

# One Small Christmas Wish

*Whether small or big, young or old, people have a remarkable ability to recover from most of life's trials and tribulations. No one is immune to the emotions that make us humans. And yet when recovery seems complete and the turbulence has subsided there are always a few feelings that seem to linger. This story is about one of those lingerings.*

**A** *small boy played upon a freshly vacuumed carpet with toys slightly less than a year old. He hummed a Christmas carol while, outside, snow fell hushing the clangs and bangs of the world. He was lost to his thoughts and who could blame him.*

*Tomorrow he would get up and look under the tree and find presents from everyone who loved him. He would cheer with delight because some toys would replace those toys from last year that had either wore out or had gotten too young for him.*

*He had grown 5 inches since last Christmas so he would probably get some clothes and since he was another year older the toys should be for someone older also. Maybe he'd get the one thing he couldn't write on his Christmas list. It wouldn't be under the tree. Santa knew what that was. Maybe, if Santa was real. He knew Santa wasn't real. He was too old for that but it didn't stop him from wishing.*

*As the evening crept on and the sun dropped from the ever more wintery sky the boy's sister came to say goodnight. This was a sign that Santa was coming and he had better get to sleep. He brushed his teeth and slid into his pajamas. No need to hurry. He wasn't going to sleep very quickly tonight.*

*His mother came and tucked him in. Her face was one of the first faces he'd see tomorrow morning. "Good night, Mom and Merry Christmas", he said. With a hug far too brief and a kiss to his forehead his mother tucked him into bed and disappeared out the bedroom door and down the stairs. "I'm lucky to have her", he thought. And with that thought his mind wandered to those that have far less.*

*There are children in this world tonight that cuddle close to their parents because they have no place to live. There are others that have warm shelter but no food. Lest they be forgotten, there children who are sick, have suffered from war, and many that won't know the love of Christmas because they are not loved. This small boy knew he had it good.*

*He thought about what he didn't have. There wasn't much. Just one thing he didn't have. The same thing he just couldn't write down on his Christmas list. Although the small boy had a lot of things and he was going to get more tomorrow he would give them all up for that **one...small...Christmas wish...***

*His dreams began. It is Christmas Eve and Santa is coming.*

**W**ith the usual thought of the Christmas season churning through his mind a man sat quietly beneath the reading lamp. In the background Christmas tree lights twinkled while Christmas carols played on the radio. There was no snow but the sound of the palm trees outside his window hushed the rush of the surf as the ocean gave homage to the land it could not conquer.

Tomorrow he would get up to the smell Christmas coffee. He would look under the tree and see the presents his loved one gave him. Soft Christmas music would be playing in the background and the palm trees would be rustling. He would look at the Christmas tree and see presents from all that loved him. He was getting old.

His hair had grown grayer and he had gained a few pounds since last Christmas so he would probably get some clothes. Since he was too old for toys the presents should be for someone older also. Maybe he'd get the one thing he couldn't write on his Christmas list. It wouldn't be under the tree. Santa knew what that was. Maybe, if Santa was real. He knew Santa wasn't real. He was too old for that but it didn't stop him from wishing.

As the evening crept on and the sun dropped from the warm tropical sky the man's wife came to urge him into bed. This was a sign that Santa was coming and he had better get to sleep. He brushed his teeth and slid into his pajamas. No need to hurry. He wasn't going to sleep very quickly tonight.

His wife made it to bed before him and now was fast fading to sleep. Her face was one of the first faces he'd see tomorrow morning. "Good night, Love and Merry Christmas", he said. With a hug far too brief and a kiss to her forehead he tucked her under the covers, snuggled up close and tried to sleep. "I'm lucky to have her", he thought. And with that thought his mind wandered to those that have far less.

There are men in this world tonight that have no one to cuddle and no place to live. There are others that have warm shelter but no food. Lest they be forgotten, there are men, who are sick, have suffered from war, and many that won't know the love of Christmas because they are not loved. This man had it good.

He thought about what he didn't have. There wasn't much. Just one thing he didn't have. The same thing he just couldn't write down on his Christmas list. Although the man had a lot of things and he was going to get more tomorrow he would give them all up for that **one...small...Christmas wish...**

His dreams began. It is Christmas Eve and Santa is coming.

For a father and son separated by divorce but connected by love, the simple ability to give each other a hug may be one small Christmas wish but the best they could receive.

~This Christmas season please take a moment to reflect on what is truly important to you and yours. Thank you.



