

## The Joys of Christmas Morning: Stella Baihn

I awoke on Christmas morning, as excited as could be,  
Full of the joys of Christmas, wondering what Santa had brought for me,  
I wasn't disappointed, a pillowcase full of lovely things,  
And the most beautiful Fairy Doll I'd ever seen, but she didn't have any wings.

Then I spied an envelope, it was from Santa himself,  
'Dear Stella', it said, 'the fairy's wings are right there on the shelf,  
I didn't want to put them on, in case they got crushed in my sack,  
I'm sure if you ask your Mummy, she'll be able to sew them onto the fairy's back.

What an unforgettable Christmas morn, and this story, it is true,  
Not only a beautiful fairy doll, but a special letter from Santa too,  
'Twas only in later years, that the story of the letter from Santa would unfold,  
Making that Christmas so much more special, once the truth was told.

You see, the mother was exhausted, from the busy Christmas rush,  
And from making the beautiful fairy dress, and hoping it wouldn't crush,  
Not to mention making the fairy wings, no mean feat by far,  
And the wand of course, a necessary must, complete with shining star.

I said this story was true, because I was that little girl,  
Probably aged five or six, with a Shirley Temple curl,  
Right in the middle of my forehead, as it says in the nursery rhyme,  
Whose mother's love, and ingenuity, made that joyful Christmas, memorable for all time.