



Dear Friend,

You asked if I were real.
The answer is "Yes!"



A long time ago, I lived in a small village far away. The people in my little town were my friends and I loved them all.

One year on Christmas Eve, as I was thanking God for His Son, Jesus, I learned that a family nearby needed food. That night, after their children had hung up the stockings and gone to sleep, I brought them some groceries and a few homemade wooden toys. The mother and father of the house helped me fill the children's stockings with oranges, apples, and other treats. The next morning, the children found the surprises and were so happy.

Soon, other people in the town heard what had happened and thought that giving was a wonderful idea. They started to give Christmas gifts too, sharing God's love with other children in nearby villages. Mothers and fathers began to leave fruit in their children's stockings to remember how God loved them all.

Many years passed. Families in other countries heard about me and began to give gifts, too. Depending on their language, folks called me Sinterklaas, Kris Kringle, or Santa Claus.

Today, although your Mom or Dad may buy your gift, they leave it under the tree to share God's love and to remember how I gave gifts to the children in my town long ago. And each year, when you leave me a snack or make a gift for someone you love, you are being a Saint Nicholas, too!

Thank you for thinking of me each year and for sharing your love with your family and friends. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Your friend,
Saint Nicholas