

A LETTER FROM DAVID



YUP! THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

When I was five years old, I stopped believing in Santa Claus. I can still remember that Christmas Eve when I slipped out of bed and tiptoed into the living room, hoping for a glimpse of old Kris Kringle himself. Instead, I saw my mother placing presents under the tree and filling my stockings with goodies.

I guess a lot of kids have found out about Santa Claus in the same way. Some are confused when they see a Santa Claus on every street corner and in every department store. And what a blow to their minds to find that the jolly old man with the red suit doesn't really exist except in storybooks!

I started believing in Santa Claus again just a couple of years ago. Oh, I don't mean I write a letter to him at the North Pole and wait in line at some store to sit on his lap and tell him what I want for Christmas. I mean I believe in Santa Claus for what he represents.

Think about it now. He spends all year long up at the North Pole with his elves making toys to give to little boys and girls all over the world on Christmas morning. He works hard so that he may give to others.

THE JOY OF GIVING

Giving is the true spirit of Christmas. You may deny yourself some luxury so you can buy presents for your family and friends on this one special day of the year. You select each gift personally and with great care because you're filled with the joy of the season.

I guess my favorite Christmas story is a short one by O. Henry. It's called "The Gift of the Magi," and it's about a young married couple who are so poor they cannot afford to buy each other Christmas presents. The husband has a beautiful antique watch that has been handed down from generation to generation in his family, and the wife has beautiful long hair that flows past her waist. The husband sells his watch to buy a set of mother of pearl combs for his wife's hair, and the wife cuts her hair and sells it to a place that makes wigs to buy a gold chain for her husband's watch, neither knowing what the other had done.

A sad story? Not really. The two loved each other so much there was nothing they wouldn't do for the other. And so it should be among all mankind. Even though we are strangers, we are brothers.

Brotherhood is especially strong around the Christmas season. We're reminded constantly to be of good will to our fellow man and to perhaps take a lesson from the transformation of Ebenezer Scrooge.

