



Give the People Light and they will find their own way.

# The Wisconsin Light

## The Miracle of the Thirteenth Chime

By Terry Boughner

"Why doesn't Santa come to our house?" Paul asked his father. The pleading longing in the six-year old's voice was obvious.

It was Christmas Eve. The Reverend Cantara was working on the message that he would deliver to his congregation that night. He did not like being disturbed. Besides, he'd heard all this a dozen times before. He turned on his son. "There isn't any Santa Claus. I've told you that." His voice was harsh and cold. "Christians don't believe in such things." He might have added that, in his mind, Christians didn't believe in tinsel-decked trees or presents for little boys either. "We have Jesus," he continued.

"Can't we have both?"

The minister was not a patient man. Up he got from his chair and taking his son roughly by the arm, dragged him off to his room. There, he ordered him to kneel and pray for forgiveness of his pagan thoughts. Paul did pray, but not as his father intended. He prayed for Santa to come and visit him too.

Paul's prayer was answered. Santa did visit him that night, but the gift the boy was given, though precious beyond price, was one that he could not see.

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*Happy Holidays*

