

Shiloh Baptist Church

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Reverend Darrell L. Armstrong - Pastor

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DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP...Clement Clark Moore (1822=> 1823) or Major Henry Livingston

Clement Clarke Moore (July 15, 1779 – July 10, 1863) was an [American professor](#) of [Oriental](#) and [Greek literature](#) at [Columbia College](#), now [Columbia University](#). He donated land from his family estate for the foundation of the [General Theological Seminary](#), where he was a professor of [Biblical learning](#) and compiled a two-volume Hebrew dictionary

Henry Livingston, Jr. (13 October 1748 - 29 February 1828) may have written the poem known as "[A Visit from St. Nicholas](#)", although more popularly (after its first line) as "[The Night Before Christmas](#)", which is generally attributed to [Clement Clarke Moore](#). He was born on 13 October 1748 in [Poughkeepsie, New York](#), to Henry Livingston, Sr. and Susannah Conklin.[1]

“SAINT NIKOLAUS...”Patron Saint for Sailors(Spain) + N.France(School Children) + Amsterdam

Saint Nicholas ([Greek](#): "Άγιος Νικόλαος, *Hagios* ["Saint", literally "Holy", [Latin](#): *Sanctus*] *Nicolaos* ["victory of the people"]) (270/280 – 6 December 343),[3][4] also called **Nikolaos of Myra**, was a historic [4th-century saint](#) and [Greek](#)[5] ([Greek](#)) [ishop](#) of [Myra](#) ([Demre](#), part of modern-day [Turkey](#)) in [Lycia](#). Because of the many [miracles](#) attributed to his [intercession](#), he is also known as **Nikolaos the Wonderworker** (Νικόλαος ὁ Θαυματουργός, *Nikolaos ho Thaumaturgos*).

He had a reputation for secret gift-giving, such as putting coins in the shoes of those who left them out for him, and thus became the model for [Santa Claus](#), whose modern name comes from the Dutch [Sinterklaas](#), itself from a series of [elisions](#) and corruptions of the [transliteration](#) of "Saint Nikolaos".

In 1087, his relics were furtively translated to [Bari](#), in southeastern Italy; for this reason, he is also known as Nikolaos of Bari. Bari later formed part of the Spanish [Kingdom of Naples](#), because it was previously conquered in 1442 by Alfonso V of Aragon. The city thus became part of the [Kingdom of Aragon](#) and later to [Spain](#), until the eighteenth century.

Due to the fact that the remains of St. Nicholas were in Bari (then a Spanish city), is this tradition that St. Nicholas comes from Spain. His helper is black because at the time Spain was part of the Moor empire. St. Nicholas is well known in Spain as the patron of sailors. That's why St. Nicholas comes to the Netherlands in a steamboat. St. Nicholas fame spread throughout Europe.

The folk feast arose during the Middle Ages. In early traditions, students elected one of them as "bishop" on St. Nicholas Day, who would rule until December 28 (Innocents Day). They sometimes acted out events from the bishop's life. As the festival moved to city streets, it became more lively.[2]

The tradition of *Saint Nicholas Day*, usually on 6 December (is a festival for children in many countries in Europe related to surviving legends of the saint, and particularly his reputation as a bringer of gifts. The American [Santa Claus](#), as well as the Anglo-Canadian and British [Father Christmas](#), derive from these legends. "Santa Claus" is itself derived from the Dutch [Sinterklaas](#). Originally, the Sinterklaas feast celebrates the name day, 6 December, of the Saint Nicholas (280–342),

“BLACK PETES”...Zwarte Piet

Sinterklaas is assisted by many mischievous helpers with black faces and colourful Moorish dresses. These helpers are called 'Zwarte Pieten' (Black Petes). During the Middle-ages Zwarte Piet was a name for evil. Although the character of Black Pete later came to acquire racial connotations, his origins were in the evil figure. Good and bad play an important role in the feast: good is rewarded, bad and evil is punished. Hence the duplication of the one Saint in a saint and a (frolicking) devil.

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“THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS...”

The poem, which has been called "arguably the best-known verses ever written by an American",^[1] is largely responsible for the conception of [Santa Claus](#) from the mid-nineteenth century to today, including his physical appearance, the night of his visit, his mode of transportation, the number and names of [his reindeer](#), as well as the tradition that he brings toys to children.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care, In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the
lustre of mid-day to objects below. When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer. With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!
"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky. So up to the house-top the coursers they
flew, With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too. And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack. His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.

And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose! He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away
they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

In Jesus' Name,

Pastor Darrell L. Armstrong