



Is Christmas really only for children?

Kevin woke up exultant that morning of December 24th. After a week of persistent rain, the sun was finally shining shyly and he was looking forward to playing outdoors with his beloved dog.

The child ran down the stairs and irrupted in the kitchen, where his parents were having a lazy breakfast. After bolting down his meal he ran out to the garden followed by his faithful Golden Retriever.

His father stared his only son through the window, laughing and playing, his nose turning red despite the scarf and the wool cap. The boy reminded him of himself at the same age. Looking at him, he remembered how he would play with his cousins every year at Christmas, the smell of his grandmother's homemade cake, all the excitement about Santa coming...

- Maybe this year would be the last one he believes in Santa. Next year he is going to the school, with older children, you know – she said, reading her husband's thoughts.

- Do you think so? He is still too little! – He objected -. Poor Kevin, how disappointed he will feel! He is so innocent!

That was a delightful day and by night the couple went out of their bedroom quietly to put their son's presents under the tree. Upstairs, the boy smiled in his bed. He had decided he would wait another more year to tell his parents. He wanted them to maintain the illusion. They were so excited about Santa coming...