



# Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

## Christmas Cards

'Tis the season to receive cards and letters. That's one of the very nicest things about Christmas — the opportunity to hear from folks I never hear from otherwise.

I have to confess, I'm the kind of fellow who enjoys getting those big, long family letters. In fact, I enjoy them a lot more than fancy Christmas cards — especially if they are accompanied by a family picture.

A friend of mine, Martin Buxbaum, who for years edited a little publication called "Table Talk" for the Hot Shoppes, does this better than anyone I know. Bux, who is now retired in his home at Bethesda, Md., usually puts together a kind of "year in review" picture sheet, showing all the things his family has done — in photographs. He then has it printed and sends it out instead of the traditional Christmas card. We've gotten so we actually look forward to it.

This year has been no exception

for the flood of Christmas mail. It used to be my response to "Honey, did we get any mail today?" was, "No, nothing but Christmas cards and letters." But now I've changed. I really enjoy them.

But so far the finest, and most unique, has come from a new friend. Ann Ault is a Hollywood and Broadway singer and actress. A tall, stunning girl with expressive green eyes and a flashing smile, she is probably best known for a series of TV commercials, including a famed "White Tornado" ad which ran for months and months. Like a lot of stage and screen girls, her personal life was a mess — drugs, alcohol, sex. Then this last year she was "born again" through a relationship with Jesus Christ. Her Christmas letter, which she sent out to all her old sleep-around, booze-around, drug-around buddies ought to shock a lot of them who have not heard the news.

"I had been going through a rough time in my life," she writes about

half way through the letter after telling about her latest films, etc. "On this particular night I was home alone in my living room, Bible in lap. Now I'd always prayed to God, especially during troubled times. I even called myself a Christian — even when I was deep into the occult. But that night in my living room, without fanfare, visions or bolts of lightning, I suddenly knew that God really is — and that Jesus Christ is everything He ever claimed he was. Without trying to sound too preachy, my life has never been the same since. That night in the living room I was just filled with His total joy and peace."

Like I say, I receive a lot of Christmas cards. Some of them say "Merry Christmas." Others have a picture of Santa, or snowmen, and a few of them say "Christ is born." Ann's letter says it best, however.

Not only is He born. He is risen. He is alive. He is changing lives. That's the merriest Christmas of all.