

## **The Best Gift . . . . . Betty Werth**

On Christmas Eve, a young boy with light in his eyes  
Looked deep into Santa's, to Santa's surprise  
And said as he sat on Santa's broad knee,  
"I want your secret. Tell it to me."

He leaned up and whispered in Santa's good ear  
"How do you do it, year after year?"  
"I want to know how, as you travel about,  
Giving gifts here and there, you never run out.

How is it, dear Santa, that in your pack of toys  
You have plenty for all of the world's girls and boys?  
Stays so full, never empties, as you make your way  
From rooftop to rooftop, to homes large and small,  
From nation to nation, reaching them all?"

And Santa smiled kindly and said to the boy,  
"Don't ask me hard questions. Don't you want a toy?"  
But the child shook his head, and Santa could see  
That he needed the answer. "Now listen to me,"

He told that small boy with the light in his eyes,  
"My secret will make you sadder and wise.  
"The truth is that my sack is magic inside  
It holds millions of toys for my Christmas Eve ride.

But although I do visit each girl and each boy  
I don't always leave them a gaily wrapped toy.  
Some homes are hungry, some homes are sad,  
Some homes are desperate, some homes are bad.

Some homes are broken, and the children there grieve.  
Those homes I visit, but what should I leave?  
"My sleigh is filled with the happiest stuff,  
But for homes where despair lives toys aren't enough.

So I tiptoe in, kiss each girl and boy,  
And I pray with them that they'll be given the joy  
Of the spirit of Christmas, the spirit that lives  
In the heart of the dear child who gets not, but gives.

"If only God hears me and answers my prayer,  
When I visit next year, what I will find there  
Are homes filled with peace, and with giving, and love  
And boys and girls gifted with light from above.

It's a very hard task, my smart little brother,  
To give toys to some, and to give prayers to others.  
But the prayers are the best gifts, the best gifts indeed,  
For God has a way of meeting each person's need.

"That's part of the answer. The rest, my dear youth,  
Is that my sack is magic. And that is the truth.  
In my sack I carry on Christmas Eve day  
More love than a Santa could ever give away.

The sack never empties of love, or of joys  
`Cause inside it are prayers, and hope. Not just toys.  
The more that I give, the fuller it seems,  
Because giving is my way of fulfilling dreams.

"And do you know something? You've got a sack, too.  
It's as magic as mine, and it's inside of you.  
It never gets empty, it's full from the start.  
It's the center of light, and love. It's your heart.

And if on this Christmas you want to help me,  
Don't be so concerned with the gifts `neath your tree.  
Open that sack called your heart, and share  
Your joy, your friendship, your wealth, your care."

The light in the small boy's eyes was glowing.  
"Thanks for your secret. I've got to be going."  
"Wait, little boy," said Santa, "don't go.  
Will you share? Will you help? Will you use what you know?"

And just for a moment the small boy stood still,  
Touched his heart with his small hand and whispered, "I will."