



Christmas 2014



Hillcrest House



Calendar of events

Monday Dec 8th 6pm Showtime

‘A winter wonderland’ with “The Butterfly Company”

Wednesday 10th 2.30pm Christmas Quiz

Thursday Dec 11th 2.30pm Christmas Singalong

Friday Dec 12th 2.30pm Christmas shopping at Foyleside

Monday Dec 15th 2.30pm Christmas shopping at Foyleside


Wednesday Dec 17th 3.30pm The Mummings!!

Friday 19th 4pm Residents Christmas Party

Christmas get together with family and friends

Music Food and Happy Times

Special guests Letterkenny Senior Accordion Band and Santa of course!!



Saturday Dec 20th 11am Rotary Club entertainment

Sunday December 21st Staff Party Night

Monday Dec 22nd 6pm Christmas Mass with Bishop Philip Boyce
and the **Colmcille Gospel Choir**

Wednesday Dec 24st 3pm Afternoon Tea, Mulled wine
and Minced Pies

Tuesday Dec 24th Christmas EveEarly to bed!!

Wednesday Dec 25th Christmas Day Festivities

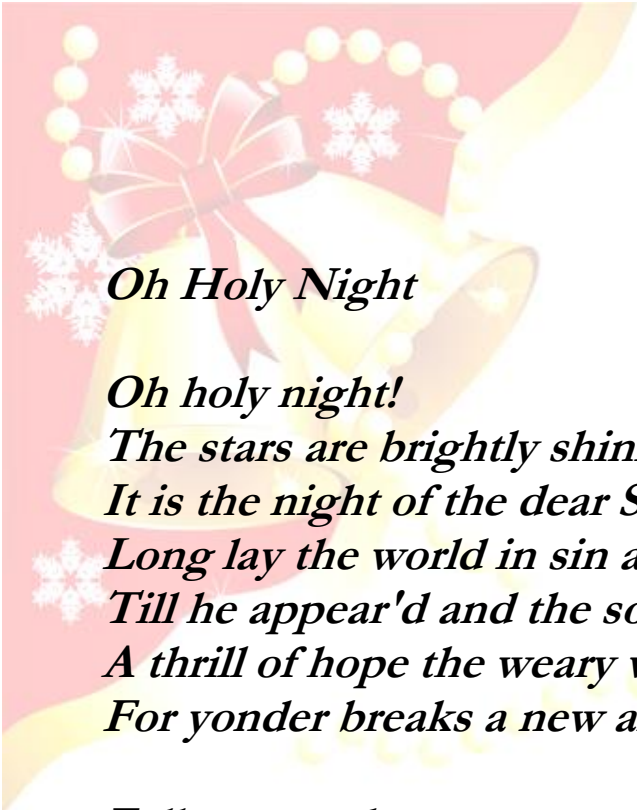
A Message from Management



**Best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and my sincerest thanks for your loyalty, confidence, support and goodwill throughout the last year.
May you be blessed with Peace and Joy this Christmas and a New Year filled with Health, Happiness and Prosperity**

I hope that you will be able to join us for some of our planned activities and events.

Anne



Oh Holy Night

Oh holy night!

The stars are brightly shining

It is the night of the dear Savior's birth!

Long lay the world in sin and error pining

Till he appear'd and the soul felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices

For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!

Fall on your knees

Oh hear the angel voices

Oh night divine

Oh night when Christ was born

Oh night divine

Oh night divine

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming

With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand

So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming

Here come the wise men from Orient land

The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger

In all our trials born to be our friend



Santas Christmas eve prayer

The sleigh was all packed, the reindeer were fed,
But Santa still knelt by the side of the bed.

"Dear Father," he prayed "Be with me tonight,
There's much work to do and my schedule is tight.

I must jump in my sleigh and streak through the sky,
Knowing full well that a reindeer can't fly.

I will visit each household before the first light,
I'll cover the world and all in one night.

With sleighbells a-ringing, I'll land on each roof,
Amid the soft clatter of each little hoof.

To get in the house is the difficult part,
So I'll slide down the chimney of each child's heart.

My sack will hold toys to grant all their wishes.
The supply will be endless like the loaves and the fishes.

I will fill all the stockings and not leave a track.
I'll eat every cookie that is left for my snack.

I can do all these things Lord, only through You
I just need your blessing, then it's easy to do.

All this is to honor the birth of the One,
That was sent to redeem us, Your most Holy Son.

So to all of my friends, least Your glory I rob,
Please, Lord, remind them

who gave me this job."



Christmas

Christmas is more than a day in
December
It's all of those things that we love to
remember
Its carolers singing familiar refrains
Bright colored stockings and shiny toy
rains
Streamers of tinsel and glass satin balls
Laughter that rings through the house
and Its halls
Christmas is more than a day in
December
Its the magic and the love
That we'll always remember

Memories

Memories are a special house
We build inside ourselves
Where love and laughter linger,
Where all our past life dwells.
On holidays like Christmas
We can draw upon the store,
Reliving happy times
And feeling all that warmth once more.
Wherever we may travel,
This house is always there
To help to blend the old and new,
To build on . . . grow . . . and share.
This house can never get too full,
Just grow from floor to floor,
Because the joy of memories
Is always making more.



Shopping for Love

I am flat broke from overspending at Christmas time. But I need to go shopping again soon because I am completely out of self-respect. I've said things I wish I could take back and I am not feeling too good about myself.

I also want to exchange a carton of self righteousness for an equal amount of humility. I hear that it is less expensive and wears well, and while I'm at it I'm going to check on tolerance and see if there is any available in my size.

I must remember to try to match my patience with the little I have left. My neighbour is loaded with it and it looks awfully good on her. I was told the same department has a repair shop for mending integrity. Mine has become frayed around the edges from too much compromising. If I don't get it refurbished soon, there won't be any left.

I almost forgot the most important thing of all -- compassion. If I see some-no matter what the color, size or shape -- I'm going to stock up heavily regardless of the price. I have run out of it so many times and I always feel ashamed when it happens.

I don't know why it has taken me so long to get around to shopping for these items. They don't cost nearly as much as some of the frivolous things I bought at Christmas time. And I'll get a lot more satisfaction from them.

Yes, I'm going shopping today and I can leave my checkbook and credit cards at home! The things I'm looking for have no price-tags. What a joy!





A Christmas story

I recently heard a different account of the Christmas Story, told through the eyes of a six year-old little Russian boy named Misha. He took a few liberties with the truth, but boy did it ever change the way he looked at the world around him.

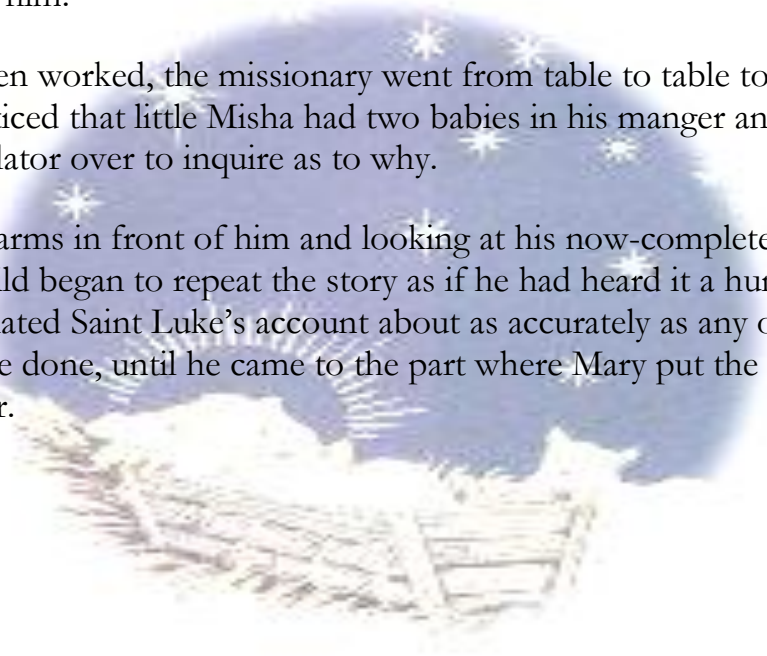
Misha had never heard the story about the birth of Jesus until a missionary visited the orphanage where he lived. He and the other orphans sat on the edge of their seats as the missionary told them about Mary and Joseph arriving in Bethlehem with nowhere to stay for the night. All of the children understood how that felt and were glad to learn that the couple found shelter in a stable where Jesus could be born and laid in a manger.

When the missionary finished the story, he gave the children three small pieces of cardboard with which to make a crude manger. Each child was also given a small paper square, cut from yellow napkins, which with a little help and a lot of imagination could be shredded to resemble the straw that was used for Jesus to lie on in the manger.

The children tore the paper and carefully laid strips in the manger for straw. Small squares of flannel, cut from a worn-out nightgown, were used for the baby's blanket and a doll-like baby was cut from tan felt that the missionary had brought with him.

As the children worked, the missionary went from table to table to inspect their work. He noticed that little Misha had two babies in his manger and quickly called a translator over to inquire as to why.

Crossing his arms in front of him and looking at his now-completed manger scene, the child began to repeat the story as if he had heard it a hundred times. In fact, he related Saint Luke's account about as accurately as any of us would probably have done, until he came to the part where Mary put the Christ Child in the manger.



“And when Maria laid the baby in the manger,” Misha told the translator, “Jesus looked at me and asked me if I had a place to stay. I told him I have no mamma and I have no papa, so I don’t have any place to stay. Then Jesus told me I could stay with him. But I told him I couldn’t because I didn’t have a gift to give him like everybody else did.”

“I wanted to stay with Jesus so much, I thought about what I had that maybe I could use for a gift. I thought maybe if I kept him warm, that would be a good gift. So I asked Jesus, ‘If I keep you warm, will that be a good enough gift?’ And Jesus told me, ‘If you keep me warm, that will be the best gift anybody ever gave me.’ So I got into the manger, and then Jesus looked at me and told me I could stay with him—for always.”

As Misha finished his story, his eyes brimmed full of tears that coursed their way down his little cheeks. Putting his hand over his face, his head dropped to the table and his shoulders shook as he sobbed. He had finally found someone who would never abandon him, never abuse him, someone who would forever stay with him.





Christmas Crackers!!!

Q ;What do reindeer hang on their Christmas tree

A ;Horn-aments

Q; Why are Christmas trees so bad at sewing

A; Because they keep dropping their needles

Q; Who hides in the bakery at Christmas

A; A mince spy

Q;What did Adam say on the day before Christmas ?

A;It's Christmas, Eve !

Q;Who delivers cat's Christmas presents ?

A;Santa Paws !

Q;Why does Santa go down the chimney ?

A;Because it soots him !

Q; How do snowmen get around?

A; On icicles!

Q; Whats the first thing elves learn at school?

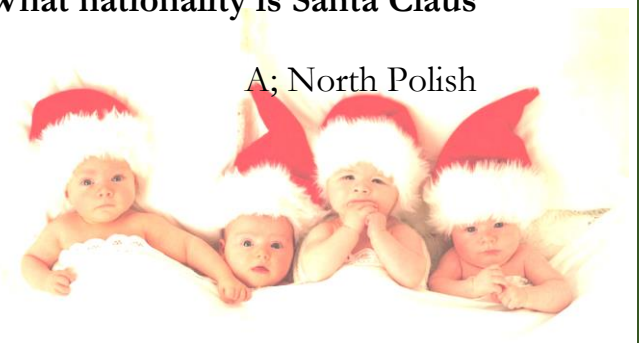
A; The elf-abet

Q; What nationality is Santa Claus

A; North Polish

Q;Mum, Can I have a dog for Christmas

A: No you can have turkey like everyone else !





BUILDING BRIDGES

Once upon a time two brothers who lived on adjoining farms fell into conflict. It was the first serious rift in 40 years of farming side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labour and goods as needed without a hitch. Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small misunderstanding and it grew into a major difference, and finally it exploded into an exchange of bitter words followed by weeks of silence.

One morning there was a knock on John's door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter's toolbox. "I'm looking for a few days work," he said. "Perhaps you would have a few small jobs here and there. Could I help you?"

"Yes," said the older brother. "I do have a job for you. Look across the creek at that farm. That's my neighbour, in fact, it's my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us and he took his bulldozer to the river bank and now there is a river between us. Well, he may have done this to spite me, but I'll go him one better. See that pile of timber by the barn? I want you to build me a fence - an 8-foot fence - so I won't need to see his place anymore."

The carpenter said, "I think I understand the situation. Show me the digger and nails and I'll be able to do a job that pleases you."

The older brother had to go to town for supplies, so he helped the carpenter get the materials ready and then he was off for the day. The carpenter worked hard all that day measuring, sawing, nailing. About sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job. The farmer's eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped.

There was no fence there at all. It was a bridge... a bridge stretching from one side of the river to the other! A fine piece of work handrails and all - and the neighbour, his younger brother, was coming across, his hand outstretched.

"You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I've said and done." The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge, and then they met in the middle, taking each other's hand. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox on his shoulder. "No, wait! Stay a few days. I've a lot of other projects for you," said the older brother.

"I'd love to stay on," the carpenter said, "but, I have many more bridges to build".



A Christmas Prayer for You

When prayers are said each evening, this happy time of year,

Wishes turn to family, friends, and everyone held dear.

May your Christmas days be merry

And your New Year days be bright—

May peace and goodwill bring you joy

And His blessings much delight.





Christmas Day Menu

Lunch

Starters

Melon with Raspberry Coulis
Homemade Vegetable Soup

Main Course

Roast Stuffed Turkey & Ham with Cranberry Sauce

Above Served With

Brussels sprouts
Buttered Carrots
Roast and Creamed Potatoes

Dessert

Christmas Pudding With Brandy Sauce & Cream
or Sherry Trifle

Tea/ Coffee & Mints

Supper

Buffet of Christmas fayre
Mince pies

Christmas cake

