



# StarLight

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE U.S.S. BRIGHTSTAR

VOLUME TWO

DECEMBER 2020

ISSUE SIX



**TO ALL, HAVE YOURSELVES A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS WITH YOUR  
FAMILY AND FRIENDS THIS HOLIDAY  
SEASON OF HOPE PRAISE BE HIS NAME  
LORD OF LORDS AND KING OF KINGS**



## From the First Officer

Hi and welcome to the latest edition of the StarLight Newsletter. The official newsletter of the USS

BRIGHTSTAR.

Hey guess what? No cheating now. That's right folks we finally made it to December. Yes, the last month of this ....., this ....., well how can I put this politely, this hellish year. Or to put it in Trek terms or to use a title from a Star Trek Voyager episode, 'The year of hell!!'

As of this writing of this log entry it is December 3, 2020. We have only another twenty-eight days to go before the start of 2021. Hopefully, it will be a way better year than what 2020 was. One can only hope.

It seems, well at least to me anyway, that this coming new year is going to be and will be a very good year. I mean, I have notice things that had been on my mind or more to the point worrying about, have turned to my, or worked themselves out in my favor. I would site some of those things that I have been referring to but with time and limited space being as they are, I cannot. Also some of those things that I am referring to, I'm not supposed to talk about them. At least for the time being anyway. Believe me I want to talk about them, shout it to the world and dance a jig. So believe it when I say that it is taking everything I have to keep me from doing just this act and to focus on the task at hand. What ever that task may be at that particular time.

But there still is one thing I haven't been able to solve yet, that problem is internet access. I am hoping to have that problem solve fairly soon. Well enough of this dribble let's get down to the brass tacks as it were. We have the usual stuff for this issue of the newsletter and a few surprises as well. They'll be surprises for me as well considering that I have no access to the internet at this time. That's it for now. See you all in the next issue.

Anyway, it's time I put this puppy to bed.

The First Officer.



## Bible Quotes

### Jesus' Birth in Bethlehem

#### Luke 2:1-20

2. 1. Now in those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus, that a census be taken of all the inhabited earth. 2. This was the first census taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. 3. And everyone was on his way to register for the census, each to his own city.

4. Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, 5. in order to register along with Mary, who was engaged to him, and was with child. 6. While they were there, the days were completed for her to give birth. 7. And she gave birth to her firstborn son; and she wrapped Him in cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

8. In the same region there were some shepherds staying out in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. 9. And an angel of the Lord suddenly stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them; and they were terribly frightened. 10. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which will be for all the people; 11. for today in the city of David there has been born for you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. 12. This will be sign for you: you will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying a manger." 13. And suddenly there appeared with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 14. "Glory to god in the highest, And on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased." 15. When the angels had gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds began saying to one another, "Let us go straight to Bethlehem then, and see this thing that has happened which the Lord has made known to us." 16. So they came in a hurry and found their way to Mary and Joseph, and the baby as He lay in the manger. 17. When they had seen this, they made known the statement which had been told them about this Child. 18. And all who heard it wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds. 19. But Mary treasured all these



things, pondering them in her heart. 20. The shepherds went back, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen, just as had been told them.

### Saying Thank You

As I am writing this...., whatever this is or whatever you want to call it, And I don't know why I am doing this either, I guess it's because in three days it will be December 7, 2020. It is not because it's "the day that will live in infamy". No it's because it will be two years and six months to the day of my accident. Why do I remember this day, at this time? Again, I don't know why. Especially since I don't have any memories of that day. In fact I don't even remember going to work that day or what I did the previous day. It's like I went to bed forty-eight hours earlier, and then waking up in the hospital and suddenly it's three weeks later.

Being moved from the hospital to a rehab facility for about five months. During those five months of rehab I started to put together the information I had, and what information people would give me as to what happen to me, and to get myself started on that slow and rough journey back to some kind of normalcy. Which I don't think I will be able to find any time soon. I'm still on that journey. The reason for that is after those five months, I would end up having to go back to the hospital after only being home for just over a month. This time around it was due to an infection in my lower left leg. Both the doctors and I thought that had been dealt with five months earlier. Only this time around I would lose that lower left leg to amputation because of the infection. If you asked me, the reason I think I lost my lower left leg is because of the two or three operations that I had, to have those pins replaced because of that infection. In other words, my body was, and kept, rejecting those pins. When the doctors took another look at my lower left leg. That's when the doctor's discovered that same infection had come back. This time the infection had gotten into the bone. Those doctors came and told me what was wrong. They gave me a choice of treating the infection or having my lower left leg amputated. I told them, "doc you and I both know that once an infection gets into a bone of a leg, that's it. The leg has to go. I don't know about you doc, but I would like to reach the life expectancy age of the North American male."

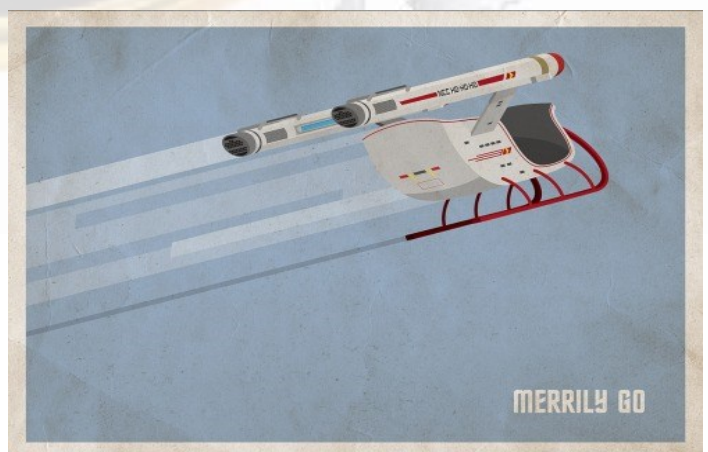
That cause the doctors that were there to laugh including me and I'm not even a doctor. Before they left one of the doctors asked me, "what was the life expectancy age of a North American Male anyway?" I told him, " the last time I heard, it was around seventy-five to somewhere around in the eighties." That was really the first time during this entire situation that I could laugh about it or laugh at it.

After the amputation, I would spend an additional seven to eight months in another rehab facility, healing from the skin grafts, adjust to using a prosthetic leg and relearning how to walk all over again. So, here I am two and a half years later trying to figure out what am I doing here, what am I going to do with the rest of my life, and why I am writing this in the first place. I guess the reason is this, because it is that time of year once again, I just wanted to say THANK YOU to everyone of those that were involve with my recovery, with helping me to cope and adapt to my 'new normal'.

I'm still on that long and bumpy road of recovery. But now, I can, and will, take the opportunity to stop every once a while and take the time to look around me and take a few photo's along the way. So thank you to all the first responders, to the doctors and nurses, and the physical-therapists, and most of all my friends for helping me in my time of need.

And you all know who you all are.

Thank you  
Merry Christmas  
Commander James Webb  
First Officer/Chief Science Officer  
USS BRIGHTSTAR NCC - 1880



## Star Trek: Brightstar

### 'Moving On'

15

Captain's Log

Stardate: Subjective

Captain Deora recording

I and the rest of the senior staff have returned to the Brightstar after surviving a horrific explosion at the gates of Vulcans Forge. The welcome center complex at the gates has been completely destroyed. The Vulcan government has been informed about the destruction by Belek. He has also informed them of our suspicions of who may be involved even though we do not have definitive proof.

I and Commander T'sikes are currently in sickbay, along with CMO D'lan, CSO Josh, will be joining us in a few moments. We will be questioning Saffet, one of the caretakers of the tourist complex. We are hopeful he can tell us what transpired prior to our arrival. Doctor D'lan has per my request, performed a DNA check between Belek and the late Captain S'tol. She announced her findings when Saffet requested one himself. Her findings prove beyond any doubt that Belek is indeed the cousin of Captain S'tol.

"Technically this all started two years ago when a Vulcan male came into the welcome center complex. He identified himself as Captain S'tol. He presented a package. He then asked J'dar and I to hold the package until such time as when someone would come in and identified themselves as Belek and friends. I asked him how long it would be before this group would come by to pick it up? All he would say is, "The time will come for those who are seeking, but will not find, because things are not what they seem, because the things will be completely the opposite." Then he started to leave. Just before he walked out the door, he turned around and walked directly towards me. When he reached where I was standing, he reached inside of his tunic and pulled out three envelopes. One of which the Doctor already has in her possession. " Saffet stated, but he was not done yet. Not by a long shot.

But before he could continue the captain spoke.

"Doctor, go ahead and run that DNA scan just to be sure."

"Aye sir, right away. Just make sure Belek does not leave sickbay until I talk to him. It's very important that I do so right away." She said as she took possession of the envelope containing the DNA sample. She walked over to one of her nurses, handed her the envelope, she said something to her. The nurse took the envelope, nodded her head, and left the sickbay.

"So, what happen to the other two envelopes?" The First Officer asked Saffet.

"Why, Commander T'sikes, I have them." Saffet announced.

"What do you mean? You have them with you right now?" Captain Deora asked with surprise.

"That is what I meant Captain. I physically have them with me." Saffet stated as he reached inside his tunic.

As he was doing so, the doors of the sickbay opened and just as quickly closed. Without warning, the captain of the Brightstar was suddenly pulled back. Ensign Josh Chief Security Officer appeared out of nowhere with his phaser drawn and pointed directly at Saffet.

"My apologies, Ensign. I did not mean to cause any distress." Saffet said as he slowly pulled his hand back out of his tunic holding the two remaining envelopes.

Ensign Josh holstered his phaser. He then took the two envelopes from Saffet. He then examined them, then handed them both to the Captain.

"My apologies Saffet. I should have warned you about Ensign Josh. He takes his job very seriously." The Captain said apologetically.

"That is quite alright Captain. He is doing his job. And quite well, I might add. Chief Security Officer, am I correct Captain?" Saffet asked the Captain.

Before the captain even had a chance to answer the question that Saffet posed, Ensign Josh beat her to the punch.

"Yes sir, I am! And a damn good one sir. At least that's what I have been told." He said without any modesty in his voice.

"Boasters isn't he Captain?" Saffet asked.



The captain let out a little chuckle before she spoke.

"That's one of the reasons he's Chief Security Officer. He tells it like it is, and to hell with anything else. Oh, and he is fresh out of the Academy." Deora stated with another chuckle.

"But this is taking us off course. What are in those envelopes Saffet?"

"Well, the first one, the one your doctor just handed off to the nurse, as you already know contains a DNA sample of Captain S'tol. The envelope with the family crest of S'tol. That I believe he said was for Belek and friends. I said something about a message, and that one of you would understand." Saffet stated.

The captain opened the envelope to see what was inside. Then she opens the other one as well to see what's inside that one.

"It's an iso-leaner chip." Captain Deora said.

"Yes it is. I believe that it is compatible with any device. Even with a computer of the holodeck.

"Crap." Sikes blurted out.

"What is it number one?" Deora asked.

"The message we saw in J'dar's conference room at the tourist complex was not meant for us." The first officer told Captain Deora.

"Then who was the message meant for?" Questioned the Captain.

"Well, if I were to take a guess, and it's the only logical guess I can make, I would guess it was meant for the eyes and ears of the Vulcan Extremists." T'sikes said.

"And how do you figure this Commander?" Doctor D'lan quizzed the first officer.

"Because of what S'tol told Saffet." Sikes answered.

"Yes, of course. "The time will come for those who are seeking and will not find, because things are not what they seem, because things will be completely the opposite."

Ensign Josh recited.

"Now I understand. But Saffet how did you keep the extremists from getting their hands on those envelope?" The captain asked with extreme curiosity.

"To satisfy your curiosity Captain, J'dar wasn't in the room when Captain S'tol handed me the envelopes. He then tells me not to say anything to J'dar and to keep them in a safe place until such time when I was to hand them over to you." Saffet stated.

"And the third envelope? Who gets that one?" Ensign Josh asked.

"That is a most illogical question Ensign considering the name who it goes to is on the outside of the envelope." Saffet said with an air of insult.

"Sir, Saffet, it is in Vulcan script." The young ensign pointed out while his right hand slowly headed towards his left side where his phaser was located.

"Is it? May I see the envelope?" Saffet inquired.

Someone handed him the envelope in question. He looks at the outside of the envelope and makes a comment.

"Ensign, this is not Vulcan script, but Andorian script. And since it is in Andorian script, I would logically conclude that this is meant for your captain. Which she probably already knew," Saffet said as he handed the envelope to Captain Deora.

"It's easy to do sometimes to get them confused, if you don't know what they look like. They nearly do look alike. Especially to an outworlder. He commented.

Captain Deora took possession of the envelope. She then continued with the questioning.

"So, why didn't the two extremists find the envelopes?" Deora asked.

"To be honest Captain, when I received the envelopes, I put them in the first place that came to mind. The closet. I think that's where you found me and J'dar. That particular day we were unusually busy. So I literally forgot about them. Well at least until all of this happen. He relayed.

"So fast forward two years Saffet. What happen to you and J'dar and how did they know we were coming?"

"How they knew when you were coming, that I do not know. And it would be illogical to guess. All I know is this, two days ago, one of our monitors picked up a group of what appeared to be nine or ten people, I think five

Human males and a Vulcan male, along with four females, a Vulcan, a Andorian, and two Humans, the group was approaching the tourist center. We went out to meet them and to explain that Vulcan's Forge was temporarily closed in preparation for the Kas-wan ritual. One that appeared to be a Vulcan male, approached J'dar and I. He greeted us in the usual manner, and claimed to be Belek, that he and his party were there to conduct a search. He presented documents of governmental permission for the search. J'dar look over the documents and then handed them to me and asked to confirm the authenticity' of the documents.

As it is, it turns out they were forgeries. Very good forgeries, but forgeries none the less. I went back out to confer with J'dar on what I found. As soon as I stepped out the door, one of them had a phaser to the back of my head." Saffet explained.

"Once they had us inside the complex, the group took us directly to J'dar office conference room. Where one half of the group for the next day and half interrogated us. They did anything and everything they could to get us to give them the answers to their questions." He said.

"What kind of question were they asking?" Ensign Josh asked.

"What was the Brightstar doing in orbit above Vulcan? What's inside of the package that was left for you? Why was it so important? And the one question they kept asking over and over was, where was Captain S'tol's katra located at?" Saffet answered.

"What was the other half of the group doing at this time?" T'sikes asked Saffet.

"They were either making wagers on how much pain we could take while putting up with a forced mind-meld. The other half were working on the door mechanism of the conference room."

"A forced mind-meld. I suspected as much." D'lan said.

"J'dar did the best he could, holding out as long as he did. But he finally succumbed and told them about the holo-projector. One of them went to where J'dar indicated the holo-projector was being kept. Brought it into the conference room." Saffet explained.

"Well that would explain why that Saffet

returned so quickly when we arrived at the gates." Commander T'sikes commented.

"They tried to get the projector to play the message stored in its memory. But no matter what they tried, they couldn't get the message to play or download. So, just to make sure they didn't miss anything, they started in on me. They didn't get very far, thanks to J'dar." Saffet stated.

"What you mean, what did J'dar do?" D'lan asked.

"When they started to probe my mind, J'dar just went..., ah..., what is the word I want to use?" Saffet asked himself.

"Take your time Saffet, it will come to you." Deora said with concern for him.

"Yes, that's the word I want. He went ballistic. I mean, I never saw or even felt such emotions come from a fellow Vulcan. Before I could even react myself, he managed to take two of them down. One of whom was trying to probe my mind. I managed to break free myself, but it was all for naught. We were both overwhelmed. Last thing I remember was someone firing a phaser at J'dar severely wounding him. And hearing another phaser being fired and then blackness. I think I was stunned. I am guessing about that last part. The next thing I can really remember was coming to your somewhat disheveled sickbay." Saffet finished.

"Then how did you remember the envelopes?" Deora asked.

"I can only say that, when I thought I was dreaming the whole thing, I wasn't. I must have found them and hid them on my person. This last part I must have dreamt, but I thought I felt someone touching me. And as they say, the rest you already know." Saffet finished.



## Twas the Night Before

Twas the night before Christmas  
He lived all alone  
In a one-bedroom house made of  
Plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney  
With presents to give  
And to see just who  
In this home did live.

I looked all about  
A strange sight I did see  
No tinsel, no presents  
Not even a tree.

No stocking by the mantle  
Just boots filled with sand  
On the wall hung pictures  
Of far distant lands.

With medals and badges  
Awards of all kinds  
A sober thought  
Came through my mind.

For this house was different  
It was dark and dreary  
I found the home of a soldier  
Once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping  
Silent. Alone  
Curled up on the floor  
In this one-bedroom home.

The face so gentle  
The room in such disorder  
Not how I pictured  
A United States Soldier.

Was this the hero  
Of whom I'd just read?  
Curled up on a poncho  
The Floor for a bed.

I realized the families  
That I saw this night  
Owed their lives to these soldiers  
Who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world  
The children would play  
And grownups would celebrate  
A bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom  
Each month of the year  
Because of the soldiers  
Like the one lying here.

The very thought  
Brought a tear to my eye  
I dropped to my knees  
And started to cry.

The soldier awakened  
And I heard a rough voice  
"Santa don't cry  
This life is my choice.

I fight for freedom  
I don't ask for more  
My life is my God



My country, My Corps."

The soldier rolled over  
And drifted to sleep  
I couldn't control it  
I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours  
So silent and still  
And we both shivered  
From the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave  
On that cold, dark, night  
This guardian of honor  
So willing to fight.

Then the Soldier rolled over  
With a voice soft and pure  
Whispered, "Carry on Santa,  
It's Christmas day, all is secure."

One look at my watch  
And I knew he was right  
"Merry Christmas my friend.  
And to all a good night."

This is dedicated to those who are  
serving overseas and cannot be home  
with their loved ones this holiday season.  
From the staff of the StarLight and the  
Crew of USS BRIGHTSTAR  
Come home, come home safe and  
Sound.

## Christmas at The Gas Station

The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere in years since his wife had passed away. It was just another day for him. He didn't hate Christmas; he just couldn't find a reason to celebrate. He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened, and a homeless man stepped through.

Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers, told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm-up. "Thank you, but I don't mean to intrude," said the stranger. "I see you're busy, I'll just go." "Not without something hot in your belly," George said.

He turned and opened a wide mouth thermos and handed it to the stranger. "It isn't much, but it's hot and tasty, stew, made it myself. When you're done, there's coffee and it's fresh."

Just at that moment, he heard the "ding" of the driveway bell. "Excuse me, be right back," George said. There in the driveway was a '53 Chevy. Steam was rolling out of the front. The driver was panicked. "Mister can you help me!" said the driver with a deep Spanish accent. "My wife is with child and my car is broken." George opened the hood. It was bad. The block looked cracked from the cold; the car was dead. "You not going anywhere in this thing," George said as he turned away.

"But mister, please help." The door of the office closed behind George as he went inside. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck, and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. "Here, take my truck," he said. "She not the best thing you ever looked at, but she runs really good."

George helped put the woman into the truck and watched as it sped off into the night. He turned and walked back inside the office. "Glad I gave'em the truck, their tires were shot too. That ol' truck of mine has brand new, tires." George thought he was talking to the stranger, but the man had gone.



The thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. "Well, at least he got something hot in his belly." George thought.

George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. He discovered the engine block hadn't cracked; it was just the bottom hose on the radiator. "Well shoot, I can fix this," he said to himself. So he put a new one on.

"Those tires ain't gonna get 'em through the winter either." He took the snow treads off of his wife's old Lincoln. They were like new and he wasn't going to drive the car anyway.

As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. Bleeding from the left shoulder, the officer moaned, "Please help me."

George helped the officer inside as he remembered the training he had received in the Army as a medic. He knew the wound needed attention.

"Pressure to stop the bleeding," he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. "Hey, they say duct tape can fix anything," he said, trying to make the policeman feel at ease.

"Something for the pain." George thought. All he had was the pills he used for his back. "These ought to work," He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. "You hang in there; I'm going to get you an ambulance"

The phone was dead, "Maybe I can get one of your buddies on that there talk box out in out in your car." He went out only to find that a bullet had gone into the dashboard destroying the two-way radio.

He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. "Thanks," said the officer. "You could have left me there. The guy that shot me is still in the area."

George sat down beside him, "I would never leave an injured man in the Army and I ain't gonna leave you." George pulled back the bandage to check for bleeding. "Looks worse than what it is. Bullet passed right through 'ya.

Good thing it missed the important stuff though. I think with time your gonna be right as rain."

George got up and poured a cup of coffee. "How do you take it?" he asked. "None for me," said the officer. "Oh, yer gonna drink this. Best in the city. Too bad I ain't got no donuts." The officer laughed and winced at the same time.

The front door of the office flew open. In burst a young man with a gun. "Give me all your cash! Do it now!" The young man yelled. His hand was shaking, and George could tell that he had never done anything like this before.

"That's the guy that shot me!" exclaimed the officer.

"Son why are you doing this?" asked George. "You need to put the cannon away. Somebody else might get hurt."

The young man was confused, "Shut up old man or I'll shoot you, too. Now give me the cash."

The cop was reaching for his gun. "Put that thing away," George said to the cop. "We got one too many in here now."

He turned his attention to the young man. "Son, it's Christmas Eve. If you need money, well then, here. It ain't much but it's all I got. Now put that pea shooter away."

George pulled out \$150, out of his pocket and handed it to the young man, while reaching for the barrel of the gun at the same time. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. "I'm not very good at this, am I? All I wanted was to buy something for my wife and son," he went on, "I've lost my job, my rent is due, my car got repossessed last week."

George handed the gun to the cop. "Son, we all get in a bit of a squeeze now and then. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best way we can."

He got the young man to his feet and sat him down on a chair across from the cop. "Sometimes we do stupid things." George handed the young man a cup of coffee. "Bein' stupid is one of the things that makes us human. Comin' in here with a gun ain't the answer. Now sit there and get warm and we'll sort this thing out."

The young man had stopped crying. He looked over to the cop, "Sorry I shot you. It just went off. I'm sorry officer." "Shut up and drink your coffee." The cop said. George could hear the sounds of sirens outside. A police car and an ambulance skidded to a halt. Two cops came through the door, with guns drawn. "Chuck! You ok?" One of cops asked the wounded officer.

"Not bad for a guy who took a bullet. How did you find me?"

"GPS locator in the car. Best thing since sliced bread. Who did this?" the other cop asked as he approached the young man.

Chuck answered him, "I don't know. The guy ran off into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran."

George and the young man both looked puzzled at each other.

"That guy work here?" the wounded officer continued. "Yep," George said, "just hired him this morning. The boy lost his job."

The paramedics came in and found Chuck and loaded him into the stretcher. The young man leaned over the wounded cop and whispered, "Why?"

Chuck just said, "Merry Christmas boy and you too George and thanks for everything."

"Well, it looks like you got one doozy of a break there. That ought to solve some of your problems."

George went into the back room and came out with a box. He pulled out a ring box. "Here you go, something for the little woman. I don't think Martha would mind. She said it would come in handy someday."

The young man looked inside to see the biggest diamond ring he ever saw. "I can't take this," said the young man. "it means something to you."

"And now it means something to you." Replied George. "I got my memories. That's all I need."

George reached into the box again. An airplane, a car, and a truck appeared next. The toys that the oil company had left George to sell. "Here's something for that little man of yours."

The young man began to cry again as he handed back the \$150 that the old man had

handed him earlier.

"And what are you supposed to buy Christmas dinner with? You keep that too." George said. "Now git home to your family."

The young man turned with tears streaming down his face. "I'll be here in the morning for work if that job offer is still good."

"Nope. I'm closed Christmas day." George said "Seeya the day after."

George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where you come from? I thought you left."

"I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't celebrate Christmas. Why?"

"Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides, I was getting' a little chubby."

The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor."

"The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will make you a rich man and not take any for himself. That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man."

George was taken aback by all this stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man.

"Trust me, George. I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again."

The stranger moved towards the doors. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned."

George watched as the old leather jacket and the torn pants that the stranger was wearing turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room.



"You see George, it's my birthday. Merry Christmas George." George fell to his knees and replied, "Happy birthday, Lord Jesus."

"Merry Christmas to us all!!!"

### Decembers' Birthday's

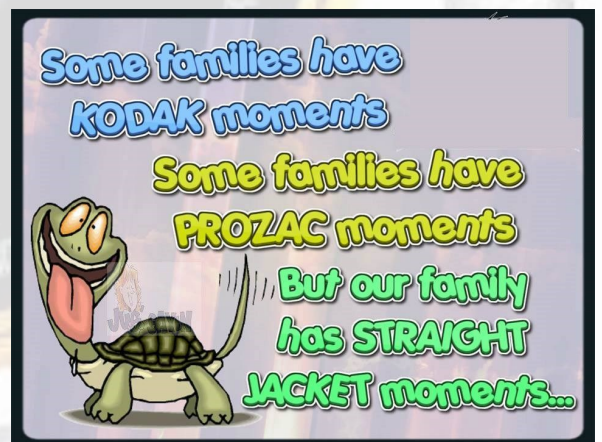
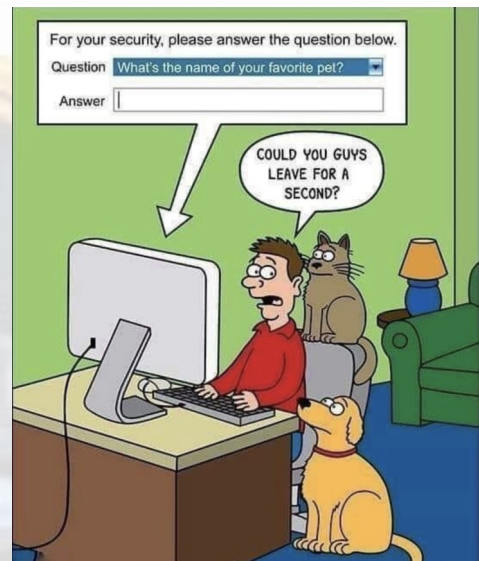


Second Lieutenant Micheal Charron

Chief of Marines

December 11

### The Funny Stuff





MERRY CHRISTMAS



AND HAVE YOURSELF A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR