I believe in Father Christmas

I believe in Father Christmas,

rosy faced and full of fun,

squeezing down the smallest chimney

with a gift for everyone.

I believe in Christmas shopping,

singing round a festive tree,

children in the school performance,

such things mean a lot to me.

I believe in secret Santa,

mistletoe high in the hall,

and in crisp, white, snowfall mornings,

blessing on us one and all.

I believe in Christmas pudding,

carrots, sprouts, homemade red wine,

family gathered round the table,

for the sake of auld lang syne.

I believe in Christmas presents,

a wonderful tradition,

and in acts of human kindness

received and also given.

I believe in choirs of angels

singing in the skies above

songs of peace and joy and gladness,

songs of goodness and of love.

I believe the Christmas story

of a star that leads the way

‘cross the desert, through the darkness,

with us until break of day.

David Buck, 2022