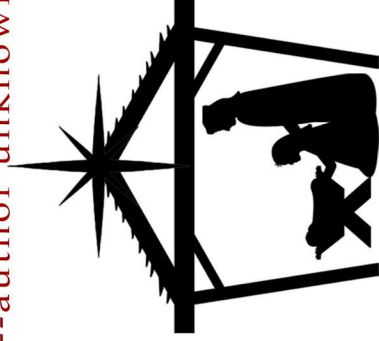


## *Dearest God,*

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

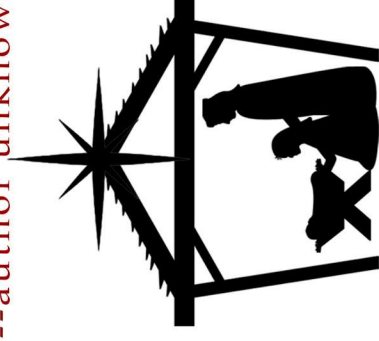


"each of us is an innkeeper who decides  
if there is room for Jesus"  
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