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Christ the King Abbey P.O. Box 1616 Cullman, Alabama 35056-1616 Holy Moment wherever little children, and grown ups too, still believe in the coming of the Baby Jesus. Once in the house and having said our prayers at the Crib, Father opens the door and we see the beautiful Christmas Tree, all sparking with lights and ornaments. Under the tree are the many gifts that were placed there by Santa Claus while we were all at Mass. After all the toys have been tried and all the boxes opened, we all enjoy hot chocolate and cookies. Then everybody goes to bed, and the little children all snug in their beds dream of Baby Jesus, and toys and Sugarplum Fairies, and Santa Claus and reindeer, and all kinds of splendrous things. Next morning we all gather around to play, and we make all kinds of children noises around the Crib, and the Baby Jesus smiles as we play, and Mary and Joseph smile, too. All praise to the New Born King, more beautiful than anything this earth has ever seen. This is a truly Catholic Christmas, and this is the way it was when I was a little boy. I knew it was the Birthday of Jesus, and I loved Jesus very much. I knew that the Sugarplum Fairies and Santa Claus and all other enchanting figurines were for a purpose. I knew they were only figurines and I knew that they were used to further celebrate the Occasion. I knew it was The Birthday of the King! I knew, because my Father and Mother knew, and I felt how their knowledge atmosphered the entire household. I could see that when it all came together it fashioned a Day which the Lord had made. There was a peace about that day which no other day of the year ever gives. What a tragedy it is when parents rob their little children of the Christmas wonderment in all of its fullness.

Now I am an old man and I live in a Monastery, but every year at this time, the same thing happens in my heart, and each year the wondrous mystery becomes ever more wondrous and beautiful, and each year I more fully realize that there is no reality outside the Vision of this eternally Blessed Child. How incredibly wondrous is a truly Catholic Christmas.



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