

Lake Doe Cove

DECEMBER 2013

HOA FOR PHASES 3 & 4: WWW.LAKEDOECOVE.ORG

ISSUE EIGHT



US 441
looking West
at sunset



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them in the next Newsletter,
mail
to: webmaster@lakedocove.org

May we all thank God, each in their own way, for our home and
The United States of America!

A Look Back

Before I started school, my big brother told me about how mom came to school and told a story to the entire school at Christmas, just before the Christmas Holidays —back then they called them Christmas Holidays. Well, I couldn't wait to hear my mom tell the story when I was in the first grade! Now it's not that I hadn't heard the story, maybe we all have heard the story — Why the Chimes Rang! Have any of you heard this story?

This is the season for this story... so hear goes. My mom would be introduced and all 300 kids got real quiet, you could have heard a pin drop.

In a far off land as Christmas came near, on a special night all the people, rich and poor, came to the great cathedral church to offer their gifts to the Christ Child.

Now this cathedral was a magical and spiritual place to visit at any time, but at Christmas it was especially so. It stood high on the hill overlooking the town, with its gleaming white spire reaching so high it went out of sight in the clouds. There was a legend of chimes in that spire, but nobody had ever remembered hearing them ring.

On this wintry night, the snow had fallen and all looked

very beautiful as the night watchmen lit the street lights around the cathedral. People were beginning to arrive and were milling about and chattering before the service.

Down in the valley there lived a girl, nine, whose name was Francis, and a boy, six, whose name was Peter. They were both very anxious to get started on their way to the cathedral for this would be Peter's first time to go to this special service for the Christ Child. Francis and Peter had saved up for a special gift for the Christ Child. It wasn't very much, but it was all they had. They started there long walk to the cathedral happily chattering about how the beautiful huge

pipe organ would sound that night. The newly fallen snow made walking difficult, but they trudged onward. They were about half way there when they heard a faint cry for help. Francis went to see what the cry was and found an old lady lying in the snow with one leg crumpled beneath her. She said she had fallen and couldn't get up. Now Francis tried to help her up but the leg was surely broken. Francis assured the lady that they would get help, in fact Francis told Peter to go alone to the cathedral and put the gift in the offering and ask the people there to come help. Peter said, "but Francis, you'll miss the service..." and Francis insisted and stayed with the old lady.

Now this had taken some time and they could hear the great organ start playing the hymns. Francis said, "you must hurry now, Peter" And Peter left with the gift to go alone to the cathedral. As Peter walked, then ran toward the cathedral, the organ grew louder and louder.

As he entered there was silence. He could see the great high alter with the cross at the top, as if pointing to the spire above. As he crept along the long side isle, he watched the King place his golden crown on the pile of gifts, and the congregation gasped in awe. But, then their was silence. The pile glittered with jewels and silver and gold. Peter, hoping not to be seen, slowly came to the pile of gifts and put the gift that Francis and he had saved. Then Peter turned to the priest and asked, "would someone please come and help my sister who stayed down in



the valley with an old lady who had a broken leg." The priest responded with a nod of assurance as the great organ again started to play. The priest raised his hands to stop the organ and a hush went through the cathedral. Very softly from way up high you could hear, very faintly, chimes ringing. ... and Francis, who stayed down in the valley could hear the chimes ringing. Francis knew that all would be all right. And that is why the chimes rang!

In loving memory of my Mom!

Jeannette Wilson Muir

Sargent

1892-1957

Maybe you have a story you would like to share with our community. If so Please send it to the [Webmaster](#)

