

I BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

I believe in Santa Claus. To me he is a symbol of Christmas. I think of him as far more than a gaily dressed, bewhiskered, jolly old man who listens to the imaginative words of little children sitting on his knee.

Sometimes when I see him, he is short and fat with a jolly face and a kind smile; at other times he looks tall and thin, and is not so happy. I see him on billboards, in magazines, newspapers and on television, and no matter whether he is, on the roof top, sitting in a sleigh, coming down the chimney, or greeting children in a department store, to me he is always the same.

Some say that Santa lives at the North Pole, that he has a great workshop where toys are made and where packages are wrapped with good things that children like. But I am not so sure that they are right. Now really, does it make any difference where Santa lives? Does it make any difference what he looks like?

All I care is that I can still see him and still believe in him. For Santa Claus is the sign that Christmas is almost here. And Christmas means Christ. Without Christ there would be no Christmas, no trees, no carols, no gifts, no Santa Claus. But *Christ* has come because "God so loved the world." He Himself is the greatest gift ever made to man, and because God gave us His gift, so give we one to another.

Let me then say it like this. As each year at Christmas we celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ-the Savior of the world, we want to be at our best. We want to live in the Spirit in which He lived. To that end Santa Claus is a great help. For he causes us to remember that long ago Jesus came to Bethlehem, where, sadly enough, there was "no room for Him in the Inn."

Even yet Christ looks and listens for men, women, boys and girls - waiting to hear them say:

"O Come to My Heart Lord Jesus-
There is room in my heart for you!"

-William Allen Zulker