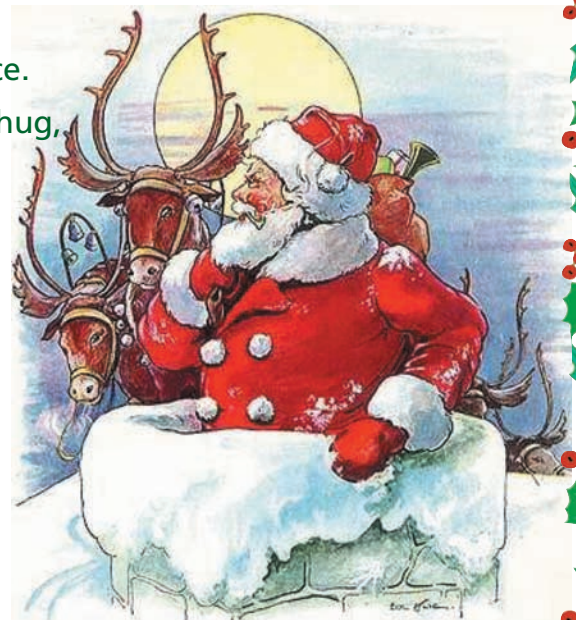


A Visit From Santa

By Gail McNaughton, Christmas, 2010

The Angel called to Santa,
As he was filling the stockings.
"Come upstairs to the room of this lovely child,
And see for yourself the dancing sugar plums,
Being juggled by Fairies above her head".
The kitten stood up on the bed, yawned and stretched,
And Santa picked her up,
And another one surfaced from under the covers,
So she was gently lifted too,
And he gave them both a kiss.
He stood smiling in awe of the moment,
Knowing the pets and child,
Were happily attended to,
By the magic of Christmas Fairies.
The Fairies ushered Santa back to the living room,
And he finished putting candy canes and tangerines,
On the top of each stocking,
Drank the milk and ate the chocolate-covered pretzels,
And up the chimney he took a cosmic, elevator ride.
He left as quickly as he arrived,
And the Victorian home was silently asleep,
Waiting the morning light.
Tammy awoke and her dog named Fleecy licked her face.
Panda Bear the Torti-Point Himalayan cat arrived for a hug,
But where was Poppy, the Blue Persian kitten?
Unusual as all was beginning to be,
Hooves were heard on the rooftop,
There was a cloud of Angel mist,
And Santa arrived with a thud.
He was heavier now as he had eaten more cookies.
Poppy peeked through his massive white beard,
Rubbing and arching against Santa's hands,





Which she sat on as calm as a new born baby,
For she was in the presence of Father Christmas,
Who adores and loves all creatures great and small,
And especially playful little kittens.

Santa explained with a sparkle in his eye,
"I had a hitchhiker in my sleigh and I knew you would miss her".
Tammy's eyes were like saucers as Santa was real!
And she almost couldn't believe her eyes,

As she had awakened,
To the thrill of Christmas morning she felt deep within her soul.
Poppy was gently set down amongst the Christmas gifts,
And she tugged away at a psychedelic coloured bow,
And batted a red ball that hung on the lower branches,
Which read, "For the Pets at Christmas, their first Christmas"!



By now, Tammy was drinking hot chocolate,
Topped with whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles,
And spotting Poppy and Panda, sat down to play with them,
Tossing them an orange to chase from her stocking,
That she was investigating like an explorer in a new world.
Fleecy watched and so did the family's black cat Casey,
Who rolled his eyes and headed for the door,
To sit in the snowdrifts in the front yard,
And preen in the sun listening to Christmas carols,
On the ghetto blaster of the neighbour's kids,
Who were reluctantly shovelling many inches of new-fallen snow.
The parents held their breaths for everything was so enchanting.
All was well, and Christmas morning was awake and alive,
With the family nestled in the living room watching the wood-burning fire,
Exchanging gifts and greetings of peace, love, joy, hope and gratitude.



What could have been better than –
A visit from Santa,
The pranks of kittens,
A happy child,
And the loving parents



Celebrating the gift of family time together at Christmas?
May you be blessed with a happy family story of your own.