

## The Gospel According to Claus By Kyle Remington Walsh

And so the twelfth day of Christmas,  
Was a day of rest for St. Nicholas.  
His Winter Wonderland was now completed,  
And with great gifts the kids were treated.  
Santa said to them:  
“Every morning as you are waking,  
A new gift under each tree is yours for the taking.  
But take not from the Grand Tree for which I have shown,  
The gifts under that tree are for Christmas, and for Christmas alone.”  
But the kids could not wait for Christmas to come,  
“How bad could it be”, they asked, “We shall take only one.”  
But Santa can see when young kids disobey,  
He grew quite upset and made them go far away.  
Placed on the Naughty List, they left the North Pole,  
And on Christmas Santa brought them but one lump of coal.  
More children around, there now were,  
And they all received coal when they could’ve used fur.  
For it got very cold in their town at night,  
But they soon learned to use coal for heat and for light.  
One wintery night Santa came to their town,  
And saw that his coal had turned life around.  
The kids did not suffer as Santa thought they would,  
“A lump of coal is useless”, he said, “but they have made it good.”  
“How dare they attempt to be wiser than me,  
Let’s see how they fare when snow piles higher than a tree.”  
But before Santa began to let the snow fall,  
A drumming he heard, from a drummer so small.  
His songs reminded Santa of good Christmases past,  
So Santa told him his plan-- that he’d better move fast.  
Santa said to him:  
“Gather your reindeer, your coal, and every other kid,  
And dig a fort in the snow”, and so that is what he did.  
The kids who were willing did come along,  
Brought with them their coal, and built the fort nice and strong.  
Day after day, snow fell and grew thicker,  
So the kids deep below burned through coal ever quicker.  
It wasn’t much longer when the snowing would cease,  
And the heat from the coal melted through the big freeze.  
So Santa returned all the kids to the Nice List,  
These kids, he thought, were surely the nicest.  
Again he brought presents on every Christmas Eve,  
But some kids thought Santa was indeed make-believe.  
Santa said:  
“Kids if you believe, then hang a wreath on your door,  
And those who do not I shall simply ignore.”

So some kids received gifts, and some received none,  
And those who did not had had much less fun.  
For their toys were not nearly as great as St. Nick's  
Compared to his toys, it was like playing with sticks.  
"Our toys are no good", they said, "Santa must be true."  
"For who makes toys finest--must be Santa that's who."  
"Santa we're sorry we ever had a doubt."  
"I forgive you", he said, "So don't cry and don't pout."  
Back on the Nice List they were placed straight away,  
And the toys made in town were left without play.  
With Santa delivering presents to all,  
Toymaker's businesses had started to fall.  
Without any work soon starved they would be,  
But Santa came and said, "Fear not, you can come work for me."  
So Santa led them across sea and over land,  
Up to his workshop, a workshop so grand.  
There he taught them to make the finest toys,  
For all the good girls and good little boys.  
And still to this day they make gifts for the nice,  
Checking on children every year. . . always twice.