

# Santa and Me!

**The magic still remains—santa and me!**

When I was just a tiny child, sitting on Santa's knee,  
I whispered softly in his ear—things that I held dear.  
"But Mom!" I cried, when I got taller,  
"Who is the REAL Santa Claus?"

**the magic still remains—santa and me!**

When my own kids were very small, sitting on Santa's knee,  
The toys and joys beneath the tree, still remain with me.  
"So what!" I cried, when I got older,  
"Who is the REAL Santa Claus?"

**the magic still remains—santa and me!**

And now the grandkids see his face; red suit and soul of grace.  
I whisper softly so he'll hear, "Hold these near ones dear!"  
"Oh yes!" I cried, when I got wiser,  
"Who is the REAL Santa Claus?"

**the magic still remains—santa and me!**

He hears the voice of lonely ones, all around the world;  
A messenger of Hope and Joy, a Spirit of God's own Peace!  
"Believe!" I shout, as I get stronger,  
"I know the real Santa Claus!"

**the magic still remains—santa and me!**



Nancy and Santa



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