

From Dec. 17, 1962

Eskimo Poem:

Arctic Christmas

By Howard Weyahok

When Christmas Day comes nigh
Deep in Arctic country,
Hearts are filled with hope,
Kind people even kinder,
Smiles brighter—from the heart,
Nice children even nicer—
They want to please their mother,
They want to please their father,
They want to be good in Santa's
eyes.

Mother with warmest feelings
Is busy with her fingers
Making nice looking parkas:
One for father, one for son,
And one for the little girl.
Mother is making fancy mukluks
too
For everyone in her house.
She is happy in her work

Because in her heart
She loves her own.
And father, in his own way,
Is thinking nice things for Christmas.
Praying each morning, earnestly,
To get the caribou, bear or fox,
So he can take his share
Proudly to the meeting hall
Where there will be a feast
For all the village people.
Yes, deep in Arctic country,
Kind people even kinder,
Who deeply love their God,
Love Him, yet even more.
And on the day of His Son's birth
They kneel before the altar,
To honor their beloved Savior
Who came on Christmas Day.
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