

10

# The Observer

by George Cox

Every year about this time the immortal mean man Scrooge stalks his way into millions of hearts. To many he is just a story character that is revived from an unreal world every Christmas, then fades into an unhallowed grave after the dawn breaks on that special day.

There are many examples of Scrooge today in every thriving metropolis on Earth. He is, though, no longer referred to as a miser about whom people whisper when he creeps near; but he is one of us. Look closely the next time you see people hurrying by. Look closely into their eyes.

The modern day Scrooge is well-dressed, not like his ancestor old Ebenezer. Actually, the only way you would think the two were alike are their attitudes toward Christmas; Today's Scrooge is a leading business executive; he has big plans for himself. Everything to him is hard, cold fact, all practical; there is no room in his busy world for a bit of fantasy. To take time out to laugh and smile with anyone but a client would be a waste of his time. His work is all business and his personal life is, too. Look into his eyes on the street at Christmas. They are different than everyone else's, aren't they? His eyes don't seem to gleam with the excitement that others are sensing, as if the whole world was glowing with good and humility to them. This man gave up his childhood dreams and fantasies, because to him they weren't needed to live a rich and full life. The hate and toil of life will surely engulf these thousands of Scrooges without a world of make-believe in which to dream.

No one human in this world could look at a child's smile and hear his laughter and really understand the wonder of childhood without remembering his own. These fantasies grow with the individual and should never be forgotten. To forget them is to forget all that is so wondrously beautiful in the world.

The responsibility is ours. We must make these Scrooges see Christmas again as it is and has always been. The mystical quality and value in Christmas should not be swept away by a wind of cold and practical life.

Preserve it for your children so that they, too may feel the world as it should be at Christmas. There is no season like Christmas that brings out the real warmth of friendship from millions of hearts. Childhood experiences of Christmas are never lost to him who has loved them. And all men are rich and equal at Christmas, because only then is something small equal to a gift worth thousands of dollars. Only because it is Christmas.

