

## **MAGIC KEY and the THREE WISE MEN**

Once upon a time, in a land far away, Where the snowflakes fell on Christmas day,  
There lived a jolly old man we all know, The one and only, Santa Claus, ho ho ho!

Every year on Christmas Eve, He visits homes, no matter what he must achieve,  
He comes to bring gifts, joy, and cheer, To all the good children far and near.

But there was one little house, he couldn't get in, no chimney to climb, no  
window to slip in, He scratched his head and thought and thought, "How can I  
enter this house I've never sought?"

And then he remembered, with a smile on his face, about a key that he had, a  
magical trace, It only worked on Christmas Eve, with the magic of Christmas, it  
was to believe.

The key had three red stones, representing the wise men, who traveled alone, to  
see the newborn King, the holy One, The Savior of the world, God's own Son.

The stones surrounded the bitting of the key, in the shape of the Bethlehem Star,  
you see, it shone so bright, leading the way, For the wise men to find the stable  
that day.

Santa took out the key and held it up high, with a twinkle in his eye and a gleeful  
sigh, He inserted it into the front door lock, and turned it gently with a jolly tick-  
tock.

The door opened wide, and he stepped inside, the warmth and coziness he  
couldn't hide, He delivered the presents with a smile, and then he was off, in just  
a little while.

The magic key had done its job, No need for a chimney, no need to sob, Santa  
Claus had found a way, To bring Christmas joy, every single day.

So if you see Santa, on Christmas Eve night, And you don't have a chimney, don't  
you fright, Just remember the magic key he holds, And the story of the wise men,  
as it unfolds.

