

SANTA'S Secret Story

Written by
Cornelia Mary Bilinsky

Illustrated by
Candace Camling





Prayer to Saint Nicholas

Saint Nicholas, faithful disciple of Jesus Christ, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, example of Christian love, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, helper of the poor and needy, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, champion of orphans and widows, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, protector of those who sail at sea, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, defender of the true faith, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, patron of children around the world, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, secret giver of gifts, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, the great wonderworker, pray for us.

Saint Nicholas, our friend in Heaven, pray for us.

Amen.

*I dedicate this story to
my granddaughter, Chloe Sophia,
and all children everywhere,
with the hope that they too
may discover the real secret about Santa.*

—Cornelia Mary Bilinsky



For my husband Ken, with love.

—Candace Camling

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“I know a secret about Santa,” said Maya.
“What secret?” asked Rachel, glancing across the street. On the rooftop of a neighbor’s house, an inflated Santa was swaying and bobbing in the wind.



“I don’t know if I should tell you,” said Maya.

“But I’m your friend!”

“Well . . . ,” Maya whispered into Rachel’s ear,
“Santa lives in heaven!” She waved and ran off home.

Rachel laughed and waved back. Maya always said
the funniest things.



“What’s the secret?” asked Zachary, Rachel’s little brother.

“Were you listening?” Rachel was annoyed. “It’s nothing. Forget it!”

Later at bedtime, Rachel began to worry. *What did Maya mean? Only people who died lived in heaven. Had Santa died? If so, there would be no presents in her stocking and nothing under the tree.*

Rachel couldn't sleep. She lay in her bed, looking at her night light. It was a pretty light, shaped like an angel. Seeing it reminded Rachel to say her Guardian Angel prayer.





*Angel of God, guardian mine,
beside me always stay.
Morning, evening, day and night,
help me in every way!*

“And oh!” Rachel added, “I have a BIG question for you. Does Santa live in heaven?”



“Rachel!” said a voice softly.

Rachel opened her eyes. She heard music, the tinkling sound of a thousand tiny silver bells. Before her stood an angel surrounded by radiant light. A feeling of peace wrapped around Rachel like a warm blanket.

“Are you my guardian angel?” she whispered.
The angel smiled. “I have been sent to help you
find the answer to your BIG question.”
“Oh,” cried Rachel, “Can you do that?”
“Let’s find out!” said the angel, bending low.
Rachel touched the tips of the angel’s wings.

WHOOSH!

