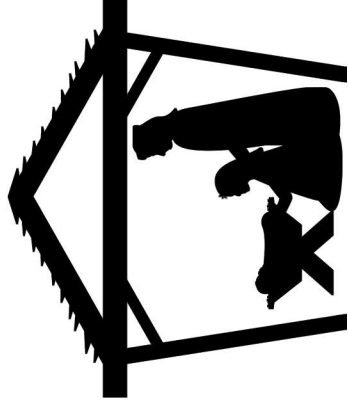


DEAREST GOD,

PLEASE NEVER LET ME
CROWD MY LIFE FULL TO THE BRIM.
SO LIKE THE KEEPER OF
BETHLEHEM'S INN,
I FIND I HAVE
NO ROOM FOR HIM.

INSTEAD, LET MY HEART'S DOOR
BE EVER OPEN,
READY TO WELCOME
THE NEWBORN KING.
LET ME OFFER THE BEST I HAVE
TO HIM WHO GIVES ME
EVERYTHING.

--AUTHOR UNKNOWN



"each of us is an innkeeper who
decides if there is room for Jesus"

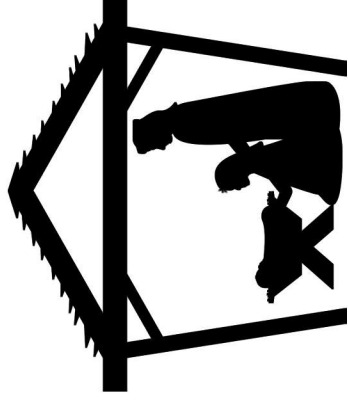
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