



the copper to Somalia, one third of the iron parts to Brazil, the natural rubber to Zaire. And, with the foreign asphalt, the road surface had always cut a better figure than today.

After three days the nightmare was over, the exodus completed, just in time for Christmas. There was nothing foreign left in the country. However, fir trees were still available, also apples and nuts. And the singing of "Silent Night" was allowed – be it solely with special permission; after all, the song came from Austria! Only one thing did not fit in the picture: the Child in the manger as well as Mary and Joseph had stayed. – Three Jews of all people! „We stay,“ Mary said, „because if we leave this country, who will show these people their way back – back to reason and to humanity?“ (Helmut Wöllenstein)

This Month's Heartfelt Matters

- „Saint Joseph, You fatherly Protector of our families, please ask GOD in this holy Christmas time, of all times, to grant us domestic peace and mutual love. Thank you, Father Joseph!“



With all my heart I wish everyone a grace-filled, peaceful and merry Christmas time! With the blessing of Saint Joseph and with heartfelt pre-Christmas greetings,

Sister Paula



December 2017

Lay Community of St Joseph

Christmas

Winter's night like a black, heavy robe
is wiping clean the entire globe.

The earth turns into a silent grave,
a sound echoes like a trembling wave:
„Dying – Dying.“

Hearken! In the wood not breathing a word,
what sweet resounding tone is heard?

Behold! – In the night with darkness rife,
what sweet luminescence comes to life?

Like children's lips venturing a chance
jumping like flames from branch to branch,
like angelic chants from Heaven coming,
flutes and reed pipes softly humming:
„Christmas! Christmas!“



Lo and behold –
what wondrous dream:
tree after tree to revive they seem,
the forest arises, all the groves
march into the city
in countless droves.

With their green twigs storming the fences:
 „Open up, the blessed tide commences!
 Christmas! Christmas!“

Doors and gates now open wide,
 cheering kids come flocking side by side,
 emerging from entries and window frame
 is life's warm sparkling candle flame.
 From history the dead night is erased,
 to new life love is raised,
 the dear GOD smiles at you and me,
 let us happy and cheerful be:
 „Christmas! Christmas!“
 (Ernst von Wildenbruch)



Fairy Tale of the Departure of All “Foreigners”

Once upon a time, some three days before Christmas, late at night. A few men crossed the market square of the little town. They stopped at the church spraying the words “Foreigners out” and “Germany to the Germans” on the wall. Stones were sent flying through the window of the Turkish shop opposite the church. Then the mob left. Eerie silence. The curtains on the windows of the town houses had quickly been drawn. Nobody saw anything.

„Come on, that is enough, let us go!“ – „You’ve got to be joking! What are we supposed to do down there in the south?“ – „Down there? After all, that is our homeland. Here it is getting worse and worse. We will just do what is written on the wall: ‘Foreigners out’!“ Indeed: in the middle of the night the little

town was stirring. The doors of the shops flew open. First the cocoa packets came out, the chocolates and pralines in their Christmas costumes. They wanted to return to Ghana and West Africa because that was their homeland. Then came the coffee, by the pallet, the favourite German drink: Uganda, Kenya and Latin America were its homeland. The pineapples and bananas moved out of their boxes, the grapes and strawberries from South Africa, too. Almost all Christmas sweets set off. Gingerbread nuts, ginger spice biscuits and cinnamon stars, their spices from inside felt drawn to India. The Dresdner Christmas Stollen hesitated. Tears could be seen in its raisin eyes as it admitted: „Half-breeds like me are especially in for it.“ It was the same with the Lubeck marzipan and the Nuremberg gingerbread.

Not quality, but origin was all that mattered now. Dawn was already breaking when the cut flowers set off for Columbia, and the fur coats with gold and gems flew to places all over the world in expensive charter planes. Road traffic collapsed on this day. Long lines of Japanese cars, crammed with optical instruments and home entertainment products, were creeping eastward. In the sky one could see the Christmas geese flying to Poland, in their flying path followed by the silk shirts and carpets from far Asia. With a crashing sound the tropical wood came off the window frames and whirred to the Amazon basin. One had to pay attention not to slip and fall, because everywhere oil and petrol was gushing out, flowing together in trickles and streams towards the Middle East. But they surely did make provisions.

Proudly the German car companies took their emergency plans out of the drawers: the wood gasifier was re-launched. Why foreign oil?! – But the VWs and BMWs began to disintegrate into their component parts. The aluminium roamed to Jamaica,

