

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What is it about Christmas – this special season of the year – that softens hearts and places a sparkle in every eye? Perhaps the best commentary on that subject is an essay by E. C. Baird. Here it is:

I am the Christmas Spirit ...

I enter the home of poverty, causing pale-faced children to open their eyes wide in pleased wonder.

I cause the miser's clutched hand to relax and thus paint a bright spot on his soul.

I cause the aged to renew their youth and to laugh in the old glad way.

I keep romance alive in the heart of childhood, and brighten sleep with dreams woven of magic.

I cause eager feet to climb dark stairways with filled baskets leaving behind hearts amazed at the goodness of the world.

I cause the prodigal to pause a moment on his wild, wasteful way and send to anxious love some little token that releases glad tears – tears which wash away the hard lines of sorrow.

I enter dark prison cells, reminding scarred manhood of what might have been and pointing forward to good days yet to be.

I come softly into the still white home of pain, and lips that are too weak to speak just tremble in silent, eloquent gratitude.

In a thousand ways, I cause the weary world to look up into the face of God, and for a little moment forget the things that are small and wretched.

I am the Christmas Spirit.

And to these manifestations, we can add that the Christmas Spirit changes each nursing center into a hall of cherished memories from holidays past, amid discoveries of the magic of Christmas in the faces and the actions of those who truly care.

– Beecher Hunter