

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Amelia Earl

One Christmas day many years ago when I was a little girl I saw a sight I will never forget. We were walking home on a crisp winter's morning, my parents, brother and I, we had been to midnight mass. The ground had a little frost which made the grass gleam, houses had their Christmas trees lit and candles lighting in the window. It was all very plain and simple yet breath taking. Nothing like today where the word gaudiness springs to mind.

As we turned into our driveway I looked up and there among the twinkling stars I remember I saw it, as if it was yesterday. The red and white flickering lights dazzled me, but I could firmly see the shape of Santa's sleigh. I came to an abrupt stop, started completely mesmerised. I have never seen anything like this before nor since, I was only five years old. High above the rooftops in a clear bright sky there I saw Santa's sleigh, it was spectacular. The lights were of all different shapes and sizes. They were in clusters of red, white and red and white at the back. They looked so beautiful as if polished that very day. The lights marked out outline of the sleigh, the sleigh itself blended into the sky or so it seemed. I could just about see the beginning of the reins before they too entered the sky. I strained my eyes but I could see nothing more through the clean clear clouds. As the lights twinkled I turned to my mother to get her attention but when I looked back the sleigh was gone.

Nothing or no-one will every tell me I did not see Santa's sleigh. To-day I still watch for Santa in a different way ... Yes he still comes maybe not always on Christmas Eve.

