretch on and on.

The battle once here  
Lives but in the past,  
Of a war meant to be  
Of all wars the last.

The flags and the trumpets,  
The glory and fear,  
Led men to battle;  
Led but to here.

--Jerome Malenfant

MEMORIAL DAY

The Day of Memories!—Remembering what?  
The cannon's roar, the hissing of the shot?  
The weary hospital, the prison pen?  
The widow's tears, the groans of stalwart men?  
The bitterness of fratricidal strife?  
The pangs of death, the sharper pangs of life?  
Nay, let us quite forget the whole of these  
Upon our sacred Day of Memories.

The Day of Memories!—Remembering what?  
The honored dust in every hallowed spot;  
The honored names of all our heroes dead;  
The glorious land for which they fought and bled;  
Our nation's hopes; the kindly, common good;  
The universal bond of brotherhood;
These we remember gladly, all of these,
Upon our sacred Day of Memories.  
—Unknown

WHAT MARCHES?

Memorial Day, 1911
What marches when the veterans march
On the thirtieth day of May,
That limping, glorious line of men
Over a flower-strewn way?

Why, Gettysburg is marching there.
And frightful Malvern Hill,
The shame and terror of Bull Run,
The loss of Chancellorsville.
Fort Sumter marches, Donelson,
And Sherman’s ‘to the sea,’
The Monitor, the Hartford,
Duels of Grant and Lee.
There goes the ghost of Andersonville,
And Libby’s spectre grim;
There marches Lookout Mountain,
There strides the Battle Hymn.
There passes the Proclamation,
End of a curse abhorred;
And there goes Appomattox,
The sheathing of the sword.
All this goes by when the veterans march
On the thirtieth day of May;
And what can those that see it do
But lift the hat, and pray?

—Unknown

THE YOUNG DEAD

Ah, how I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become, that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.
No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun.

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young dead.—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see these perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead!

—Edith Wharton

DECORATION DAY

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry’s shot alarms!
Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon’s sudden roar,
Or the drum’s redoubling beat.
But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.
All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!
Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.
Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How important it is for us to recognize and celebrate our heroes and she-roes!

—Maya Angelou

These martyrs of patriotism gave their lives for an idea.

—Schuyler Colfax

The story of America’s quest for freedom is inscribed on her history in the blood of her patriots.

—Randy Vader

Patriotism is easy to understand in America; it means looking out for yourself by looking out for your country.

--Calvin Coolidge

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Place of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

—Robert G. Ingersoll

For love of country they accepted death...

—James A. Garfield

Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored.

--Daniel Webster

Those that die for a good cause... hover as a cloud of witnesses over the nation.

--Henry Ward Beecher
If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung.

--James Garfield

Forty summers have passed since the battle that you fought here. You were young the day you took these cliffs; some of you were hardly more than boys, with the deepest joys of life before you. Yet, you risked everything here. Why? Why did you do it? What impelled you to put aside the instinct for self-preservation and risk your lives to take these cliffs? What inspired all the men of the armies that met here? We look at you, and somehow we know the answer. It was faith and belief; it was loyalty and love.

The men of Normandy had faith that what they were doing was right, faith that they fought for all humanity, faith that a just God would grant them mercy on this beachhead or on the next. It was the deep knowledge—and pray God we have not lost it—that there is a profound, moral difference between the use of force for liberation and the use of force for conquest. You were here to liberate, not to conquer, and so you and those others did not doubt your cause. And you were right not to doubt. You all knew that some things are worth dying for. One’s country is worth dying for, and democracy is worth dying for, because it’s the most deeply honorable form of government ever devised by man. All of you loved liberty. All of you were willing to fight tyranny, and you knew the people of your countries were behind you.

—Ronald Reagan (D-Day Anniversary, 1984)

I have never been able to think of the day as one of mourning; I have never quite been able to feel that half-masted flags were appropriate on Decoration Day. I have rather felt that the flag should be at the peak, because those whose dying we commemorate rejoiced in seeing it where their valor placed it. We honor them in a joyous, thankful, triumphant commemoration of what they did.

—Benjamin Harrison

The United States and the freedom for which it stands, the freedom for which they died, must endure and prosper. Their lives remind us that freedom is not bought cheaply. It has a cost; it imposes a burden. And just as they whom we commemorate were willing to sacrifice, so too must we -- in a less final, less heroic way -- be willing to give of ourselves.

—Ronald Reagan

There is nothing nobler than risking your life for your country.

—Nick Lampson
Our nation owes a debt to its fallen heroes that we can never fully repay, but we can honor their sacrifice.

—President Barack Obama

There is nothing wrong with America that the faith, love of freedom, intelligence, and energy of her citizens can not cure.

—Dwight David Eisenhower

It doesn’t take a hero to order men into battle. It takes a hero to be one of those men who goes into battle.

—Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf

My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.

—John F. Kennedy

The willingness of America’s veterans to sacrifice for our country has earned them our lasting gratitude.

—Jeff Miller

It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God such men lived.

—George S. Patton

While only one day of the year is dedicated to honoring our veterans, Americans must never forget the sacrifices many of our fellow countrymen have made to defend our country and protect our freedom.

—Congressman Randy Neugebauer

And I’m proud to be an American, where at least I know I’m free. And I won’t forget the men who died, who gave that right to me.

—Lee Greenwood
On Memorial Day, I don’t want to only remember the combatants. There were also those who came out of the trenches as writers and poets, who started preaching peace, men and women who have made this world a kinder place to live.

—Eric Burdon

These fallen heroes represent the character of a nation who has a long history of patriotism and honor—and a nation who has fought many battles to keep our country free from threats of terror.

—Michael N. Castle

You silent tents of green,
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

137 years later, Memorial Day remains one of America’s most cherished patriotic observances. The spirit of this day has not changed—it remains a day to honor those who died defending our freedom and democracy.

—Congressman Doc Hastings (2016)

Patriotism is supporting your country all the time, and your government when it deserves it.

—Mark Twain

The patriot’s blood is the seed of freedom’s tree.

—Thomas Campbell

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

—Nathan Hale

I see freedom as a treasure. It is a gem so rare and precious the fiercest battles rage over it. The blood of thousands is spilled for it—past, present, and future. Where true and unblemished freedom exists, it shines with perfect clarity, drawing the greedy masses, both those who desire a portion of the spoils and those who would rob the possessor of the treasure, hoping to bury it away.

Without freedom I am a slave in shackles on a ship lost at sea.
With freedom I am a captain; I am a pirate; I am an admiral; I am a scout; I am the eagle souring overhead; I am the north star guiding a crew; I am the ship itself; I am whatever I choose to be.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Memorial Day this year is especially important as we are reminded almost daily of the great sacrifices that the men and women of the Armed Services make to defend our way of life.

—Robin Hayes

Memorial Day is a U.S. holiday honoring the military men and women no longer on the VA hospital waiting list.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

As America celebrates Memorial Day, we pay tribute to those who have given their lives in our nation's wars.

—John M. McHugh

Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude. America will never forget their sacrifices.

—President Harry S. Truman

Have we so soon forgotten those four years of terrible carnage, the greatest war of all time; forgotten the millions of men who gave their lives, who made the supreme sacrifice and who today, beneath the soil of France and Belgium, sleep the eternal sleep?

—Frank B. Kellogg

The 30th of May, 1868 is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds about them with the choicest flowers of springtime.

It is the purpose of the commander in chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades.

—Gen. John A. Logan
They were the fathers we never knew, the uncles we never met, the friends who
never returned, the heroes we can never repay. They gave us our world. And those
simple sounds of freedom we hear today are their voices speaking to us across the
years.

—President Bill Clinton

=FLAG DAY

The American flag is the most recognized symbol of freedom and democracy in the
world.

--Virginia Foxx

Flag Day…traces its origins back to June 14, 1885 when B. J. Cigrand, a school
teacher, arranged for students in the Fredonia, Wisconsin Public School District to
observe the day as a time to celebrate the anniversary of the Second Continental
Congress’ Flag Resolution of June 14, 1777.
The original resolution called for the flag to be ‘13 stripes, alternate red and white;
that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constella-
tion.’
Cigrand continued to spread the message about Flag Day, which was adopted in
New York on June 14, 1889 and Philadelphia on June 14, 1891. The idea of patriotic
celebrations honoring the flag spread throughout the country until it was officially
established by proclamation by President Woodrow Wilson on May 30, 1916. It
wasn’t until Aug. 3, 1949, however, that President Harry Truman signed an Act of
Congress designating June 14 of each year as National Flag Day.

—Leada Gore

Though Flag Day may not be quite as well-known or widely celebrated as the
Fourth of July or other patriotic holidays, it does mark an important day in history.
It is the celebration of the birthday of the Stars and Stripes, which was adopted as
the official flag of the United States on this day in 1777.

—Michelle Regaldo

I AM OLD GLORY

I am the flag of the United States of America.

I fly atop the world’s tallest buildings.
I stand watch in America’s halls of justice.
I stand side by side with the Maple Leaf on the world’s longest undefended border. I fly majestically over institutions of learning. I stand guard with power in the world. Look up and see me.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident. I am arrogant. I am proud.

When I am flown with my fellow banners, my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer.

I bow to no one! I am recognized all over the world. I am worshipped — I am saluted. I am loved — I am revered. I am respected — and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appomattox. I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France, in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy. Guam, Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me, I was there.

I led my troops, I was dirty, battle worn and tired, but my soldiers cheered me. And I was proud. I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set free. It does not hurt, for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled on the streets of my country. And when it’s by those whom I’ve served in battle — it hurts. But I shall overcome — for I am strong.
I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over
the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon.
I have borne silent witness to all of America’s finest hours.
But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded
comrades on the battlefield, When I am flown at
half-mast to honor my soldier, Or when I lie in the
trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their
fallen son or daughter, I am proud.

MY NAME IS OLD GLORY. LONG MAY I WAVE.

—Howard Schnauber

THE FLAG

Hello. Remember me? Some people call me Old Glory, others call me the Star Span-
gled Banner, but whatever they call me, I am your flag, the flag of the United States
of America.
Something has been bothering me, so I thought I might talk it over with you — be-
cause it is about you and me.
I remember some time ago, people would line up on both side of the street to watch
the parade, and naturally I was leading every one, proudly waving in the breeze.
When your Daddy saw me coming, he immediately removed his hat and placed it
against his left shoulder so that his hand was directly over his heart — remember?
And you, I remember, were standing there, straight as a soldier. You didn’t have a
hat, but you were giving the right salute. Remember your little sister? Not to be
outdone, she was saluting the same as you with her right hand over her heart —
remember?
What happened? I’m still the same old flag. Oh, I’ve added a few more stars since
you were a boy, and a lot more blood has been shed since those parades of long ago.
But now, somehow I don’t feel as proud as I used to feel. When I come down the
street, you just stand there with your hands in your pockets. You may give me a
small glance, and then you look away. I see children running around you shouting;
they don’t seem to know who I am.
I saw one man take his hat off, then he looked around, and when he didn’t see any-
body else take off his hat, he quickly put his on again.
Is it a sin to be patriotic today? Have you forgotten what I stand for, and where I
have been? Anzio, Guadalcanal, Korea and Vietnam!
Take a look at the memorial honor rolls, and see the names of those patriotic Americans who gave their lives to keep this republic free. When you salute me, you are actually saluting them!
So when you see me, please stand straight and place your hand over your heart, and I'll know that you remembered. I'll salute you by waving back!
—Paul C. Graham

THE SERVICE FLAG

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman’s prayer,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o’er-head.

And now you’ve come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
‘I am the voice of a soldier son,
Gone, to be gone till the victory’s won.

‘I am the flag of The Service, sir:
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

‘I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate—
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men’s wives.

‘I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother’s son,
Who won’t come home till the victory’s won’

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman’s prayer,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

—William Herschell

I am your Flag
I was born on June 14th, 1777.

I am more than just cloth shaped into a design.
I am the refuge of the World’s oppressed people.
I am the silent sentinel of Freedom.
I am the emblem of the greatest nation on earth.

I am the inspiration for which American
Patriots gave their lives and fortunes.
I have led your sons into battle from Valley Forge
to the bloody swamps of Viet Nam.
I walk in silence with each of your Honored Dead,
to their final resting place beneath the
silent White Crosses, row upon row.

I have flown through Peace and War, Strife and
Prosperity, and amidst it all I have been respected.
My Red Stripes . . . symbolize the blood spilled
in defense of this glorious nation.
My White Stripes . . . signify the burning
tears shed by Americans who lost their sons.

My Blue Field. . . is indicative of God’s
heaven under which I fly.
My Stars . . . clustered together, unify
50 States as one, for God and Country.
‘Old Glory’ is my nickname,
and proudly I wave on high.

Honor me, respect me, defend me with
your lives and your fortunes.
Never let my enemies tear me down from my
lofty position, lest I never return.

Keep alight the fires of patriotism, strive
earnestly for the spirit of democracy.
Worship Eternal God and keep His commandments,
and I shall remain the bulwark of peace
and freedom for all mankind.

I am your Flag

—Marine MSgt. Percy

Our flag does not fly because the wind moves it... it flies with the last breath of each
soldier who died protecting it

—Unknown

The American flag is the symbol of our freedom, national pride and history.

—Mike Fitzpatrick

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Your Flag and my Flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam
Snow-white and soul-white
The good forefather’s dream
Sky-blue and true-blue with stars to gleam aright—
The glorious guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.
Your Flag, and my Flag!
And oh how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!
Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as heart beat
And lifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

— Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles,
a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land’s swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!  
—Henry Holcomb Bennett

OUR FLAG

Fling it from mast and steeple,  
Symbol o’er land and sea  
Of the life of a happy people,  
Gallant and strong and free.  
Proudly we view its colors,  
Flag of the brave and true,  
With the clustered stars and the steadfast bars,  
The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the fearless-hearted,  
Flag of the broken chain,  
Flag in a day-dawn started,  
Never to pale or wane.  
Dearly we prize its colors,  
With the heaven light breaking through,  
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,  
The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,  
Flag of the loyal sons,  
Beneath its folds it gathers  
Earth’s best and noblest ones.  
Boldly we wave its colors,  
Our veins are thrilled anew  
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars,  
The red, the white, and the blue.

—Margaret E. Sangster

GOD SAVE THE FLAG

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,  
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,  
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,  
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.
Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all;

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of all usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o’er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o’er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

—Oliver Wenell Holmes

You can’t appreciate home till you’ve left it, money till it’s spent, your wife until she’s joined a woman’s club, nor Old Glory till you see it hanging on a broomstick on a shanty of a consul in a foreign town.

—O. Henry

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

Here’s to the red of it;
There’s not a thread of it —
No nor a shred of it —
In all the spread of it,
    From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it —
Precious blood shed for it,
    Bathing it red.

Here’s to the white of it;
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But has felt the might of it
Through day and night?
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so white

Here's to the blue of it,
Heavenly view of it,
Star spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
   Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it —
Stars, stripes and pole of it —
Here's to the soul of it,
   Red white and blue.

—John Jay Daly (1918)

Our flag is our national ensign, pure and simple, behold it! Listen to it! Every star
has a tongue, every stripe is articulate.

—Sen. Robert Winthrop

I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen
the sunset on the Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc; but the fairest
vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land.
Beautiful as a flower to those who hate it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it,
it is the symbol of the power and glory, and the honor, of fifty million Americans.
--George Frisbie Hoar
(1826-1904)

We identify the flag with almost everything we hold dear on earth, peace, security,
liberty, our family, our friends, our home... But when we look at our flag and behold
it emblazoned with all our rights we must remember that it is equally a symbol of
our duties. Every glory that we associate with it is the result of duty done.
—Calvin Coolidge

We take the stars from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by
white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes
shall go down to posterity, representing our liberty.

—George Washington
The flag of the United States has not been created by rhetorical sentences in declarations of independence and in bills of rights. It has been created by the experience of a great people, and nothing is written upon it that has not been written by their life. It is the embodiment, not of a sentiment, but of a history.

—Woodrow Wilson

Our flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means justice. It means liberty. It means happiness.... Every color means liberty. Every thread means liberty. Every star and stripe means liberty.

—Henry Ward Beecher

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.

You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.

—George M. Cohan

If anyone, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

—Henry Ward Beecher

The whole inspiration of our life as a nation flows out from the waving folds of this banner.

—Unknown

The Flag still floats unblotted with defeat!
But ah the blood that keeps its ripples red,
The starry lives that keep its field alight.

—Rupert Hughes

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choice is ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that
execute those choices whether in peace or war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people.

--Woodrow Wilson

Red-white-and-blue napkins that looks like our flag, toothpicks with tiny stars and stripes affixed to them, and an assortment of garish beach towels, shorts, umbrellas, bikinis and even toilet seats that looked as if they had been fashioned out of the Old Glory...violated the Flag Code (U.S. Code, Title 4, Chapter 1, Section 8 (j)), which reads, 'No part of the flag should ever be used as a costume or athletic uniform.'

While guilty of bad taste in most cases, no one ever gets charged with violating the flag code. And our Supreme Court protects people who use the flag in exercising their first amendment rights.

—Burt Constable

There are no laws to protect 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' It always bothered me that our nation, home of the Blues, jazz, country and hip-hop, saw fit to steal a British melody for our national anthem. Based on a poem written by Francis Scott Key in 1814, the lyrics express the author's bewilderment the our forces hadn't surrendered to the Brits bombarding Fort McHenry. Should the song that sums up our nation really end with a question about whether we are still around?

Coping with the fallout from the Civil War, which answered that question about whether the United States still existed, the U.S. military started using the song to accompany the raising and lowering of the flag. In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson signed an executive order declaring the song the national anthem of the United States, and Congress did likewise 15 years later. The song made the leap from military bases to sporting events in 1918 in Chicago, during the World Series between the Chicago Cubs and the Boston Red Sox, as the allies were moving toward victory in World War I.

—Burt Constable

White is for purity; red, for valor; blue for justice. And altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

--Charles Sumner

In the internment camps, we were forced to face the U.S. flag each morning and recite the Pledge of Allegiance from behind barbed wire fences. Patriotism is earned

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by a nation that lives up to its promises. It is our sacred duty always to speak out when it does not.

—George Takei

Patriotism isn't about making everyone stand and salute the flag. Patriotism is about making this a country where everyone wants to.

—Jason Kander

=FATHER’S DAY

Yes, it is possible to be loved more than anybody else, more than everything else......it is possible to find a man that will love you the way you wanted to, it is possible to be loved by a man unconditionally, it is possible to have the man of your dreams........it is possible because it happened to me......I love you daddy!!!!!!

—Unknown

The night you were born, I ceased being my father’s boy and became my son’s father. That night I began a new life.

--Henry Gregor Felsen

A true father is always there. He is there to spill tears of happiness when his eyes fall upon his infant daughter. He is there with arms to catch her when she takes her first steps or stumbles. He is there to teach her at the youngest age, even though she might not understand half of it. He is there to help her color inside the lines, make her grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup, and tie her shoes. He is there to hug her and kiss her on her first days of school, and to walk her in if need be. He is there to teach her and tease her and laugh with her. He is always there to embarrass her, but that's part of life. He is there to tell her to go ask her mother, when her mother told her to ask him. He is there to lecture her, prepare her for the monster called high school. He is there to put up with her teenage moods and her co-ed relationships. He is there to approve, disapprove, accept and forgive. He is there to give her a big bundle of flowers when she graduates, to smile when her name is called and feel proud. He is there to embrace her and kiss her before she goes to live and learn a thousand miles away. He is there to see her become a workingwoman, to walk her down the aisle (or not, if her independence and stubbornness prevail after all). He is there to watch her grow as the lines on his face grow. He is there to welcome her home, always, and let her hug him and smell the smell she remembers from childhood, the warm, protecting, comforting smell of dad. But most of all, he is always there to love her. And she is always there to love him back no matter where he is.

—Katie Schmarr
My father used to play with my brother and me in the yard. Mother would come out and say, ‘You’re tearing up the grass.’ ‘We’re not raising grass,’ Dad would reply. ‘We’re raising boys.’

—Harmon Killebrew

MY FATHER...
He was there when I didn’t understand, he was there when I was wrong, he was there when I cried, he was there when I lied. For some reason my dad was always there, when I needed him the most. His love was never ending. And now that he’s gone there is an emptiness in my world, but not in my heart.

—Michael Jordan

A father is someone who carries pictures in his wallet where his money used to be.

—Unknown

No one in this world can love a girl more than her father.

—Michael Ratnadeepak

When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.

--Mark Twain

My love for my father has never been touched or approached by any other love. I hold him in my heart of hearts as a man apart from all other men, as one apart from all other beings.

--Mamie Dickens

Dads are most ordinary men turned by love into heroes, adventurers, story-tellers, and singers of song.

—Pam Brown

The father of a daughter is nothing but a high-class hostage. A father turns a stony face to his sons, berates them, shakes his antlers, paws the ground, snorts, runs them off into the underbrush, but when his daughter puts her arm over his shoulder and says, ‘Daddy, I need to ask you something,’ he is a pat of butter in a hot frying pan.

—Garrison Keillor
The instant he lays eyes on her, a father adores his daughter. Whoever she grows up to be, she is always to him that little girl in pigtails. She makes him feel like Christmas. In exchange, he makes a secret promise not to see the awkwardness of her teenage years, the mistakes she makes or the secrets she keeps.

—Unknown

STORY TELLING

Most every night when they’re in bed,
And both their little prayers have said,
They shout for me to come upstairs
And tell them tales of gypsies bold,
And eagles with the claws that hold
A baby’s weight, and fairy sprites
That roam the woods on starry nights.
And I must illustrate these tales,
Must imitate the northern gales
That toss the native man’s canoe,
And show the way he paddles, too.
If in the story comes a bear,
I have to pause and sniff the air
And show the way he climbs the trees
To steal the honey from the bees.
And then I buzz like angry bees
And sting him on his nose and knees
And howl in pain, till mother cries:
‘That pair will never shut their eyes,
While all that noise up there you make;
You’re simply keeping them awake.’
And then they whisper: ‘Just one more,’
And once again I’m forced to roar.
New stories every night they ask.
And that is not an easy task;
I have to be so many things,
The frog that croaks, the lark that sings,
The cunning fox, the frightened hen;
But just last night they stumped me, when
They wanted me to twist and squirm
And imitate an angle worm.
At last, they tumble off to sleep,
And softly from their room I creep
And brush and comb the shock of hair
I tossed about to be a bear.
Then mother says: ‘Well, I should say
You’re just as much a child as they.’
But you can bet I’ll not resign
That story telling job of mine.

--Edgar A. Guest

A LITTLE GIRL NEEDS DADDY

A little girl needs Daddy
For many, many things:
Like holding her high off the ground
Where the sunlight sings!
Like being the deep music
That tells her all is right
When she awakens frantic with
The terrors of the night.

Like being the great mountain
That rises in her heart
And shows her how she might get home
When all else falls apart.

Like giving her the love
That is her sea and air,
So diving deep or soaring high
She’ll always find him there.

—Nicholas Gordon

A father is the one friend upon whom we can always rely. In the hour of need, when all else fails, we remember him upon whose knees we sat when children, and who soothed our sorrows; and even though he may be unable to assist us, his mere presence serves to comfort and strengthen us.

—Émile Gaboriau

LIFE LESSONS

You may have thought I didn’t see,
Or that I hadn’t heard,
Life lessons that you taught to me,
But I got every word.
Perhaps you thought I missed it all,
And that we’d grow apart,
But Dad, I picked up everything,
It’s written on my heart.

Without you, Dad, I wouldn’t be
The person I am today;
You built a strong foundation
No one can take away.

I’ve grown up with your values,
And I’m very glad I did;
So here’s to you, dear father,
From your forever grateful kid.

—Joanna Fuchs

I believe that what we become depends on what our fathers teach us at odd moments, when they aren’t trying to teach us. We are formed by the little scraps of wisdom.

—Umberto Eco

A father acts on behalf of his children by working, providing, intervening, struggling, and suffering for them. In so doing, he really stands in their place. He is not an isolated individual, but incorporates the selves of several people in his own self.

—Dietrich Bonhoeffer

WHAT MAKES A DAD?

God took the strength of a mountain,
The majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle’s flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then God combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, He called it ... Dad

—Brie Carter

A father is someone you look up to no matter how tall you grow.

—Unknown

One night a father overheard his son pray: Dear God, Make me the kind of man my Daddy is. Later that night, the Father prayed, Dear God, Make me the kind of man my son wants me to be.

—Unknown

There’s something like a line of gold thread running through a man’s words when he talks to his daughter, and gradually over the years it gets to be long enough for you to pick up in your hands and weave into a cloth that feels like love itself.

—John Gregory Brown

There will always be a few people who have the courage to love what is untamed inside us. One of those men is my father.

—Alison Lohman

A good father is one of the most unsung, unpraised, unnoticed, and yet one of the most valuable assets in our society.

—Billy Graham

A man never stands as tall as when he kneels to help a child.

—Knights of Pythagoras

What makes you a man is not the ability to have a child – any fool can have a child. That doesn’t make you a father. It’s the courage to raise a child that makes you a father.

—Barack Obama

He gave so much of himself to me -
His time, his trust, his tender care -
That whatever else I may become
I will always be my father’s child.

—Robert Sexton
How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child’s board. It is like an aged man reclining under the shadow of an oak which he has planted.

—Voltaire

When it comes to little girls, God the father has nothing on father, the god. It’s an awesome responsibility.

--Frank Pittman

A child will be better brought up by a wise father however limited, than by the cleverest teacher in the world

--Jean Jacques Rousseau

One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.

--George Herbert

There is something ultimate in a father’s love, something that cannot fail, something to be believed against the whole world. We almost attribute practical omnipotence to our father in the days of our childhood.

--Frederick W. Faber

To become a father is not hard,
To be a father is, however.

--Wilhelm Busch

You don’t have to deserve your mother’s love. You have to deserve your father’s. He is more particular.

--Robert Frost

**ODE TO DAD ON FATHER’S DAY**

You taught me how to walk
and taught me how to talk
you taught me to be strong
and read me books for hours long.

You blew kisses on my scraped knees
from falling off a bicycle
You held me up and assured me
that everything will be okay.

You watched me reach for the star,
Impossible it may be by far
But you were there by my side
With confidence you offered in stride.

On this Father’s Day dear dad,
I am grateful for all that you’ve done,
This world we’re in may not be perfect,
But I thank you endlessly for bringing me in it!

—B. Arlene Murray

The man that saw me walk my first steps and the man who i first looked at and called dada. also the man that i turned to in time of need and a man who doesn’t know much of what is being said about your gossip but continues to listen. this is the man i call my dad at the end of the day now i have nothing more to say but i love you and have a good day.

—Stephanie Patrick

None of you can ever be proud enough of being the child of SUCH a Father who has not his equal in this world—so great, so good, so faultless. Try, all of you, to follow in his footsteps and don’t be discouraged, for to be really in everything like him none of you, I am sure, will ever be. Try, therefore, to be like him in some points, and you will have acquired a great deal.

—Victoria, Queen of England

That’s the way of a Father. To teach and inspire his children to do good of their own free will rather than fear of somebody else. That’s the difference between a slave’s Master and a child’s Father.

—Terence (160 B.C.)

TO MY DADDY!!

You were there from the day I was born, as I grew older you taught me how to crawl, walk, and ride a bike. You walked me in on my first day of school, and as I hugged you goodbye I saw you tear up. You were a single father and doing your best to take care of me with no help. You overcame so many issues and obstacles because you knew what was best. As I grew to big for your lap I could see you were hurting. You were there to hold me when I had my first heart break and you tried your best to keep me from another one. But as I grew more into my teenage years I never wanted to listen to your advice because I thought I knew everything. You watched me graduate and i never thought i would ever see you cry the way you did. i remember how I would always wish that I was older so I could move out and make my
own rules but now that I am I wish I was little again I wish I could crawl in your lap and just stay there. You didn’t give me everything I wanted in life but you made sure I had what I needed you are the best father in the whole world!!! I love you dad and thanks for not giving up.

—Unknown

A father is the driving force of the family who is always content to take a back seat.
—Linda Poindexter

You know dad, looking back i realized something and you know what that is? without you, i wouldn’t be who i am, i’d be nothing kind of like a pop without its fizz you were there for me whenever you could be and when you couldn’t you did everything you could to support me even if you said you shouldn’t you went out of your way to do many things for me and i know you wouldn’t have it any other way that i can see. You spent your life teaching me, helping me, doing everything you could for me, and everything that was said impossible, you proved wrong that shows me the love you had for me you did all this and more as you sent me out in the world afraid for me, but knowing i would be the man you set me out to be, and more

For that Father... Dad... daddy, i thank you I love you so very much, more then you could ever imagine... Happy Fathers Day, Daddy

—Angel Reyes

Dads are amazing. They have a special way of maneuvering through all the roadblocks you might create and refusing to stop until they reach your heart.
—Susan Gale

I watched a small man with thick calluses on both hands work fifteen and sixteen hours a day. I saw him once literally bleed from the bottoms of his feet, a man who came here uneducated, alone, unable to speak the language, who taught me all I needed to know about faith and hard work by the simple eloquence of his example. --Mario Cuomo
One father is worth more than a hundred schoolmasters. —English Proverb

A MESSAGE FOR FATHER’S DAY:

When you’re little, there is nothing that brings as much light into your life as standing in the shadow of your father.

And, as you grow old, there is nothing that brings as much light into your heart as those memories of standing in the shadow of your father. —Susan Gale

A father’s smile has been known to light up a child’s entire day. —Susan Gale

MY DAD

He isn’t much in the eyes of the world; He’ll never make history.
No, he isn’t much in the eyes of the world, But he is the world to me.
My dad, now here is a man.
To me he is ev’rything strong; no he can’t do wrong, my dad.
My dad, now he understands when I bring him troubles to share;
Oh, he’s always there, my dad.
When I was small I felt ten feet tall.
When I walked by his side
And ev’ry one would say, ‘that’s his son,’ and my heart would burst with pride.
My dad, oh, I love him so,
And I only hope that some day my own son will say, ‘My dad, now here is a man.’
My dad, now here is a man.
To me he is ev’rything strong; no he can’t do wrong, my dad.
My dad, now he understands when I bring him troubles to share;
Oh, he’s always there, my dad.
When I was small I felt ten feet tall.
When I walked by his side
And ev’ry one would say, ‘that’s his son,’ and my heart would burst with pride.
My dad, oh, I love him so,
And I only hope that some day my own son will say,
My Dad.

—Barry Mann &
  Cynthia Weil

A girl’s first true love is her father.

—Marisol Santiago

It doesn’t matter who my father was; it matters who I remember he was.

—Anne Sexton

When my father didn’t have my hand....he had my back.

—Linda Poindexter

a father is someone that
holds your hand at the fair
makes sure you do what your mother says
holds back your hair when you are sick
brushes that hair when it is tangled because mother is too busy
lets you eat ice cream for breakfast
but only when mother is away
he walks you down the aisle
and tells you everything’s gonna be ok

—Unknown

I cannot think of any need in childhood as strong as the need for a father’s protection.

--Sigmund Freud

DAD,
When i was born,
You were there to catch me when i fall,
whenever and wherever.
When i said my first words,
You were there for me,
to teach me the whole dictionary if need be.
When i took my first steps,
You were there to encourage me on.
When i had my first day at school,
you were there to give me advice and help me with my homework.
I still haven’t finished school,
or walked down the aisle, or had my first child.
But i know you will be there for me through all these times and more, the good and bad.
So i just wrote this to say ‘I LOVE YOU DAD!!!’

—Louisa Mansfield

**WHAT IS A DAD?**

A dad is someone who
wants to catch you before you fall
but instead picks you up,
brushes you off,
and lets you try again.

A dad is someone who
wants to keep you from making mistakes
but instead lets you find your own way,
even though his heart breaks in silence
when you get hurt.

A dad is someone who
holds you when you cry,
scolds you when you break the rules,
shines with pride when you succeed,
and has faith in you even when you fail...

—Unknown

The greatest thing a FATHER can do to his children, is to love their mother.

—Anjaneth Garcia

Untalan

My father gave me the greatest gift anyone could give another person, he believed in me.

—Jim Valvano

Father’s Day is an annual worldwide holiday honoring fathers for 20 seconds until they hand the phone to mom and go back to watching NCIS.

—TL;DR Wikipedia
=Independence Day—4th of July

You have to love a nation that celebrates its independence every July 4, not with a parade of guns, tanks, and soldiers who file by the White House in a show of strength and muscle, but with family picnics where kids throw Frisbees, the potato salad gets iffy, and the flies die from happiness. You may think you have overeaten, but it is patriotism.

—Erma Bombeck

THE 4TH OF JULY

It’s time for the ‘Barbecue’
And the ‘Fireworks’ galore!
And the ‘Beer’ and the ‘Friends’
And the ‘Burgers’ for sure!

But most important
And I really must say
Is that ‘America’ got
Its ‘Independence’ today!

Yes in ‘1776’
The famous politician
Senator ‘John Hancock’
Had signed the petition

That stated that our country
Was ‘free’ from all others!
And that we would ‘only be governed’
By our ‘American brothers’!

So while we are celebrating
This ‘great day of fun’
Let us always remember
What our forefathers had done!

—Billy Nardozzi

Whiz go the rockets, cleavingly into the air with many a snap, crack, and whir!
Some shower silver stars, others red—as if a cherubim had thrown away a handful of rubies—perhaps green, orange, and blue. How magnificent the spectacle! High
and loftily it mounts, like the impatient bolt of a war-horse; gradually the sound diminishes; we hear a gentle report, like a pistol discharged high in the air, and then the scattered lights dance on the bottom of the darkness, with fairy-like brilliancy. Now they flicker and run in grotesque circles; all expire save one, which seems coquetting with the air currents—ah! its turn has come; like a bright hope quickly crushed, it has fled, and all again is dark and solemn above.

—Henry Howard Paul

It is a queer custom, this setting-off of fireworks, but it is observed in many countries; among others, in England on the Fifth of November, in China on New Year’s Day, and in South America on all suitable and unsuitable occasions.

—William H. Rideing

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival.... with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory.

—John Adams

THE 4TH OF JULY

As the fireworks
Burst around in
Circles and all the
Different designs, the
Evening gets longer. So cheers
For all the
Good times we’ve
Had.
I wouldn’t trade them for anything. It’s
Just so bitter sweet.
Kids having the time of their lives,
Lost in time.
Memories in the making.
Noises of the summer.
Overwhelming excitement in the air.
Patriotism, the red, white, and blue.
Quick little moments fly by.
Relatives and friends having a blast.
Smells of good ole homemade cooking. Just some
Toasting and traditions along the way.
Unbelievable love and sacrifice.
Visioning every night like this one.
Water balloons flying in the air.
Expectations of the night, blown away.
Yelling and singing every word to every song.
Zoned in on honor and enjoying life on the 4th of July.

—@Jackly Wingfield

FOURTH OF JULY NIGHT

The little boat at anchor in black water sat murmuring to the tall black sky
A white sky bomb fizzed on a black line.
A rocket hissed it’s red signature into the west.
Now a shower of Chinese fire alphabets,
A cry of flower pots broken in flames,
A long curve to a purple spray, three violet balloons---
Drips of seaweed tangled in gold, shimmering symbols of mixed numbers,
Tremulous arrangements of cream gold folds of a bride’s wedding gown---
A few sky bombs spoke their pieces, then velvet dark.
The little boat at anchor in black water sat murmuring to the tall black sky.

—Carl Sandburg

Freedom has its life in the hearts, the actions, the spirit of men and so it must be
daily earned and refreshed—else like a flower cut from its life-giving roots, it will
wither and die.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower

LEST WE FORGET

Fireworks and cookouts
And time spent with friends.
Swimming and playing
The good times never end.
But lest we forget
The reason for today
Let’s all say it now
Happy Independence Day!

—Sharon Hendricks
A DAY TO CELEBRATE

The coals are red hot
The flag’s proudly waving.
The fireworks are popping
And the band’s loudly playing.
All over the country
we see the stripes and stars
Today we celebrate
this great country of ours.

—Sharon Hendricks

A NATION FREE

Today is a time for fireworks and fun
But we shouldn’t forget its reason.
This is one of the most important days
of the entire summer season.
Today’s the day our nation became free
and the date of the country’s birth.
For so many years we have grown to be
one of the best countries on earth.

—Sharon Hendricks

Years ago, a group of good, wise, brave, God-fearing men stood up to claim and
defend the human right for independence. Those men are now dead. Their work
is not. If good, wise, brave, God-fearing men fail to stand up in their stead, that
independence will cease to exist.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Have you ever read the Declaration of Independence...? If you have, you will
know that it is not a Fourth of July oration. The Declaration of Independence was
a document preliminary to war. It was a vital piece of practical business, not a piece
of rhetoric; and if you will pass beyond those preliminary passages which we are
accustomed to quote about the rights of men and read into the heart of the
document you will see that it is very express and detailed, that it consists of a series
of definite specifications concerning actual public business of the day. Not the
business of our day, for the matter with which it deals is past, but the business of
that first revolution by which the Nation was set up, the business of 1776. Its
general statements, its general declarations can not mean anything to us unless we
append to it a similar specific body of particulars as to what we consider the
essential business of our own day.

Liberty does not consist, my fellow citizens, in mere general declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action. Therefore... reading its business-like sentences, we ought to ask ourselves what there is in it for us. There is nothing in it for us unless we can translate it into the terms of our own conditions and of our own lives....

The task to which we have constantly to readdress ourselves is the task of proving that we are worthy of the men who drew this great declaration and know what they would have done in our circumstances. Patriotism consists in some very practical things—practical in that they belong to the life of every day, that they wear no extraordinary distinction about them, that they are connected with commonplace duty.

—Woodrow Wilson

There was one bursting now, a delicate constellation of many-coloured stars which drifted down and lingered in the still air.... The final rocket went up, a really large one, a piece of reckless extravagance. Its sibilant uprush was impressive, dragon-like; it soared twice as high as any they had had before.... The sparks from the rocket came pouring down the sky in a slow golden cascade, vanishing one by one into a lake of darkness.

—Jan Struther

Once more the air is stirred by drifting flakes of emerald fire that, illuminining the space around, reveal tens of thousands of spectators collected, with up-turned eyes, gazing at the pyrotechnic wonders. Up bound the serpents—orange and brazen. How they twizzle and fizzle with their bright curves in the soft night air! Then the Roman candles pop out the little red balls of fire, suggesting to the mind an endless visitation of electrical sugar-plums. The wheels flash and dart forth their spiral threads of light.... This grand display is the omega of the day’s expenditure of gunpowder.

—Henry Howard Paul

To-morrow is Hell-fire Day, that English holiday which we have celebrated, every Fourth of July, for a century and a quarter in fire, blood, tears, mutilation and death, repeating and repeating and forever repeating these absurdities because neither our historians nor our politicians nor our schoolmasters have wit enough to remind the public that the Fourth of July is not an American holiday. However, I doubt if there is a historian, a politician, or a schoolmaster in the country that has ever stopped to consider what the nationality of that day really is. I detest that English holiday with all my heart; not because it is English, and not because it is not American, but merely because this nation goes insane on that day, and by the help of noise and fire turns it into an odious pandemonium. The nation calls it by
all sorts of affectionate pet names, but if I had the naming of it I would throw poetry aside and call it Hell’s Delight.

—Mark Twain

Fourth of July! It is a day, in the United States, in a manner described to the Goddess of Gunpowder. Ælius, in the classic fable, dedicated one day in the week to burn incense to the memory of Jupiter, and the patriotic, liberty-loving citizens of the United States set aside this day of every year to explode gunpowder by way of commemoration of the Declaration of Independence—the spirit of which document is still cherished with characteristic national fervor. It has often struck us as being an odd way of celebrating an event in the annals of history by burning, whizzing, and streaming fireworks. The whole country, from the borders of Maine to the mouth of the Mississippi, is a scene of din and smoke.... Shops are shut, tradesmen suspend business, and even bankers and usurers seem to agree that toil shall have a gala-day.... The rich and the poor alike make merry.

—Henry Howard Paul
(1851)

Somehow the Fourth had its quiet moments, too, even for little feet and childish voices, and small hands stole into each other as we sat looking at our fire-works with a sense that independence was a fine thing to declare.

—Lucy C. Lillie

Among all the holidays of the year, one stands out as preëminently American; one appeals especially to that sentiment of patriotism and national pride which glows in every loyal American heart. Independence Day—the Fourth of July—is observed in every State in the Union as our distinctive national holiday.... the American colonists were no longer rebels in arms against their own country, but a free people fighting for their independence.

—Unknown

In childhood the daylight always fails too soon—except when there are going to be fireworks; and then the sun dawdles intolerably on the threshold like a tedious guest.

—Jan Struther

A statistician made a few calculations and discovered that since the birth of our nation more lives had been lost in celebrating independence than in winning it.

—Curtis Billings

Liberty is the breath of life to nations.

—George Bernard Shaw
Fireworks had for her a direct and magical appeal. Their attraction was more complex than that of any other form of art. They had pattern and sequence, colour and sound, brilliance and mobility; they had suspense, surprise, and a faint hint of danger; above all, they had the supreme quality of transience, which puts the keenest edge on beauty and makes it touch some spring in the heart which more enduring excellences cannot reach.

—Jan Struther

Suddenly it occurred to me to ask, ‘Do you remember the first Fourth of July?’ For, you see, being wholly American at heart, how could I imagine there had been any Fourth until the famous one of 1776?

—Lucy C. Lillie

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how. There is no ‘Republican,’ no ‘Democrat,’ on the Fourth of July,—all are Americans.

—James Gillespie Blaine

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

—Rudyard Kipling

That which distinguishes this day [July 4th] from all others is that then both orators and artillerymen shoot blank cartridges.

—John Burroughs

We on this continent should never forget that men first crossed the Atlantic not to find soil for their ploughs but to secure liberty for their souls.

—Robert J. McCracken

America is much more than a geographical fact. It is a political and moral fact — the first community in which men set out in principle to institutionalize freedom, responsible government, and human equality.

—Adlai Stevenson

A good many elderly people are afflicted with dreadful head-aches on the Fourth of July; but I suspect they don’t mind it very much, for in every puff of blue smoke that wreathes itself under their noses, they see a boy’s or a girl’s happy face.

—William H. Rideing
In the truest sense, freedom cannot be bestowed; it must be achieved.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

Freedom’s natal day is here.
Fire the guns and shout for freedom,
See the flag above unfurled!
Hail the stars and stripes forever,
Dearest flag in all the world.

—Florence A. Jones

Those who won our independence believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty.

—Louis Brandeis

Let freedom reign. The sun never set on so glorious a human achievement.

—Nelson Mandela

The only way to deal with an unfree world is to become so absolutely free that your very existence is an act of rebellion.

—Albert Camus

We have killed more people celebrating Independence Day than we lost fighting for it.

--Will Rogers

What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July? I answer; a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciation of tyrants, brass fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are, to Him, mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy -- a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody than are the people of the United States, at this very hour.

--Frederick Douglas

(1852)
Summer is vacation time, sweet clover time, swing and see-saw time, watermelon
time, swimming and picnic and camping and Fourth-of-July time....It is fishing
time, canoeing time, baseball time. It is, for millions of Americans, ‘the good old
summertime.’

—Edwin Way Teale

July 4. Statistics show that we lose more fools on this day than in all the other days
of the year put together. This proves, by the number left in stock, that one Fourth of
July per year is now inadequate, the country has grown so.

—Mark Twain

=LABOR DAY

No man needs sympathy because he has to work, because he has a burden to carry. Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.

—Theodore Roosevelt

Every job from the heart is, ultimately, of equal value. The nurse injects the syringe; the writer slides the pen; the farmer plows the dirt; the comedian draws the laughter. Monetary income is the perfect deceiver of a man’s true worth.

—Criss Jami

Labor Day is a glorious holiday because your child will be going back to school the next day. It would have been called Independence Day, but that name was already taken.

—Bill Dodds

Labor Day symbolizes our determination to achieve an economic freedom for the average man which will give his political freedom reality.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

PSALM OF THOSE WHO GO FORTH BEFORE DAYLIGHT

The policeman buys shoes slow and careful; the teamster buys gloves slow and careful; they take care of their feet and hands; they live on their feet and hands.

The milkman never argues; he works alone and no one speaks to him; the city is asleep when he is on the job; he puts a bottle on six hundred porches and calls it a
day’s work; he climbs two hundred wooden stairways; two horses are company for him; he never argues.

The rolling-mill men and the sheet-steel men are brothers of cinders; they empty cinders out of their shoes after the day’s work; they ask their wives to fix burnt holes in the knees of their trousers; their necks and ears are covered with a smut; they scour their necks and ears; they are brothers of cinders.

—Carl Sandburg

LABOR DAY

Throw up our feet,  
start up the grill,  
toss on the 'burgers  
and we’ll all eat our fill.

Put up the tools,  
watch the grass grow,  
forget the leak  
and the commode overflow.

The dishes can wait;  
go out and play.  
There’s good reason to be lazy...  
it’s called Labor Day!

—Nancy Hughes

THEY EARNED THE RIGHT

I knew Ket and Knudsen, Zeller, Zeder and Breer.  
I knew Henry Ford back yonder as a lightplant engineer.  
I’m a knew-’em-when companion who frequently recalls  
That none of the those big brothers were too proud for overalls.

All the Fishers, all the leaders, all the motion pioneers  
Worked at molds or lathes or benches at the start of their careers.  
Chrysler, Keller, Nash and others whom I could but now won’t name  
Had no high-falutin’ notion ease and softness led to fame.

They had work to do and did it. Did it bravely, did it right,  
Never thinking it important that their collars should be white.
Never counted hours of labor, never wished their tasks to cease,
And for years their two companions were those brothers, dirt and grease.

Boy, this verse is fact, not fiction, all the fellows I have named
Worked for years for wages and were never once ashamed.
Dirt and grease were their companions, better friends than linen white;
Better friends than ease and softness, golf or dancing every night.

Now in evening clothes you see them in the nation’s banquet halls.
But they earned the right to be there, years ago, in overalls.

—Edgar A. Guest

Labor Day officially ends summer,
As those who work enjoy one final fling.
Blessed are those who bear the daily burden,
Of whom few savants speak or minstrels sing,
Returning to their harness each September.
Days of ease give way to hours certain,
A long routine that wends its way through spring,
Yielding one more year of brutal labor.

—Nicholas Gordon

LABOR DAY

People work. People play.
That’s why we have Labor Day.
Plumbers, bakers, painters, vets,
Fishermen with giant nets,
Firefighters, engineers,
Barbers snipping with their shears,
Teachers, waiters, nurses, cooks,
Authors writing thrilling books.
Carpenters and deputies,
People who take care of bees.
No matter what it is you do,
There’s one thing that’s always true.
Every worker needs to rest.
I hope your Labor Day’s the Best!

—Lill Pluta
LABOR DAY

Even the bosses are sleeping late
in the dusty light of September.

The parking lot’s empty and no one cares.
No one unloads a ladder, steps on the gas
or starts up the big machines in the shop,
sanding and grinding, cutting and binding.

No one lays a flat bead of flux over a metal seam
or lowers the steel forks from a tailgate.

Shadows gather inside the sleeve
of the empty thermos beside the sink,
the bells go still by the channel buoy,
the wind lies down in the west,

the tuna boats rest on their tie-up lines
turning a little, this way and that.

—Joseph Millar

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust,
friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

—Walt Whitman

THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE

When the long, long day is over, and the Big Boss gives me my pay,
I hope that it won’t be hell-fire, as some of the parsons say.
And I hope that it won’t be heaven, with some of the parsons I’ve met—
All I want is just quiet, just to rest and forget.
Look at my face, toil-furrowed; look at my calloused hands;
Master, I’ve done Thy bidding, wrought in Thy many lands—
Wrought for the little masters, big-bellied they be, and rich;
I’ve done their desire for a daily hire, and I die like a dog in a ditch.
I have used the strength Thou hast given, Thou knowest I did not shirk;
Threescore years of labor—Thine be the long day’s work.
And now, Big Master, I’m broken and bent and twisted and scarred,
But I’ve held my job, and Thou knowest, and Thou wilt not judge me hard.
Thou knowest my sins are many, and often I’ve played the fool —
Whiskey and cards and women, they made me the devil’s tool.
I was just like a child with money; I flung it away with a curse,
Feasting a fawning parasite, or glutting a harlot’s purse;
Then back to the woods repentant, back to the mill or the mine,
I, the worker of workers, everything in my line.
Everything hard but headwork (I’d no more brains than a kid),
A brute with brute strength to labor, doing as I was bid;
Living in camps with men-folk, a lonely and loveless life;
Never knew kiss of sweetheart, never caress of wife.
A brute with brute strength to labor, and they were so far above—
Yet I’d gladly have gone to the gallows for one little look of Love.
I, with the strength of two men, savage and shy and wild —
Yet how I’d ha’ treasured a woman, and the sweet, warm kiss of a child!
Well, ’tis Thy world, and Thou knowest. I blaspheme and my ways be rude;
But I’ve lived my life as I found it, and I’ve done my best to be good;
I, the primitive toiler, half naked and grimed to the eyes,
Sweating it deep in their ditches, swining it stark in their styes;
Hurling down forests before me, spanning tumultuous streams;
Down in the ditch building o’er me palaces fairer than dreams;
Boring the rock to the ore-bed, driving the road through the fen,
Resolute, dumb, uncomplaining, a man in a world of men.
Master, I've filled my contract, wrought in Thy many lands;  
Not by my sins wilt Thou judge me, but by the work of my hands.  
Master, I've done Thy bidding, and the light is low in the west,  
And the long, long shift is over ... Master, I've earned it — Rest.  

—Robert W. Service

There is no excellence without labor. One cannot dream oneself into either usefulness or happiness.  

—Liberty Hyde Bailey

**WHAT WORK IS**

We stand in the rain in a long line  
waiting at Ford Highland Park. For work.  
You know what work is—if you’re old enough to read this you know what work is, although you may not do it.  
Forget you. This is about waiting, shifting from one foot to another.  
Feeling the light rain falling like mist into your hair, blurring your vision until you think you see your own brother ahead of you, maybe ten places.  
You rub your glasses with your fingers, and of course it’s someone else’s brother, narrower across the shoulders than yours but with the same sad slouch, the grin that does not hide the stubbornness, the sad refusal to give in to rain, to the hours of wasted waiting, to the knowledge that somewhere ahead a man is waiting who will say, ‘No, we’re not hiring today, ‘for any reason he wants. You love your brother, now suddenly you can hardly stand the love flooding you for your brother, who’s not beside you or behind or ahead because he’s home trying to sleep off a miserable night shift at Cadillac so he can get up
before noon to study his German.
Works eight hours a night so he can sing
Wagner, the opera you hate most,
the worst music ever invented.
How long has it been since you told him
you loved him, held his wide shoulders,
opened your eyes wide and said those words,
and maybe kissed his cheek? You’ve never
done something so simple, so obvious,
not because you’re too young or too dumb,
not because you’re jealous or even mean
or incapable of crying in
the presence of another man, no,
just because you don’t know what work is.

—Philip Levine

In our glorious fight for civil rights, we must guard against being fooled by false
slogans, such as ‘right-to-work.’ It provides no ‘rights’ and no ‘works.’ Its purpose is
to destroy labor unions and the freedom of collective bargaining.... We demand this
fraud be stopped.

--Martin Luther King Jr.

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor
and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior
of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

--Abraham Lincoln

It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage,
that we move on to better things.

--Theodore Roosevelt

Life has a purpose and that is to be happy, and happiness is the fruits of our love
and labor.

--Debasish Mridha

A saw by itself holds no value, but when coupled with your labor can clear forests.

--Chris Matakas

All labor has dignity.

--Martin Luther King Jr.
DIGNITY OF LABOR indicates that all types of jobs are respected equally, and no occupation is considered superior. Though one’s occupation for his or her livelihood involves physical work or menial labour, it is held that the job carries dignity, compared to the jobs that involve more intellect than body.

—Unknown

You will only be satisfied only when you are working.

--Sunday Adelaja

Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his honor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine.

--Henry David Thoreau

Work. Good, honest work, whether it’s working with your hands to create an artwork, or manual labour, brings forth a sense of divinity at play. The only prerequisite is that whatever the work is, it is done sincerely and in congruence with the soul’s true origin and intent, then, without any effort, one experiences a flow, wherein one feels a part of the plan of the entire universe.

--Kamand Kojouri

There’s no dignity, no decency, or health today for men that haven’t got a job. All other things depend on work today.

--Nevil Shute

Man is so made that he can only find relaxation from one kind of labor by taking up another.

--Anatole France

I am opposing a social order in which it is possible for one man who does absolutely nothing that is useful to amass a fortune of hundreds of millions of dollars, while millions of men and women who work all the days of their lives secure barely enough for a wretched existence.

--Eugene V. Debs

Everything in the world is purchased by labor.

—David Hume
God give me work, till my life shall end
And life, till my work is done.
—Epitaph of Winifred Holtby

Work isn’t to make money; you work to justify life.
—Marc Chagall

Employment is nature’s physician, and is essential to human happiness.
—Galen

The dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it.
—Edwin Osgood Grover

All wealth is the product of labor.
—John Locke

A man is not paid for having a head and hands, but for using them.
—Elbert Hubbard

Labor Day is devoted to no man, living or dead, to no sect, race or nation.
—Samuel Gompers

If all the cars in the United States were placed end to end, it would probably be Labor Day Weekend.
—Doug Larson

=COLUMBUS DAY

He completed the universe, he achieved the physical unity of the globe.
—Lamartine

He gave the world another world.
—George Santayana

Every ship that comes to American got its chart from Columbus.
--Ralph Waldo Emerson
If Christopher Columbus is the man whom, according to the common historical view, shut the door upon the Middle Ages and inaugurated a new world and a new age, the moment when those three paltry vessels left that Spanish harbour is one of the most epoch-making in the history of humanity.

--Jacob Wassermann

Columbus’ legacy is one that Americans have been celebrating since the 1700s. Columbus Day became an official federal holiday in 1937, and since the ’70s has been observed every year on the second Monday of October.

—Kathryn Kattalia

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We, here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all of the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

--Chauncey M. Depew

He leaves in the background of fame all other navigators whose names are written in the priceless annals of discovery.

—Emilio Castelar

Columbus had all the spirit of a crusader, and, at the same time, the investigating nature of a modern man of science.

—Edmund Arthur

Over half a millennium ago, Christopher Columbus—an ambitious navigator native to Genoa, Italy—set sail for new horizons....Though his first of four voyages across the Atlantic did not end at his desired destination of Asia, Columbus’s adventure reflected the insatiable thirst for exploration that continues to drive us as a people....Though these early travels expanded the realm of European exploration, to many they also marked a time that forever changed the world for the indigenous peoples of North America....and as we pay tribute to the ways in which Columbus pursued ambitious goals—we also recognize the suffering inflicted upon Native Americans and we recommit to strengthening tribal sovereignty and maintaining our strong ties.

—Barack Obama
If some of his conclusions were erroneous, they were at least ingenious and splendid; and their error resulted from the clouds which still hung over his peculiar path of enterprise. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of the age; guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled that very darkness with which he had been obliged to struggle.

--Washington Irving

I don’t understand Columbus Day. Most people don’t get the day off from work, no one passes out candy, and from a historical point of view, this whole ‘discovering America’ claim to fame Columbus has going for him isn’t even that factually accurate. He may have sailed the ocean blue in 1492, but...the whole idea behind celebrating Columbus Day is kind of bogus.

—Kathryn Kattalia

Christopher Columbus’ discovery of America was partly due to Ptolemy—and errors in his cartography. Columbus carried a map influenced by the ancient Roman’s work. But Ptolemy thought the world was 30 percent smaller than it actually is; worse, the mapmaker was using Arabian miles, which were longer than Italian ones. Together these mistakes led Columbus to believe the voyage to Asia would be much shorter.

—Clive Thompson

Christopher Columbus, as everyone knows, is honored by posterity because he was the last to discover America.

—James Joyce

Perhaps, after all, America never has been discovered. I myself would say that it had merely been detected.

—Oscar Wilde

Columbus only discovered that he was in some new place. He didn’t discover America.

—Louise Erdrich

As soon as I arrived in the Indies, in the first island which I found, I took some of the natives by force, in order that they might learn and might give me information of whatever there is in these parts. And so it was that they soon understood us, and we them, either by speech or by signs, and they have been very serviceable.

—Christopher Columbus
Whose indomitable spirit changed the face of the earth for us.
—Edmund Arthur Helps

Columbus’s real achievement was managing to cross the ocean successfully in both directions. Though an accomplished enough mariner, he was not terribly good at a great deal else, especially geography, the skill that would seem most vital in an explorer. It would be hard to name any figure in history who has achieved more lasting fame with less competence. He spent large parts of eight years bouncing around Caribbean islands and coastal South America convinced that he was in the heart of the Orient and that Japan and China were at the edge of every sunset. He never worked out that Cuba is an island and never once set foot on, or even suspected the existence of, the landmass to the north that everyone thinks he discovered: the United States.

—Bill Bryson

Hardly a name in profane history is more august than his. Hardly another character in the world’s record has made so little of its opportunities. His discovery was a blunder; his blunder was a new world; the New World is his monument!

—Justin Winsor

He stands in history as the completer of the globe.

—John Sterling

The red man of the forest was formerly a very respectful person. At the time Chris. arrove on these shores, the savages was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness generally. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. The female aborigine never died of consumption, because she didn’t tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowing garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was an unlucky moment for us when Chris. set his foot onto these here shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the Indians had given him a warm meal and sent him home. For the savages owned the country, and Columbus was a fillibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker were one-horse fillibusters—Columbus was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yellow dog under the wagon. I say, in view of the mess we are making of things, it would have been better for us if Columbus had stayed to home.

—Artemus Ward (1862)
We shall be inclined to pronounce the voyage that led to the way to this New World as the most epoch-making event of all that have occurred since the birth of Christ.

—John Fiske

America’s one of the finest countries anyone ever stole.

—Bobcat Goldthwaite

So Columbus said, somebody show me the sunset and somebody did and he set sail for it,
And he discovered America and they put him in jail for it,
And the fetters gave him welts,
And they named America after somebody else.

—Ogden Nash

Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies.

—George Santayana

When asked by an anthropologist what the Indians called America before the white man came, an Indian said simply, ‘Ours.’

—Vine Deloria, Jr.

I also hate those holidays that fall on a Monday where you don’t get mail, those fake holidays like Columbus Day. What did Christopher Columbus do, discover America? If he hadn’t, somebody else would have and we’d still be here. Big deal.

—John Waters

And I purpose to make a chart and to set down therein the lands and waters of the Ocean Sea, with all their positions and bearings, and to compose it into a book, and to illustrate the whole with paintings, showing, as we go, the latitude from the Equator, and also the western longitude.

--Christopher Columbus

The Lord hath blessed me abundantly with a knowledge of marine affairs. Of the science of the stars He has given me that which would suffice; so, also, of geometry and arithmetic. Besides this He has granted me the mind and skill to draw globes and maps, and indicate upon them in their proper places the various cities and rivers and mountains. I have studied all sorts of writings, history, the Chronicles, and some of the other arts, for which our Lord has quickened my intelligence and understanding.

--Christopher Columbus
One does not discover new lands without consenting to lose sight of the shore for a very long time.

—André Gide

A great intuition, amounting almost to genius, was Columbus’s.

—Cesare Lombroso

Here is that Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of a wonderful world unknown to any age before; whom we may believe to have been born under the benign influence of fortunate stars, to be an incomparable honor to Liguria, a choice adornment of Italy, a flaming light of our age, and that he might outshine the fame of the heroes of old.

—Eulogy from a parchment scroll attached to a portrait

The true greatness, then, of Columbus lay not in conceiving a totally new idea, but in grasping the practical bearing of one which he shared with others, in having faith to trust it, and in clinging with indomitable persistency to the purpose of realizing it.

—William Henry Johnson

He stands out among the beacon lights of history as a man of vision dominated by a definite purpose.

—John George Jones

He had a figure that was above medium height, a countenance long and imposing, an aquiline nose, clear blue eye, a light complexion tinged with red, beard and hair blond in youth, but early turned to white. He was rough in character, with little amiability of speech, affable, however, when he wished to be, and passionate when irritated.

—Bartolome de Las Casas

He accomplished more than anyone else towards making us masters of the world on which we tread, and giving us, instead of yawning abysses and realms of vapour, wide waters for our ships, and lands for the city and the plough...He stands in history as the completer of the globe.

—John Sterling
Three ships and a crew and a great, great soul—Columbus—had found a world!

--Annette Wynne

He now shines as a fixed star in the constellation of the lights of modern times.

--John Lord

The course of his life bears much resemblance to a medieval legend...He rose from nothing, a vagabond Italian adventurer, to become Grand Admiral of Spain, and Viceroy of a mighty Empire; he paid for seven years of glory and of power by sudden ruin and such humiliation as few men have known and, after a feeble afterglow of fame, he died a lonely death, almost forgotten.

--Jacob Wassermann

In all parts of the Old World, as well as of the New, it was evident that Columbus had kindled a fire in every mariner's heart. That fire was the harbinger of a new era, for it was not to be extinguished.

--Charles Kendall-Adams

It has taken the older world a long time to understand and to appreciate what really happened when Columbus discovered this New World. At that time the curtain rose upon a new and impressive act in the drama of civilization.

--Nicholas Murray Butler

It is not at all difficult to show that many more than Columbus, in his age, perceived a priori, the evidence of a Cathay lying to the westward, to be reached by sailing in that direction. But Columbus put the evidence to the test; and the very obstacles which he overcame, both by his lofty assurance, in which his enemies could see only the arrogance of an over-weening vanity, and by his persistence until his faith had overcome mountains, raise him above the ranks of common man.

--Atlantic Monthly

He began in error yet reached a triumph greater than he lived to know.

--W. J. Cameron

Columbus Day has rather an added significance to Los Angeles, as they want to celebrate the good fortune of his landing on the Atlantic instead of the Pacific side, because if he landed out here he never would have gone back even to tell the Queen. He would have stayed tight here and nobody would have even known it but him.

—Will Rogers
The age created him and the age left him. There is no more conspicuous example in history of a man showing the path and losing it.

--Justin Winsor

More than 60 places throughout the United States have been named in honor of Christopher Columbus.

—Roger Matile

=HALLOWEEN

There is a child in every one of us who is still a trick-or-treater looking for a brightly-lit front porch.

—Robert Brault

I don’t know that there are real ghosts and goblins, but there are always more trick-or-treaters than neighborhood kids.

—Robert Brault

I’m a great lover of visual art and I will happily discuss the color and texture of Van Gogh’s *Starry Night*.... But I can think of nothing on earth so beautiful as the final haul on Halloween night, which, for me, was ten to fifteen pounds of candy, a riot of colored wrappers and hopeful fonts, snub-nosed chocolate bars and SweeTARTS, the seductive rattle of Jujcyfruits and Good & Plenty and lollipop sticks all akimbo, the foil ends of mini LifeSavers packs twinkling like dimes, and a thick sugary perfume rising up from the pillowcase.

And more so, the pleasure of pouring out the contents onto the rug in the TV room, of cataloging the take according to a strict Freak Hierarchy, calling for all chocolate products to be immediately quarantined, sorted, and closely guarded, with higher-quality fruit chews and caramels next, then hard candies, and last of all anything organic (the loathsome raisins). A brief period of barter with my brothers might ensue. For the most part, I simply lay amid my trove and occasionally massed the candy into a pile which I could sort of dive into, à la Scrooge McDuck and his gold ducats.

—Steve Almond

October, baptize me with leaves! Swaddle me in corduroy and nurse me with split pea soup. October, tuck tiny candy bars in my pockets and carve my smile into a thousand pumpkins. O autumn! O teakettle! O grace!

--Rainbow Rowell
Halloween is an ancient druidic holiday, one the Celtic peoples have celebrated for millennia. It is the crack between the last golden rays of summer and the dark of winter; the delicately balanced tweak of the year before it is given over entirely to the dark; a time for the souls of the departed to squint, to peek and perhaps to travel through the gap. What could be more thrilling and worthy of celebration than that? It is a time to celebrate sweet bounty, as the harvest is brought in. It is a time of excitement and pleasure for children before the dark sets in. We should all celebrate that.

--Jenny Colgan

The jack-o-lantern follows me with tapered, glowing eyes. His yellow teeth grin evilly. His cackle I despise. But I shall have the final laugh when Halloween is through. This pumpkin king I'll split in half to make a pie for two.

--Richelle E. Goodrich


--Richelle E. Goodrich

Halloween is one of my favorite holidays. Christmas and the others can end up making you sad, because you know you should be happy. But on Halloween you get to become anything that you want to be.

--Ava Dellaira

Fact: If someone is playing Christmas music in October, you're legally allowed to kill them and use their corpse for a Halloween decoration.

—Internet Meme

Funny faces, tall black hats, Horns and ghosts and witches' cats. We have many good things to eat With boys at the door saying, 'Trick or treat!'

—Julia Ann Andersen
Nothing beats a haunted moonlit night on All Hallows Eve.... And on this fatal night, at this witching time, the starless sky laments black and unmoving. The somber hues of an ominous, dark forest are suddenly illuminated under the emerging face of the full moon.

—Kim Elizabeth

Peter is such a candy freak. I knew he’d stay out all night if he could.... This was his biggest night of the year. Bigger than Christmas. When he got home, he’d turn the shopping bag over on his rug and dump out all the candy. Then he’d sort it for hours, making piles of one candy bar and then another. He’s so totally mental. Sometimes when he was smaller he’d actually roll on his back in his Halloween candy, like a dog.

—R. L. Stine

Clothes make a statement. Costumes tell a story.

—Mason Cooley

Where there is no imagination there is no horror.

—Arthur Conan Doyle

Today, of course, our paranoia about child safety has reached this fabulous zenith whereby kids are only allowed to trick-or-treat accompanied by an adult.... But back in the blithe, porno-soaked, latch-key seventies, the idea of trick-or-treating with a parent in tow was unthinkable—like publicly disclosing a preference for Barry Manilow. And yes, we heard plenty of tales about creepy old men sinking razors into caramel apples. But this only added an allure of risk to the endeavor.

—Steve Almond

Those seemingly interminable dark walks between houses, long before street-lit safety became an issue, were more adrenalizing than the mountains of candy filling the sack. Sadly Halloween, with our good-natured attempts to protect the little ones, from the increasingly dangerous traffic and increasingly sick adults, has become an utter bore.

—Lauren Springer

On Halloween, what bothers some
About these witches, is how come
In sailing, through the air, like bats
They never seem, to lose their hats?
Hitchhiking owls, as we have seen,
   Ride nicely on this queer machine...
Another thing: if brooms can fly,
   Do witches keep them handy-by
   To sweep the kitchen floor with, say?
   Or do they have them locked away
   For private passage through the sky?

—David McCord

When witches go riding,
and black cats are seen,
the moon laughs and whispers,
'tis near Halloween.

—Internet Meme

A grandmother pretends she doesn’t know who you are on Halloween.

—Erma Bombeck

Eat, drink and be scary.

—Poster Slogan

New Rule: Designers of women’s Halloween costumes must admit that they’re not even trying. They just choose a random profession, like nurse or referee, and put the word ‘sexy’ in front of it, thereby perpetuating the idea of Halloween as a day when normally shy women release their inner sluts and parade around like vixens, and I just completely forgot what I was complaining about.

—Bill Maher

New Rule: If an Evangelical tries to use Halloween to pimp Jesus to kids, they get to egg his house. On Halloween, the president of the American Family Association urged his flock to hand out a Christian-based comic book instead of candy. Excuse me, Halloween isn’t a time to push your beliefs. You don’t see me handing out pot to kids...Okay, well not the little kids.

—Bill Maher

There will be a cauldron of spiced hot cider, and pumpkin shortbread fingers with caramel and fudge dipping sauces as our freebies, and I’ve done plenty of special spooky treats. Ladies’ fingers, butter cookies the shape of gnarled fingers with almond fingernails and red food coloring on the stump end. I’ve got meringue ghosts and cups of ‘graveyard pudding,’ a dark chocolate pudding layered with dark Oreo cookie crumbs, strewn with gummy worms, and topped with a cookie tombstone.
There are chocolate tarantulas, with mini cupcake bodies and legs made out of licorice whips, sitting on spun cotton candy nests. The Pop-Tart flavors of the day are chocolate peanut butter, and pumpkin spice. The chocolate ones are in the shape of bats, and the pumpkin ones in the shape of giant candy corn with orange, yellow, and white icing. And yesterday, after finding a stash of tiny walnut-sized lady apples at the market, I made a huge batch of mini caramel apples.

--Stacey Ballis

I’m not fond of a tradition that requires people to open the door for strangers. Or for kids to take candy from strangers.

--Megan Erickson

Halloween was the best holiday, in my opinion, because it was all about friends, monsters, and candy, rather than family and responsibility.

--Margee Kerr

A Halloween flower,
if ever there was one,
would smell like an onion,
have thorns like a rose.
With charcoal black petals
and vines that entangle,
t’would grow under moonlight
in mud, I suppose.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Witches cackle.
Goblins growl.
Spectres boo,
And werewolves howl.
Black cats hiss.
Bats flap their wings.
Mummies moan.
The cold wind sings.
Ogre’s roar.
And crows, they caw.
Vampires bahahahaha.
Warlocks swish their moonlit capes.
Loch Ness monsters churn the lake.
Skeletons, they rattle bones
While graveyards crack the old headstones.
All the while the ghouls, they cry
To trick-or-treaters passing by.
Oh, the noise on Halloween;
It makes me want to scream!

--Richelle E. Goodrich

I've always loved Halloween: the one day of the year when you can blatantly dress as your number-one obsession and people will smile instead of snicker.
—J. C. Lillis

As a kid, she’d always loved Halloween. A magic night. A night when anything could happen. Monsters could be real. Magic could whisper in the air.

--Cynthia Eden

Treats and tricks.
Witch broomsticks.
Jack-o-lanterns
Lick their lips.

Crows and cats.
Vampire bats.
Capes and fangs
And pointed hats.

Werewolves howl.
Phantoms prowl.
Halloween’s
Upon us now.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Did you know that at one time trick-or-treating was stopped? It’s true. During World War II children were not allowed to trick or treat because there was a sugar shortage.

--Linda Bozzo

Harvey wasn’t interested in the clothes, it was the masks that mesmerized him. They were like snowflakes: no two alike. Some were made of wood and of plastic; some of straw and cloth and papier-mâché. Some were as bright as parrots, others as pale as parchment. Some were so grotesque he was certain they’d been carved by crazy people; others so perfect they looked like the death masks of angels. There
were masks of clowns and foxes, masks like skulls decorated with real teeth, and one with carved flames instead of hair.

--Clive Barker

It took me a moment. I blinked, and suddenly it swam into focus and I had to frown very hard to keep myself from giggling out loud like the schoolgirl Deb had accused me of being.

Because he had arranged the arms and legs in letters, and the letters spelled out a single small word: BOO.

The three torsos were carefully arranged below the BOO in a quarter-circle, making a cute little Halloween smile.

What a scamp.

--Jeff Lindsay

We were in such good moods, we even decided to hit Todd’s house for candy. Sam rang the doorbell, and when it opened, this hideous, rubber monster face roared at us. Sam screamed. Todd started laughing and took off the mask. I yelled, ‘Put it back on! Put it back on! Your hideousness is terrifying!’

Todd did a fake yuk-yuk-yuk at my joke. ‘What are you guys supposed to be? Is it Prom Night Massacre or something?’

Sam sighed at Todd’s obvious stupidity. ‘We’re zombie princesses, Todd. Can’t you tell?’ She stuck her arms straight out in front of her and said, ‘BRAINS! BRAINS!’

I patted Sam on the head and said, ‘Sorry, Sam. You’re wasting your time with this one.’

--Kristin Walker

The wind outside nested in each tree, prowled the sidewalks in invisible treads like unseen cats.

Tom Skelton shivered. Anyone could see that the wind was a special wind this night, and the darkness took on a special feel because it was All Hallows’ Eve. Everything seemed cut from soft black velvet or gold or orange velvet. Smoke panted up out of a thousand chimneys like the plumes of funeral parades. From kitchen windows drifted two pumpkin smells: gourds being cut, pies being baked.

--Ray Bradbury

October proved a riot to the senses and climaxed those giddy last weeks before Halloween.

--Keith Donohue

You could go as an eclipse. Just dress in black and stand in front of things.

—Internet Meme
The trees go all red and blazing orange and gold, and wood fires burn at night so everything smells of crisp branches. The world rolls about delightedly in a heap of cider and candy and apples and pumpkins and cold stars rush by through wispy, ragged clouds, past a moon like a bony knee. You have, no doubt, experienced a Halloween or two.

--Catherynne M. Valente

Trick or Treat!
Give me something good to eat.
Give me candy.
Give me cake.
Give me something sweet to take!

—Slogan

Belgium is supposed to specialize in Brussels sprouts, but last autumn a horticulturalist there raised a 2,624.6-pound pumpkin, squashing the world record for the heaviest fruit. American growers were dismayed. Pumpkins, after all, are indigenous to the New World. The first European settlers were stunned by the Native Americans’ ample squash crop, which they mistook for melon. Centuries later, pumpkins so impressed newly arrived Irish immigrants that they abandoned the turnips they carved into jack-o’-lanterns for All Hollows’ Eve back home. And pumpkins became an American Halloween doorstep classic.

—Abigail Tucker

If I went through the hassle of dressing you up and hauling you around town to collect candy, then yes, I am taking 30%. It’s called a candy tax.

—Internet Meme

People are always complaining teens are ‘too old’ for trick-or-treating. Let me tell you. If your kid shows up at my door trying to hang onto one last shred of their childhood, I’ll be damned if I’m going to begrudge them a Snickers bar. Childhood is short enough as it is.

—Internet Meme

For those passing out candy this year…when a teenager comes to your door, please give them the candy without saying ‘aren’t you too old to be doing this?’ Because they could be out doing things much worse like drinking & driving, vandalizing, drugs, etc....I would rather they be knocking on my door asking for candy & having safe/legal fun, than seeing them doing the dangerous things they could be doing! Let them be kids as long as they can be. Kids grow up way too fast. Let them spend one evening channeling their inner childhood.

—D. L. Hughley
There is nothing funny about Halloween. This sarcastic festival reflects, rather, an infernal demand for revenge by children on the adult world.

—Jean Baudrillard

Halloween is that uniquely American holiday that prepares youngsters for political careers as they visit homes throughout the community promising they will not harass residents if they are given the handouts they demand.

—Roger Matile

My complete lack of dusting will finally pay off at Halloween.

—facebook.com/auntyacid

---VETERANS DAY---

Sitting in front of my fireplace, basking in it’s warm glow gives me time to reflect upon the sacrifices that it has taken for me to enjoy the security of a good home, in a safe environment. I can hear the soft whisper of the snow as it caresses my window and covers the ground outside in a scintillating display of sparkling lights under the full moon. How many times have our service men and women watched this same scene from a foxhole, or camped in some remote part of the world. Thankful for the silence of that moment, knowing it won’t last long. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He/she dresses in fatigues and patrols the world restlessly, ensuring that we can have this peaceful night. Every day they give us the gift of this lifestyle that we enjoy, and every night they watch over us. They are warriors, angels, guardians, friends, brothers, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, forming a family that stretches back to the beginning of the country. So tonight when you go to bed say a prayer that God watch over those who watch over us, and thank them for their sacrifices, on and off the battlefield. Pray that they have a peaceful night, and will be home soon with their families who also share their burden. Without them we would not have this moment.

--Neil Leckman

Never was so much owed by so many to so few.

—Winston Churchill

Honoring the sacrifices many have made for our country in the name of freedom and democracy is the very foundation of Veterans Day.

—Charles B. Rangel
I am a Veteran, as are most of my personal friends. A Veteran is someone, who at one point in their life, wrote a blank check payable to the United States of America for an amount up to, and including, their life. Regardless of personal or political views, there are way too many people in this country who no longer remember that fact.

—José N. Harris

Our veterans left everything they knew and loved and served with exemplary dedication and courage so we could all know a safer America and a more just world. They have been tested in ways the rest of us may never fully understand.... On Veterans Day, and every day, let us show them the extraordinary gratitude they so rightly deserve.

—Barack Obama

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

—Robert G. Ingersoll

Any nation is too immense and austere to articulate the emotional debt it owes to the service members it sends away and the families who must watch them go. The fallen veteran will be carried to the grave under our flag, and that flag will be presented to the family, as if it were equivalent to the life of one citizen.

—Benjamin Busch

It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God that such men lived.

—General George S. Patton, Jr.

As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them.

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy
To The Veterans of the United States of America:
Thank you, for the cost you paid for our freedom, thank you for the freedom to live in safety and pursue happiness, for freedom of speech (thus my book), and for all the freedoms that we daily take for granted.

--Sara Niles

Serving my country was a life-changing experience for me. It was during those years that I realized the importance of commitment, dedication, honor, and discipline. I have never laughed so much; nor have I ever prayed so much. I made life-long friends. The leaders and heroes I served with helped shape me into the man I am today. I feel honored to have been a part of such a great tradition and grateful to others who have walked the same path. Thank you!

--Steve Maraboli

This country has not seen and probably will never know the true level of sacrifice of our veterans. As a civilian I owe an unpayable debt to all our military. Going forward let’s not send our servicemen and women off to war or conflict zones unless it is overwhelmingly justifiable and on moral high ground. The men of WWII were the greatest generation, perhaps Korea the forgotten, Vietnam the trampled, Cold War unsung and Iraqi Freedom and Afghanistan vets underestimated. Every generation has proved itself to be worthy to stand up to the precedent of the greatest generation. Going back to the Revolution, American soldiers have been the best in the world. Let’s all take a remembrance for all veterans who served or are serving, peace time or wartime and gone or still with us. May God Bless America and All Veterans.

--Thomas M Smith

Honor to the soldier and sailor everywhere, who bravely bears his country’s cause. Honor, also, to the citizen who cares for his brother in the field and serves, as he best can, the same cause.

--Abraham Lincoln

Some people live an entire lifetime and wonder if they have ever made a difference in the world, but the Marines don’t have that problem.

—Ronald Reagan

People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf.

—George Orwell
Valor is stability, not of legs and arms, but of courage and the soul.
—Michel de Montaigne

The soldier above all others prays for peace, for it is the soldier who must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war.
—Douglas MacArthur

To us in America, the reflections of Armistice Day will be filled with lots of pride in the heroism of those who died in the country’s service and with gratitude for the victory, both because of the thing from which it has freed us and because of the opportunity it has given America to show her sympathy with peace and justice in the councils of the nations.
—Woodrow Wilson

There is one higher office than president and I would call that patriot.
—Gary Hart

In valor there is hope.
—Publius Cornelius Tacitus

This will remain the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave.
—Elmer Davis

America without her soldiers would be like God without his angels.
—Claudia Pemberton

America’s Veterans have served their country with the belief that democracy and freedom are ideals to be upheld around the world.
—John Doolittle

If you want to thank a soldier, be the kind of American worth fighting for.
—Internet Meme

Our flag does not fly because the wind moves it... it flies with the last breath of each soldier who died protecting it.
—Indian Army Slogan

We often take for granted the very things that most deserve our gratitude.
—Cynthia Ozick
The willingness of America’s veterans to sacrifice for our country has earned them our lasting gratitude.

—Jeff Miller

My heroes are those who risk their lives every day to protect our world and make it a better place — police, firefighters, and members of our armed forces.

—Sidney Sheldon

On this Veterans Day, let us remember the service of our veterans, and let us renew our national promise to fulfill our sacred obligations to our veterans and their families who have sacrificed so much so that we can live free.

—Dan Lipinski

In the face of impossible odds, people who love this country, can change it

—Barack Obama

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

—Patrick Henry

America’s veterans embody the ideals upon which America was founded more than 229 years ago.

—Steve Buyer

A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself.

—Joseph Campbell

Honor to the soldier and sailor everywhere, who bravely bears his country’s cause. Honor, also, to the citizen who cares for his brother in the field and serves, as he best can, the same cause.

—Abraham Lincoln

Your freedom is brought to you courtesy of the outstanding Men and Women who serve and have served this country with honor, dedication, pride and sacrifice!

—Nishan Panwar

Veterans Day is a an annual holiday on which veterans of the U.S. military are honored and commemorated because that’s cheaper than paying for their health care.

—TL;DR Wikipedia
I have done things that haunt me at night so you can sleep in peace.
I have been away from my family a long time so that yours can be safe.
I have sacrificed a lot in my life so that you may live free.
I have done these things because I have sworn an oath to my country.
And I will live by this oath until the day I die because I am and always will be a
U.S. VETERAN.

—Internet Meme

Thanksgiving is a day when we pause to give thanks for the things we have. ‘Veterans Day’ is a day when we pause to give thanks to the people who fought for the things we have.

—Internet Meme

It is something you think that half a dozen men could sit down and casually sign a pact to stop the millions of men from killing each other. If Armistice Day had stopped speeches, it would’ve done more than to have stopped the war, for speeches is which starts the next war. It’s not armament, its oratory that’s wrong with this country.

—Will Rogers

=THANKSGIVING=

In November, people are good to each other. They carry pies to each other’s homes and talk by crackling woodstoves, sipping mellow cider. They travel very far on a special November day just to share a meal with one another and to give thanks for their many blessings —for the food on their tables and the babies in their arms.

--Cynthia Rylant

A postal employee opened and read the mail which came to the Dead Letter Office in Washington addressed to Santa Claus. In the three months before Christmas, there were thousands of letters asking for something. In the months after Christmas, there was only one card addressed to Santa Claus thanking him. How quick we are to ask and receive. How slow we are to speak the magic word—thanks!

—Paul Lee Tan

In November, the smell of food is different. It is an orange smell. A squash and pumpkin smell. It tastes like cinnamon and can fill up a house in the morning, can pull everyone from bed in a fog. Food is better in November than any other time of the year.

--Cynthia Rylant
Our modern celebration of Thanksgiving can be traced back to the early 17th century. Upon arriving in Plymouth, at the culmination of months of testing travel that resulted in death and disease, the Pilgrims continued to face great challenges. An indigenous people, the Wampanoag, helped them adjust to their new home, teaching them critical survival techniques and important crop cultivation methods. After securing a bountiful harvest, the settlers and Wampanoag joined in fellowship for a shared dinner to celebrate powerful traditions that are still observed at Thanksgiving today: lifting one another up, enjoying time with those around us, and appreciating all that we have.

—Barack Obama

About 94 percent of Americans prepare and serve turkey at home and most people stick to a traditional menu for the main meal: turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed white potatoes with giblet gravy, candied sweet potatoes topped with marshmallows, a cooked green vegetable dish, relishes, and a pumpkin pie with whipped cream for dessert.

—Martin K. Gay

Let us be grateful to the people who make us happy; they are the charming gardeners who make our souls blossom.

—Marcel Proust

Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor Now therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this country.

—George Washington

And now, I'll repeat the traditional Thanksgiving prayer that my mother, Pauline Phillips, wrote years ago: Oh, Heavenly Father, we thank thee for food and remember the hungry. We thank thee for health and remember the sick. We thank thee for friends and remember the friendless. We thank thee for freedom and remember the enslaved. May these remembrances stir us to service, that thy gifts to us may be used for others. Amen.

—Dear Abby
THE ALL-AMERICAN TURKEY DAY holiday was always on the last Thursday of November – thanks to an 1863 proclamation by President Abraham Lincoln – until 1939 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt moved Thanksgiving to the second to last week of the month. His intent was to lengthen the shopping season and boost sales in the midst of the Great Depression. The idea – a kind of low-key Federal Stimulus Plan – was not well received because it ticked off traditionalists (some states continued the last Thursday tradition) and football fans (rivalry games set years in advance on the customary holiday date had to be cancelled) not to mention calendar makers with suddenly unusable inventory. Responding to the public outcry, Roosevelt in 1941 signed a law declaring the fourth Thursday of November as national Thanksgiving Day.

—The Saturday Evening Post

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR:
Be thankful for the clothes that fit a little too snug, because it means you have enough to eat.
Be thankful for the mess you clean up after a party, because it means you have been surrounded by friends.
Be thankful for the taxes you pay, because it means that you’re employed.
Be thankful that your lawn needs mowing and your windows need fixing, because it means you have a home.
Be thankful for your heating bill, because it means you are warm.
Be thankful for the laundry, because it means you have clothes to wear.
Be thankful for the space you find at the far end of the parking lot, because it means you can walk.
Be thankful for the lady who sings off-key behind you in church, because it means you can hear.
Be thankful people complain about the government, because it means we have freedom of speech.
Be thankful for the alarm that goes off in the early morning hours, because it means you’re alive.

—Ann Landers

The first recorded American thanksgiving took place in Virginia, and it wasn’t a feast. The spring of 1610 at Jamestown ended a winter that came to be called ‘the starving time.’ The original contingent of 409 colonists had been reduced to 60 survivors. They prayed for help, with no way of knowing if or when any might come. When help did arrive, in the form of a ship filled with food and supplies from England, they held a prayer service to give thanks.

—Reader’s Digest
Thanks and giving don’t begin and end on Thanksgiving; it’s a day to remind us how to spend every moment in appreciation and generosity.

--Robert J. Braathe

The Pilgrims made seven times more graves than huts. No Americans have been more impoverished than these who, nevertheless, set aside a day of thanksgiving.

—H. U. Westermayer

Thanksgiving is the holiday that encompasses all others. All of them, from Martin Luther King Day to Arbor Day to Christmas to Valentine’s Day, are in one way or another about being thankful.

--Jonathan Safran Foer

Don’t wait until the fourth Thursday in November, to sit with family and friends to give thanks. Make every day a day of Thanksgiving!

--Charmaine J. Forde

Sitting in front of my fireplace, basking in it’s warm glow gives me time to reflect upon the sacrifices that it has taken for me to enjoy the security of a good home, in a safe environment. I can hear the soft whisper of the snow as it caresses my window and covers the ground outside in a scintillating display of sparkling lights under the full moon. How many times have our service men and women watched this same scene from a foxhole, or camped in some remote part of the world. Thankful for the silence of that moment, knowing it won’t last long. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He/she dresses in fatigues and patrols the world restlessly, ensuring that we can have this peaceful night. Every day they give us the gift of this lifestyle that we enjoy, and every night they watch over us. They are warriors, angels, guardians, friends, brothers, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, forming a family that stretches back to the beginning of the country. So tonight when you go to bed say a prayer that God watch over those who watch over us, and thank them for their sacrifices, on and off the battlefield. Pray that they have a peaceful night, and will be home soon with their families who also share their burden. Without them we would not have this moment.

--Neil Leckman

Dear World,
I am excited to be alive in you, and I am thankful for another year.

--Charlotte Eriksson
Thanksgiving was nothing more than a pilgrim-created obstacle in the way of Christmas; a dead bird in the street that forced a brief detour.

--Augusten Burroughs

The focus of Thanksgiving should be a reflection of how our lives have been made so much more comfortable by the sacrifices of those who have come before us.

—Robert Emmons

Thanksgiving Day, a function which originated in New England two or three centuries ago when those people recognized that they really had something to be thankful for — annually, not oftener — if they had succeeded in exterminating their neighbors, the Indians, during the previous twelve months instead of getting exterminated by their neighbors, the Indians. Thanksgiving Day became a habit, for the reason that in the course of time, as the years drifted on, it was perceived that the exterminating had ceased to be mutual and was all on the white man’s side, consequently on the Lord’s side; hence it was proper to thank the Lord for it and extend the usual annual compliments.

—Mark Twain

Not what we say about our blessings, but how we use them, is the true measure of our thanksgiving.

—W. T. Purkiser

Thanksgiving is so called because we are all so thankful that it only comes once a year.

—P. J. O’Rourke

Thanksgiving is an emotional holiday. People travel thousands of miles to be with people they only see once a year. And then discover once a year is way too often.

—Johnny Carson

May your stuffing be tasty
May your turkey plump,
May your potatoes and gravy
Have nary a lump.
May your yams be delicious
And your pies take the prize,
And may your Thanksgiving dinner
Stay off your thighs!

—Grandpa Jones
Turkey: A large bird whose flesh, when eaten on certain religious anniversaries has the peculiar property of attesting piety and gratitude.

—Ambrose Bierce

I suppose I will die never knowing what pumpkin pie tastes like when you have room for it.

—Robert Brault

The thing I’m most thankful for right now is elastic waistbands.

—Unknown

The funny thing about Thanksgiving, or any huge meal, is that you spend 12 hours shopping for it and then chopping and cooking and braising and blanching. Then it takes 20 minutes to eat it and everybody sort of sits around in a food coma, and then it takes four hours to clean it up.

—Ted Allen

Thanksgiving, man. Not a good day to be my pants.

—Kevin James

I have strong doubts that the first Thanksgiving even remotely resembled the ‘history’ I was told in second grade. But considering that (when it comes to holidays) mainstream America’s traditions tend to be over-eating, shopping, or getting drunk, I suppose it’s a miracle that the concept of giving thanks even surfaces at all.

—Ellen Orleans

Give thanks for unknown blessings already on their way.

—American Indian Saying

Forever on Thanksgiving Day
The heart will find the pathway home.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit

Thanksgiving is America’s national chow-down feast, the one occasion each year when gluttony becomes a patriotic duty.

—Michael Dresser

On Thanksgiving Day, all over America, families sit down to dinner at the same moment — halftime.

—Unknown
There is one day that is ours. There is one day when all we Americans who are not self-made go back to the old home to eat saleratus biscuits and marvel how much nearer to the porch the old pump looks than it used to. Thanksgiving Day is the one day that is purely American.

—O. Henry

It has been an unchallengeable American doctrine that cranberry sauce, a pink goo with overtones of sugared tomatoes, is a delectable necessity of the Thanksgiving board and that turkey is uneatable without it.

—Alistair Cooke

Ah! on Thanksgiving day....
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

—John Greenleaf Whittier

For each new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

—J. A. Shedd

What we’re really talking about is a wonderful day set aside on the fourth Thursday of November when no one diets. I mean, why else would they call it Thanksgiving?

—Erma Bombeck

The more we express thanks, the more gratitude we feel. The more gratitude we feel, the more we express thanks. It’s circular, and it leads to a happier life.

--Steve Goodier
Overeating at Thanksgiving is a...national tradition.

--Eric Samuel Timm

The most fortunate are those who have a wonderful capacity to appreciate again and again, freshly and naively, the basic goods of life, with awe, pleasure, wonder and even ecstasy.

--Abraham H. Maslow

Preparing and serving food had always been a joy, for it made her appreciate the abundance of the world.

--Elizabeth Camden

Oh what marvels fill me with thanksgiving!
The deep mahogany of a leaf once green. The feathered fronds of tiny icicles coating every twig and branch in a wintry landscape. The feel of goosebumps thawing after endured frozen temperatures. Both hands clamped around a hot mug of herbal tea. The aromatic whiff of mint under my nose. The stir of emotion from a child’s cry for mommy. A gift of love detached of strings. Spotted lilies collecting raindrops in a cupped clump of petals. The vibrant mélange of colors on butterfly wings. The milky luster of a single pearl. Rainbows reflecting off iridescence bubbles. Awe-struck silence evoked by any form of beauty.
Avocado flecks in your eyes.
Warm hands on my face.
Sweetness on the tongue.
The harmony of voices.
An answered prayer.
A pink balloon.
A caress.
A smile.
More.
These have become my treasures by virtue of thanksgiving.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

America has developed a pie tradition unequivocally and unapologetically at the sweet end of the scale, and at no time is this better demonstrated than at Thanksgiving.

--Janet Clarkson

After a good dinner one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations.

--Oscar Wilde
Thanksgiving dinners take eighteen hours to prepare. They are consumed in twelve minutes. Half-times take twelve minutes. This is not coincidence.

--Erma Bombeck

Let us give thanks to God above,
Thanks for expressions of His love,
Seen in the book of nature, grand
Taught by His love on every hand.

Let us be thankful in our hearts,
Thankful for all the truth imparts,
For the religion of our Lord,
All that is taught us in His word.

Let us be thankful for a land,
That will for such religion stand;
One that protects it by the law,
One that before it stands in awe.

Thankful for all things let us be,
Though there be woes and misery;
Lessons they bring us for our good-
Later ’twill all be understood.

Thankful for peace o’er land and sea,
Thankful for signs of liberty,
Thankful for homes, for life and health,
Pleasure and plenty, fame and wealth.

Thankful for friends and loved ones, too,
Thankful for all things, good and true,
Thankful for harvest in the fall,
Thankful to Him who gave it all.

—Lizelia Augusta Jenkins Moorer

I like football. I find its an exciting strategic game. Its a great way to avoid conversation with your family at Thanksgiving.

--Craig Ferguson
Not what we say about our blessings, but how we use them, is the true measure of our thanksgiving.

—W. T. Purkiser

I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual. It is surprising how contented one can be with nothing definite - only a sense of existence. Well, anything for variety. I am ready to try this for the next ten thousand years, and exhaust it. How sweet to think of! my extremities well charred, and my intellectual part too, so that there is no danger of worm or rot for a long while. My breath is sweet to me. O how I laugh when I think of my vague indefinite riches. No run on my bank can drain it, for my wealth is not possession but enjoyment.

--Henry David Thoreau

I celebrated Thanksgiving in an old-fashioned way. I invited everyone in my neighborhood to my house, we had an enormous feast, and then I killed them and took their land.

--Jon Stewart

The year that is drawing towards its close, has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added... No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American People. I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens. And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity and Union.

—President Abraham Lincoln:

Proclamation of Thanksgiving

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Thanksgiving Day is a jewel, to set in the hearts of honest men; but be careful that you do not take the day, and leave out the gratitude.

—E. P. Powell

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and off’rings, and a thankful strain.

—Alexander Pope

Thanksgiving, after all, is a word of action.

—W. J. Cameron

Cultivate the habit of being grateful for every good thing that comes to you, and to give thanks continuously. And because all things have contributed to your advancement, you should include all things in your gratitude.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Thanksgiving is the winding up of autumn. The leaves are off the trees, except here and there on a beech or an oak; there is nothing left on the boughs but a few nuts and empty birds’ nests. The earth looks desolate, and it will be a comfort to have the snow on the ground, and to hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

THANKSGIVING

Give me the end of the year an’ its fun
When most of the plannin’ an’ toilin’ is done;
Bring all the wanderers home to the nest,
Let me sit down with the ones I love best,
Hear the old voices still ringin’ with song,
See the old faces unblemished by wrong,
See the old table with all of its chairs
An’ I’ll put soul in my Thanksgivin’ prayers.

—Edgar A. Guest

Thanksgiving is a time when the world gets to see just how blessed and how workable the Christian system is. The emphasis is not on giving or buying, but on being thankful and expressing that appreciation to God and to one another.

—John Clayton
A LIGHTHEARTED PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING:

May you have turkey in season
Cranberries for squeezin’
Gravy (within reason)
And leftovers worth freezin’!
Amen

—Merrill Miller

Thankfulness helps you be receptive to the life force of the universe. If you don’t express your gratitude, you lesson your life force. Being appreciative empowers and strengthens you. When you call for a vision with gratefulness flowing through your heart, assistance from the spiritual realm floods into your being. This is a universal law. If you have been praying for help and guidance and no one seems to be listening, start being thankful. Let go of your prayers for what you want and immerse yourself in thankfulness for what you have. This is an act of power. Even if, in the beginning, you have trouble being thankful, act as if you are thankful. There most certainly are things in your life for which you are appreciative. Focus your awareness on those things. This is the mystic path to inner truth. When you are thankful, it is inevitable that you will gain in wisdom and inner strength.

—Denise Linn

Let us cultivate this habit of giving thanks, lifting up our thoughts and words to the Spirit of plenty, of prosperity, of joy, of love, of power, of strength—of everything that enters into life—and do it because we love to express the joy of living in a universe where the law of success is so easily utilized.

—Charles Fillmore

Summer’s past, and winter’s near, and Thanksgiving Day is here. Though the flowers and leaves are gone, warm days vanished by cold dawn. Still our heartfelt thanks begin for the good days that have been. For the loved ones we now see, and the good things yet to be.

—Donna Eddy

The parents of a young man who was killed gave their church a check for $1,000 in his memory. When the presentation was made, another mother whispered to her husband, ‘Let’s give the same for our boy.’ ‘What are you talking about?’ asked the father. ‘Our son didn’t lose his life.’ ‘That’s just the reason,’ replied his mother. ‘Let’s give it in thanksgiving because he’s still alive.’

—S.C.U.C.A. Regional Reporter
In the days of our founders, they were willing to give thanks for mighty little, for mighty little was all they expected. But now, neither government nor nature can give enough but what we think it’s too little. Those old boys in the fall of the year, if they could gather in a few pumpkins, potatoes and some corn for the winter, they were in a thanking mood. If we can’t gather in a new Buick, a new radio, a tuxedo and more government relief, why, we feel that the world is against us.

—Will Rogers

My mother is such a lousy cook that Thanksgiving at her house is a time of sorrow.

—Rita Rudner

A lot of Thanksgiving days have been ruined by not carving the turkey in the kitchen.

—Kin Hubbard

A missionary to Africa has related the story of his work with a tribe that was mysteriously poverty-stricken, even though other tribes in the same region were relatively prosperous. He was curious about this strange phenomenon. He spent years researching all aspects of their culture. He came up with but one possibility: in their tribal language, they had no word with which to express gratitude. Perhaps, through some quirk of evolution, they had forgotten how to say thank you. He drew no conclusions, but he did ask a question: ‘Could this loss of the spirit of thanksgiving have been responsible for their poverty?’ It is an interesting and revealing possibility.

—Dr. Eric Butterworth

Dear Lord; we beg but one boon more: Peace in the hearts of all men living, peace in the whole world this Thanksgiving.

—Joseph Auslander

An optimist is a person who starts a new diet on Thanksgiving Day.

—Irv Kupcinet

WHAT IS THANKSGIVING?

It’s not just about the turkey
The cranberries and the yams
Pies baking in the oven
Or the special homemade jams.
It is about the blessings
And the gifts from God above
All showered down from Heaven
With God’s graces and His love.

It includes our families
Who all gather at our side
To join in the festivities
Where joy and love abide.

We can’t forget the Pilgrims
Those who gathered on our shore
Seeking religious freedom
And gained it and so much more.

So, on this very special day
Let’s bow our heads in prayer
And tell God we are grateful
For His love and endless care.

—Unknown

Coexistence is what the farmer does to the turkey until Thanksgiving.

-- Mike Connolly

Boy meets girl. Boy marries girl. Boy and girl angst over which family they visit
at Thanksgiving and which one in December and whether or not it’s best to serve
turkey or goose for the family feast. When first faced with the reality that the
family you married into does things differently, the warmth of tradition can
take on a chill.

--Marge Kennedy

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer, and gather to the feast,
And toast the sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest’s Lord who sends our ‘daily bread.’

--Alice Williams
Brotherton
Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

—John Greenleaf
Whittier

So once in every year we throng
Upon a day apart,
To praise the Lord with feast and song
In thankfulness of heart.

--Arthur Guiterman

Thanksgiving is the holiday of peace, the celebration of work and the simple life...a
true folk-festival that speaks the poetry of the turn of the seasons, the beauty of
seedtime and harvest, the ripe product of the year—and the deep, deep connection
of all these things with God.

--Ray Stannard Baker

It is literally true, as the thankless say, that they have nothing to be thankful for.
He who sits by the fire, thankless for the fire, is just as if he had no fire. Nothing is
possessed save in appreciation, of which thankfulness is the indispensable ingredi-
ent. But a thankful heart hath a continual feast.

--W. J. Cameron

When a wise man of old declared, 'It is a good thing to give thanks,' he meant it is a
saving thing, a restorative thing, an invigorating thing, and fortifying and nourish-
ing thing—the sense of thankfulness.

--W. J. Cameron

For the ability to be of service to a fellow-creature, we ought to give thanks, not
demand it, since in any true act of helpfulness it is the helper who is most helped.
Thanksgiving, after all, is a word of action: it imports something done.

--W. J. Cameron
Pumpkin pies as yellow as gold—
Melting lusciousness untold!
Puddings, pickles, sauces various.
These to tender lads precarious!
Last of all-by no means least—
Crowning all the jolly feast,
Making all the air quite murky,
Smoked the plump and light brown turkey.

--George Cooper

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother’s cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

--Lydia Maria Child

Thanksgiving Day does not mark merely a specific festival. It marks a continuity of life and all that is in or of it.

--Edward Elwell Whiting

Reflect on your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

—Charles Dickens

George Washington was usually reticent about his personal philanthropy. But his public example of charity in honor of America’s first official Thanksgiving as a nation—$25 to help the poor—encouraged his fellow citizens to be generous.

—Melanie Kirkpatrick

This is Thanksgiving. It was started by the Pilgrims, who would give thanks every time they killed an Indian and took more of his land. As years went by and they and all his land, they changed it into a day to give thanks for the bountiful harvest, when the boll-weevil and the protective tariff didn’t remove all cause for thanks.

—Will Rogers

Thanksgiving is probably our best holiday since it requires no fancy gifts and no wallowing in guilt. All it demands is that we express our thanks for our good fortune which, being Americans, even the least of us have in full measure.

—Roger Matile
Black Friday: because only in America people trample each other for sales exactly one day after being thankful for what they already have.

—Internet Meme

Don’t forget to turn your bathroom scales back 15 pounds Wednesday night at 1 AM for Thanksgiving.

—Internet Meme

This year we are having a stress-free Thanksgiving!...marinated the turkey in vodka and then stuffed it with Xanax!

—womenafter50.com

May your stuffing be tasty.
May your turkey be plump.
May our potatoes and gravy
Have nary a lump.
May your yams be delicious
And your pies take the prize,
And may your Thanksgiving dinner
Stay off of your thighs!

—Internet Meme

**THE EMPTY CHAIR PRAYER**

The pies are in the freezer,
The turkey’s on the list,

But this Thanksgiving, oh how
A loved one will be missed!

Lord Jesus, please hear our
Thanksgiving prayer,

For those gathered around
a table that has an empty chair,

Oh Lord, comfort their hearts—
We know that you are able,
And let them know that this year,  
There’s another chair at Heaven’s Table!  
—Erica Parkerson

**FUN FACTS FOR THANKSGIVING:**

Neil Armstrong’s and Buzz Aldrin’s first meal in space after walking on the moon was roasted turkey.  
Wild turkeys can run 20 miles per hour.  
Jingle Bells was originally a Thanksgiving song.  
Thanksgiving leftovers inspired the first TV dinner.  
Minnesota produces the most turkeys, and Californians consume the most turkeys on Thanksgiving in the U.S.  
Felix the Cat was the first Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade balloon. The balloons were originally cut loose at the end.  
The best way to tell if a cranberry is ripe is to see if it bounces.  
—Internet Meme

So how did turkey get to be the Thanksgiving Bird?  
Gradually.  
Two hundred fifty years after the original Thanksgiving dinner, one of the hottest cookbooks in America, a collection of recipes from Ohio housewives called the Buckeye Cookerie, suggested a bunch of ‘traditional’ Thanksgiving dinners, and many of them ignored the turkey:  
[Buckeye Cookerie] suggested oyster soup, boiled cod, corned beef, and roasted goose as good Thanksgiving choices, accompanied by brown bread, pork and beans, ‘delicate cabbage,’ doughnuts, ‘superior biscuit,’ ginger cakes, and an array of fruits. Chicken pies were a particular favorite and seem to have been served nearly as often as turkey (usually as an additional dish rather than a substitute).  
—Robert Krulwich

The roasted Turkey took precedence on this occasion, being placed at the head of the table; and well did it become its lordly station, sending forth the rich order of its savory stuffing, and finally covered with the froth of its basting. At the foot of the board, a sirloin of beef, flanked on either side by a leg of pork and loin of mutton, seemed placed as a bastion to defend the innumerable bowls of gravy and plates of vegetables disposed in that quarter. A goose and pair of ducklings occupied side stations on the table; the middle being graced, as it always is on such occasions, by the rich burgomaster of the provisions, called a chicken pie.  
—Sarah Josepha Hale  
(1827)
THANKSGIVING WITH KIDS

MOM: What do you wanna eat? We’ve got sweet potatoes, wild rice with mushrooms, stuffing, corn bread, cranberry sauce, roasted asparagus and corn pudding!
KID: Grilled cheese.

—Internet Meme

Presidents originally had to declare Thanksgiving a holiday every year and President Thomas Jefferson refused to do so. Since Thanksgiving involved prayer, Jefferson thought making it a holiday would violate the First Amendment and the separation of church and state.

—Internet Meme

=HANUKKAH

We have focused on the miracle-thing and I think we often overlook the message of Hanukkah. To me, the core of the holiday is the cleaning of the temple.... The accomplishment was in restoring the temple to the purpose for which it was built. Now think of the temple as a symbol. Perhaps it represents my life. The world has tried to use me for its own (perhaps good, but none-the-less extrinsic) purposes. But now I can rededicate myself to my own original purpose.

—Ralph Levy

The darkness of the whole world cannot swallow the glowing of a candle.

—Robert Altinger

Hanukkah, the Jewish Festival of Lights, will be celebrated for eight days beginning at sundown Tuesday, Dec. 16. It’s a time for Jewish families to gather and celebrate miracles and to reflect on their ancestors’ liberation. The holiday celebrates the rededication of the Second Temple in Jerusalem during the second century B.C., when Jews led by the Maccabees revolted against their Greek-Syrian oppressors. To celebrate their victory and the rededication of the temple, the Jews lit a menorah. The Maccabees had only a small drop of oil that miraculously lasted for eight nights, hence the length of Hanukkah, which is also sometimes spelled Chanukah.

Observant Jews will light a menorah each night during the eight-day celebration. In observance of the Festival of Lights, some Jews make latkes -- potato pancakes.

—Nicole Massabrook
Just as Hanukkah candles are lighted one by one from a single flame, so the tale of
the miracle is passed from one man to another, from one house to another, and to
the whole House of Israel throughout the generations.

--Judah Leon Magnes

Hanukkah—the Festival of Lights—is the most widely celebrated and enjoyed
Jewish holiday. The festival commemorates the re-dedication of the Holy Temple
in Jerusalem in the 2nd century BCE. The eight-day long festival begins on the
25th of Kislev, according to the Hebrew calendar. This date corresponds in the
months of November or December as per the Gregorian calendar. The festivities
are marked by exchanging greetings and gifts, playing games, eating traditional
Jewish food, and following the customs and rituals, the most significant amongst
them being the illumination of the lights. To add on to the festivities, people
purchase various gifts and cards for their family and friends.

—FamousQuotes123

Hanukkah is not a biblical holiday—so you might be surprised to learn that
many Jews do not consider it a major holiday at all. (Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur
and Passover have more significance.) Hanukkah is more widely recognized by
Christians merely because it is often celebrated around the same time of year as
Christmas. The eight-day festival of lights celebrates the victory of a small army of
Jews who fought to reclaim the Holy Temple in Jerusalem and rededicate it to the
service of God.

—Jerry Jenkins, Tyler
   Moss and Brenda
   Janowitz

While Hanukkah is most often compared to Christmas because they usually fall
close together, the Festival of Lights actually has more parallels with Thanksgiving.
The Pilgrims left England to escape religious persecution while Hanukkah high-
lights the struggle Jews faced after Syrian-Greek soldiers seized the Temple and
made the observance of Judaism punishable by death.

—Deborah Gitell

May the lights of Hanukkah usher in a better world for all humankind.

—Unknown

As long as Hanukkah is studied and remembered, Jews will not surrender to the
night. The proper response, as Hanukkah teaches, is not to curse the darkness but
to light a candle.

—Irving Greenberg
That’s what Hanukkah is about: trying to survive the darkness on the far-fetched hope there’s still some life and light left in the universe. It’s more than just a religious story. The days have been growing shorter, imperceptibly but inescapably darker... Heading into the night of the winter solstice, every spiritual tradition has some kind of festival of light. We’re all just whistling in the dark, hoping against hope that someone up there will see these Hanukkah candles and get the hint.

--Lawrence Kushner

In the old days, it was not called the Holiday Season; the Christians called it ‘Christmas’ and went to church; the Jews called it ‘Hanukkah’ and went to synagogue; the atheists went to parties and drank. People passing each other on the street would say ‘Merry Christmas!’ or ‘Happy Hanukkah!’ or (to the atheists) ‘Look out for the wall!’

--Dave Barry

We light candles in testament that faith makes miracles possible.

—Nachum Braverman

May the light illuminate your hearts and shine in your life every day of the year. May everlasting peace be yours and upon our Earth.

--Eileen Anglin

Is it possible Hanukkah doesn’t inspire folksy songs? Plot lines may be a part. The Christmas story has a lot of material to work with. There’s Jesus and his birth, the wise men, their gifts and tons of frankincense.

--Matisyahu

When you compare Christmas to Hanukkah, there’s no comparison. Christmas is great. Hanukkah sucks! First night you get socks. Second night, an eraser, a notebook. It’s a Back-to-School holiday!

--Lewis Black

Put on your yarmulke
Here comes Chanukah
So much funukah
To celebrate Chanukah
Chanukah is the festival of lights
Instead of one day of presents, we have eight crazy nights

— Adam Sandler
Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. —Chinese Proverb

I ask not for a lighter burden, but for broader shoulders. —Jewish Proverb

Now, near the Winter Solstice, it is good to light candles. All the nice meanings of bringing light to the world can be beautiful. But perhaps we are concentrating on lighting the world because we don’t know how to light up our own lives. —Ralph Levy

On Hanukkah, the first dark night,
Light yourself a candle bright.
I'll you, if you will me invite
To dance within that gentle light. —Nicholas Gordon

Eight days the light continued on its own:
A miracle, they say, but not more so
Than ordinary lives of flesh and bone,
Consuming wicks burned ashen long ago.... —Nicholas Gordon

Colorful candles burning bright, each lit on eight very special nights. —Unknown

Kindle the taper like the steadfast star
Ablaze on evening’s forehead o’er the earth,
And add each night a lustre till afar
An eightfold splendor shine above thy hearth. —Emma Lazarus

The biggest challenge at home? Lighting the menorah for Hanukkah. Trying to convince the kids that it’s a viable holiday—it’s hard. My wife is Catholic, so they also know the fat guy with the beard is coming with toys. Try to compete with that with some potato pancakes. We’re getting crushed on all fronts. What do you eat for Passover? Matzo. What do you eat for Easter? Chocolate eggs. You’re 10—what do you want to do? —Jon Stewart
For though my faith is not yours an your faith is not mine, if we are each free to light our own flame, together we can banish some of the darkness of the world.

—Rabbi Lord Jonathan Sacks

=CHRISTMAS

That once exotic fruit, an orange, was the only present given on an 1890s Christmas to each of the nine impoverished Norwegian immigrants near Detroit Lakes, Minn. Eight children gobbled theirs instantly, but the youngest, Cora Morken, nestled hers in an apron pocket, caressing it and exploring its texture all day while imaging what it must taste like until, in late afternoon, she sat on a snowy bench, watching the sun set as she slowly peeled back the rind, savoring each slice.

—Newsweek, December 20, 2013

People think the only time the earth is renewed is in spring. I find it’s renewed around Christmastime when hard, old hearts are softened. When children’s laughter drowns out anguish. When magic transforms the dull into something beautiful and sparkly. I find that Christmas time changes me ... from the inside out, and even for a moment fills me with youth and hope again.

—Toni Sorenson

How many observe Christ’s birthday! How few, his precepts! O! tis easier to keep holidays than commandments.

—Benjamin Franklin

Let us remember that the Christmas heart is a giving heart, a wide open heart that thinks of others first. The birth of the baby Jesus stands as the most significant event in all history, because it has meant the pouring into a sick world of the healing medicine of love which has transformed all manner of hearts for almost two thousand years... Underneath all the bulging bundles is this beating Christmas heart.

—George Matthew Adams

Christmas Day in the company of children is one of the few occasions on which men become entirely alive.

—Robert Lynd
While all the universe and my family are still sleeping, I will walk among the red and blue twinkle-lights of the living room, to sit and gaze upon the pretty white angel atop the tree and say silent prayers, remembering what was good in the world and why I was brought here to remember.

--Carew Papritz

Some businessmen are saying this could be the greatest Christmas ever. I always thought that the first one was.

—Art Fettig

Christmas morning I got up before the others and ran naked across the plank floor into the front room to see grandmama sewing a new button on my last year’s ragdoll.

--Carol Freeman

Christmas — that magic blanket that wraps itself about us, that something so intangible that it is like a fragrance. It may weave a spell of nostalgia. Christmas may be a day of feasting, or of prayer, but always it will be a day of remembrance — a day in which we think of everything we have ever loved.

—Augusta E. Rundel

One laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still.

--R. G. Ingersoll

‘A tree.’ She spotted one. It was hidden behind a much larger tree, its limbs missshapen in its attempt to fight for even a little sunlight in the shadow. ‘Dana has this tradition of giving a sad-looking tree the honor of being a Christmas tree.’ She walked over to the small, nearly hidden tree. ‘I like this one. It’s...’ He laughed. ‘Ugly?’ ‘No, it’s beautiful because it’s had a hard life. It’s struggled to survive against all odds and would keep doing that without much hope. But it has a chance to be something special.’

—B. J. Daniels
There has been only one Christmas—the rest are anniversaries—and it is not over yet. One cattle shed could house all the people who knew of that First Christmas, and now whole nations, peoples of all creeds and tongues feel the compulsions of the time.

--W. J. Cameron

What is the spirit of Christmas, you ask? Let me give you the answer in a true story...

On a cold day in December, feeling especially warm in my heart for no other reason than it was the holiday season, I walked through the store sporting a big grin on my face. Though most people were far too busy going about their business to notice me, one elderly gentleman in a wheelchair brought his eyes up to meet mine as we neared each other traveling opposite directions. He slowed in passing just long enough to speak to me.

‘Now that’s a Christmas smile if I ever saw one,’ he said.

My lips stretched to their limit in response, and I thanked him for the compliment. Then we went our separate ways. But, as I thought about the man and how sweetly he’d touched me, I realized something simply wonderful! In that brief, passing interaction we’d exchanged heartfelt gifts!

And that, my friend, is the spirit of Christmas.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

If you listened above the din of the talking you could hear the wind in the chimney turn into music. Christmas Eve was a night of song that wrapped itself about you like a shawl. But it warmed more than your body. It warmed your heart...filled it, too, with melody that would last forever. Even though you grew up and found you could never quite bring back the magic feeling of this night, the melody would stay in your heart always—a song for all the years.

—Bess Streeter Aldrich

Dear Santa, this year, all I want for Christmas is a fat bank account & a skinny body....Let’s try not to mix the 2 up like you did last year.

—iFamilyKC

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

--Martha Haskell Clark

Our children await Christmas presents like politicians getting election returns; there’s the Uncle Fred precinct and the Aunt Ruth district still to come in.

--Marcelene Con
[Astrid] Lindgren is intent on bearing sharp-eyed witness to the real world. The incongruities are jarring. Chaos spreads in Europe, while neutral Sweden remains a surreal oasis of comparative calm and comfort. In back-to-back [diary] entries in 1942, she takes note of ‘completely lunatic amounts of blood’ in Stalingrad and of her cozy family Christmas in Stockholm.

—Ann Hulbert

At Ambergate my sister had sent a motorcar for us—so we were at Ripley in time for turkey and Christmas pudding. My God, what masses of food here, turkey, large tongues, long wall of roast loin of pork, pork-pies, sausages, mince-pies, dark cakes covered with almonds, cheese-cakes, lemon-tarts, jellies, endless masses of food, with whisky, gin, port wine, burgundy, muscatel. It seems incredible. We played charades—the old people of 67 playing away harder than the young ones—and lit the Christmas tree, and drank healths, and sang and roared—Lord above. If only one hadn’t all the while a sense that next week would be the same dreariness as before. What a good party we might have had, had we really felt free of the world.

—D. H. Lawrence

WHAT REALLY IS CHRISTMAS?
Christmas is MUSIC...the music of carols ringing out on the still night air, the organ, the chimes, and the voices of a choir singing ‘Silent Night, Holy Night.’

Christmas is LIGHTS...the candles in our windows, the lighted trees, the eyes of little children, and the starlight on a cold December night.

Christmas is WELCOME...the wreath on our door, the happiness to answer the doorbell, the warmth of hearts overflowing, ‘Come in, come in, and Merry Christmas!’

Christmas is LAUGHTER...the laughter that starts in our toes and bubbles up, the smiles on faces everywhere, the feeling of closeness, of a wonderful secret shared with all mankind.

Christmas is FRAGRANCE...the pine and spruce smell of Christmas trees, the sugary, good smell of cookies baking, the spice and raisin smell of fruitcake, the smell of furniture polish, and the cold, crisp smell outdoors.

Christmas is GIVING...the present made by hand, the card picked especially for a certain person, the gift marked from me to you with love.
Christmas is REMEMBERING...other Christmases, friends that may be far away, loved ones far and near, those less fortunate, those in need. To read again the words, ‘For God so loved...’ ‘Unto us a Son is born.’

Christmas is LOVE...the love that wells up in our hearts and brings tears to our eyes as we thank God for His great love, His unspeakable Gift.

--Carol Bessent Hayman

St. Nicholas, according to tradition, was Bishop Nicholas of Myra (a city on what is now the south Turkish coast) in the fourth century A.D. There is no firm knowledge of anything concerning his life, no contemporary references or any accounts in sober histories. There are only late legendary accounts of good deeds and miracles, some of which involve his rescue of children from tragedy, or his kind donation of money to those in need. Consequently, he became associated with gifts, especially to children.

—Isaac Asimov

The nature of the Christmas celebration is, in part, an outgrowth of the roman Saturnalia which celebrated the Winter Solstice with a season of joy, feasting, and gift-giving. Since the Christians could not wipe out so happy a holiday, they adopted it and set the birth of Jesus at the solstice season even though there is absolutely no biblical justification for this. As Saint Nicholas was associated with gift-giving, he eventually became associated with the gift-giving aspect of Santurnalia/Christmas, all the more so since his feast day came on December 6, when the approaching Christmas season was in all minds.

—Isaac Asimov

The association of Saint Nicholas with Christmas gift-giving was strengthened in Germany at the time of the protestant Reformation since the St. Nicholas aspect was one way of getting away from the complex religious ritual associated with Catholicism. The habit spread to the Netherlands, and the Dutch setters of New Amsterdam brought the association to the New Word, using their own name for Saint Nicholas, which was ‘Sinter Claas’ (Claas being the diminutive for ‘Nicolaas’). The Dutch legends persisted even after the English took over and converted New Amsterdam to New York in 1664. The Dutch name of the saint became Santa Claus.

—Isaac Asimov

Because Christmas is in the winter season and is associated with snow in the Protestant lands of norther Europe in which the modern legend of Santa Claus took shape, the legend arose that Santa Claus dwelt at the North Pole. ...it was the polar cold that influenced the legend, and Santa Claus travels as one would expect an inhabitant of the polar regions to travel—by sleigh. That the sleigh is drawn by rein-
deer is not at all surprising. At the time the Santa Claus legend was taking over its modern form in Germany, the best-known people of the polar regions were the Lapps in northern Scandinavia. They had learned to make use of the reindeer (or caribou), using it for meat, milk, and even as a draft animal. Why shouldn’t Santa Claus travel Lapp-fashion?

—Isaac Asimov

Christmas! The very word brings joy to our hearts. No matter how we may dread the rush, the long Christmas lists for gifts and cards to be bought and given — when Christmas Day comes there is still the same warm feeling we had as children, the same warmth that enfolds our hearts and our homes.

—Joan Winmill Brown

We tend to think of Christmas-season traditions as ancient, but most of them are rather recent, born in the 19th century. ‘A Visit From St. Nicholas’ was published in 1823, and ‘A Christmas Carol’ in 1843. Thomas Nast’s drawings of jolly Santa Claus debuted in 1862. Meanwhile, in 1841, Queen Victoria’s husband, Albert, had introduced Britain to the Teutonic tannenbaum—the Christmas tree—and the idea spread. In the States, President Franklin Pierce put one up at the White House in 1856, and by the 1870s fresh-cut trees were being sold at Washington Square Park, and pretty ornaments at Macy’s.

—Jamie Malanowski

Christmas is the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial flame of charity in the heart.

—Washington Irving

Our hearts grow tender with childhood memories and love of kindred, and we are better throughout the year for having, in spirit, become a child again at Christmastime.

—Laura Ingalls Wilder

So on Christmas morning I was up at five o’clock, making the fire as bright as a furnace, baking minc’d pies and boiling plum puddings the size of Medici cannon-balls, and setting three sides of roast beef to turn on the spits. Soon I breathed again that steam that tells the soul it is Christmas, and all the year’s work done, and time for feasting; the smell of oranges, sugarplums and cloves, all mingled with roasting meats.

—Martine Bailey

Egg nog is pancake batter you’re allowed to drink in public one month a year.

—TL;DR Wikipedia
There is something about Christmas that requires a rug rat. Little kids make Christmas fun. I wonder if I could rent one for the holidays. When I was tiny we would buy a real tree and stay up late drinking hot chocolate and finding just the right place for the special decorations. It seems like my parents gave up the magic when I figured out the Santa lie. Maybe I shouldn't have told them I knew where the presents really came from. It broke their hearts.

--Laurie Halse Anderson

I hear that in many places something has happened to Christmas; that it is changing from a time of merriment and carefree gaiety to a holiday which is filled with tedium; that many people dread the day, and the obligation to give Christmas presents is a nightmare to weary, bored souls; that the children of enlightened parents no longer believe in Santa Claus; that all in all, the effort to be happy and have pleasure makes many honest hearts grow dark with despair instead of beaming with good will and cheerfulness.

—Julia Peterkin (1934)

I'm mad at global warming for all the obvious reasons, but mostly I'm mad at it for ruining Christmas. This time of year is supposed to be about teeth-chattering, cold weather that necessitates coats, scarves, and mittens. Outside there should be see-your-breath air that offers the promise of sidewalks covered in snow, while inside, families drink hot chocolate by a roaring fire, huddled close together with their pets to keep warm.

--Rachel Cohn

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round -- apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that -- as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

--Charles Dickens

The Christmas spirit is simply an honest spirit of love for all humanity. It is the force that moves us to give what we can, to help as we are able, and to always be of kind comfort....The spirit of Christmas is a sweet, internal peace that testifies of the power of kindness and charity...Maybe Christmas is more than a day to receive. Maybe Christmas, perhaps, is a day to believe.

—Richelle E. Goodrich
Even if one is doing nothing more than eating Chinese food with one’s Muslim and Jewish friends (don’t order the pork lo mein), being together on the longest nights of the year, as the cold sets into the ground and makes it crunch, the warmth inside is infectious and transcendent.

--Thomm Quackenbush

Christmases are never the same. They change from year to year, and they are never really perfect, no matter how hard we try to force them to be so. What is perfect is the miracle in Bethlehem 2,000 years ago and the love of God that continues to burst through the chaos of human imperfection; Christmas is finding the Christ Child radiant beneath the daily grime of life.

--Julie K. Hogan

Love is what’s in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and listen.

—Bobby (Age 7)


--Toni Sorenson

Just when the air turns frosty and the days shrink into darkness, the Christmas season arrives in America. It begins at Thanksgiving--with families, feasts and football. Then during the next six weeks we shop and decorate, worship and make merry. Our hearts warm in the winter cold. We find compassion for strangers, and we remember there are miracles. Pious or festive or both, we join together in an extraordinary national festival.

--J. Curtis Sanburn


--Howard W. Hunter

Gifts of time and love are surely the basic ingredients of a truly merry Christmas.

—Peg Bracken
It’s not about presents but it is about your presence. Therein lies the spirit of the holiday season.

—Julieanne O’Connor

Don’t spoil Christmas Day by anticipating how it will be. Let is unfold as it does, and be grateful for whatever comes.

--Toni Sorenson

I know what I really want for Christmas. I want my childhood back. Nobody is going to give me that. I might give at least the memory of it to myself if I try. I know it doesn’t make sense, but since when is Christmas about sense, anyway? It is about a child, of long ago and far away, and it is about the child of now. In you and me. Waiting behind the door of our hearts for something wonderful to happen. A child who is impractical, unrealistic, simpleminded and terribly vulnerable to joy.

—Robert Fulghum

Sending Christmas cards is a good way to let your friends and family know that you think they’re worth the price of a stamp.

— Melannie White

Christmas: it’s the only religious holiday that’s also a federal holiday. That way, Christians can go to their services, and everyone else can sit at home and reflect on the true meaning of the separation of church and state

—Samantha Bee

There’s nothing sadder in this world than to awake Christmas morning and not be a child.

—Erma Bombeck

Christmas gift suggestions:
To your enemy, forgiveness.
To an opponent, tolerance.
To a friend, your heart.
To a customer, service.
To all, charity.
To every child, a good example.
To yourself, respect.

—Oren Arnold
What I don’t like about office Christmas parties is looking for a job the next day.
—Phyllis Diller

If Christmas isn’t found in your heart, you won’t find it under a tree.
—Charlotte Carpenter.

I had been jostled by the hurrying crowd all day. Women hurrying into or out of dry goods stores, toy shops, china stores, men coming from or going into jewelry stores, all were bright, merry, and good-natured.... It was snowing hard, but no one minded it; no umbrellas were raised to impede the energetic progress of those busy feet. Christmas Eve! Who cares for rain or wind or sleet? for hearts and minds are engaged with pleasant works and thoughts, and everything is forgotten but the joy of making others happy. And snow! It is received with shouts of welcome, and people walk around like white feathered creatures, thinking of the merry bells that will signal a crowning joy for the holiday.
—Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider

Christmas is the spirit of giving without a thought of getting. It is happiness because we see joy in people. It is forgetting self and finding time for others. It is discarding the meaningless and stressing the true values.
—Thomas S. Monson

Probably the reason we all go so haywire at Christmas time with the endless unrestrained and often silly buying of gifts is that we don’t quite know how to put our love into words.
—Harlan Miller

I like to compare the holiday season with the way a child listens to a favorite story. The pleasure is in the familiar way the story begins, the anticipation of familiar turns it takes, the familiar moments of suspense, and the familiar climax and ending.
—Fred Rogers

In the old days, it was not called the Holiday Season; the Christians called it ‘Christmas’ and went to church; the Jews called it ‘Hanukkah’ and went to synagogue; the atheists went to parties and drank. People passing each other on the street would say ‘Merry Christmas!’ or ‘Happy Hanukkah!’ or (to the atheists) ‘Look out for the wall!’
—Dave Barry
Christmas is not as much about opening our presents as opening our hearts.  
—Janice Maeditere

Mary wrapped the first Christmas gift.  
—Grace Cleys

Sitting in front of my fireplace, basking in it’s warm glow gives me time to reflect upon the sacrifices that it has taken for me to enjoy the security of a good home, in a safe environment. I can hear the soft whisper of the snow as it caresses my window and covers the ground outside in a scintillating display of sparkling lights under the full moon. How many times have our service men and women watched this same scene from a foxhole, or camped in some remote part of the world. Thankful for the silence of that moment, knowing it won’t last long. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He/she dresses in fatigues and patrols the world restlessly, ensuring that we can have this peaceful night. Every day they give us the gift of this lifestyle that we enjoy, and every night they watch over us. They are warriors, angels, guardians, friends, brothers, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, forming a family that stretches back to the beginning of the country. So tonight when you go to bed say a prayer that God watch over those who watch over us, and thank them for their sacrifices, on and off the battlefield. Pray that they have a peaceful night, and will be home soon with their families who also share their burden. Without them we would not have this moment.

—Neil Leckman

As we struggle with shopping lists and invitations, compounded by December’s bad weather, it is good to be reminded that there are people in our lives who are worth this aggravation.

—Donald E. Westlake

Once again we find ourselves enmeshed in the Holiday Season, that very special time of year when we join with our loved ones in sharing centuries-old traditions such as trying to find a parking space at the mall. We traditionally do this in my family by driving around the parking lot until we see a shopper emerge from the mall, then we follow her, in very much the same spirit as the Three Wise Men, who 2,000 years ago followed a star, week after week, until it led them to a parking space.

—Dave Berry

I bought my brother some gift wrap for Christmas. I took it to the gift wrap department and told them to wrap it, but in a different print so he would know when to stop unwrapping.

—Steven Wright
For Christmas this year, try giving less. Start with less attitude. There’s more than enough of that in the world as it is—and people will usually just give it back anyway!

—Anne Bristow

Aren’t we forgetting the true meaning of Christmas. You know, the birth of Santa?

—Matt Groening

I love Christmas. I receive a lot of wonderful presents I can’t wait to exchange.

—Henny Youngman

Adults can take a simple holiday for Children and screw it up. What began as a presentation of simple gifts to delight and surprise children around the Christmas tree has culminated in a woman unwrapping six shrimp forks from her dog, who drew her name.

—Erma Bombeck

What I like about Christmas is that you can make people forget the past with the present.

—Don Marquis

Heap on the wood!—the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We’ll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Sir Walter Scott

Give books—religious or otherwise—for Christmas. They’re never fattening, seldom sinful, and permanently personal.

—Lenore Hershey

Christmas is for children. But it is for grownups too. Even if it is a headache, a chore, and nightmare, it is a period of necessary defrosting of chill and hide-bound hearts.

—Lenora Mattingly Weber

Were we any different? I think not, papa; for I recollect very well that I used to try to peep through the key-hole on Christmas Eve, and was greatly vexed that my good mother always hung a cloth before it.

—C. C. Shackford
The festivity of this holy time is greatly enhanced by our knowing, that while we are rejoicing at the splendor of the lights, at the jubilee of the children, and their sparkling eyes, millions of people in every part of the great earth have the same feeling, and that the same thrill of joy pervades the whole world during these evening hours. In how many places have I passed this holy season! In the farthest south, there is the same rejoicing, as in the north; light and life triumph over darkness and death, and so everywhere, the holy Christmas Eve gladdens the eyes and hearts of men with the splendor of lights, and tries to chase away the gloom of the night.

—C. C. Shackford

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there....

—Clement Clarke Moore

The bleak night wind is blowing shrill,
And hissing low
Above the snow,
The night is almost past;
The busy streets are hushed and still,
From all around,
No single sound—
'Tis Christmas Eve at last!

—Louis Charles

Christmas Eve came at last. The day was bright and beautiful, the ground crisp and hard, and the hoary trees shining like diamonds! What a happy day it brought to many, to most! Even in the poorest village a little green fir branch testified that it was Christmas Eve.

—Amy Campbell

Christmas in Bethlehem. The ancient dream: a cold, clear night made brilliant by a glorious star, the smell of incense, shepherds and wise men falling to their knees in adoration of the sweet baby, the incarnation of perfect love.

—Lucinda Franks

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.

—Charles Dickens
It matters not what the custom may be,
For Christmas is loved by you and by me!
Yes; the years may come and the years may go;
But, when December wind doth, coldly, blow,
We all, I guess, are just children once more
And we plan our gifts, as we did of yore.

—Gertrude Tooley
Buckingham

Let Christmas not become a thing
Merely of merchant’s trafficking,
Of tinsel, bell and holly wreath
And surface pleasure, but beneath
The childish glamour, let us find
Nourishment for soul and mind.
Let us follow kinder ways
Through our teeming human maze,
And help the age of peace to come
From a Dreamer’s martyrdom.

—Madeline Morse

There is a remarkable breakdown of taste and intelligence at Christmastime.
Mature, responsible grown men wear neckties made of holly leaves and drink
alcoholic beverages with raw egg yolks and cottage cheese in them.

—P. J. O’Rourke

I love the Christmas-tide, and yet,
I notice this, each year I live;
I always like the gifts I get,
But how I love the gifts I give!

—Carolyn Wells

Mankind is a great, an immense family. This is proved by what we feel in our
hearts at Christmas.

—Pope John XXIII

The Christmas season has come to mean the period when the public plays Santa
Claus to the merchants.

—John Andrew Holmes
Nothing’s as mean as giving a little child something useful for Christmas.

—Kin Hubbard

The glad greeting of Merry Christmas is a pledge of brotherhood. We are one great family. No wonder that Christmas is above all others the family day. A transfigured atmosphere of peace and love breathes around the home. The gifts and tenders of affection cement more closely the sacred ties of family life. The peace and love of this hallowed time shines like a halo around us; it goes with us as we hasten through the crowded streets; it brightens and cheers those we meet. There are no strangers on Christmas Day.

—J. T. Driscoll

At Christmas
A man is at his finest towards the finish of the year;
He is almost what he should be when the Christmas season’s here;
Then he’s thinking more of others than he’s thought the months before,
And the laughter of his children is a joy worth toiling for.
He is less a selfish creature than at any other time;
When the Christmas spirit rules him he comes close to the sublime...

—Edgar Guest

Christmas Shopping: Wouldn’t it be wonderful to find one gift that you didn’t have to dust, that had to be used right away, that was practical, fit everyone, was personal and would be remembered for a long time? I penciled in ‘Gift certificate for a flu shot.’

—Erma Bombeck

I set a personal record on Christmas. I got my shopping done three weeks ahead of time. I had all the presents back at my apartment, I was halfway through wrapping them, and I realized, ‘Damn, I used the wrong wrapping paper.’ The paper I used said, ‘Happy Birthday.’ I didn’t want to waste it, so I just wrote ‘Jesus’ on it.

—Demetri Martin

I’ve had this look for about a year. I usually grow this beard out around Christmas. I like to go to malls dressed as Jesus, and I like to then walk around the mall and go, ‘No! No! This wasn’t what it was supposed to be about, people!’ Then if there’s a Santa at the mall, I walk up to him and say, ‘Listen, fat man, you’re just a clown at my birthday party.’

—Marc Maron
This past Christmas, I told my girlfriend for months in advance that all I wanted was an Xbox. That’s it. Beginning and end of list, Xbox. You know what she got me? A homemade frame with a picture of us from our first date together. Which was fine. Because I got her an Xbox.

—Anthony Jeselnik

Oh, for the good old days when people would stop Christmas shopping when they ran out of money.

—Unknown

Wretched excess is an unfortunate human trait that turns a perfectly good idea such as Christmas into a frenzy of last-minute shopping.

—Jon Anderson

This is the message of Christmas: We are never alone.

—Taylor Caldwell

There is one more good thing about Winter—he brings Christmas. Through the bleak December the thought of the coming festival is pleasant—like the reflection of a fire on our faces.... Christmas-day is the pleasantest day in the whole year. On that day we think tenderly of distant friends; we strive to forgive injuries—to close accounts with ourselves and the world—to begin the new year with a white leaf, and a trust that the chapter of life about to be written will contain more notable entries, a fairer sprinkling of good actions, fewer erasures made in blushes, and fewer ugly blots than some of the earlier ones. And to make Christmas perfect, the ground should be covered and the trees draped with snow; the bleak world outside should make us enjoy all the more keenly the comforts we possess; and above all, it should make us remember the poor and the needy; for a charitable deed is the best close of any chapter of our lives, and the best promise, too, for the record about to be begun.

—Alexander Smith

A Christmas candle is a lovely thing;
It makes no noise at all,
But softly gives itself away.

—Eva Logue

When we were children we were grateful to those who filled our stockings at Christmas time. Why are we not grateful to God for filling our stockings with legs?

—G. K. Chesterton
A new star, the Christ child, God’s gift to mankind; these are what Christmas is made of.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Christmas is a time when you get homesick—even when you’re home.

—Carol Nelson

Christmas is our annual reminder to look up—pondering celestial stars, to look out—serving those in need, and to look down—glorifying our Lord in humble prayer.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Christmas is forever, not for just one day, for loving, sharing, giving, are not to put away like bells and lights and tinsel, in some box upon a shelf. The good you do for others is good you do yourself...

—Norman Wesley Brooks

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I truly believe that if we keep telling the Christmas story, singing the Christmas songs, and living the Christmas spirit, we can bring joy and happiness and peace to this world.

—Norman Vincent Peale

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fire-side and his quiet home!

—Charles Dickens

Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and color with all the heightening contrast of frost and snow.

—George Eliot
When we recall Christmas past, we usually find that the simplest things—not the great occasions—give off the greatest glow of happiness.

—Bob Hope

The joy of brightening other lives, bearing each others’ burdens, easing others’ loads and supplanting empty hearts and lives with generous gifts becomes for us the magic of the holidays.

—W. C. Jones

Christmas is a necessity. There has to be at least one day of the year to remind us that we’re here for something else besides ourselves.

—Eric Sevareid

The nurses did their best to spruce up the antiseptic corridors but the smell of pine boughs was overpowered by Pine Sol and no one paused beneath the mistletoe on the contagious ward.

—Robert Zverina


—Sandra Chami Kassis

‘Goodwill to all.’ I know it’s technically ‘goodwill to all men,’ but in my mind, I drop the ‘men’ because that feels segregationist/elitist/sexist/generally bad ist. Goodwill shouldn’t be just for men. It should also apply to women and children, and all animals, even the yucky ones like subway rats. I’d even extend the goodwill not just to living creatures but to the dearly departed, and if we include them, we might as well include the undead, those supposedly mythic beings like vampires, and if they’re in, then so are elves, fairies, and gnomes. Heck, since we’re already being so generous in our big group hug, why not also embrace those supposedly inanimate objects like dolls and stuffed animals. I’m sure Santa would agree. ‘Goodwill to all.’

—Rachel Cohn

The town is mobbed out with Saturday shoppers looking for Christmas bargains. You can almost breathe in the raw greed which hangs in the air like vapour.

—Irvine Welsh
If you hate what you get for Christmas, try to focus on the person who gave the gift to you, not what came in the box.

--Toni Sorenson

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.

—Charles Dickens

I am sorry to have to introduce the subject of Christmas into these articles. It is an indecent subject; a cruel, gluttonous subject; a drunken, disorderly subject; a wasteful, disastrous, subject; a wicked, cadging, lying, filthy, blasphemous, and demoralizing subject. Christmas is forced on a reluctant and disgusted nation by the shopkeepers and the press: on its own merits it would wither and shrivel in the fiery breath of universal hatred; and any one who looked back to it would be turned into a pillar of greasy sausages.

--George Bernard Shaw

At the end of the school day, we walked the long, cold way home feeling happy and hungry. There we found a warm fire, country ham with gravy and hot biscuits, and a mother to hug us! If snow blew under the doors that night, what did it matter? Christmas time was just around the corner.

--Jenny Lee Ellison

From the baking aisle to the post office line to the wrapping paper bin in the attic, women populate every dark corner of Christmas. Who got up at 4 a.m. to put the ham in the oven? A woman. . . . Who sent the Christmas card describing her eighteen-year-old son’s incarceration as ‘a short break before college?’ A woman. Who remembered to include batteries at the bottom of each stocking? A woman. And who gets credit for pulling it all off? Santa.

That’s right. A man.

--Rachel Held Evans

It still feels weird to spend money on Christmas trees. Back when Mom was alive, we’d go out ‘tree hunting.’ That’s what she called it, anyway. I think other people might use the word ‘trespassing.’

--Jenny Han

Christmas is about giving from the heart more than giving from the store.

--Toni Sorenson
The month of December isn’t magical because it sparkles. It’s magical because it changes people’s hearts … at least momentarily.

--Toni Sorenson

If you want to feel the truest spirit of Christmas, go out and find someone sadder than you, lonelier than you, poorer than you … and give what you can in a smile, in time, in compassion. The best Christmases always require the gift of self.

--Toni Sorenson

Want to create the best Christmas ever? Forgive someone who doesn’t deserve your forgiveness. Hug a stranger. Pass on something that you want to keep for yourself. Spend time with the ones you love. Spend time on your knees. Decorate your life with light and laughter. Love yourself while you’re loving others. Christmas is about Christ and Christ is all about your joy and happiness.

--Toni Sorenson

Be present and celebrate the holiday instead of wishing it was over. After all, one is given only a certain number of Christmases in one’s life.

--Elin Hilderbrand

She was so busy doing Christmas, there wasn’t time to experience Christmas.

--Lori Copeland

Ma told them something else about Santa Claus. He was everywhere, and besides that, he was all the time.
Whenever anyone was unselfish, that was Santa Claus.
Christmas Eve was the time when everybody was unselfish. On that one night, Santa Claus was everywhere, because everybody, all together, stopped being selfish and wanted other people to be happy. And in the morning you saw what that had done. ‘If everybody wanted everybody else to be happy all the time, then would it be Christmas all the time?’ Laura asked, and Ma said, ‘Yes, Laura.’

--Laura Ingalls Wilder

A family that may have more wars, books, churches, music, holidays, etc., attributed to it than any other appears to be the most interesting family to the planet for generations upon generations; Joseph, Mary, and Jesus.

—Keith Hand

At this Christmas when Christ comes, will He find a warm heart? Mark the season of Advent by loving and serving the others with God’s own love and concern.

--Mother Teresa
You wanted a peaceful, comfortable Christmas, with all reminders of poverty, injustice, or other people’s griefs well out of sight, so as not to disturb your pleasure. That isn’t what Christmas is about. Christmas is about offering hope to all people, not just those like ourselves. Christmas is about everyone: rich or poor, friend or stranger. The moment you exclude anyone, you exclude yourself.

--Anne Perry

You know the real reason we celebrate Christmas, don’t you? I mean, beyond Santa Claus and jingle bells and Christmas trees?
You mean because Jesus was born? she asked.
Yes... but did you ever think how Jesus was born? I mean, have you considered how it was such a humble birth, in a small barn...how he was laid in a hay trough...how the Son of almighty God humbled himself to be born in such lowly conditions? Have you thought about it like that? Jesus could have been born in a fine palace. After all, he was the Son of God. But for some reason God chose humble beginnings for His son. Do you ever wonder why? ... I think because God wanted to show that his love could reach to everyone, no matter who they were, from the poorest of poor to great kings.

--Melody Carlson

At Christmas, all roads lead home.

--Marjorie Holmes

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope, or happy prospect, of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world who cannot call up such thoughts any day of the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch, instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it offhand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it’s no worse.

--Charles Dickens
I may plan to make Christ the center of Christmas, but when I wait until December to focus on celebrating His birthday, I become entangled in Christmas lights, holiday baking, and festive engagements, often wondering if I’ve experienced the illusive ‘true meaning’ of Christmas.

--Ann Marie Stewart

Christmas, my child, is love in action. Every time we love, every time we give, it’s Christmas.

--Dale Evans Rogers

I once bought my kids a set of batteries for Christmas with a note on it saying, toys not included.

--Bernard Manning

Later in the winter I’d tire of the snow, but Christmas snow was different.

--Marie Landry

How you spent Christmas was a message to the world about where you were in life.

—Nick Hornby

The Christmas tree is a symbol of love, not money. There’s a kind of glory to them when they’re all lit up that exceeds anything all the money in the world could buy.

--Andy Rooney

Christmas is supposed to be this time when everyone is nice to one another and forgives one another and all that, but the true meaning of Christmas is presents. And in the real world, Santa’s not fair. Rich kids get everything and poor kids get secondhand crap their parents bust their asses to afford. It costs money just to sit on Santa’s lap.

--Holly Black

The rest of the year, I wondered if the point of Christmas was just spending money and getting fat and opening gifts. Indulging. But when Christmas finally comes, and that warm, tingly, mints-and-sweaters-and-fireplace-fires feeling gathers in the bottom of your stomach, and you’re lying on the floor with all the lights off but the ones on the Christmas tree, and listening to the silence of the snow falling outside, you see the point. For that one instance in time, everything is good in the world. It doesn’t matter if everything isn’t actually good. It’s the one time of the year when pretending is enough.

--Francesca Zappia
When you give a gift at Christmas and see the smile of the people you love reflected in their faces, that’s magical. It is not about spending a lot of money or buying a gift that is functional, it’s just a way to say I love you. Christmas is a symbol of union and joy, Christmas is forgetting self and finding time for others.

--Betty Poluk

I love Christmas. Frosty the Snowman, peace on Earth and mangers, Salvation Army bell ringers and reindeer, the movie ‘Meet Me in St. Louis,’ office parties and cookies.

--Mo Rocca

Anyone who believes that men are the equal of women has never seen a man trying to wrap a Christmas present.

—Croft M. Pentz

The Grinch hated Christmas! The whole Christmas season! Now, please don’t ask why. No one quite knows the reason. It could be his head wasn’t screwed on just right. It could be, perhaps his shoes were too tight. But I think that the most likely reason of all May have been that his heart was two sizes too small.

--Dr. Seuss

Christmas…can end up making you sad, because you know you should be happy.

--Ava Dellaira

If you can’t find the spirit of the holidays in your heart, you’ll never find it under a tree.

--Michael Holbrook

It’s funny to think that Christmas—a time known for its joyful togetherness—can be the loneliest time of the year for some.

--Giovanna Fletcher

‘Do you remember how your mom would wrap the presents so well it’d take at least five minutes to find where you could rip the paper?’ I snorted. ‘Yes, and they were wrapped so much it was like unwrapping a hundred packages from morning ’til lunch. It was Mom’s way of extending Christmas.’ ‘I loved that—it always built the excitement. Just when you thought you had it, you had to unroll it’

--Shaye Evans
Christmas isn’t a parade or concert but a piece of home you keep in your heart wherever you go.  
---Donna VanLier

Christmas has a deeper significance to followers of Jesus. It’s not all about the gifts underneath Christmas trees or the elaborate meals served in extravagantly decorated homes. Christmas is the season of Immanuel. We celebrate the good news that He is near, that He cares for us, and that He transforms lives. His presence was the greatest present God gave mankind. May we be present carriers of that presence!

---Katherine J. Walden

So they told us all about how other kids were deceived by their parents, how the toys the grown-ups claimed were made by little elves wearing bell caps in their workshop at the North Pole actually had labels on them saying MADE IN JAPAN.

---Jeannette Walls

A sweet friend of my Hannah’s said that Christmas only makes her sad. ‘It’s just for happy families; it makes everyone else miserable.’

But there is a secret truth about family. Eventually you get to pick a family for yourself. And thanks to the sticky, sweet, funny, loud, rambunctious people I chose, Christmas is my favorite time of the year.

---Ellen Stimson

He gave us taste buds, then filled the world with incredible flavors like chocolate and cinnamon and all the other spices. He gave us eyes to perceive color and then filled the world with a rainbow of shades. He gave us sensitive ears and then filled the world with rhythms and music. Your capacity for enjoyment is evidence of God’s love for you. He could have made the world tasteless, colorless, and silent. The Bible says that God ‘richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment.’ He didn’t have to do it, but he did, because He loves us.

---Rick Warren

And families now, families who have been separated throughout the year, assemble once more together. Now under these conditions, my friend, you must admit that there will occur a great amount of strain. People who do not feel amiable are putting great pressure on themselves to appear amiable! There is at Christmas time a great deal of hypocrisy, honourable hypocrisy, hypocrisy undertaken pour le bon motif, c’est entendu, but nevertheless hypocrisy.

---Agatha Christie
There are few things emptier than the space where a Christmas tree used to be.
--Kate Lord Brown

May the light illuminate your hearts and shine in your life every day of the year. May everlasting peace be yours and upon our Earth.
--Eileen Anglin

December is full of the beauty of Light and love we can bring into our life. You can chose to be stressed or you can choose to let the small stuff go and be peaceful this Holiday season. It really is a choice you make.
--Eileen Anglin

It seems there’s confusion at this time of year regarding the reason for Christmas. From shopping for presents to spreading good cheer, the world makes an overly huge fuss. But Christmas is not for the gifts we exchange. It’s not about sleigh rides or sweet candy canes. Nay, Christmas is simple. A time to recall Christ’s gift of atonement He gave to us all.
--Richelle E. Goodrich

Ugh. Would that Christmas could just be, without presents. It is just so stupid, everyone exhausting themselves, miserably hemorrhaging money on pointless items nobody wants: no longer tokens of love but angst-ridden solutions to problems. [...] What is the point of an entire nation rushing round for six weeks in a bad mood preparing for an utterly pointless Taste-of-Others exam which the entire nation then fails and gets stuck with hideous unwanted merchandise as fallout? If gifts and cards were completely eradicated, then Christmas as a pagan-style, twinkly festival to distract from lengthy winter gloom would be lovely. But if government, religious bodies, parents, tradition, etc. insist on a Christmas Gift Tax to ruin everything, why not make it that everyone must go out and spend £500 on themselves and then distribute the items among their relatives and friends to wrap up and give to them instead of this psychic-failure torment?
--Helen Fielding

The best Christmas gift of all is the presence of a happy family all wrapped up with one another.
--Burton Hillis
There are some wonderful aspects to Christmas. It’s magical. And each year, from at least November, well, September, well, if I’m honest, May, I look forward to it hugely.

--Miranda Hart

Life is the season for loving and caring, for laughing and caroling, giving and sharing.

Christmas is meant for the same, people say, which makes life like Christmastime every day.

—Richelle E. Goodrich

Turkey is the main course in more Christmas dinners than any other meat or fowl. The high proportion of meat to unusable bone and fat makes it an ideal bird for a feast. Turkeys were domesticated in Mexico long before Spanish explorers found them and introduced them into their homeland. From there they spread throughout Europe and gradually replaced most of the native Christmas feast foods.

--Patricia Del Re

Snowflakes swirl down gently in the deep blue haze beyond the window. The outside world is a dream. Inside, the fireplace is brightly lit, and the Yule log crackles with orange and crimson sparks. There’s a steaming mug in your hands, warming your fingers. There’s a friend seated across from you in the cozy chair, warming your heart. There is mystery unfolding.

--Vera Nazarian

The rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

--Louisa May Alcott

Let the children have their night of fun and laughter. Let the gifts of Father Christmas delight their play. Let us grown-ups share to the full in their unstinted pleasures before we turn again to the stern task and the formidable years that lie before us, resolved that, by our sacrifice and daring, these same children shall not be robbed of their inheritance or denied their right to live in a free and decent world.

—Winston Churchill
I wish we could put up some of the Christmas spirit in jars and open a jar of it every month.

--Harlan Miller

I sometimes think we expect too much of Christmas Day. We try to crowd into it the long arrears of kindliness and humanity of the whole year. As for me, I like to take my Christmas a little at a time, all through the year. And thus I drift along into the holidays—let them overtake me unexpectedly—waking up some fine morning and suddenly saying to myself: ‘Why, this is Christmas Day!’

--Ray Stannard Baker

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
Just like the ones I used to know,
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow...

—Irving Berlin

We look back on our childhood
     When we all were so gay;
     There was nothing but pleasure
     Every dear Christmas Day.
But as each one grows older,
     And memories crowd ’round
     Of all the joys in the past,
     And we miss the dear sound
Of the voice of a loved one
     Who is absent this year,
     Then, it’s hard to recapture
     Christmas spirit and cheer!

—Gertrude Tooley
     Buckingham

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals, but once in the year and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.

—Unknown
Next to a circus there ain’t nothing that packs up and tears out any quicker than the Christmas spirit.

--Kin Hubbard

Do not wait until Christmas to spread a little cheer, people appreciate kindness, all through of the year.

--Charmaine J. Forde

Never worry about the size of your Christmas tree. In the eyes of children, they are all 30 feet tall.

--Larry Wilde

I walked inside Macy’s and faced the pathetic spectacle of a department store full of shoppers, none of whom were shopping for themselves. Without the instant gratification of a self-aimed purchase, everyone walked around in the tactical stupor of the financially obligated.

--Rachel Cohn

Want to keep Christ in Christmas? Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, forgive the guilty, welcome the unwanted, care for the ill, love your enemies, and do unto others as you would have done unto you.

--Steve Maraboli

Ever since the Christmas of ’53, I have felt that the yuletide is a special hell for those families who have suffered any loss or who must admit to any imperfection; the so-called spirit of giving can be as greedy as receiving—Christmas is our time to be aware of what we lack, of who’s not home.

--John Irving

Christmas is not a time or a season but a state of mind. To cherish peace and good will, to be plenteous in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas. If we think on these things, there will be born in us a Savior and over us will shine a star sending its gleam of hope to the world.

--Calvin Coolidge

If Christmas isn’t found in your heart, you won’t find it under a tree.

--Charlotte Carpenter

A lovely thing about Christmas is that it’s compulsory, like a thunderstorm, and we all go through it together.

--Garrison Keillor
One of the most glorious messes in the world is the mess created in the living room on Christmas day. Don’t clean it up too quickly.

—Andy Rooney

He who has not Christmas in his heart will never find it under a tree.

--Roy L. Smith

Christmas waves a magic wand over this world, and behold, everything is softer and more beautiful.

--Norman Vincent Peale

Christmas is doing a little something extra for someone.

--Charles M. Schulz

Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn’t before! What if Christmas, he thought, doesn’t come from a store. What if Christmas...perhaps...means a little bit more!

--Dr. Seuss

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—Sara Coleridge

As the Christmas season kicks into high gear and we’re surrounded by gorgeously decorated fir trees and songs of yuletide gay, it’s easy to forget that the holidays represent a grim time in terms of health statistics. You’re more likely to die of natural causes from Dec. 25 through New Year’s Day than at any other time of the year….

It holds true for all ages except for children and for numerous conditions including heart disease, respiratory problems and cancer….The possibility of reduced staffing at medical facilities or even that patients hold back on seeking medical care during the season being factors causing the jump in deaths….it could be that terminally ill patients may be hanging on to spend the holiday with their loved ones.

—Ariana Eunjung Cha

When I was a kid, Toronto streets were deserted and quiet on Sundays, except for the sound of church bells. I stood on the sidewalk one December listening to the Christmas bells—I’ve never forgotten that moment.

--John Geddes
Christmas is the season when a smart child writes a letter to Santa Claus, but a smarter child writes one to Grandma.

--Green Bay Press-Gazette

Nothing says holidays, like a cheese log.

—Ellen DeGeneres

Around February…midway through what most people call the winter but Californians call the spring (‘winter’ in California is widely construed as beginning and ending with the Christmas season.

—Joan Didion

It was Christmas Eve. Big snowflakes fluttered slowly through the air like white feathers and made all of the Heavenly Valley smooth and white and quiet and beautiful.
Tall fir trees stood up to their knees in snow and their outstretched hands were heaped with it. Those that were bare of leaves wore soft white fur on their scrawny, reaching arms and all the stumps and low bushes had been turned into fat white cupcakes.

--Betty MacDonald

Caroling is proof you’re not even safe from Christmas music inside your own home.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

Colored lights blink on and off, racing across the green boughs. Their reflections dance across exquisite glass globes and splinter into shards against tinsel thread and garlands of metallic filaments that disappear underneath the other ornaments and finery.
Shadows follow, joyful, laughing sprites.
The tree is rich with potential wonder.
All it needs is a glance from you to come alive.

--Vera Nazarian

My husband gave me a broom one Christmas. This wasn’t right. No one can tell me it was meant kindly.

—Grace Paley

I’ve learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.

—Maya Angelou
Once again, we come to the Holiday Season, a deeply religious time that each of us observes, in his own way, by going to the mall of his choice.

—Dave Barry

A three-year-old gave this reaction to her Christmas dinner: ‘I don’t like the turkey, but I like the bread he ate.’

—Unknown

That space between Christmas and New Years where you don’t know what day it is, who you are or what you’re supposed to be doing. Yeah, I’m there.

—Unknown

In suggesting gifts: Money is appropriate, and one size fits all.

—William Randolph Hearst

Extreme wealth can take away some of the basic joys of living—for instance, that some wealthy people don’t look forward to the holidays, ‘because they were always expected to give really good presents.’ When you’re a millionaire, expensive gifts merely meet expectations. That was a pretty good present, the recipient might respond. But last year, you gave me a car.

—Robert A. Kenny

People are so worried about what they eat between Christmas and the New Year, but they really should be worried about what they eat between the New Years and Christmas.

—Unknown

I stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked for my autograph.

—Shirley Temple

Peace on earth will come to stay,
When we live Christmas every day.

—Helen Steiner Rice

It comes every year and will go on forever. And along with Christmas belong the keepsakes and the customs. Those humble, everyday things a mother clings to, and ponders, like Mary in the secret spaces of her heart.

—Marjorie Holmes
Somehow, not only for Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others,
Is the joy that comes back to you.
And the more you spend in blessing,
The poor and lonely and sad,
The more of your heart’s possessing,
Returns to you glad.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

You know you’re getting old, when Santa starts looking younger.

—Robert Paul

Whatever else be lost among the years,
Let us keep Christmas still a shining thing:
Whatever doubts assail us, or what fears,
Let us hold close one day, remembering
Its poignant meaning for the hearts of men.
Let us get back our childlike faith again.

—Grace Noll Crowell

What is Christmas? It is tenderness for the past, courage for the present, hope for the future. It is a fervent wish that every cup may overflow with blessings rich and eternal, and that every path may lead to peace.

—Agnes M. Pharo

Until one feels the spirit of Christmas, there is no Christmas. All else is outward display—so much tinsel and decorations. For it isn’t the holly, it isn’t the snow. It isn’t the tree, nor the firelight’s glow. It’s the warmth that comes to the hearts of men when the Christmas spirit returns again.

—Unknown

Time was with most of us, when Christmas Day, encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and everyone round the Christmas fire, and make the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

—Charles Dickens
Like snowflakes, my Christmas memories gather and dance—each beautiful, unique and too soon gone.

—Deborah Whipp

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, ‘Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.’

—Matthew 2:1-2

I do come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding school where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest.

—Charles Dickens

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

—Isaiah 9:6

For many of us, sadly, the spirit of Christmas is ‘hurry.’ And yet, eventually, the hour comes when the rushing ends and the race against the calendar mercifully comes to a close. It is only now perhaps that we truly recognize the spirit of Christmas. It is not a matter of days or weeks, but of centuries—nearly twenty of them now since that holy night in Bethlehem. Regarded in this manner, the pre-Christmas rush may do us greater service than we realize. With all its temporal confusion, it may just help us to see that by contrast, Christmas itself is eternal.

—Burton Hills

Christmas is for children. But it is for grownups too. Even if it is a headache, a chore, and nightmare, it is a period of necessary defrosting of chill and hide-bound hearts.

—Lenora Mattingly Weber

A scientist said, making a plea for exchange scholarships between nations, ‘The very best way to send an idea is to wrap it up in a person.’ That was what happened at Christmas. The idea of divine love was wrapped up in a Person.

—Halford E. Luccock
Ask your children two questions this Christmas. First: ‘What do you want to give to others for Christmas?’ Second: ‘What do you want for Christmas?’ The first fosters generosity of heart and an outward focus. The second can breed selfishness if not tempered by the first.

—Unknown

One good thing about Christmas shopping: it toughens you for the January sales.
—Grace Kriley

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death - and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

—Henry Van Dyke

And the angel said unto them, ‘Fear not! For, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, Which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.’

—Luke 2:10-12

No matter how old you are, an empty Christmas wrapping paper tube is still a fun thing to bonk someone over the head with!

—someecards.com

MY GROWN UP CHRISTMAS LIST

No more lives torn apart.  
That wars would never start,  
And time would heal all hearts.  
And everyone would have a friend.  
And right would always win.  
And love would never end.  
...this is my grown up Christmas list.

—Linda Thompson-Jenner

As you grow older your Christmas list gets smaller and the things you really want for the holidays can’t be bought.

—Catherine Zhang
Believe in Santa Clause, teddy bears and friends, and a magical joy that never ends.
—Unknown

The best of all gifts around any Christmas tree: the presence of a happy family all wrapped up in each other.
—Burton Hillis

If you don’t believe, you won’t receive.
—Slogan

Jesus is the reason for the season!
—Slogan

Pets, like their owners, tend to expand a little over the Christmas period.
—Frances Wright

On Christmas Day, you can’t be sore
Your fellow-man you must adore
There’s time to cheat him all the more
The other three hundred and sixty-four.
—Tom Lehrer

December 25th has become guilt and obligation.
—Phil Donahue

A ’sugar-plum’ is what we would today call ‘a piece of candy.’ It was a sweet concoction in the shape of a ball. Originally, Christmas gifts were small things, such as extra dessert treats or simple toys that could be made to fit into a child’s stocking. Under the stress of advertising, the ante has been raised steadily, till it has become doubtful if American department stores could exist without the artificially intensified tradition of Christmas expenditure.
—Isaac Asimov

Santa Claus and all he stands for in the way of institutionalized greed means far more to children and to American business than the more formal religious connotations of Christmas.
—Isaac Asimov

Christmas is not an emergency. It doesn’t move around or sneak up on you. Lack of planning is not an excuse to use credit cards.
—Dave Ramsey
Names have become traditional for Santa’s reindeer. One hangover from the Germanic past is ‘Donder and Blitzen,’ which means ‘thunder and lightning.’ All the names are suggestive of liveliness and speed (even Cupid is a winged god) except for Vixen, which is the word for a female fox, or, by extension, that for a shrewish female human being. It seems the one inappropriate name, but Moore needed a rhyme or near-rhyme for Blitzen, we might suppose.

—Isaac Asimov

The earth has grown old with its burden of care
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair
And its soul full of music breaks the air,
When the song of angels is sung.

—Phillips Brooks

We consider Christmas as the encounter, the great encounter, the historical encounter, the decisive encounter, between God and mankind. He who has faith knows this truly; let him rejoice.

—Pope Paul VI

Mistletoe is an evergreen plant which produces oval leaves, white berries, and sexual harassment lawsuits.

—TL;DR Wikipedia

Isn’t that the great thing about Christmas? You get a lot of respite, time to recharge your batteries, time with family without too much else happening anywhere else in the world, time to focus on the people you love and the activities that you enjoy, time to exercise, to read.

—Wayne Swan

There are some people who want to throw their arms round you simply because it is Christmas; there are other people who want to strangle you simply because it is Christmas.

—Robert Lynd

Christmas at my house is always at least six or seven times more pleasant than anywhere else. We start drinking early. And while everyone else is seeing only one Santa Claus, we’ll be seeing six or seven.

—W. C. Fields
Now, the essence, the very spirit of Christmas is that we first make believe a thing
is so, and lo, it presently turns out to be so.

--Stephen Leacock

Too many toys teaches the child to never be satisfied with what he hath.

--John Locke

To perceive Christmas through its wrappings becomes more difficult with every
year.

--E. B. White

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication
below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is
numbered among the friends of The Sun:

'Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.
'Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
'Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it’s so.'
'Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?'

'Virginia O’Hanlon.
'115 West Ninety-fifth Street.'

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of
a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be
which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they
be men’s or children’s are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect,
an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as
measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity
and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest
beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus.
It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike
faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have
no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills
the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get
your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch
Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you even see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that’s no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby’s rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

--Francis P. Church

On Christmas Eve, the story says, an enchantment falls upon the earth. The way to Christmas lies through an ancient gate, patterned after a sheepfold and guarded by angels with stardust in their hair. It is a little gate, child-high, child-wide, and there is a password: PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL. May you, this Christmas, become as a little child again and enter into His kingdom.

--Angelo Patri

Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of downing singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

--William Shakespeare

Santa Claus has the right idea: visit people once a year.

--Victor Borge

Christmas holidays mean: Anticipation, preparation, perspiration, recreation, indigestion, frustration, prostration, and recuperation.

--Unknown
THERE is
a legend
that tells that
when Jesus was
born the sun danced
in the sky, the aged trees
straightened themselves
and put on leaves and sent
forth the fragrance of blossoms
once more. These are the symbols of
what takes place in our hearts when the
Christ Child is born anew each year. Blessed
by the Christmas sunshine, our natures, perhaps
long leafless, bring forth new love, new kindness,
new mercy, new compassion. As the birth of Jesus was
the beginning of the Christian life, so the unselfish joy at
Christmas shall start the spirit that is to rule the New Year.

Helen Keller

The challenge of simplicity is a magnet to the human spirit. Much of the beauty of
Christmas lies in its challenge to look further, deeper, until we find its secret in the
heart of God.

--Dale Evans Rogers

A baby slung in a feedbox
   Back in a barn, in a Bethlehem slum.
       A baby’s first cry mixed with the crunch
         Of a mule’s teeth on Bethlehem Christmas corn.
           Baby fists, softer than snowflakes in Norway.

The vagabond mother of Christ
   And the vagabond men of wisdom,
       All in a barn on a winter night,
         And a baby there in swaddling cloth on hay.
           WHY does the story never wear out?
--Carl Sandburg

After you’ve spent all your money on Christmas gifts, the one gift you are sure to
receive is a wallet.

--Unknown
Santa Claus is a Christmas creature by whom children are sometimes confused, often amused, but never refused.  
—Evan Esar

Christmas is a time for exchanging a whole lot of things you can’t afford for another whole lot of things you don’t really want.  
--Unknown

Christmas gifts come in beautiful wrappings, and the most beautiful of all is a happy family all wrapped up in one another.  
--Unknown

The true meaning of Christmas has become obscured, if not obliterated, by our genuflection before the golden calf of materialism.  
--Playthell Benjamin

Truth is, no matter how fat your bank account, there are just some things that money can’t buy, things like friends and family and love and laughter, as you will find out the first time you wrap yourself in shoulder-to-hem mink, slide behind the wheel of a shiny new Benz and drive to the most exquisite restaurant in town to eat Christmas dinner or ring in the New Year—alone.  
--Laura B. Randolph

Christmas, that time of year when people descend into the bunker of the family.  
--Byron Rogers

Christmas is giving thanks—to God, to family, to friends. Crassness is giving things—to impress, to placate, to influence. Christmas is opening a mind. Crassness is opening a charge account. Christmas is showing kindnesses. Crassness is showing off. . . Crassness is about worshiping the almighty dollar. Christmas is about worshiping the Almighty.  
--Laura B. Randolph

The shortest night of the year is Christmas Eve—from sundown to son up.  
--Burton Hillis

What most youngsters would like for Christmas is something to separate the men from the toys.  
—Evan Esar
What I like about Christmas is that you can make people forget the past with the present.

--Don Marquis

Christmas is a guest that always comes a month before arriving.

—Evan Esar

Selfishness makes Christmas a burden;
Love makes it a delight.
The joy of brightening a child's heart creates the magic of Christmas.

--William Carey Jones

The message of Christmas is that the visible material world is bound to the invisible spiritual world.

--Unknown

Christmas living is the best kind of Christmas giving.

--Henry Van Dyke

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

--Thomas Tusser

The Christmas season is only as meaningful as we make it.

--Unknown

When we throw out the Christmas tree we should be especially careful not to throw out the Christmas spirit with it.

--Unknown

Christmas is when we celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace by giving our kids rockets, machine guns, atom-bomb kits, and tanks.

--Unknown

Perhaps the best Yuletide decoration is being wreathed in smiles.

--Unknown

Many a parent sighs for the 'good old days' when a stocking could hold what a child wanted for Christmas.

--Unknown
Keeping Christmas is good, but sharing it with others is much better.

--Unknown

The way you spend Christmas is far more important than how much.

--Henry David Thoreau

One of the nice things about Christmas is that you can make people forget the past with a present.

--Unknown

The best Christmas gift of all is the presence of a happy family all wrapped up with one another.

--Unknown

Christmas is soon upon us. Have you given any thought about your gift giving this year? Will it be exchange time... giving to people who are able to give back to you? Or will it be an honest act of real giving? How about giving to the people who can’t give back? I know of a family who pool their ‘gift’ giving money every other year, and give it to a needy family as their Christmas. Just a thought.

— Robert Strand

Christmas
is
goodwill and compassion,
a family time,
a time for worship.
It is the glow
on a child’s face.
but most of all
it is a story of love
which began
centuries ago and spread
to all the world.

--Unknown

Somehow not only at Christmas,
But all the whole year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you.

--John Greenleaf Whittier
It is good to be children sometimes,
And never better than at Christmas.                       --Charles Dickens

It’s snowing and blowing,
The hearth fire’s glowing,
How good to be going
Home for Christmas.                                         --Unknown

Once a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled:
‘This is Christ, the Holy Child.’
Therefore bells for Christmas ring.
Therefore little children sing.                                   --Eugene Field

At Christmastime, let us remember the God-given gift. Let us speak of beauty, of
human warmth and kindness, of goodness, of greatness, or heroism...let us speak to
one another of love.

—Unknown

One doesn’t forget the rounded wonder in the eyes of a boy as he comes bursting
upstairs on Christmas morning and finds the two-wheeler or the fire truck of which
for weeks he scarcely dared dream.

--Max Lerner

What do people mean by sending you a dozen Christmas cards during the festive
season, and not deigning to send you three lines by way of a letter during the rest of
the year?

--J. Ashby-Sterry

When all the tinsel has been laid away,
The tree is stripped, the fevered rush is past-
You still have trees, a hill, a child at play,
And love, and prayer, and fadeless things that last.

--Anna Blake Mezquida

Blessed is the season which engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love!

--Hamilton Wright Mabie
Christmas is the gentlest, loveliest festival of the revolving year—and yet, for all that, when it speaks, its voice has strong authority.

--W. J. Cameron

We hear the beating of wings over Bethlehem and a light that is not of the sun or of the stars shines in the midnight sky. Let the beauty of the story take away all narrowness, all thought of formal creeds. Let it be remembered as a story that has happened again and again, to men of many different races, that has been expressed through many religions, that has been called by many different names. Time and space and language lay no limitations upon human brotherhood.

--New York Times

That is the glory of the spirit of Christmas. It triumphs over all obstacles; it breaks down all barriers; it flourishes in all countries and in every heart. For the spirit of Christmas fulfills the greatest hunger of mankind.

--Loring A. Schuler

In the climes of the icy North,
And the lands of the cane and the palm,
By the Alpine cotter’s blazing hearth,
And in tropic belts of calm,
Men list tonight the welcome swells,
Sweet and clear, of Christmas Bells!

--Unknown

And if you keep it for a day, why not always! But you can never keep it alone.

--Henry van Dyke

It is impossible to conceive of any holiday that could take its place, nor indeed would it seem that human wit could invent another so adapted to humanity.

--Charles Dudley Warner

A cattle manger was sufficient service that first Christmas. Now it has grown into hospitals, and refuges for children, and schools, and myriad works of mercy and enlightenment ranging in ever-widening circles through the world; and from these have flowed the sciences and social insight and good will that steadily beat back the frontiers of ignorance, evil and distress. Beginning like a silver rill, that First Christmas has flowed through lurid ages and dark ages, through centuries of renaissance and generations of discovery, broadening as it ran, until now its oceanic waters touch every shore and every interest of mankind. Is that Christmas over?

--W. J. Cameron
Christmas begins about the first of December with an office party and ends when you finally realize what you spent, around April fifteenth of the next year.

—P. J. O’Rourke

Good Christmas, whom our children love,
We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!
Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness win us!

--Edward Sandford Martin

Hot cocoa and cold toes remind me of Christmas.

--Toni Sorenson

It’s always ‘too soon’ to talk about gun violence in the United States, but it’s not too soon to mix guns and Christmas. Walmart sells Christmas tree lights made to look like red and green shotgun shells. Online shoppers can buy Christmas ornaments made from real bullet casings. Maybe that was funny a generation ago, but incorporating guns into the celebration of Jesus Christ’s birth seems in poor taste for a nation mourning 26 Christians shot to death while peacefully worshipping with their thoughts and prayers at a Texas church.

In this season of peace and love, one online gift suggestion is a T-shirt sold on Amazon that features the image of a pistol and the words, ‘If Jesus had a gun, he’d be alive today.’ Another sports a ‘Guns don’t kill people. I kill people’ message….A ‘Freeze!’ ice-cube tray produces cubes in the shape of a gun and urges users to ‘pop a cap in your glass.’ A mold lets you cook an egg in the shape of an AK-47. The cylinder from a six-shooter can be bought as a pencil holder to store a ‘bolt-action’ pen. You can get your kid’s name on a plaque where each letter is made from guns and ammunition belts, or buy that wooden puzzle game popular at Cracker Barrel, but with bullet casings replacing golf tees.

Plenty of places sell alarm clocks that shut off when you shoot them with a laser gun. If you don’t love the smell of napalm in the morning, you can buy candles that smell like gunpowder. You can gaze out the window at a garden gnome brandishing an AK-47 as you drink coffee from a gun-shaped mug that makes it look as if you are holding a gun to your head every time you take a sip.

—Burt Constable
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Giftbearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year!

--Washington Irving

People can’t concentrate properly on blowing other people to pieces if their minds are poisoned by thoughts suitable to the twenty-fifth of December.

—Ogden Nash

Like many parents, I have concerns about my children finding out about Santa Claus, but in our family, the house of cards will be much bigger when it crumbles. As a father, I worry it will be the death of all things magic in the mind of my sweet, imaginative child. And...that scares me more than her potential scorn.

—Paul D. Dail

Whether it is the jolly old fat guy who somehow makes it down your chimney or the Immaculate Conception, the fantastic stories we were told as children, while perhaps forgotten throughout the year, still linger. And they resurface during the holidays and remind us to be a little kinder to one another.

—Paul D. Dail

Those who don’t believe in magic will never find it.

—Roald Dahl

For in America this season is decreed ‘family season’. (Eat your hearts out, you pitiable loners who don’t have families!) Melancholy as Thanksgiving is, the Christmas-New year’s season is far worse and lasts far longer, providing rich fund of opportunities for self-medicating, mental collapse, suicide and public mayhem with firearms. In fact, it might be argued that the Christmas-New year’s season which begins abruptly after Thanksgiving is now the core-season of American life itself, the meaning of American life—the brute existential point of it.

How those without families must envy us who bask in parental love, in the glow of yule-logs burning in fireplaces stoked by our daddie’s robust pokers, we who are stuffed to bursting with our mummie’s frantic holiday cooking; how you wish you could be us, pampered/protected kids tearing expensive foil wrappings off too many packages to count, gathered about the Christmas tree on Christmas morning as Mummy gently chided: ‘Skyler! Bliss! Show Daddy and Mummy what you’ve just opened, please! And save the little cards, so you know who gave such nice things to you.’

--Joyce Carol Oates
Mrs. Casey, do you love Christmas?
Well you know, she answered reflectively, Christmas can be a sad time for people too. It’s a remembering time for us older ones. We remember the people who are gone.
Oh, I never thought of that, I told her in surprise.
Well that’s youth for you, she said; you don’t start to look back over your shoulder until there is something to look back at, and around Christmas I tend to think of the Christmases past and the people gone with them.

—Alice Taylor

A barn with cattle and horses is the place to begin Christmas; after all, that’s where the original event happened, and that same smell was the first air that the Christ Child breathed.

--Paul Engle

FIRST CORINTHIANS 13, CHRISTMAS VERSION

If I decorate my house perfectly with plaid bows, strands of twinkling lights and shiny balls, but do not show love to my family, I’m just another decorator.
If I slave away in the kitchen, baking dozens of Christmas cookies, preparing gourmet meals and arranging a beautifully adorned table at mealtime, but do not show love to my family, I’m just another cook.
If I work at the soup kitchen, carol in the nursing home and give all that I have to charity, but do not show love to my family, it profits me nothing.
If I trim the spruce with shimmering angels and crocheted snowflakes, attend a myriad of holiday parties and sing in the choir’s cantata but do not focus on Christ, I have missed the point.

Love stops the cooking to hug the child.
Love sets aside the decorating to kiss the husband.

Love is kind, though harried and tired.

Love doesn’t envy another’s home that has coordinated Christmas china and table linens.

Love doesn’t yell at the kids to get out of the way, but is thankful they are there to be in the way.

Love never fails.

Video games will break, pearl necklaces will be lost, golf clubs will rust... But giving the gift of love will endure.

—Sharon Jaynes
Kris Kringle: You think I’m a fraud, don’t you?
Doris Walker: Fraud is a bit too strong of a word.
Kris Kringle: But you don’t believe in me.
Doris Walker: I believe that Christmas is for children.
Kris Kringle: Well your daughter doesn’t believe in me, either.
Doris Walker: I don’t think that there’s any harm in not believing in a figure that many do acknowledge to be a fiction.
Kris Kringle: Oh, but there is. I’m not just a whimsical figure who wears a charming suit and affects a jolly demeanor. You know, I’m a symbol. I’m a symbol of the human ability to be able to suppress the selfish and hateful tendencies that rule the major part of our lives. If you can’t believe, if you can’t accept anything on faith, then you’re doomed for a life dominated by doubt.

—From A Miracle on 34th Street

Which is worse: A lie that draws a smile or a truth that draws a tear?

—From A Miracle on 34th Street

You need more fact in the dangerous art of giving presents than in any other social action.

—William Bolitho

Despite the best efforts of child psychiatrists, there are still a lot of kids for four or five—even in sophisticated New York—who believe in Santa Claus.
One of them was taken by his mother to the toy department in Macy’s on a December morning last year and was duly propped up on Santa’s lap. ‘What do you want for Christmas, my lad?’ asked Santa Claus dutifully. ‘Better write it down,’ said the lad, ‘or you’ll forget.’ ‘Trust me,’ urged Santa. ‘My memory never fails.’ The lad was dubious, but catalogued his demands.
The same afternoon, mother and son arrived at Gimbal’s and the lad found himself on Santa’s lap for a second time. The Gimbel Santa asked the usual question. ‘What do you want for Christmas?’
The lad slipped off his lap, kicked him lustily in the shin, and yelled, ‘You numbskull, I knew you’d forget!’

—Bennett Cerf

During the holidays, I’ll buy one gift for each member of a family. But they’ll give me just one gift. It feels a little uneven. There’s a lot of money attached to general society expectations.

—Jean Marie Baiardi
On Christmas Eve 1914, thousands of British, French, and German troops along the Western front of World War I initiated an unofficial cease-fire known as the Christmas Truce. Men from both sides entered no-man’s land to sing carols, exchange cards and presents, enjoy games, share cigarettes, treats, and whiskey. Though the truce was short-lived, it stands as a remarkable example of peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

—Samantha Bradbeer

Christmas prep is like college finals week: Late nights, massive carb consumption, & the panic of knowing I should have started sooner.

—Internet Meme

Christmas is a holiday that persecutes the lonely, the frayed, and the rejected.

—Jimmy Cannon

A cabin far away from people and stress. A little snow, a warm cup of coffee, and some silence. This is what I want for Christmas.

—Brooke Hampton

Isn’t Santa just a stand in for the society that has locked them up for formative years? Something that watches and judges, telling them that they got what they deserved based on their behavior? Surely they have to have noticed that Saint Nick, like the judicial system itself, tends to look more favorably upon rich children. He is fat, white, past middle age, and holds all the cards.

—Thomm Quackenbush

Why do I wish people ‘Happy Holidays’? Because from 1 November to 15 January there are approximately 29 holidays observed by 7 of the world’s major religions. And I don’t think mine are the only ones that count.

—Internet Meme

Dear Santa, I’ve been good all year. Most of the time. Once in a while. Never mind, I’ll buy my own stuff.

—Internet Meme

It’s not what’s under the Christmas tree that matters. It’s who’s around it.

—Internet Meme
Xmas is getting kinder like one of our old time western dances. They wait till the
dancing is all over and then sorter sweep out to see how many was left laying
around. We are killing off some mighty good citizens with our Xmas cheer and it has
been discussed quite openly as to whether the whole thing was worth the tallow or
not.
Kids are getting too wise. Why I was a big chuckle-headed Nestor maybe ten years
old before I really even suspicioned that our old friend of the long whiskers wasn’t
delivering into my stocking every Xmas morning the sack of candy, horn and cap
pistol.
The whole Xmas thing started in a fine spirit. It was to give happiness to the young,
and another holiday to the old, so it was relished by practically everybody. It was a
great day, the presents were inexpensive and received with much joy and gratification,
and it was a pleasure to see the innocent little souls as they rushed down to
the big room with the fireplace on Xmas morning in their bare feet, and generally
the back end of their little sleepers unbuttoned and a-dragging. They remembered
right where they had hung their stocking, and they dived into it with great glee in
anticipation. No matter what they dug out, it was great, it was just what they
wanted him to bring, they had confidence in him. The merest little toy was a boon to
their young lives, and what a kick it was to the parents to have them rush back up
to the bedroom and show you ‘what Santa Brought.’
Then the mother would finally venture down and look into her big-top stocking to
see what the sly old father had deposited during the night. Maybe it was just more
cotton stockings. Maybe it was a new ‘sofa.’ Maybe it was a new Axe for wood split-
ting. Maybe a hot water bottle. But whatever it was it was the most acceptable
thing in the world. It was just what she wanted her man ‘to get her.’ Ah! them was
the days lads! When you could satisfy em with a squirrel Muff, and a box of five cent
cigars practically cinched your friendship with a Male friend for the coming year.
Then they talk about Civilization. Say there ain’t no civilization where there ain’t
no satisfaction, and that’s what the trouble now, nobody is satisfied.

—Will Rogers

An ardent conservationist, Roosevelt banned cut Christmas trees in the White
House. But even Teddy had to laugh when in 1902 his young son Archie secretly set
up a small Christmas tree in a White House closet.

—The Washington Post

The plot of every Hallmark movie is about a career woman who is too busy for love
but she has to move to a small town where a handsome local bachelor teaches her
about the true spirit of the holiday. It starts snowing and they kiss. There is also a
dog.

—Internet Meme
[c. 7th century] Giving new meaning to ‘winter wonderland,’ one of the first known references to snow art appears in a Chinese monastic guide, the Fengdoa Kejie. It says that ‘religious images may be ‘shaped in piled-up snow.’[1494] Snow sculpture gets its Michelangelo—literally. ‘One winter, when a great deal of snow fell in Florence,’ Giogio Vasari wrote, Michelangelo created ‘a statue of snow, which was very beautiful,’ in Piero de’ Medici’s courtyard....[1690] The first known snowmen in the Colonies are built to stand guard at the gates of Schenectady while the human sentinels head to a tavern. That night, French and Indian forces plow through the meager defenses, devastating the town....[1853] One of oldest surviving photographs in the world, taken in Wales by a pioneering photographer named Mary Dillwyn, shows a woman building a snow figure....[1896] One of the first moving picture ever made—by an Edison rival, the American Mutoscope Company—was a silent three-minute clip of children in New Haven, Connecticut, building snow sculptures and throwing snowballs.

—Ann Hodgman

Soon after the Pilgrims arrived, they outlawed the celebration of Christmas, and it took a couple hundred years for the country to get back in the swing of things again. Not until large numbers of German Protestants immigrated to North America in the early 1700s did the celebration of Christmas get a shot in the arm. Along with a number of traditions and foods without which our life would be bleak in the extreme (imagine, if you dare: Existence without sauerkraut, bratwurst, or apple kuchen), this German wave brought Christmas trees (a colorful remnant of their pagan past) and all manner of festive cookies and pastries to celebrate the season. In fact, Christmas as we now know it pretty much came with that and subsequent waves of German immigrants. During the past 100 years, Christmas has undergone the greatest change in the celebration’s long history, as commercialization has run amok.

—Roger Matile

Prince Albert, Queen Victoria’s German husband, brought the custom of decorating Christmas trees to England. German immigrants had brought the custom to North America a century earlier. In both cases, decorating trees was a mid-winter custom left over from pagan times that was adopted by the Christian church.

—Roger Matile

We were so poor that at Christmas my grandmother decorated a scrub tree with cotton balls and gave each grandkid four candies. That was it. And we’d be happy because we were together.

—Luz Mirella Zamora
The [Kwanzaa] holiday, then will of necessity, be engaged as an ancient and living cultural tradition which reflects the best of African thought and practice in its reaffirmation of the dignity of the human person in community and culture, the well-being of family and community, the integrity of the environment and our kinship with it, and the rich resource and meaning of a people’s culture.

—Maulana Karenga

The seven principles of Kwanzaa—unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, cooperative economics, purpose, creativity and faith—teach us that when we come together to strengthen our families and communicates and honor the lesson of the past, we can face the future with joy and optimism.

—William J. Clinton

Everybody can be great. Because anybody can serve. You don’t have to have a college degree to serve. You don’t have to make your subject and your verb agree to serve.... You don’t have to know the second theory of thermodynamics in physics to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.

--Helen Keller

You cannot contribute anything to the ideal condition of mind and heart known as Brotherhood, however much you preach, posture, or agree, unless you live it.

—Faith Baldwin

In union there is strength.

—Aesop

So powerful is the light of unity that it can illuminate the whole earth.

—Bahá’u’lláh

The moment we break faith with one another, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out.

—James Baldwin
Unity to be real must stand the severest strain without breaking.
—Mahatma Gandhi

Cooperation is the thorough conviction that nobody can get there unless everybody gets there.
—Virginia Burden

Sticks in a bundle are unbreakable.
—Kenyan Proverb

A snowflake is one of God’s most fragile creations, but look what they can do when they stick together!
—Unknown

Everybody is the architect of his own fortune.
—Ludwig von Mises

The time is always right to do what is right.
—Martin Luther King, Jr.

‘I must do something’ always solves more problems than ‘Something must be done.’
—Unknown

We all should know that diversity makes for a rich tapestry, and we must understand that all the threads of the tapestry are equal in value no matter what their color.
—Maya Angelou

I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work the more I live.
—George Bernard Shaw

For Africa to me... is more than a glamorous fact. It is a historical truth. No man can know where he is going unless he knows exactly where he has been and exactly how he arrived at his present place.
—Maya Angelou
We don’t accomplish anything in this world alone... and whatever happens is the
result of the whole tapestry of one’s life and all the weavings of individual threads
form one to another that creates something.
—Sandra Day O’Connor

We all participate in weaving the social fabric; we should therefore all participate in
patching the fabric when it develops holes.
—Anne C. Weisberg

Men, like nails, lose their usefulness when they lose direction and begin to bend.
—Walter Savage Landor

Act as if what you do makes a difference. It does.
—William James

We cannot always build the future for our youth, but we can build our youth for the
future.
—Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Be like the bird that, passing on her flight awhile on boughs too slight, feels them
give way beneath her, and yet sings, knowing that she hath wings.
—Victor Hugo

Faith is courage; it is creative while despair is always destructive.
—David S. Muzzey

The purpose of life is a life of purpose.
—Robert Byrne

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his
neighbor’s.
—Richard Whately

Many hands make light work.
—John Heywood

Upon the conduct of each depends the fate of all.
—Alexander the Great
Service to others is the rent you pay for your room here on earth.

--Muhammad Ali

Independence? That’s middle class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth.

--George Bernard Shaw

One is a member of a country, a profession, a civilization, a religion. One is not just a man.

—Antoine de Saint-Exupery

We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men.

--Herman Melville

No man is free who is not a master of himself.

—Epictetus

Coming together is a beginning, staying together is progress, and working together is success.

—Henry Ford