



December 2010

Volume 1, Issue 14

Suring Area Public Library

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Suring Area Public Library Holiday Hours

The Suring Area Public Library will be closed in December on the following days:

Friday, December 24th

Saturday, December 25th

Friday, December 31st

Saturday, January 1st, 2011



Let it Snow! Let it Snow! Let it Snow!

From SAPL Policies:

Snow Storms

The Library will follow the recommendation and actions of the Suring School District between 8am and 5pm., Monday through Friday. Closing during other days and hours will be at the discretion of the Library Director.

Please remember that when the Suring School District is closed due to bad weather, the Suring Area Public Library will also be closed..



December Calendar of Events

Mon., Dec. 6/Friends Mtg. @ 6PM

Tue., Dec. 7/Playgroup-Storytime 9-11AM

Tue., Dec.14/Playgroup-Storytime 9-11AM

Page Turner's Book Club 10:30AM to 12PM

Wed.,Dec.15/New Book Club 10-11AM

Tue.,Dec.21/Playgroup-Storytime 9-11AM

There will be NO Playgroup/Storytime or Library Board Meeting on Tuesday, December 28th.

Happy Holidays!

"Branch Out With Books" Reading Challenge

Join our new reading challenge, "Branch Out With Books". For each five(5) books that you read or that are read to you, we will add your name to a leaf and add the leaf to the tree in the Library Entrance.

All participating readers will be eligible for a gift drawing at the end of the program.

There is no age limit and the challenge runs from November 1st, 2010 to January 1, 2011.

Start reading and Branch Out With a Good Book!

**New Titles @ the LI-
BRARY:**

The 4th Victim (Tara Taylor Quinn)
Cross Fire (James Patterson)
The Confession (John Grisham)
Freedom (Jonathan Franzen)
Hell's Corner (David Baldacci)
Fall of Giants (Ken Follett)
The 3rd Secret
The 2nd Lie (Tara Taylor Quinn)
Cold Dawn (Carla Neggers)
Ravished (Amanda Quick)
Eat, Pray, Love (Elizabeth Gilbert)
Rearview Sunset (Brett Champan)
Running Scared (Lisa Jackson)
Iron Man 2 (DVD)
Twilight (DVD)
Family Patterns (Kristin Eckhardt)
Time to Share (JoAnn Brown)
You Don't Know Jack (DVD)
Sex and the City 2 (DVD)
Black Book of Buried Secrets (Mallory Kass)
The Lost Hero (Rick Riordan)
Chasing the Night (Iris Johansen)
Worth Dying For (Lee Child)
Does 3rd Grade Last Forever?
 (Mindy Schanback)
The Girls from Ames (Jeffrey Zaslow)

The Night Before Christmas

By Clement C. Moore

'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 sugarplums danced in their heads. And Ma in her kerchief and I in my cap had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my 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 a luster of midday to objects below.

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny 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 & Vixen! On Comet! On Cupid! On Dunder & Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Nowdash 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 housetop the coursers they flew With a 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 on 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 bowl full 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 as he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."