

Santa's Workshop, The Moon And The Icicle Tree

It was early morning on December 24th, many years ago. I was only six years old, but I was having doubts about Christmas. I decided to walk down to my Grandfather's woodcarving shop and talk to him about how I felt. He always seemed to have the answer to magical things that no one else knew anything about. As I walked into his shop, I noticed all the woodcarvings that he had made and placed on his workbench and stacked on his shelves. There were toy soldiers, sleds, spinning tops, wagons, teddy bears and more toys than I could count. Grandfather was sitting by the old stone fireplace working on a carving. He saw me come in and noticing my concern, told me to sit by the fire with him and tell him my story. I began to cry and told him I was worried that Christmas wouldn't happen, there wouldn't be any Santa, there wouldn't be any Christmas Morning, and there wouldn't be any toys under the tree. He dried my tears and began to tell me the story of Santa's Workshop, the Moon and the Icicle Tree. It seems according to my Grandfather, that deep in the forest there is a giant magical Icicle Tree that can only be seen when the Man in the Moon is smiling on it. The tree is covered with a million icicles that shimmer in the moonlight as if the tree were lit by a million electric lights. And under each icicle is a gift for a child made by the elves in Santa's Workshop, which was at the base of the tree. I felt better after talking with my Grandfather.

It was starting to get dark so I had to hurry home for supper. After we had supper, I hung my stocking on the fireplace mantel. Then my mother told me to get ready for bed, because tomorrow would be Christmas. I put on my pajamas, and as I laid my head onto the pillow, I began to think about my Grandfather's story. As my eyes drew heavy, I decided I had to find out for myself if it was true. I dressed myself and put on my snow boots, stocking hat and mittens. I quietly closed the door and went out in the gently falling snow. I followed the winding path into the forest and walked deeper and deeper into the tall pine trees. It seemed like I had been walking forever. When all of a sudden, the clouds parted, and there was the Moon. It was a brilliant orange and it seemed as though it had a face that was smiling and gave me a wink. I walked a little farther and noticed a glow coming from just over the next hill. As I climbed to the top, I looked down into the valley, and there it was, the Icicle Tree. It was glowing as if it were on fire. And just as Grandfather had said, hanging from every icicle was a gift for a child. And sure enough, under the tree was Santa's workshop. I ran down the hill through the snow to the tree and quietly crept up to a window to see what was going on inside. Just as my Grandfather had described, the old workshop was filled with toys made by Santa's elves. There were toy soldiers, sleds, spinning tops, wagons, teddy bears, and more toys than I could count. Curiously enough, the toys were just like the ones in Grandfather's shop. Hmmm!

Well, I didn't have time to wonder, it was getting very late. I had to get home and back to bed, because it soon would be Christmas Morning and I had so much to tell my family. As I lay dreaming of the adventurous night, I heard my mother calling to me "It's Christmas morning and Santa has left many presents for you". As I was putting on my clothes, I was thinking about Grandfather's story and my journey the previous night. I rubbed my eye and told myself that it all must have been a dream, but as I reach for my socks, I notice my snow boots sitting next to them on the floor. And on the boots I noticed a chunk of melting snow. Then I realized that Grandfather's story was true. I had been there. I had seen Santa's Workshop, the Moon and the Icicle Tree. I ran downstairs to tell everybody about my amazing Christmas Eve adventure. There I saw our Christmas tree illuminated with what seemed to be a million lights. And under the tree were piled all of the presents. There was a toy soldier, spinning top, a sled, wagon, and all the toys that I had seen in Santa's workshop. And as we all sat around the tree opening our gifts, and enjoying out family, I looked at my Grandfather seated by the fireplace. He looked back at me and gave me a wink, just like the Man in the Moon did. At that moment, I knew that Christmas was about family, but I shall pass on Grandfather's story of Santa's Workshop, the Moon and the Icicle Tree to my grandchildren.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!