



*Christmas Greetings from Philip J. Saraf*



*In Loving Memory of  
Philip John Sarraf  
1930 - 2016*

The Atlanta Journal - Food Features - May 31, 1972  
Photographer Bud Skinner



Family of George Saraf and Mary Gannam circa 1939  
Phyllis, Mary Ann, Mary Gannam with George  
Philip, George Saraf with Rose, Antoinette

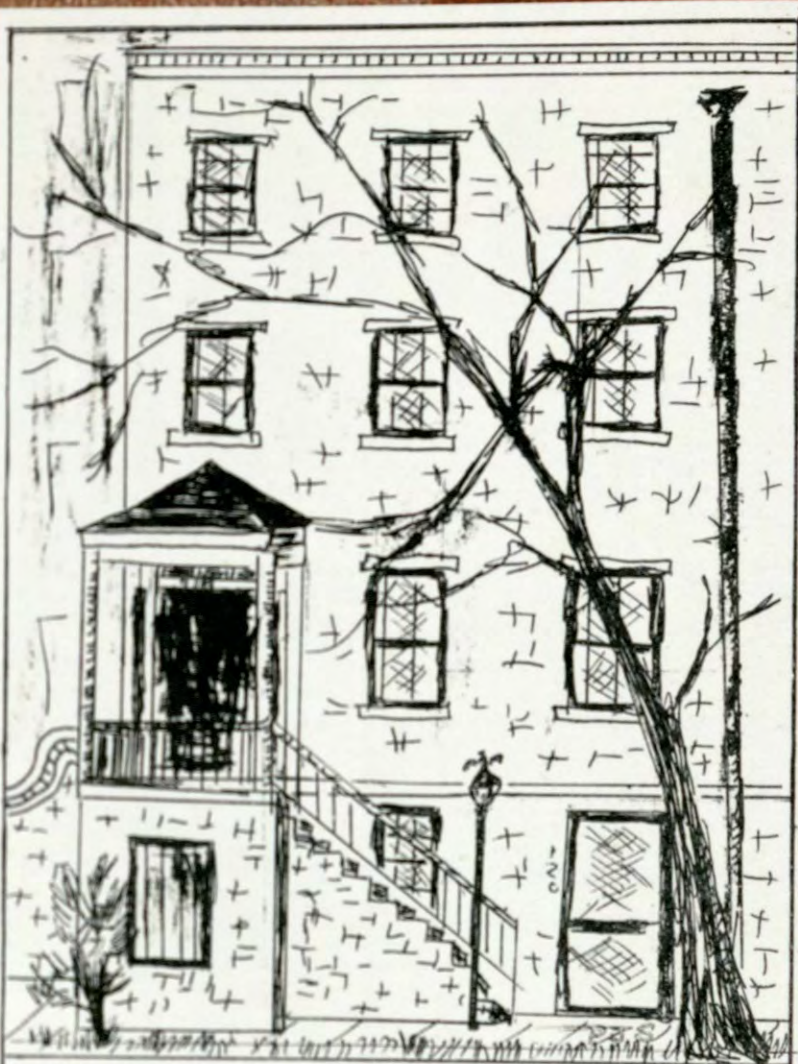




Savannah Art Association Gallery  
Savannah News Press - November 18, 1979  
Photographer Steve Bisson



The Coastal Senior - January 2011



CHRISTMAS Joy

AND ALL GOOD WISHES FROM

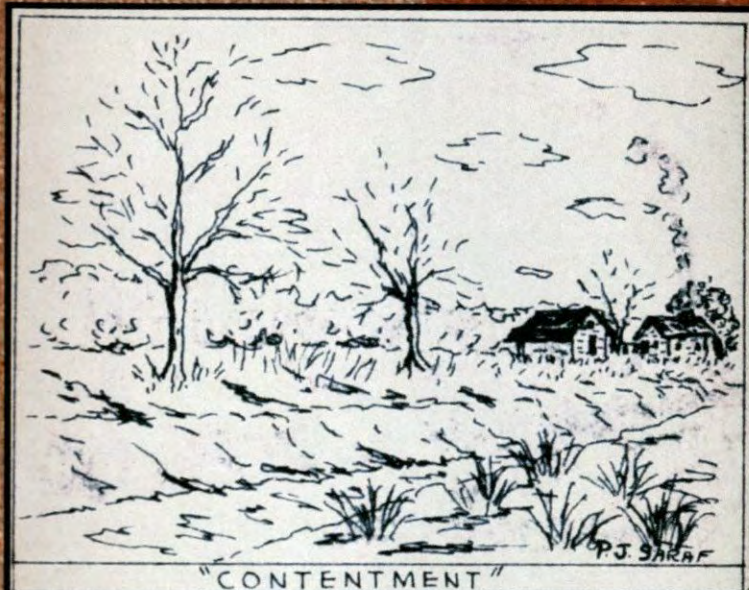
PHILIP J SARAF



Philip and his siblings  
Antoinette, Phyllis, Mary Ann  
Rose, George, Antoine and Iris

1965

118 East Harris Street  
Savannah, Georgia



"CONTENTMENT"

SEASON'S  
GREETINGS

"THIS WAS HIS GEORGIA, THIS HIS SHARE  
OF PINE AND RIVER AND SLEEPY AIR,  
OF SUMMER THUNDER AND WINTER RAIN  
THAT SPILLS BRIGHT TEARS ON THE WINDOW-PANE.  
---- FOR, WHEREVER THE WINDS OF GEORGIA RUN,  
IT SMELLS OF PEACHES LONG IN THE SUN, ----  
---- HERE CHRISTMAS STOPS AT EVERYONE'S HOUSE  
WITH A JUG OF MOLASSES AND GREEN, YOUNG BOUGHS,  
AND THE LITTLE NEW YEAR, THE WEAKLING ONE,  
CAN LIE OUTDOORS IN THE NOONDAY SUN,  
BLOWING THE FLUFF FROM A TURKEY-WING  
AT SKIES ALREADY HAUNTED WITH SPRING --"

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*Philip J. Saraf*



1964



SEASON'S BLESSINGS!

GREETINGS!

I SEEK FOR BEAUTY IN ALL THINGS,  
(EVEN PEOPLE) LIKE THE SEA-SHELLS  
DRIFTWOOD, AND ALL THE GIFTS OF  
GOD, THAT ARE CAST UPON THE  
SHORE OF TIME.

I SEEK HAPPINESS, NOT IN CASTLES  
OF KINGS, BUT IN THE HUMBLE  
LITTLE CABINS, WHERE THE MEER  
LIVE MORE CLOSELY TO NATURE.

I AM CONTENT WITH THE PEACE,  
I FIND WITH THE BIRTH OF THE  
CHRIST-CHILD, IN A LOWLY STABLE.

GOD'S GIFT TO MAN-KIND!  
*Philip J. Saraf*





MAY THE JOYFUL LIGHT OF THE NEW YEAR SHINE UPON YOU

When I was in Maine this past summer, my eleven-year-old cousin Anne Marie Hansen, gave me a very sweet and thoughtful gift, made by herself and coming straight from her heart, a clam shell from her collection, inside which she enclosed a picture of the Madonna, and a slip of paper on which she wrote LOVE ANNE.

It was a gift of love, which inspired this poem, I wish to share with you. Merry Christmas.

Philip J. Sheaf



My heart soared high  
On the shores of Maine,  
Oh happy was I  
With people so grand.

Enjoying the beauty  
On the coves and beaches of York  
That captured my heart, so free  
I never dreamed this far North.

But my heart went out to little Anne  
So tender and sweet  
Of lonely smile and tender hands  
A child of God, one would love to meet.

She love to seek  
From the wonders of nature  
And she collects to keep  
To her heart's pleasure.

I will always treasure  
The gift of the clam shell  
Gold and silver could not measure  
She gave to me my heart swell.

But the greatest gift of all  
Like a precious little dove  
Upon my heart falls,  
Anne's gift of love.



## Christmas of 1972

I dedicate this card to my mother's father, Karam Karam, who is 92 years old. He came into this country from Beirut, Lebanon, in 1905. From the Biblical land, he brought with him a strong religious faith, and pass it on to us.

To all who knew him, he is like a prophet, who speak of God, of beauty, and of love. He has faith in the seeds he sow, in the garden of love, for he has reaped many a rich reward. These he shared with family, friends and neighbors.

During my youth he once taught me that; "If a man goes through life and don't learn to find and enjoy the beauties of life in nature, he is not living, he is dead."

Hence I have found art, poetry, beauty and love, as a universal languages. Even in cooking, one of the most important ingredient is love, a joy to serve.

But one of my greatest experiences in life is being able to transmit love into an inanimate object and giving it life. Alive it become a part of me, a friend. A rock, a broken shell, an old shoe, a personality and value all it owns. Even colors speak for me, a ticking clock is a heartbeats, and from my hearth warm glows of love, all added to the beauty and charm of Christmas, I wish to shared with you. The best gifts are tied with heartstrings.

The Joy of Christmas in Love  
Philip J. Saraf





A CHRISTMAS DEDICATION

Happiness is the love of all my family and friends, that multiply happiness by sharing it. This is pure religion, for it is love in action.

Happiness is Robbie, the queen of the seahorses in the sky. When all seems so blue, she gives me faith and courage, and lifts my spirit on high.

Happiness is a great book, "A Touch of Wonder," that renews my appreciation for love of life.

Happiness is learning, and never be filled is wisdom; and to teach and never be weary is love.

Happiness is Miss Emily Ravenel, a benevolent Christian, with a beautiful soul, loved by all who know her, it is a pleasure.

Happiness is a splash of colors on the canvas, or a dash of spices in the cooking pot singing the beauties of God.

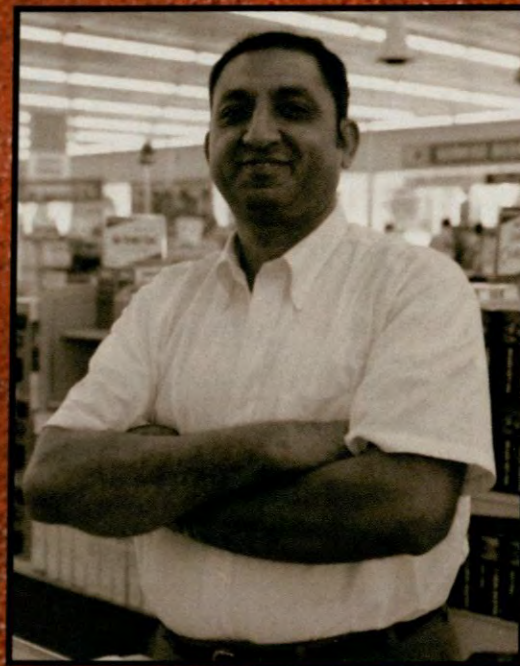
Happiness is the humble farm of Marie and Henry Burns; Henry, with his basket making and folklore, and beautiful Marie, with her ever-loving sunshining in my heart. Her ever-blooming flowers, happy chickens, and country know-how inspires me to happy paintings. My heart's happiness is in her labor of love, the beautiful quilted blanket she made for me her heart's gift to me for Christmas.

But the total of all happiness is Christmas time, the most beautiful time when the spirit of the Christ Child, enfolds us all in His love and peace.

May we forever seek and find happiness on into the New Years to come.

With Happiness in Love,

*Philip J. Saraf*





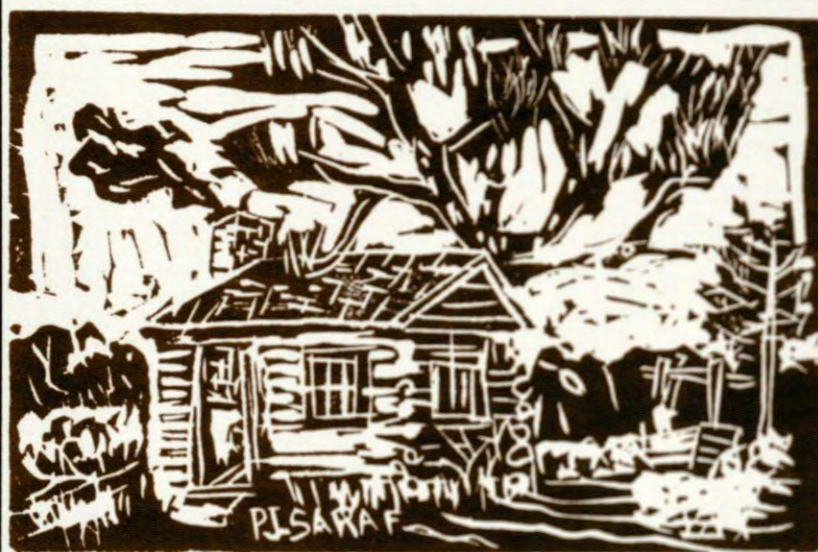
Dear Friend and Love Ones:

Happiness is sharing, of love, beauty, kindness, joy, peace and faith, all through the years. A giving of oneself, a part of you.

Happiness is bearing a burden of someone, to help lighten his load. But to share one's talent, joy, and good cheers, and the many blessing you receive is to more than double it. For happiness was born a twin. It take rain and sunshine to create a rainbow. To give beauty to a rose.

I wish to share my many happiness with you. Merry Christmas, and the happiest years to come.  
 Happiness with love,  
 Phillip J. Saraf

1973



Dear Love One:

From my experience in life I learn, to give, and you will receive, teach, and you will learn, and to do a kind deed, and be richly rewarded.

For kindness is like a candle, you light to show someone the way, but you can't help feeling the warmth from it ray.

If you will learn to share, it shows, that you do care, is an act of kindness and love. I care.

God's care, when He sent His only Begotten Son, our Saviour.

Come, lets share this holidays season together, a time of joy and happiness.

From One Who Care

Phillip J. Saraf

1976

## A Time for Reflection

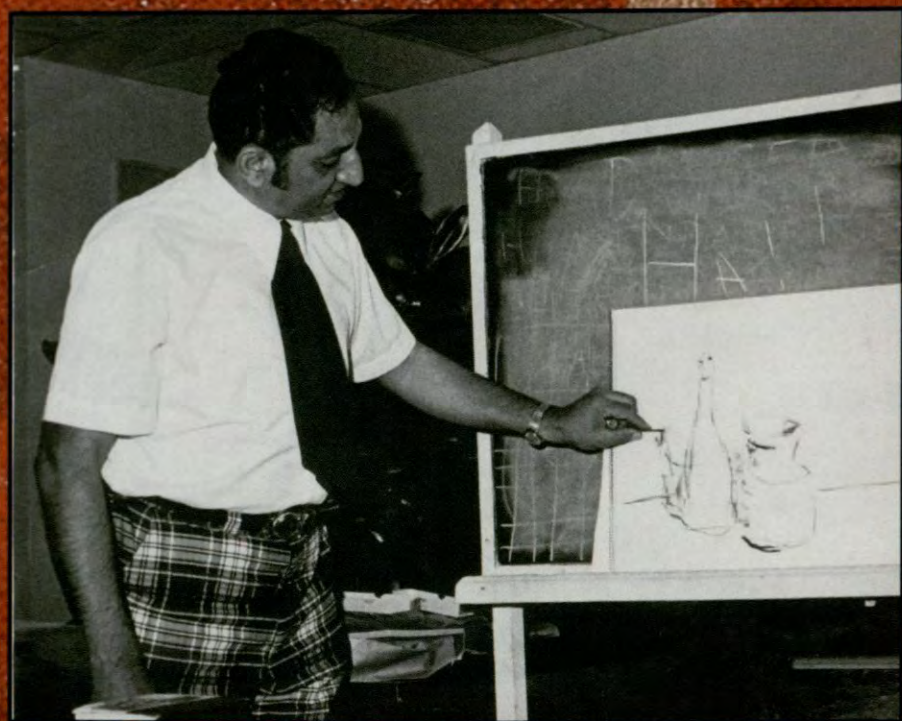
Christmas is a time to think back on the total year. It is a time to count our many blessings, our sicknesses to appreciate our health, our sadness to appreciate our joy, our dark days to appreciate the sunshine.

"A kindness in giving, creates love. For it is not how much we have in life, but how much we enjoy in life to make happiness."

This year I discovered a new kind of happiness, the art of "Talkloring" with a dear lady friend of mine. Together we discover, some of the pure in heart in the folklore and folksongs, especially among the blacks. It give me greater inspiration to try to capture this dying ways of life in my paintings.

Creating new recipes, meeting new friends, and am thankful for all my old friends, my family, love that can never stop, I must travel on, and keep discovering new happiness.

But we must walk on through, December, and into the new year, carrying only our memories, and our dreams. A Merry Christmas, and God Blesses you all, With Love Philip J. Saraf



CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF 1978

When the antique clock struck half-past twelve,  
Began the duel of the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat,  
And by the hearth, alive came all the elves.  
There in the old rocking chair, Ginger and I sat.

And from the kitchen floats the aroma of spices  
From cake, cookies, and the merry brew.  
I wish to share a philosophy, and everything nice,  
"The huggin' and kissin' don't last forever. The  
cookin' do."

Add all of this, and the magic of Christmas appears  
In this old house, and we all shall share  
The good spirit with the holiday cheer,  
With joy and happiness of the coming New Year.

The Joy of Christmas  
In Love

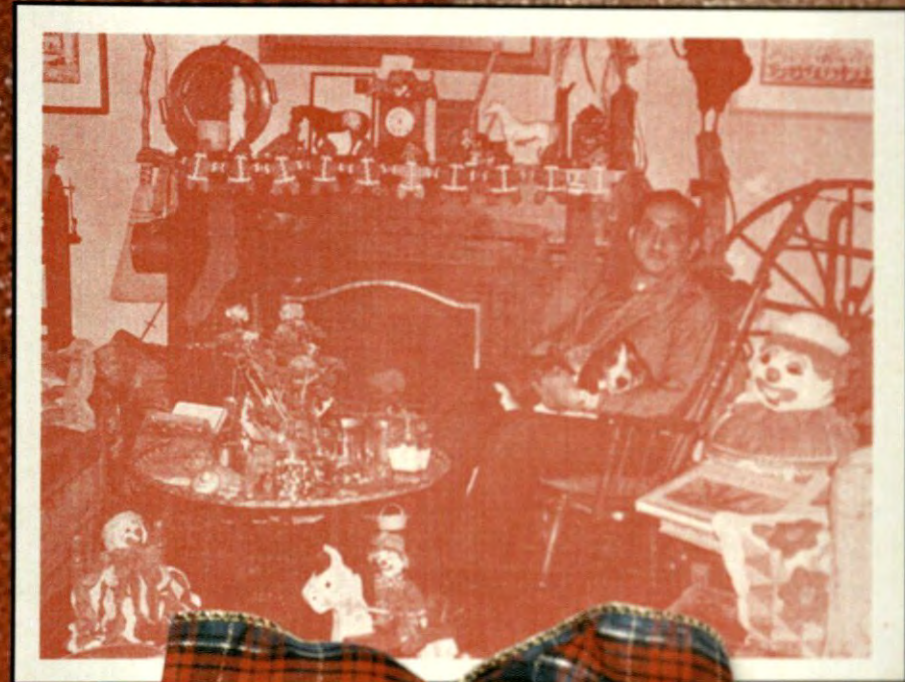
*Philip J. Saraf*

Dear Folks,

For several years my hand was giving me so much trouble I could not work or paint with so much pain. I had an operation in February of this year. It was a miracle.

Meanwhile, in May, I had an invitation from Mrs. Virginia Bailes to paint in the Shenandoah Valley up in Strasburg, Virginia. It was beautiful! It lifted me from my depressed feeling.

So now I have a cute puppy which I got in August. Her name is Ginger ("Gin"), after Virginia Bailes. She will be seven months old this month and she shows so much love. I count my blessings.





My Dear Friends and Love Ones:

My dream, like a broken Christmas ball, shattered, my heart is sad. But in this broken Christmas, I see beauty.  
*ornament*

I must give up this house soon that has been my home for fifteen years. By the grace of a Great Lady and a dear friend, Miss Emily Ravenell, I was allowed to live here this long.

In this house is a silent friend, I have never been alone. This house has been my source of many inspirations; much happiness. This house was like a great lady, I have much respect for it. No, I have not found a new home yet.

However, I will make merry, and celebrate my last Christmas here at 118 East Harris Street. Come, if you wish, to share with me a time of happiness.

I have faith in the future, in the New Year, which will open a new door to a new dream, a new home.

The Joy of Christmas in Christ,  
Philip J. Saraf





7 West Charlton Street  
Savannah, Georgia

My Dear Friends and Loved Ones:

This year, 1980, has been a rough one for me, but I will not let it get me down, it is part of life, the changing times, we must move on.

I moved into my new apartment the first week of February. I have the view of St. John's Church and Madison Square. I fell in love with the kitchen, which allows me room for a studio and my two loves, painting and cooking.

I had been having trouble with my right hand getting numb and had to have an operation in April. While out of work for three weeks, I didn't have time to sit on the "pity" pot. With my right arm in a sling, I continued to paint, as I am left handed. I painted "May Day 1980", from which I won the most popular vote in our Art Association Show in October.

My dearest friend, Robbie Phillips, moved to Still Hope Home in South Carolina. I dearly miss her.

In June, I was invited for a vacation by the Nicholson family in their home, in Saluda, N.C.; and I also visited Carl Sandburg's home, the highlight of my trip this year.

In July the passing of Henry Burns, the basket maker, and a great and humble man. The passing of another great and important man in my life who lived to be 100 years old. He taught me how rich and beautiful life can be by sharing all that God blesses us with. He died the day after Thanksgiving, he was Karam Gannam, my grandfather.

So let us all come together to share this time of joy, a time for happiness, the beauty of Christmas, and the coming New Year.

The Joy of Christmas In Christ.  
Love,

*Philip J. Saraf*

1981



My Dear Friends and Loved Ones:

I wish to share a beautiful experience I had happen to me last Christmas.

Last year, on December 18, 1980, when I was very depressed, I had a long distance phone call from Rye Town, New York, from a lady who said I didn't know her, but she heard so much about me and hoped to meet me some day soon. She said she was Robbin, Kay Lee's daughter. (Kay Lee is the inventor of the Brittle Bread. She also taught me how to make block printing.)

Robbin said her mother was in the hospital with a broken back, and she had one request. She wanted a Christmas tree in the hospital room. Robbin said she was going to buy her mother a tree, but her mother said no, she wanted a pine tree. And she asked her mother, "How can I get one?"

And her mother said, "If anyone can do it, Philip can do it." So Robbin asked me to get one for her mother and she would be glad to pay for it. But I told Robbin, "If your mother has that much faith in me, I will make her wish come true."

So Saturday, December 20th, I went out into the woods on my uncle's farm looking for a pine tree; full, and just right--three and one-half feet tall. I took it to the hospital with some decorations, and wasn't sure if the Security Guard would let me bring it into the hospital. But he held the door open for me.

I took it up to Kay's room, and she was passed out from so much pain, but I stood at the foot of her bed and called her name twice. She opened her eyes, and when she saw the tree she had the biggest, beautiful smile, and said, "That pine tree smells so beautiful."

I set it up and decorated it for her, and she had an angel to set on top of the tree.

It made my day, just to see that smile, to bring happiness into the heart of Kay Lee. It brought me happiness also.

Robbin came down here January 1, 1980. I met her for the first time. She was beautiful. She took her mother back with her to Rye Town to a hospital there. Kay Lee passed away in the middle of February, but I know she left this world with a smile in her heart.

Come, let us share this holiday season together. I hope to see a big change for the better in our lives in 1982.

I Wish You the Celebration  
of Love in Christ.

*Philip J. Saraf*



Kay Lee is the creator of Brittle Bread  
Savannah News Press - April 28, 1976

1982

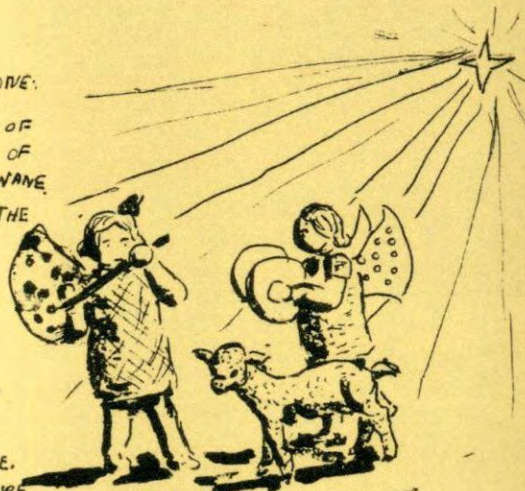
My DEAR FRIENDS + LOVE ONE:

THIS INFLATION YEAR OF 82, CAUSED MY FEELING OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT TO WANE.

BUT HARK, I HEARD THE RINGING OF THE HAND-BELLS, AT A WEDDING, PLAYING CHRISTMAS SONGS.

I SAW A LIGHT, A BRIGHT LIGHT, A STAR. A STAR IN THE EAST, A PROMISING STAR. A STAR OF NEW FAITH, HOPE + LOVE. A STAR OF A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR 1983. COME LET CELEBRATE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A BRIGHT AND HAPPY NEW YEAR WITH LOVE  
Philip J. Saraf



PHILIP J. SARAF  
1982

PEACE ON EARTH



1984



THE MIAWFUL CRIES OF THE RIVER BOAT HOWLS, THE WAIL OF THE TRAIN WHISTLE IN THE DISTANCE. THE STRIKING CITY HALL AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CLOCK. THE PLAYING OF ST. JOHN'S CHIMES, AND THE PEAL OF THE CATHEDRAL BELLS.

A CITY VIBRATING, FULL OF CHARMS AND BEAUTY. LET'S CELEBRATE THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CELEBRATION OF LOVE IN CHRIST

Philip J. Saraf

739 WHITAKER ST.  
APT. # 3  
SAV. GA. 31401  
412-2348597

PHILIP J. SARAF  
126 W. TAYLOR ST.  
APT. 2.  
SAVANNAH, GA. 31401  
234-3597

Dear Friends + Love ones:

There has been good fortune for me this year. First, I have moved to a nicer apartment, and secondly, Measie School, has sponsor, printing and sale, of my painting of the May Day 1995. It is the celebration of May first, around the May pole. You must see, it is beautiful.

Hope you will share with me the joy of a beautiful and merry Christmas, and a bright and Happy New Year.

With Love + Peace  
Philip J. Saraf

1985



1986



Several of Philip's Christmas cards were printed in black & white and then lovingly hand painted.



### *A Gift of Love*

How beautiful when one shows an act of kindness, for it is an act of love.

When giving a gift of oneself is the best gift, a giver can give. For a gift without the giver is bare.

A gift of sharing is a gift from the heart, it shows that some care, a gift of love.

I wish to share with you, this beautiful season, the joy, happiness, and love, in the spirit of the Christ Child.

With Love  
Philip J. Saraf



### Christmas

That magic time of year,  
Decorating of the Christmas trees,  
the homes, and the hearts,  
filled with love.

The feeling is everywhere,  
the music of the joyous season,  
the greeting of old friends,  
and the meeting of new ones.

The gathering of families,  
and friends, to celebrate the  
birth of Christ.

Sharing of this merry time  
with gifts of love and looking  
forward to the coming of a  
bright New Year.

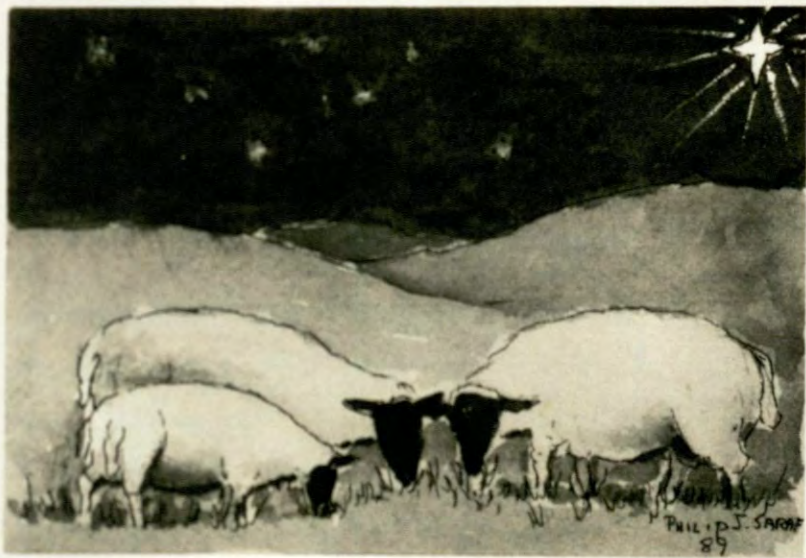
I wish to share this magic  
season with you.

Come visit us  
for the holidays.

Philip J. Saraf  
& Stone



1989



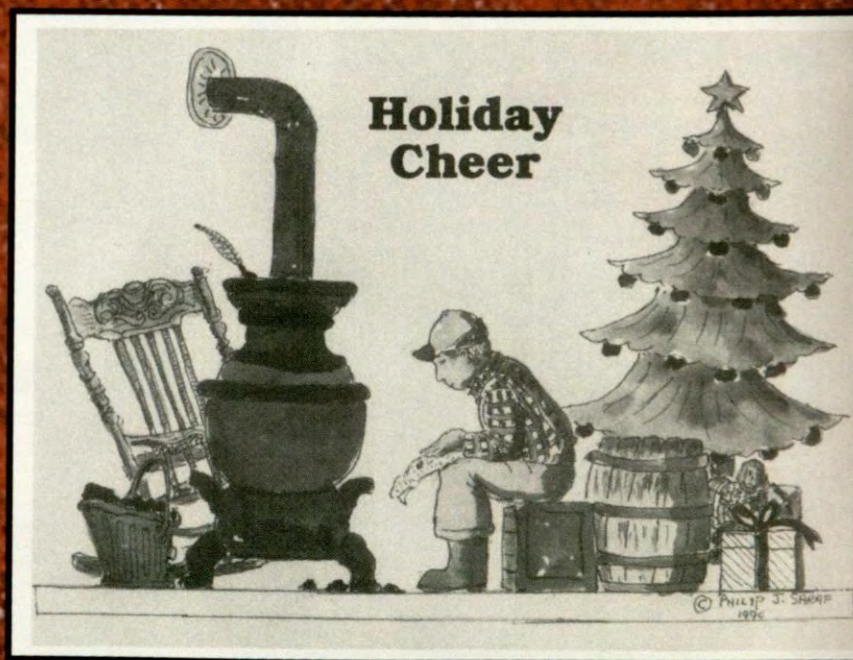
## CHRISTMAS WISH

Many merry Christmases.  
Many happy New Years Unbroken  
friendships, great accumulations  
of cheerful recollections  
and affections on earth  
and heaven for us all.

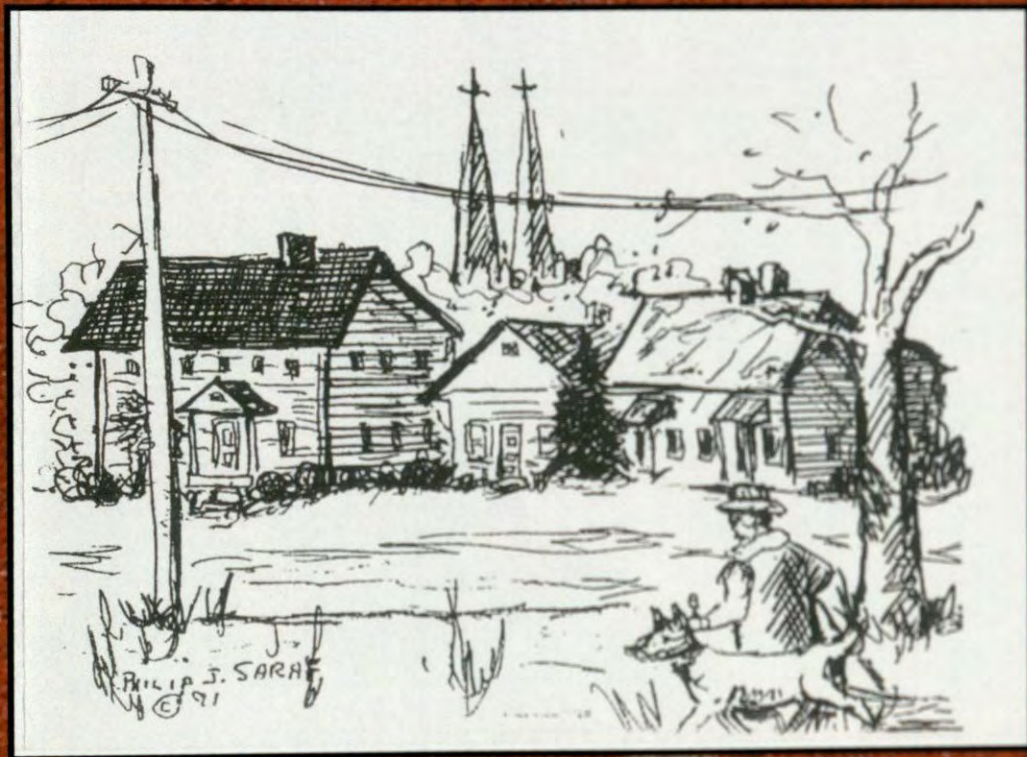
*Philip J. Saraf*

*May the Star of Bethlehem  
bring peace and hope  
for a bright and joyous  
Christmas and guide you into  
a prosperous New Year.*

*Philip J. Saraf*



1990



Dear Friends and Loved Ones,

In this time of recession and hardship, we must endure and not let the Christmas Spirit leave us. I quote a line in a poem from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"The longest ebb is the turn of the tide."

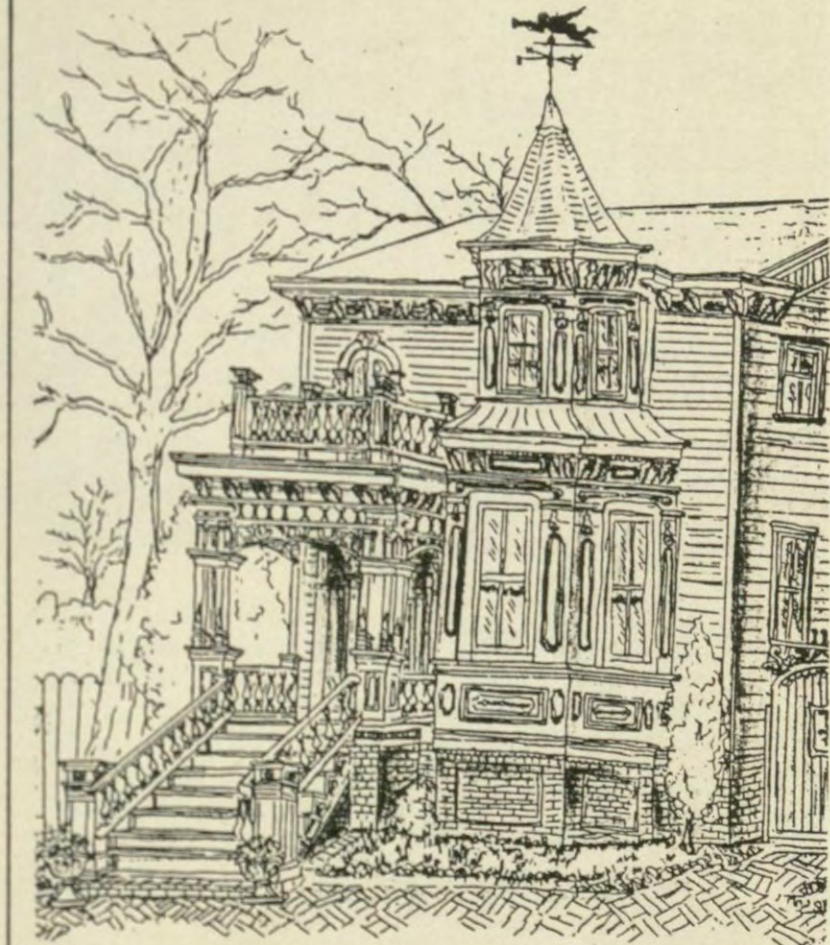
Let's have faith the tide will turn and rise again for all of us in the coming year.

Wishing you all a a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

With Love and Joy,

*Philip J. Saraf*

*Kevin, I am looking forward to Holiday visit from you all. Love Philip*



P.J. SARAF  
© 92

DEAR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES:

I SAW AN ANGEL ATOP A VICTORIAN HOUSE,  
BLOWING A TRUMPET TOWARD THE SKY!  
IT'S MESSAGE INSPIRED THIS GREETING  
AND I CAN HEAR IT SPEAK TO MY HEART:  
"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON  
EARTH PEACE AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

IT WAS A MOTHER'S LOVE AND TRIBUTE,  
IN MEMORY OF A LOST SON. HE IS NOW  
AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN.

IT IS MY WISH AND PRAYER THAT WE ALL  
WILL HAVE PEACE, JOY, HAPPINESS AND  
LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER DURING THE  
HOLIDAYS AND IN THE YEAR TO COME!

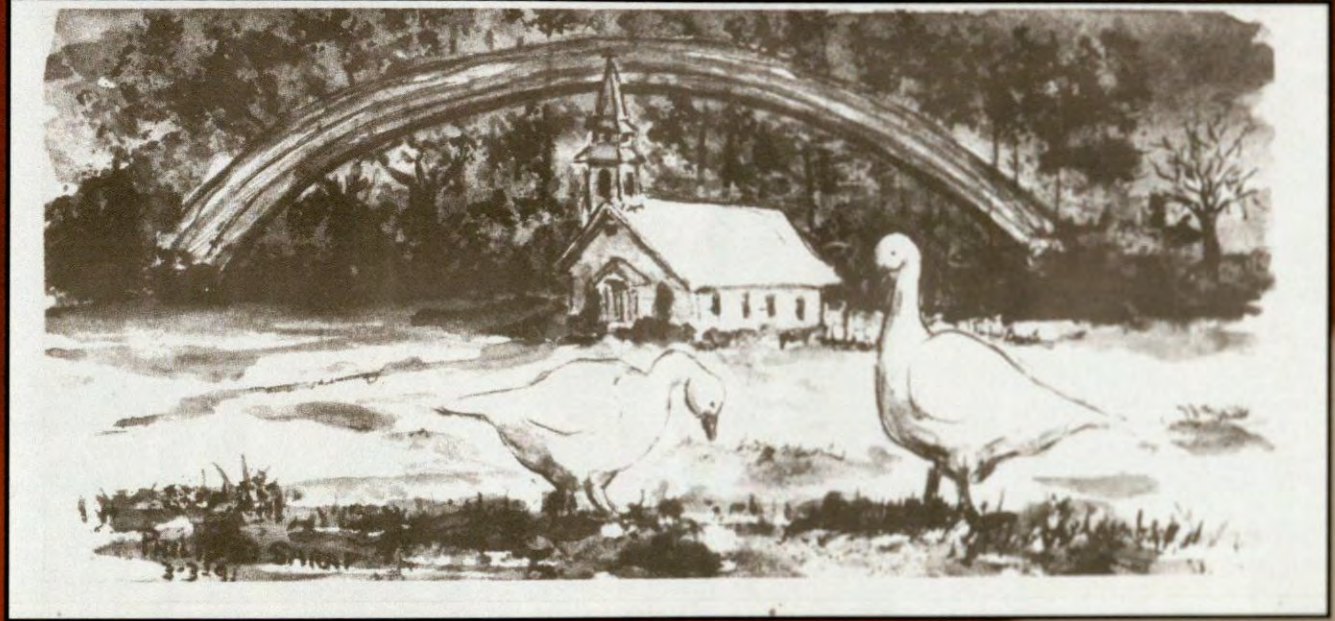
WITH LOVE AND JOY IN CHRIST,

Philip J. Saraf

"I WAS INSPIRED TO CREATE THIS CARD  
AFTER I HEARD THE STORY OF THE ANGEL  
ATOP THE HOUSE FROM THE MOTHER,  
BETTY NEASE.  
SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER LATE SON, RANDY,  
AND HOW SHE ADDED THE ANGEL TO THE  
HOUSE IN HIS MEMORY WHEN HE WAS TAKEN  
FROM HER AT AGE 16."

PHILIP SARAF

PHILIP J. SARAF  
126 WEST TAYLOR STREET  
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA 31401  
COPYRIGHT 1992



My Dear Friends and Loved Ones,

No matter how black the sky, the storm comes and heavy rain. Always look for the brighter side, the rainbow, when the sun comes out again.

You will see all the colors of the artist's palette, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, in one brief moment of beauty. GOD'S gift to all that have the eyes and heart to see it.

It was GOD'S promise in the beginning. (Genesis 9:13-14)

"I set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be taken of a covenant between me and the earth, and it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

When I see beauty of the rainbow, I see all the colors of Christmas. I see the spirit and Joy of the Christ Child, GOD'S gift to mankind.

Wishing you all the joys of the season,

Love and peace be with you,

*Philip J. Saraf*

Merry  
Christmas

1994

### Santa Bear, Bearing A Gift

We may give without loving,  
but we cannot love without giving.

Material things are not gifts.  
The only true gift is a portion of  
thymself.

In gratitude for God's gift of life to  
us , we should share that gift with  
others.

I wish to share with you the Joy of  
Christmas and a Joyful New Year. I  
give you my gift of *LOVE*.

*Philip J. Sary*



My Dear Family and Friends,

In the month of April, 1995, there will be a  
great change in my life. After 44 years in a  
Dental Laboratory, I will be retiring.

This will give me free time to paint, to  
pursue my art field, to travel. Visit with  
family and old friends. Make new ones.

Hopefully and prayfully, I will find a cabin  
within a 100 mile radius of Savannah. I will  
also consider being a caretaker on an estate,  
as my income will be very limited.

You all know how I love to cook. So I plan  
to have a garden to raise herbs, vegetables,  
fruit trees, and flowers.

Chickens to scratch the soil and lay some  
eggs. A dog for my ears and companion.

With all this how can I miss finding  
happiness.



#### A MESSAGE OF LOVE

Angels are one of God's most beautiful gifts to all here on earth. The angel, God's messenger; heralded Christ's birth, spread glad tidings, guided the shepherds, warned the three wise men, and watches over us.

We all can become an angel, by giving and by sharing, by showing acts of kindness, by helping someone in need, and by showing love.

God put us here to serve His purpose and to serve Him. I try to live like an angel everyday.

You can be an angel too. Try it and see how happy you can be.

Merry Christmas, with love,

*Philip*



1996



Dear Family and Friends,

As one small candle may light a thousand,  
one bright star, the star of Bethlehem,  
may light the whole world. May the light  
guide us to the saviour like the shepherds  
and the wise men to the Christ child.

Sharing the warmth and love of Christmas,

*Philip J. Saraf*



Coastal Empire Fair



"Fantasia On A Theme"

When a musician plays an instrument, he puts his heart and soul into his work with love and harmony. It brings much joy and happiness to others.

A celebration of Christmas, Love, Joy, Beauty, and Happiness are music to the Soul. It is all of these virtues that we give and share with each other that brings us closer together.

When we open our hands and our hearts, we give freely to others. Not only are we giving, but we are receiving. When we close our hands and our hearts so tightly that we gain nothing, we lose it all.

The greatest celebration I wish to share with you, is GOD'S gift of Love to the world is the gift of HIS only begotten SON.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

With Love, *Philip D. Saraf*





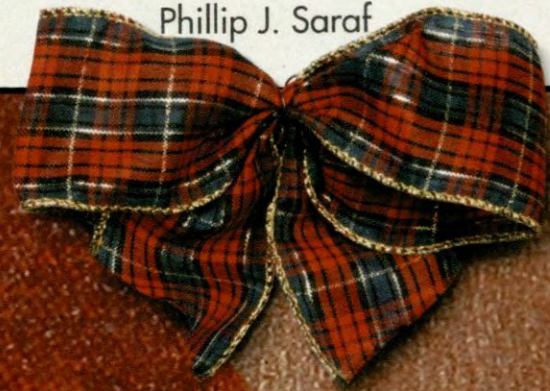
## JOY TO THE WORLD

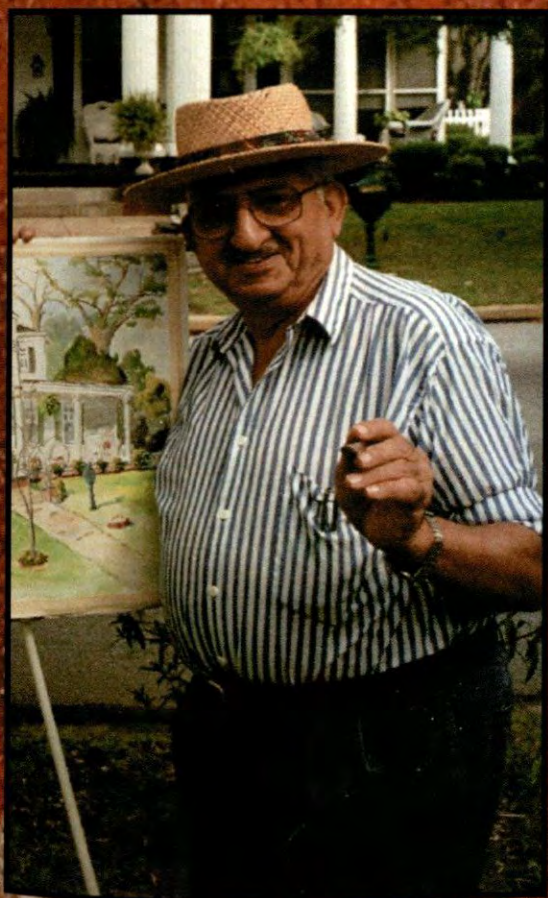
Let the Holiday Festival Begin,  
Let the heart sing with joy.  
Listen with an open Heart.  
Let the spirit of Christmas impart,  
the joy of loving and giving,  
This Holiday Season, a gift from Heaven.  
I wish you happiness into the New Year,  
Your dreams of the future are there.

With a Giving and Loving Heart

*Phillip*

Phillip J. Saraf





December 25, 1999

Dear Friends and Loved Ones:

Two thousand years ago today, on a cold December night, a child was born in a lowly stable, because there was no room at the Inn. A humble birth, in a manger, along beside the farm animals to keep Him warm.

From the North, a bright Star rose in the sky to guide those who came to see the Promised One, the Messiah.

This was a sign to proclaim a new beginning of peace, love, and good will to all mankind. The light of the Holy Spirit is still with us.

The first gift to the baby Jesus was love. May the celebration of his birth remind us to share the gift now and into the future. I wish to share my gift of love to you, also. Come share the joy of this holiday season with me.

*Philip*

Philip



Gannam family home and store  
Hopkins Street circa 1930.  
Mary Gannam Saraf circa 1935.

CHRISTMAS WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US

My Dear Family and Friends,

I remember always, the fond memories of Christmas' past. Christmas was a special and happy time back in the 1930's when I was a toddler. My mother took the family to grandmother's house to celebrate.

On Christmas morning, mother would help dress my four sisters and myself in our best clothes. We would catch the trolley at Duffy and West Broad, ride to 45<sup>TH</sup> and West Broad, get off for the long walk west to Hopkins Street and from there to 53<sup>RD</sup> and Hopkins Street to Grandmother's house.

Grandmother's house was warm, heated by the wood stove and filled with the aroma of herbs and spices. The food and sweets were prepared with great skill and love and always delicious.

She gave each one of us an apple, an orange, and a great big hug. Uncle Mike and Uncle George had a grab bag, which was a croker sack filled with toys, one for each of my four sisters and myself, which we took turns and reached in the sack and grabbed a toy.

After mother's 90<sup>TH</sup> birthday in June, she took ill and left us at the end of September. I prayed to God for Him to take her in His Hand and guide her among the angels in Heaven.

She followed in her mother's tradition and we will continue what she taught and gave us with her special love. She is remembered and loved by her eight children, twenty-five grandchildren, forty-eight great-grandchildren, and many friends.

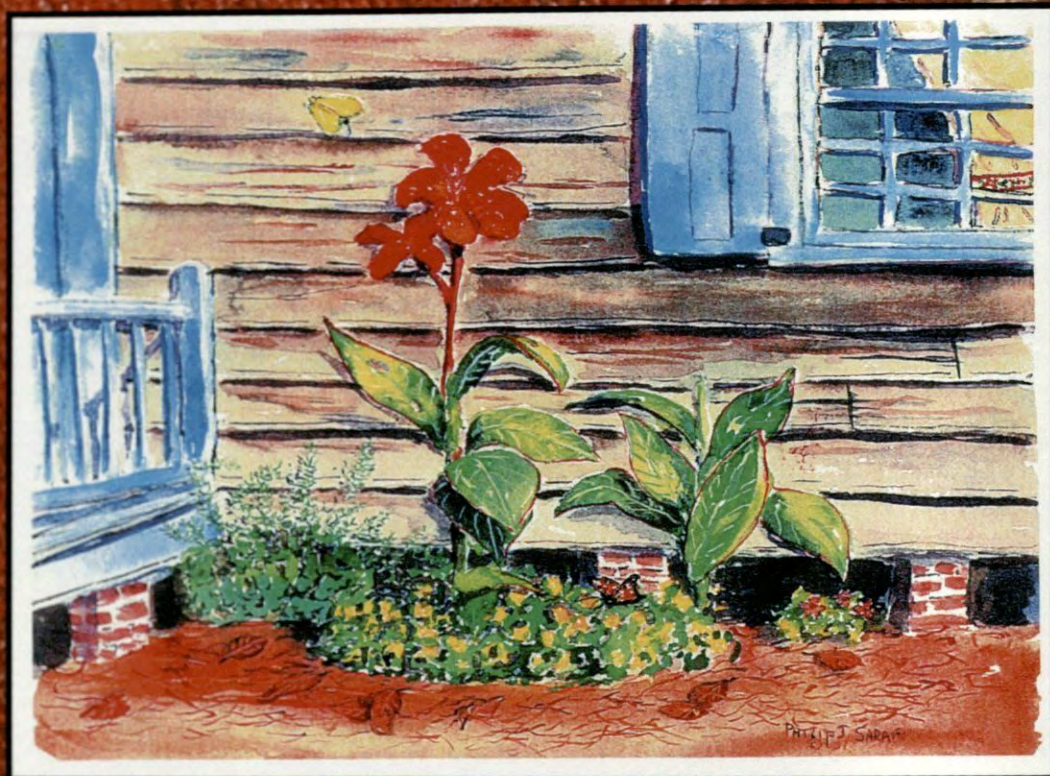
Please call 234-3597 and let me know when you can come by for a visit.

In Remembrance of Christmas  
To Mother Mary Beecher  
From Her Loving Son,

*Philip*  
Philip



2001



### The Christmas Spirit 2001

After the terrible tragedy of Sept. 11, caused by a terrorist group, to our great nation. First it brought fear, then anger. A war to bring the terrorist down. How sad when we try to be at peace with the world.

Feeling kind of blue, I went riding around town and spotted this bright red cannas lily in bloom. It caught and lifted up my spirit, there is hope.

I had to stop and capture its beauty and the yellow butterfly, which reminded me of an angel. To me, the bright red is a sign of happiness, also a sign of courage and the yellow of the butterfly a sign of cheerfulness, against the dark mood weathered wood, there's hope and love.

We should never give up faith, keep the Christmas spirit, share this magic holiday season with all our loved ones, friends, and neighbors. Let there be love, taught to us by a Child born 2000 years ago.

Peace be with you,

*Philip J. Saraf*

Philip J. Saraf





Savannah News Press - July 19, 1978  
Photographer Robert Kempf







Christmas, 2002

To my Family, Friends, and Loved Ones:

On Sunday, May 16, 1971, after a visit from my friends, Marie and Henry Burns (the basket maker), I was heading back home on the Cloy – Kildare Road and saw an old country house that caught my eye. It had bright colorful clothes on the line drying in the sun. As I approached the house, I saw Johnny Lovette playing his guitar on the porch. I was inspired to capture this scenery in one of my watercolor paintings. I stopped and asked Johnny for permission if I could paint it. He didn't understand what I was going to do, so I showed him some of my paintings from my portfolio. He understood what I wanted to do and made me feel welcomed with a smile. He told his children to please get a chair and a glass of water for me and not to bother me while I was painting. By welcoming me with his kindness, his land and his family were blessed.

The scene had a happy feeling with the sun shining brightly, colorful clothes blowing in the cool breeze on the line, a little white dog was running into the picture, and Johnny was playing songs from his guitar.

After I finished the painting, I called the family over to show them what I had done. I asked what the little dog's name was and they told me his name was T.V. We all had a good laugh after they told me his name. I named the painting *Sunday Wash*. They all had smiles on their faces and were glad that I came that day. Finally I met his wife, Adeline, whose smile was like a sunbeam. They had nine children and another one on the way. They told me that I would always be welcomed to come again.

We developed a beautiful friendship and every time I went to see the Henry Burns' family, I always stopped by to see the Lovettes. I would take photographs of the children and the family as they were growing up throughout the years. When I see the children and their family make do with what they had, I decided to bring the children toys for Christmas. It was a joy to see their expression of happiness in their eyes when they opened their packages. They started to call me "Mr. Santa Claus Man".

When Adeline asked if I could help her find a sewing machine to make clothes for the children, my friend Anne Evans went with me to all of the sewing machine stores in Savannah to find a good used one. A storeowner sold us one for a good price, which we took to Adeline and gave it to her. Her face lit up with a beautiful smile and she thanked us with all her heart for the gift. The children looked well dressed in the new clothes their mother sewed for them. The children lined up, clapped their hands together and sang a song to welcome me when I arrived to see them.

Johnny and I are about the same age and we became like brothers in an extended family. We were both blessed in the name of the Lord. His children have grown and have children of their own now. They have never forgotten me and I feel especially blessed because they invited me to be with them for Johnny's 73 birthday on November 16, 2002. I was glad to be included for the family's celebration.

Merry Christmas to all,

*Philip*

Philip J. Saraf



2003





### God's Promise

When I saw this sign at Willie Johnson's farm, *The Promised Land*, it reminded me of God's many promises throughout the bible to Noah, Moses, and Abraham to name a few.

One of his greatest promises was sent by one of his angels to the Virgin Mary that she would conceive a son by the Holy Spirit. His name would be Jesus, the Son of God.

May God's promise cover you with love, like a blanket of snow, soft and gentle this holiday season with peace, joy and happiness. If you wish to come by and visit me between Christmas and the New Year, please call in advance.

Love and light,

*Philip J. Saraf*



2004



***My Christmas Blessing***

***Christmas, 2004***

*To all of my friends and family, thank you for all of your prayers, faith, and encouragement. I have recently moved into my new home at 505 E. 60th Street.*

*In the middle of May, this past year, my landlady evicted me from my apartment on Taylor Street, which I lived in the past 19 years. After my eviction, I moved my personal belongings into storage and stayed with my brother and his wife and my friend, Steve for 6 months.*

*I was unable to purchase a home or pay the costs of higher rent, so after many months of searching I became distressed at the costs of finding a new home. My sister Maryanne, who is a real estate agent with Fischer & Kelly Realty and her son Neil Fischer, Jr., who lives in Florida agreed to help after they heard my plight. Neil has his own real estate company, ERA, and told his mother to find a home for me and he would purchase it for me to live in.*

*By the Grace of God, my nephew Neil, became my Angel and helped to answered all of my prayers. I moved into my new home before Thanksgiving and have much to be thankful for and blessed to have the best Christmas present I could ever dream of, a gift of a new life.*

*Now I know how the Holy Family felt when they could not find a place for their child to be born, as there was no room in the inn.*

*I feel jubilant with the Christmas spirit and look forward to a Happy New Year. A new door has opened for my future and I am slowly getting my house in order. Please call in advance if you wish to visit at 912.303.9695.*

*My Christmas Love and Good Wishes to All*



**505 East 60th Street  
Savannah, Georgia**

2005



### The Joy of Living

*"The trees stand hushed on tip-toe for the sight,  
of the star of Bethlehem, that shall glorify the night."*

How happy one can be when life renews your spirit. Since moving into my new home last November, I feel positive energy and happiness all around me.

Things started taking shape, day by day, making everything cheerful. I have now created my own environment to make me happy.

This past spring, I planted a garden to grow my own flowers, vegetables, and herbs. My cooking was much more enjoyable and I was able to share my love with others.

With kind thoughts and best wishes for your happiness at Christmas time and throughout the year. Please come visit during the Holiday Season to share the Spirit and the joy of living.



The Joy of Christmas  
With love,

*Philip J. Seraf*



*Season's Greeting's*

CHRISTMAS 2006

### I PRAY FOR PEACE

THIS PAST SEPTEMBER 28, I HAD A TRIPLE BY-PASS SURGERY, AND MY HEALING BEGAN WITH ALL OF YOUR LOVE, PRAYERS, AND SUPPORT, WHICH I THANK YOU WITH ALL MY HEART.

AFTER THREE WEEKS I WAS ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, RAKE LEAVES, DRIVE MY CAR AGAIN, AND MOST OF ALL, THE ENERGY TO PAINT AGAIN. I'VE WORKED ON COMPLETING SIX UNFINISHED PAINTINGS AND STARTED A NEW ONE. I FEEL GREAT WITH THIS RENEWED ENERGY, AS IF GOD LIFTED UP MY SPIRIT TO A NEW HEIGHT. IT IS A BLESSING AND A GIFT I WILL TREASURE.

IT IS A TIME FOR US TO REMEMBER THE GIFT GOD GAVE OF HIS ONLY SON. THE BABY JESUS WAS BORN TO TELL HIS WORD AND TO WIPE AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD. I PRAY FOR PEACE, TO ONE AND ALL. THIS HOLIDAY SEASON, MAY HIS LIGHT SHINE UPON THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL TO SEE AND THERE WILL BE PEACE AND HAPPINESS UPON YOU ALL.

LOVE AND LIGHT,

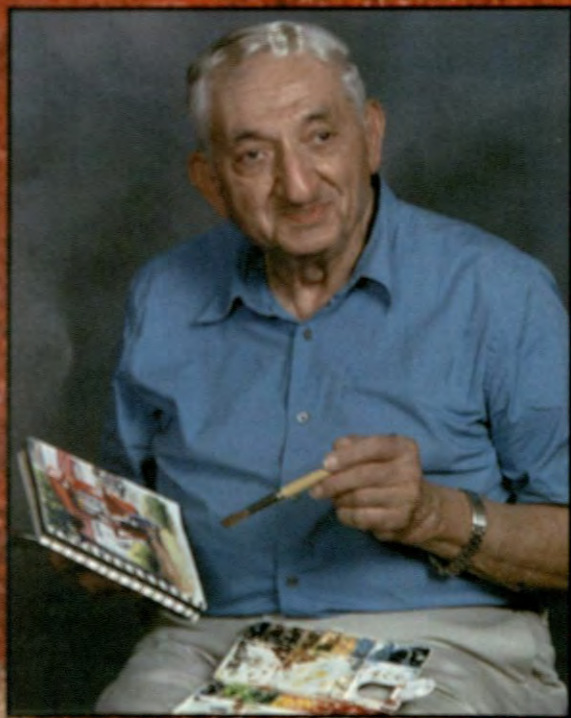
PHILIP

*Philip*





2007



### THE TRIANGLE OF LOVE

FRIENDSHIP IS LIKE A TRIANGLE OF LOVE. THE JOY OF SHARING ALL HOLIDAY SEASONS, BRINGING TOGETHER HAPPINESS TO PEOPLE OF ALL DIFFERENT FAITHS, AND THEN WE WILL FIND PEACE IN THIS WORLD. MAY PEACE BE WITH YOU. MAY THE RADIANCE OF THE CHRIST CHILD SHINE UPON YOU ALL.  
LOVE AND LIGHT,

PHILIP J SARAF



P. S. My heart and doors are open to my family and friends. If you wish to visit during the holiday season please give me a call to let me know when.

### The Great Expectation

I lost my hearing when I was two years old, and I didn't wear a hearing aid until I was seventeen years old. I learned to hear with my eyes, a gift, a sixth sense; God's gift to me.

Every movement, action, expression and color, I can feel the joy, the love is like music to my eyes. I can listen to silence with serenity and feel the songs of the holiday seasons coming.

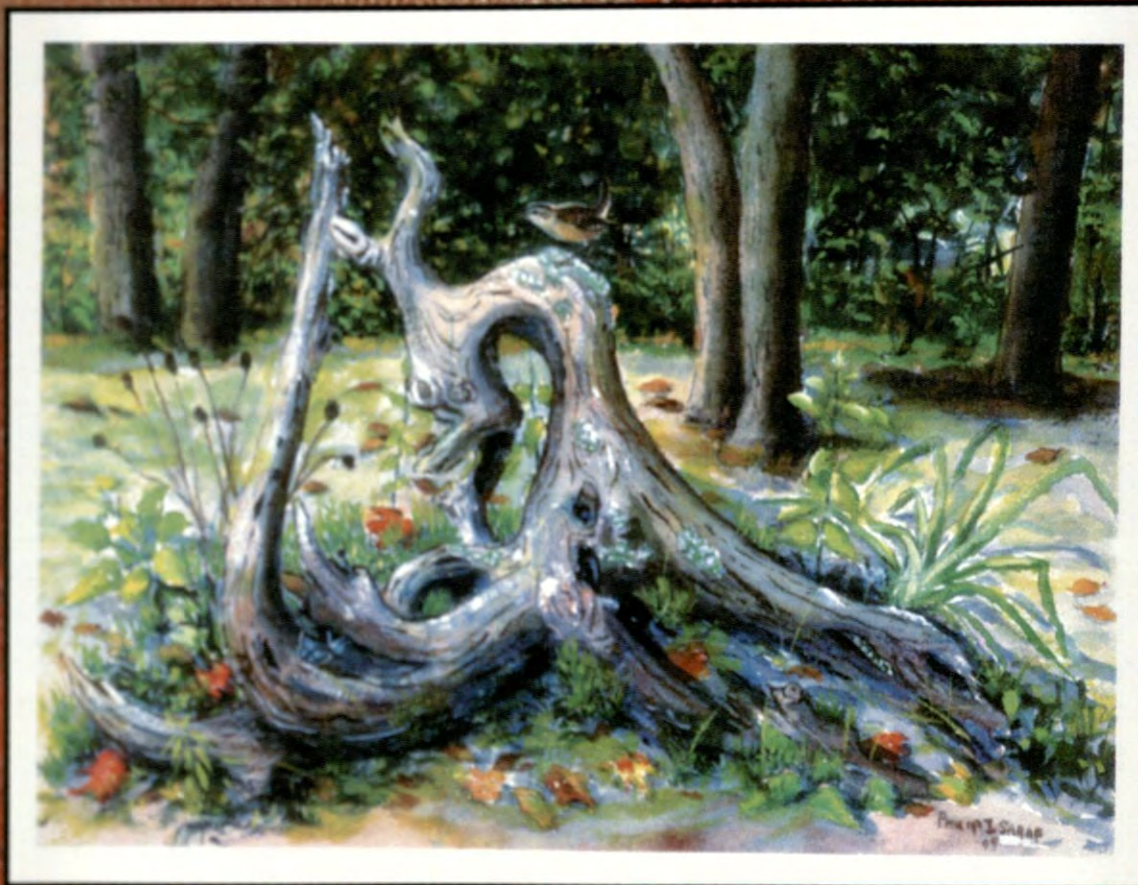
The signs are everywhere. The colorful leaves falling, the arriving of the Christmas trees, poinsettias, wreaths and all the beautiful Christmas colors, a reminder of the birthday of the Promised One, the baby Jesus.

This is a gift in itself, freedom from desire to inward peace. My love and wishes, and God's blessing to you all.

May Peace Be With You

*Philip*

Philip J. Saraf



## Christmas 2009

My Dearest Family and Friends,

I have enjoyed living in my house for the past few years and shared so much happiness with my neighbors, friends and family. It has been a pleasure living at this residence, however, this will be my last Christmas here and will soon be moving into a new home January 2010. My love and gratitude for my nephew, Neil Fischer and his family, for giving me this opportunity to enjoy life and have a place to call home.

During the week of October 12, I attended an artist workshop at Wild Acres in the mountains of North Carolina. I shared this time with some of my artist friends from Savannah and had a great time painting. The fall colors reminded me of the colors of Christmas, the season to come with all of its glad tidings. I listened with my eyes and could hear the music around me. It inspired me to capture the moment and paint *Nature's Symphony* on the cover of this card. This is a moment, which is something I will never forget and will share with you.

A Merry Christmas with Love,

*Philip J. Saraf*

Philip



#### The Promise – Christmas 2010

As I looked out my back door, it was raining and a cold wind was blowing across the marsh, a dark sky. I thought of all the things that happened this past year. I had to move, and I had serious health problems in February. In April I celebrated my eightieth birthday with my family and a few friends.

I dedicated this Christmas card to my dear friend Lorraine Mimis, a great lady, who is 93 years old. She is a great inspiration to me. She walks with a crutch and a walking stick with determination to keep moving and to live independently in her own home, with help of her faithful friend Emma Jean. Her mind is sharp and with a great sense of humor.

I looked again out across the marsh and saw a ray of light, the sun coming out to shine again.

I thought again of the bright light that shined two thousand years ago, a star, the Star of David, a child was born, our Savior. Again we shall look for the radiant light, the Promise of the second coming of Christ to light the whole world and bring peace.

Love and Light,

*Philip J. Saarf*

Philip

2011

## CHRISTMAS AT WOODBOO

When I was invited to this old house in 1967 by Miss Emily Ravanell, my ex-land lady, I fell in love with its old southern charm, its beauty, serenity and the peace I felt there. It was built long before the Civil War surrounded by giant oak trees with a view of Shipyard Creek. It endured and survived many storms all these years and is still standing.

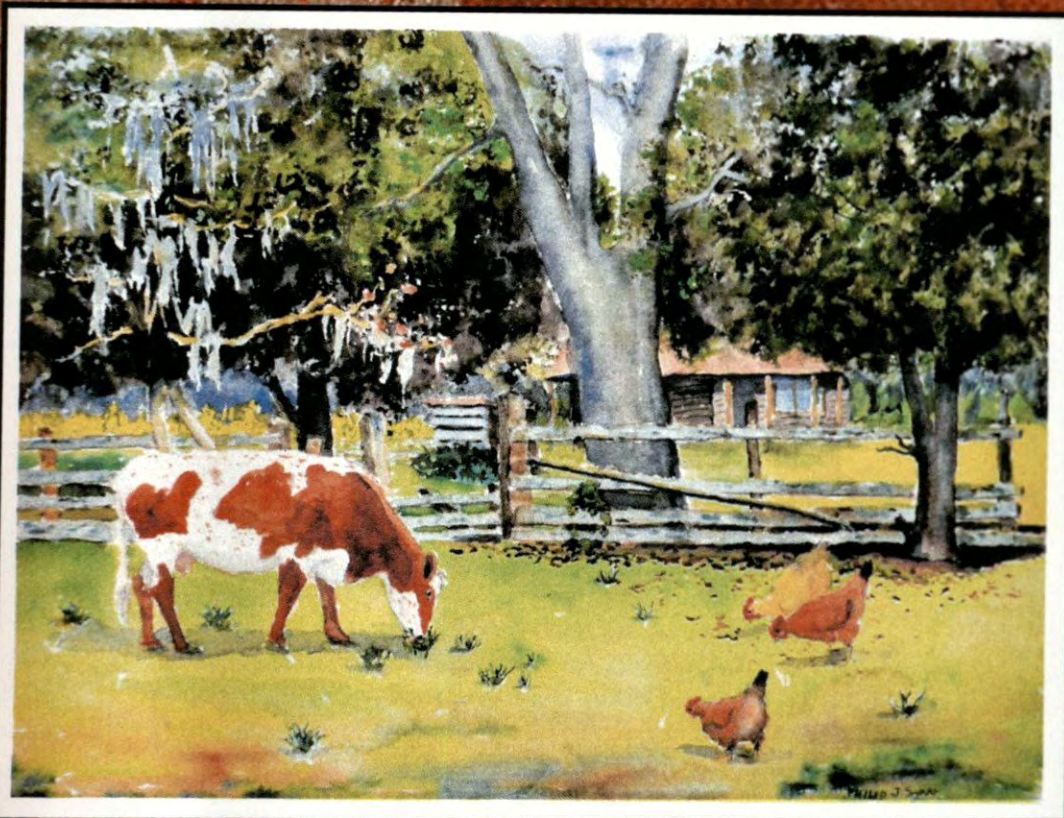
I thought of all the happy people there and the Christmas celebrations all through the years. It brings to mind the rough times we are going through now, but we all must endure and stay strong, pray and trust in the Lord to lead us through all of this. Remember, Christ is our Savior.



A Merry Christmas 2011  
Phillip

*Phillip*





Christmas 2012

My Dear Friends and Loved Ones,

This has been a difficult year for me, filled with life's challenges and lessons learned. I fell and fractured my hip on March 28, and was hospitalized for eight days. Afterwards, I spent a month recuperating in a nursing home until I was well enough to walk and become independent again.

I returned back home to Rivers End on May 4. As fate would have it, the house I rented soon went into foreclosure and I was forced to move on July 1. Fortunately, I was blessed to have good family members and friends assist in packing and moving things into storage and to my new *camping ground* on Sand Road in Wilmington Island. I am forever grateful for Tom and Kathy Hall for their kindness in providing me a place to stay. Although I knew it was only temporary, it felt like home.

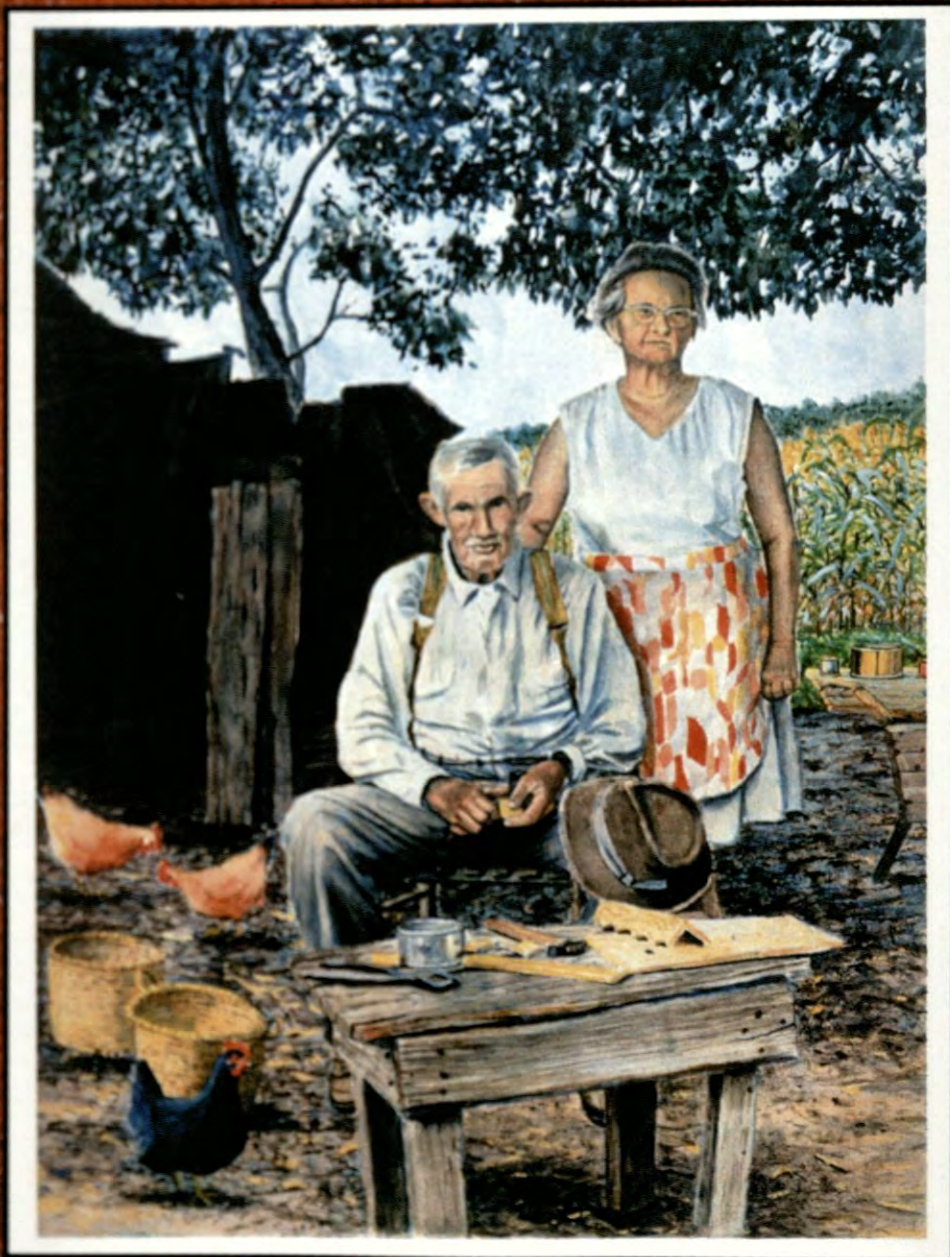
Three months had past and I finally received a long awaited phone call from the management of The Woods apartments for a vacancy. On October 18, I moved into my new home. While not spacious, I have enough room to be comfortable in my one bedroom apartment. It has a small balcony on the second floor and a corner in my bedroom is reserved for my studio.

Reflecting upon the year, I am thankful to be in such a wonderful apartment with such good neighbors. I have what I need, and at peace to enjoy life and get back into painting again. Now I am ready to celebrate the joyous Holiday Season of Christmas with family and friends. Peace and Joy to All.

With Love and Light,

*Philip*

Philip



### A Story of Friendship

As we share and gather together this holiday season, we are reminded of friendships past and present. In loving memory, I share a story of two kindred spirits of past who have been a kind and gentle reminder in my life of everlasting love.

In July 1969, a road trip to the country in Effingham County led me to a remote and picturesque location. It became my painting muse, my second home, and a place filled with many hours of happiness. It was an artist's dream, one filled with crops in the fields, mules, cows, goats, ducks, and chickens that waited to be painted.

In front of a farmhouse, I saw an oak basket in back of a pickup truck. I stopped to ask the owner about the basket and learned a local basket maker lived nearby. Driving down the road I followed the directions to a red painted house with a garden of glorious red poppies, alongside weaving a basket was Henry Burns. His wife, Marie, was there to say hello and posed together for a photograph.

I purchased some baskets that day and asked if I could return back to paint. Marie invited me to return back for dinner, which was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Henry and Marie were poor farm folks, who didn't have much, but gave freely to others from their hearts. They welcomed me into their extended family, which included their kin, neighbors, and friends into their home sharing dinner, holidays, weddings, and family reunions. During Christmas, Marie gave me quilts and I gave paintings and money when I could spare it.

Looking through old photographs earlier this year, I found the picture of Henry and Marie Burns on the day we first met. The photograph inspired me to create the painting on this card. It brings back fond memories of friends who were kind, humble, endearing, and loving. They are long gone now, but not forgotten. I share with you loving thoughts and the joy of Christmas to all.

With Love, *Philip*

Christmas 2014

A Prayer for Peace

The thoughts penned by an unknown writer from the book, *Apples of Gold*, compiled by Jo Petty, contain the following words of wisdom:

*If there is righteousness in the heart,  
there will be beauty in the character,  
If there is beauty in the character,  
there will be harmony in the home.  
If there is harmony in the home,  
there will be order in the nation,  
If there is order in the nation,  
there will be peace in the world.*

I remember the passing of my dear friends, Jay Schwarm, Loraine Minus, and Alice Blank; and brother-in-laws, Sam Tootle and Hank McShane. We continue to celebrate their life and legacy with friends and family who are blessed to have known them.

May the radiant light from the birth of the Christ child remind us of the miracle and the precious gift of life. We are all bound together in brotherhood and share many of the same values. I pray for love, understanding, and peace in the coming year.

Love and Light,

Philip







Christmas 2015

Christmas at Woodboo

During the 1970's, some of my fondest memories were painting views at Woodboo, which is featured on the cover. Woodboo is located in Pin Point near Shipyard Creek, and is a charming structure built before the Civil War, framed by massive live oaks and quiet places for nature. It was here that my dear friend, Ms. Emily Ravenel, would often invite me to visit and relax outside the busy life of the city.

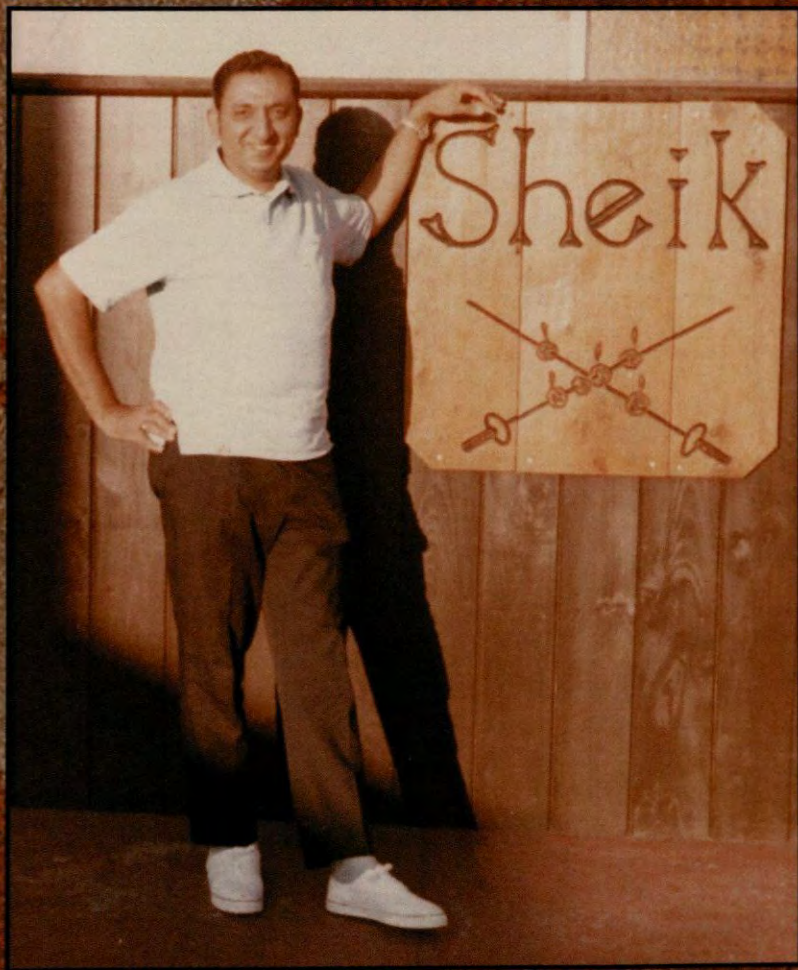
I am forever grateful for such life experiences and friends I made along the way. I am thankful for my family and friends who have continued to show their love, patience, kindness, and help over the past few years in my time of need. I am indebted to my friend Steve, who is kind and faithful, and has been an inspiration to keep me going.

The future is bright for the coming New Year in our city, along with many new changes, which promises to build new hopes and dreams.

Let's celebrate Christ's birthday with love, prayer, and peace.

Love and Light,

Philip



To Philip

From one of the adoring -  
Kathleen Littlejohn

A portrait of a friend, I give to you  
Whose kindness to others often costs,  
Yet his hidden strength endures  
And the harmonies of life are not lost.

A lover of horses, my friend Philip,  
His life is a maze of interesting things.  
A Poet, an Artist, a gentle man,  
A cook, a Sheik with a heart that sings.

Touched by sadness and darkling years,  
He has beauty of Soul and a loving heart.  
Devoted and steeped in the Love of God,  
And deeply rooted in his world of Art.

Discernment of beauty of sights and Scenes,  
He transmits his thoughts to mortals like me.  
And I who listen, stand refreshed  
Engulfed in the sea of Reverie.

Adored by the ladies, both young and old,  
He wines them and dines them, so replete.  
Philip so gallant and lovely to know  
Is my adorable Sheik of Harris Street.

## Philip John Saraf

Philip John Saraf, well-known Savannah artist and chef, beloved brother, uncle, cousin, mentor and friend, passed away peacefully June 9, 2016, surrounded by family and friends.

Philip John Saraf, the oldest son of George A. Saraf and Mary Gannam, was born April 23, 1930 in Savannah, Georgia. Philip lost his hearing at a very early age, so school was difficult for him. He graduated from Sacred Heart Catholic School and attended Benedictine High School for a short time, but left to attend vocational school where he trained to be a dental technician. Philip worked in dental labs in Atlanta, Albany, and Savannah for 47 years.

Philip painted from the heart and saw beauty in simple things. Many of his paintings are of shacks, sheds, and farms around Clyo in Effingham County and he often included chickens - a sign to him of happiness. His paintings grace the walls of family, friends and countless others who purchased his works at art festivals, county fairs and shows around the South over the past 50 years. Despite his declining health, Philip continued to paint and participate in local art shows and win awards until the end. In 2010, his painting entitled "Grandmother Comin' Home" was chosen to be part of the Treasures from the Telfair II exhibit in the Greer Gallery, and in April 2013, Philip's cherished painting of his friends basketmaker Henry Burns and his wife Marie entitled "Country Gothic" won the People's Choice Award at the Landings Art Association Spring Art Show.

Philip was a giver and generous to a fault. He loved to entertain people in his humble abode and feed them with the beauty of his paintings, his remarkable stories, and the epicurean delights he created from scratch in his kitchen. This was perhaps most evident at Christmas time. He proclaimed the birth of the Christ Child in his beautiful Christmas cards and shared words of wisdom about life and the season. For many decades those cards included an invitation to visit during the Christmas holidays - to enjoy Philip's hospitality, holiday decorations and culinary delights. The memories of those visits and the Christmas cards themselves are treasured by many.

Philip was a teacher and a mentor, always ready to share his love for painting, cooking, and life with anyone who showed an eagerness to learn or listen. He was a deeply religious man, always thankful for the simple joys in life and the richness and beauty of God's creation. He was a kind and gentle soul and believed that every day was a gift from God. The world is a better place because he lived and we are better people for having known him.



*"Christmas will always be with us"*  
*Philip J. Sarraf - Christmas 2000*