

A Christmas Creed

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

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I believe in Santa Claus. ☉ I believe no hair is snowier, no cheeks redder, no smile merrier and no eyes more twinkling than his. ☉ I believe the heart of him is big enough to encompass the world—if people would let it! ☉ I believe in the jingle of his sleigh bells, the swiftness of his reindeer, the sound of their tapping feet on the roof. ☉ I believe in chimneys, big, broad, deep-throated chimneys that will not cramp the Merry Gentleman with his bulging pack. ☉ I believe in solemn rows of stockings hanging by the fire—father's short one, mother's long one and the dangling ones of the children, all waiting and expectant. ☉ I believe in the invisible blossom of happiness that Santa Claus leaves at every house, and I believe that it will grow through all the year if people try to keep the spirit of Christmas every day!

