

Ding Dong, Ding Dong

By Marilyn Reeves

*Ding dong, ding dong! Christmas bells are ringing.
Ching-ching! Ching-ching! Santa's sleigh bells singing.*

I must have been four or five, I can't recall for sure,
But on a Saturday before Christmas
The kids all gathered at the Salida theater.
We watched some cartoons –
There were quite a few.
Then we saw Abbot and Costello,
Or was it Francis the Talking Mule?

When the movie was over the lights came on
The big curtains on the stage were drawn
And there sat Santa all dressed in red
With a cap trimmed in fur upon his head.
He had a big belly and a jovial smile
And beckoned each of the children
To come visit awhile.

I looked in awe at his long white beard
As he whispered to me,
'What would you like for Christmas, my dear?'
I whispered back my heart's desire,
Then moved along for the next child in line.

When I got home
I asked my Mama how Santa could come
Since we didn't have a chimney.
But Mama told me he had a magic key
To let himself in through the door,
So I need not worry.

*Ding dong, ding dong! Christmas bells are ringing.
Ching-ching! Ching-ching! Santa's sleigh bells singing.*

On Christmas Eve I could hardly sleep!
But when I awoke on Christmas morning
There were toys and games and gifts of clothing
In gaily wrapped packages with bright pretty ribbons
Stacked this way and that in happy confusion
All around the tree.

But there was one big box that was just for me,

And when I tore open the wrappings,
I was astonished to see
A blue-green coat of soft velveteen
With a collar of white bunny fur.
There was a matching fur hat and mittens too.
And when I put them all on,
I felt like a movie star!

I had never thought to ask for this –
Such a surprise wasn't even on my list!
But somehow Santa knew, it seems,
That this pretty coat with bunny fur trim
Would fulfill any little girl's Christmas dream.

Out of all the Christmases I can recall
The one whose memory remains alive
Is that Christmas when I was four or five.
It was the very best Christmas of all.

Oh, to be a young child again!
Able to believe in fairytales
And jolly elves like Santa Claus.
But as you get older you can pass along
Those child-like wonderments
To your children and your grandchildren too.
For the Spirit of Christmas
Forever remains alive in you.

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