

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS TOWER

Once upon a time in a land filled with snow, Where the chill in the air made your nose start to glow, there was a village, hidden away, A place where magic was alive every day.

This village was special, as you might suppose, for it was home to Santa and all of his pros, Elves who worked hard, making toys day and night, and reindeer who flew high, guided by starlight.

In the center of town stood a tower so tall, it shone like a beacon, no need for a wall, this was the Spirit of Christmas Tower, you see, a symbol of love and of generosity.

The tower stood proud, in the center of all, its light shone so bright, you could see it from Gaul, it reminded the people, both young and old, That the spirit of Christmas could never grow cold.

Santa would fly by, on his sleigh filled with toys, The elves would wave, making plenty of noise, The reindeer would prance, with their bells all a-ring, And children would smile, with joy that could sing.

The village was bustling, with so much to do, from baking gingerbread to painting each hue, The lights on the trees, twinkled and shone, As people would gather, to celebrate and groan.

But the Spirit of Christmas Tower, stood out from the rest, for it reminded us all, that we are truly blessed, to have love and kindness, in our hearts every day, To share with others, in every single way.

So, if you ever visit Santa's village at the North Pole, remember the Spirit of Christmas Tower, and let it console, For it is the magic, that makes this place so grand, A place where love and joy, forever stand.

