

A Little Faith



By Dr. Douglas Courtney

Merry Christmas 2014



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Chapter 1

Ed was troubled. It was Christmas time again and things had only gotten worse. Religion had lost its credibility. Too many had used the veil of religion to promote their personal agendas. Ignorance and denial were shrouded in the veil of “faith” and heralded above knowledge and facts in an effort to champion singular causes. Santa had become so commercial he was appearing during the Halloween season.

“Next thing you know Rudolph will be cast as Jack the Ripper in a slasher movie. Anything to drive a few more days of Christmas shopping. And what is it about the whole “War on Christmas. Just another trick to drive ratings. As if it wasn’t obvious that the war they wanted to win was a device to force others to observe their meaning of Christianity.” Ed mumbled.

“What’s that you’re carrying on about Ed? Honestly, you need to speak up.” Agnes asked.

Agnes smiled as she upbraided Ed. She watched as he pulled the presents out of the back of the car. She knew what he was thinking and mumbling about. He did it every year now as he got older. Always complaining about the way things should be at Christmas. But he never lost his spirit. He was as excited about Christmas and presents now as he was when she met him so many years before, maybe more excited. That is why he grumbled so. Too many people were horning in on his holiday.



“It was that darn recession. Made people to afraid, too conservative. Now they are afraid to give of themselves. Gotta worry about what they have. Gotta take care of their own. Make sure nobody’s getting more than their share.” Ed grumbled out loud again.

Agnes took a warm chocolate chip cookie off of the sheet. She met Ed at the door and just as he was about to ramble on again, shoved it in his mouth. Ed’s eyes widened and his mouth consumed the relished confection. His grin returned to his face. Ed set the presents down on the counter and continued chewing on the cookie. After he had eaten it all and swallowed some cold milk Ed smiled.

“Went off the tracks again, didn’t I?” Ed asked.



Agnes just chuckled and smiled. She nodded her head in the affirmative. Ed sheepishly grinned back towards her beautiful face.

Ed and Agnes had been married quite a few years. Moved around a bit but settled down in this comfortable ranch in a small suburb close by the city long enough to call it home. Their kids Jim and Molly had finished growing up here. Both graduated from the local high school and gone on to one of the universities in the city. Ed and Agnes even had developed a few Christmas traditions due to the longevity. Ed grumbling about the current state of Christmas was one of them.

Their house was on a simple lot a little longer than wide which gave Ed the ability to put up a nice Christmas display each year. The red brick of the house and brown tile of the



roof gave a proper background to all the lights and decorations Ed managed to put up. Fortunately they were in a state that provided just enough cold for an occasional Christmas snow, but enough warmth for it to melt quickly. Agnes couldn't abide much cold. But she did like the look of snow on Christmas.

"It'll be chilled tonight. Want me to put a few logs in the fireplace and light them up?" Ed asked.

He knew the answer. A warm fire in the fireplace, Christmas tree with lights, presents under the tree, and hot cocoa were Agnes's idea of the holidays.

"That would be wonderful." Agnes replied.

Just then the front door burst open.

"Mom! Dad! Anybody home?" Came a familiar announcement.



"In here!" Agnes shouted back.

In short order Molly came barreling through the kitchen door two smiling kids in tow. Molly moved to give her mother a quick hug and kiss. Then Molly move on to Ed.

"Hey Santa. Getting all ready for Christmas?" Molly asked as she gave him an extra hug and peck on the cheek.

"Always getting ready for Christmas." Ed smiled back.

"Santa?" You call your dad Santa?" Asked one of the two imps moving quickly towards the pile of cookies on the counter.

"At Christmas we all do." Smiled the other imp in reply.



Jenny was one of Molly's kids and the voice confirming Ed's name at Christmas. Jenny loved being Ed's granddaughter. Jenny was at least 15. Ed could never quite remember her exact age. She was the oldest of the grandchildren. She was growing into quite a young woman with long wavy black hair, deep brown eyes, and a childlike giggle. Ed knew her to be kind, happy, and full of energy just like her mother. And like her mother, Jenny was imbued with Christmas spirit.

“Who is the lovely young lady you brought with you tonight?” Ed grinned.

Jenny giggled a bit through the cookie she was eating.

“This is Kathy, Santa.” Jenny responded.

“Hello, Kathy.” Ed replied.

Kathy saw that Ed's eyes twinkled a bit when he spoke.

“Hello, sir.” Kathy spoke rather formally when addressed.

“Oh, you can call me Santa too if you want or Mr. Claus. No need for sir.” Ed grinned.



“Seriously? Your name is Claus?” Kathy asked.

“Not too rude are we?” Jenny said a bit under her breath towards Kathy.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I just didn’t know. Well I just never knew anyone named Claus before. Jenny’s last name is Dobson.” Kathy sputtered her apology.



“Mom changed her name when she got married, silly. It isn’t like now. It was back in the olden days when they did those things all the time.” Jenny explained.

“Not that old.” Molly replied quickly.

Molly, Jenny, Kathy, and even Ed laughed at the quick response.

“Well then, now that you know, you can call me Mrs. Claus.” Agnes spoke up.

“Wow. Mr. and Mrs. Claus, Christmas, trees, decorations. No wonder you love Christmas so much, Jenny.” Kathy said with a large smile.

“Couldn’t really help it could I?” Jenny replied.

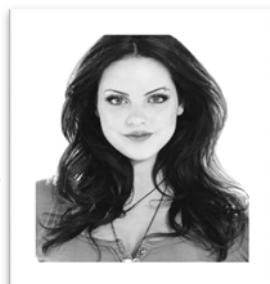
Ed moved to put some logs into the fireplace. It wouldn’t take too long before a strong fire would be roaring in the pit. Ed leaned down to place the logs just right when he looked towards the ladies gathered at the counter. It occurred to him that Jenny was looking strikingly like his older sister. At that remembrance a tear slid down the rosy cheek of Ed Claus.



Chapter 2

She had left them so many years past. Maggie. Really her name was Margaret. But she hated that so much everyone called her Maggie. She wasn't that much older than Ed, just under two years divided them. Still in Ed's mind she was beautiful. Not only beautiful, but smart, infinitely kind, fun loving and a joy to be around. She truly made his world brighter for being in it.

Ed remembered their Christmases together. Having the last name of Claus was no bother to her. It was more of a challenge. She wondered how each Christmas could be bigger and better. How could she change the world? And if she couldn't change the world how could she change just a small part of it. Maggie would pass out blankets to the homeless. She would volunteer at soup kitchens and give presents to orphan children. Nothing was too small or too great for Maggie to give of herself.



Ed turned his thoughts to the conversation they had about her habit of giving. Ed thought she stretched herself too thin and gave too much. Maggie just laughed and pointed out that he had more of burden to bear than she did. After all he was a man.

“What do you mean by that?” Ed had asked her.

“Well you will always be a Claus, Ed. You will always be Mr. Claus. As you get older people will be looking at you



for presents and miracles. Especially if you grow up like our dad, big belly and full beard. Before you know it you'll be wearing big red jackets and going Ho, Ho, Ho." Maggie giggled at the possibility.

"Well so will you." Ed had responded.

"No. Not me, Ed. I will get married and change my last name. No more Miss Claus. Nobody will expect charity from me. I can just give it freely without expectation." Maggie playfully replied.

Ed never knew if Maggie had been teasing or not. But the conversation did make him think. He would always be Mr. Claus. As a boy he had been teased a bit about his name, but he wore it with pride. It was special. He never thought how it might change as he grew older. He vowed right there and then to stay away from red suits, white gloves, and full beards. He would make sure everyone knew he was Ed Claus, not Santa.

But even the conversation over their last name couldn't keep the dark from invading his mind. It wasn't so very long after that conversation that it had happened. Ed remembered it as a cold night. He never could confirm that it was, it just might have been what happened that had made it so. In any event Ed shivered uncontrollably as if the cold grip of an artic night had enveloped him.

Ed vividly remembered watching his breath leaving his body as he searched the vacant streets for his missing Maggie. He saw his hands covered with black mittens pumping fast back and forth as he ran and yelled her name. Maggie had been late getting home.



She had called as she left her friend's house. She should have arrived in just ten minutes, but it was now over an hour. Ed was worried as he traced the path she would have followed home. It was close to Christmas Eve and his mom and dad were shopping at the malls. No cell phones in those days. There was no way he could reach them. So Ed alone was searching the vacant streets for his sister Maggie.

The street lamps gave an amber glow into the mist as he passed from one to another. Simple streetlamps with a utilitarian design. Their purpose was to brighten the road and offered little effect in scouring the embankments and bushes lining the sidewalks. Ed's eyes had spied the shoe first. It was black on a darkened sidewalk. He had barely seen it. But he had and he reached

down to pick it up. Ed could see every movement of his hand as he reached for the object. His mind reeled at the prospect and begged him not to look, not to confirm. But he did look and it was Maggie's shoe.

Ed looked quickly around, his breath drawing sharply from the desperate search and a horrible anticipation. He saw what he didn't want to see. A path



of broken branches and fallen leaves lead through a blanket of light snow from the sidewalk to a vacant lot. Another shoe was visible in the thin light cast by a moon that struggled to overcome the descending mist. Ed followed the path and grabbed the shoe as he worked his way forward. The path led past the vacant lot and towards the old quarry pit. Ed moved forward trying as hard as he could to track his way in the dark, the patchy snow mounds providing most of the path markers.



Ed followed the path down into the quarry and there at the bottom he found her. The moon had broken through as if to guide him the last few steps. She lay on a muddy outcrop. Stinking water lapped around her. She was on her back and looking up at the sky. But she wasn't moving. There was no breath escaping from her lips.

Ed leaned into the fire he had started and rubbed his hands briskly as if to remove the chill and the memory. No one. No man, boy, woman, or child should ever have to witness what he saw that cold dark winter's night. Ed had gathered her clothes he found as he approached her. When he reached his beautiful Maggie he laid them upon her and grabbed her hand. It was as cold as the night. He remembered still how her eyes looked vacantly towards the sky. Ed howled in his grief. His tears had flown freely and he didn't want to leave. He didn't know what to do. Ed couldn't carry Maggie back up and he couldn't leave her there. Not Maggie.



Eventually he realized he had to do something. Ed took off his coat and covered her. He told her he would be right back. He placed his gloves under her head so she would have some sort of pillow. Then he made his way back to the street, back to the amber light. Cars passed, first one, then another. He screamed for help, but none would stop. Finally someone did stop. The police did come and he took them down into the pit to get his Maggie.

Ed felt a blanket fold around his form. He blinked and saw a roaring fire before him. He touched his face and it felt wet. A small hankie appeared next to his cheek. He grabbed it and dabbed at the dampness in his face. Two small strong hands held his shoulders.



“I sent them to get some milk. No one’s here. You can come set on the couch.” Agnes said.

Ed turned around and saw the sadness in Agnes’ eyes. She knew where he had gone. It was a hurt she could not heal, no matter how desperate her desire. This wasn’t the first time Agnes had to comfort Santa and protect others from his sorrow. Ed nodded and rose to sit on the couch.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean...” Ed cried softly as he trailed off.

Agnes folded Ed into her arms and held on until the sorrow subsided.



Chapter 3

“It was the next Christmas you remember?” Ed asked Agnes as she held him.

Agnes knew the story. But nodded in the affirmative. She never really tired of the story and Ed didn’t tell it as much as he thought he did. Agnes believed it was because the hurt leading to the story was so hard.

“Right after I met you for the first time as I recall.” Agnes said softly.

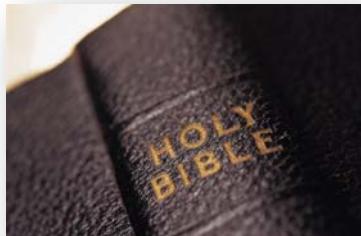
“Just after. I was such an ass back then. Hated everybody. Maggie would not have approved. No she would not.” Ed laughed a halting laugh.

“You were railing against religion as I recall. Haven’t stopped since. And your still an ass occasionally.” Agnes teased.

She knew getting him going was a quick way to bring him back.

“Well maybe I am. But it doesn’t take from the fact that religion is still a construct of man. I know I told you that. Most Christians don’t even know their Bibles come in versions, edited and redacted by men. Don’t get me started on the other religions.”

“Doesn’t mean God, Christ, and even Allah aren’t true.” Agnes said as she released Ed from her grip.



Agnes went over to get some cookies and the last of the milk from the kitchen.

“Well of course it doesn’t. The absence of proof isn’t proof.” Ed replied.

“When did you see her?” Agnes asked.

Ed was aware what Agnes was doing and played along. The telling of the tale always comforted him.

“Christmas Eve. Just after you told me off. Why you kept coming back I will never know.” Ed replied.

“To ensure you knew I was right.” Agnes retorted with a smile.

“Well I did hate everybody. Religion held no place. God was not an option. And Christmas spirit was a myth.” Ed responded.

“Not a good place for a Claus.” Agnes said.

Ed remembered it all as if it was yesterday. In the remembering he told the tale and Agnes listened.

He had been railing against Christmas and God and everything else when Agnes had come into the coffee house where he was holding court. No one really argued against him. They all knew his recent history and didn’t want to antagonize him further. Usually he just exploded and then calmed down, but this evening he was a full force gale. It was the anniversary of Maggie’s death and he wouldn’t be stopped. That was until Agnes stood in his face and told him to



shut up. The purity of the remark stunned him so that he did just that, shut up. With little else to do he turned on his heel and walked out of the building.

Ed walked. That is all he remembered after he left the coffee shop. He may have spoken to others, but just as likely not. His reputation gained after his sister's death drove people away. His misery was such that the devil envied its depths. Ed's mood was black and that was the best that could be said about it.

He eventually found himself at Maggie's grave. It was a modest headstone, black granite with a simple engraving giving her date of birth and date of death. It was the date of death that Ed always stared at with intensity. He never even noticed a woman sit down next to him.

Ed couldn't describe the woman if he wanted. He tried and tried over the years, but he never could. It was if she had never existed. It was if it was all an illusion. But Ed knew it wasn't. He also was convinced it wasn't the spirit of Maggie. She was an older woman shrouded in mystery and darkness.



"A lot of anger for one young man." The woman said.

Ed looked up and over towards the woman. He was ready to explode, but the manner and tone of her voice just made Ed sigh. He was tired and didn't want to argue anymore.

"People are just so stupid." Was all Ed could say.

A slight giggle escaped from her lips. It made Ed smile as well.



“Astute observation. But why do you believe people are stupid?” She asked.

“Reality just passes over them. They keep believing in ideas and concepts that are easily disproven by a simple application of known facts. When presented with these facts they dismiss them out of hand or worse try to manipulate the facts to support their beliefs.” Ed replied.

Ed noticed that the night had suddenly become quieter. That it wasn’t as chilled as before and he was becoming quite comfortable. It caused him to turn slightly to look towards his bench companion. He tried to focus on her face, but never could quite get the features. Still it was no matter. The thoughts and words were what compelled him to stay.



“So you know all and are the arbiter of all beliefs?” The woman asked.

“Well no. But the denial of evidence held in your hands is ignorance.” Ed replied.

“True. Purposeful denial of true evidence is ignorance. And ignorance allows false ideals to embed themselves in the fabric of society inhibiting and sometimes destroying the advance of men.” She said.

“And women.” Ed replied with a smile.



“And women. Agreed. So there is no debate within you that there are always two sides? Two sides to a coin, two sides to sword, and two sides to an argument.” She replied.

“Facts are facts.” Ed responded.

“Then, based upon your evidence, shown by the very hands you possess. There has to be an opposite of reality.” She responded.

“Well I guess there would have to be.” Ed said.

Ed began to wonder where this conversation was leading. He had never considered anything outside of reality before.

“The opposite of reality would be, what. It’s not delusion. Because delusions are in reality.” She continued.

Ed was stumped. What was the opposite of reality? There had to be one. Reality didn’t exist in a vacuum.

“That which cannot be explained, that which you know exists but there is no rational basis for it. That is the opposite of reality Ed. Some call it metaphysics, some call it the unex-

plained, and others just call it mysterious. But you know a portion of it too well Ed.” She said softly.

“Evil.” Ed replied.

He just knew the answer without further prompting.

“Yes, Ed. Evil. It exists. Scientists, psychologists, and all sorts of educated and uneducated try to define it within the bounds of reality. Explanations are offered. But none can truly define the form of evil or a purpose for it. True evil cannot be defined in reality. But it exists.” She replied.



“Then if evil exists, good by our definition has to exist.” Ed responded as if claiming a small victory.

“Yes. Good does exist. Then if good exists it also goes to reason that good men could exist. Men that care deeply and love all of mankind. It is amazing how quickly men and women can accept evil, but constantly question good.

You know Ed, lack of proof isn’t proof. Just because you can’t find evidence of someone doesn’t mean they didn’t exist. Just because the evidence you do find is twisted, torn, and battered by others doesn’t dismiss the life or the purpose of the person that lived.” She replied.

The quiet had become enclosing. Ed could hear her speaking clearly even if she spoke but a whisper. A warm glow began to fill his chest and enter a heart that had been frozen too long. A tear began to fall across a cheek that hadn’t cried for a year.



“So you’re here to restore my faith? Just believe for beliefs sake? Don’t think I can believe in something I know is false.” Ed replied.

She moved closer and put an arm around Ed. It was a wonderful feeling.

“Ah, Ed. Faith is not believing in something you know to be false. Faith is believing in something you know to be true.” She responded.

“Like what?” Ed asked.

“Like you know it wasn’t your fault Maggie died. Maggie doesn’t have to forgive you Ed. There is nothing to forgive.



You came. You cared. You comforted her in her worst moment. Faith is knowing you did all that could be done. Faith is knowing Maggie doesn't want you angry. Maggie wants you to enjoy your life. She wants you to forgive yourself." She responded.

Ed began to sob openly. Ed knew it was true. Above all others, the attackers, the police, and his family, even Maggie, Ed had never forgiven himself for that night. It was a release long overdue. Ed cried and cried until he could find no more tears.

Ed looked up when he was done into the face of love he could not describe.

"What now? What do I do?" Ed asked.

"Have faith in what you know, Ed." She replied.

The thought sprang to life without prompting. It was the days before Christmas. Christmas spirit was everywhere, brought to life by the generosity of Maggie. He saw her spreading cheer, giving comfort, helping others without concern for any recompense. He saw how others were affected by her generosity. He saw that what none thought could be accomplished was done through the efforts of everyone, for the benefit of many or even just one. Ed saw good in all its glory.



"Seems you have chosen your faith." She smiled.

"I may have doubts. But I have faith in the message and the spirit." Ed smiled.

"Nice choice." She said with a chuckle.



“Now where do I begin?” Ed wondered.

“Well, you are a Clause. A male Claus at that.” She replied.

Ed began to laugh a hearty laugh. It was something he had not enjoyed for a while. When he looked up, the street lights were glowing and the quiet, as well as the woman, were gone. It made no never mind. Ed had faith he would see her and Maggie, again.



Chapter 4

“So you began wearing those red coats and white gloves.” Agnes said with an eye roll.

“So I began wearing the red coats and white gloves. And quite enjoying the Christmas Spirit. It is an awful powerful spirit of good.” Ed replied grinning.

Ed was holding Agnes now. She was curled up on the couch sitting on Ed’s lap.



“Say where is Molly? She should be back by now. I could use some more milk.” Ed asked.

As if on cue the door burst open and Jenny was standing breathless, drenched, and shivering in their doorway. Her eyes were red as if she had cried a thousand tears. She tried to speak as Ed and Agnes jumped up to see what was happening.

“Bridge..., ice..., car..., water...” Was all they could get out of her before she collapsed in Agnes’ arms.

Ed was out the door. He pulled on his red jacket as he ran. His black boots settled onto his feet with each step. Ed pulled the cap on his head and put on his white gloves as he ran towards the small bridge just down from his home. It crossed a usually shallow creek, but the heavy snows and recent melting had turned it into a torrent.



When Ed reached the bridge he could see where the guardrail had given way. Just below in the dark waters Ed could see Molly's car on its side with water beginning to cover it completely. Ed jumped down the embankment and into the mind numbingly cold water. He grabbed the door handle just as the water shoved the car further downstream. It was now stuck in a trench deep enough to cover him and the whole car. Just then Ed heard Molly scream as the car sank quickly in the dark cold waters.

Ed held onto the handle and followed the car into the dark. The door was unlocked and unlatched, but the pressure from the water kept it from opening. Ed was pulling and pulling, but panic was setting in as the door just wouldn't open. Ed could feel the cold engulf him. Then Ed felt the cold hand of evil reach into his soul. Ed knew this feeling well. It was a feeling never to be forgotten.

It was a chilling depth of cold so different from any measure of temperature. Evil was reaching into Ed to make him lose faith. It wanted to win not only Ed, but the souls of those he dearly loved



when he failed to save them.

Ed began to weaken. Evil was so strong. Ed was beginning to have doubts. The Christmas spirit seemed so weak next to this terrible evil. Ed's breath was almost gone and with it he would lose his Molly. Kathy would lose her chance at life. He just couldn't give up, but evil was clouding his thoughts. Evil began to turn Ed's thoughts to that terrible night at the quarry.

Just as all seemed lost Ed grabbed a single thought of Agnes telling him to shut up. It was his first real memory of his



beautiful wife. Ed smiled at the thought. Then Ed found his courage. He began to fight back to regain his faith. Ed thought of the first Christmas Eve with Agnes.

They had fought for half a year about everything. They just couldn't agree on anything, but somehow went out of their way to make sure each other got a piece of their mind. He finally realized he was arguing just to be with her. The next time he saw her he asked her out. Much to his surprise she agreed.

They dated for months getting closer and closer. They constantly talked about the issues of the day. She was much more interested in the spiritual and those things that could not be explained. His acceptance of the possibilities intrigued her. As winter approached he wore his bright red jacket and gloves. She thought it was hideous and told him so. He just smiled and continued to wear them. Finally she confronted him demanding to know why he insisted on wearing that get up. It was Christmas Eve, so he met her at Maggie's grave and told her the tale of the woman. Ed smiled at the memory. Ed's faith was restoring itself at the memory. Evil began to lose its grip.

"Hello, Ed." A voice said in his mind.



Ed was following the car down into the murky blackness. His body pulled under by his literal death grip on the door handle of the car.

Ed looked up from the car and saw her. She hadn't changed a bit since the day he met her on the bench in front of Maggie's grave.



“Hello.” Ed thought.

“Ed I need you to put your feet on the car and pull. I need you to pull with all your might.” She said.

Ed did as he was told. He placed his feet on the side of the car and put both hands on the handle and he pulled. The door moved and Ed grabbed what life he had left and pulled again. The door incredibly opened. Ed started to move to get Molly and Kathy out when a brilliant light enveloped him.

He was standing somewhere quiet and wonderful. Maggie was standing before him. His Maggie. She smiled and extended her hands. Ed saw that Molly and Kathy were holding onto Maggie’s arms. Ed grabbed each child.

“It’s not your time yet, Ed Clause. But I will be waiting, Santa.” Maggie laughed.

Ed cried as Maggie faded away but heard the woman speak to him.

“Push Ed. Push with your feet.” She said.

Ed pushed with all his might and soon broke the surface of the water. He gasped for air while pulling Molly and Kathy to the surface. Suddenly he was hit with the beam of a powerful flashlight.

“There he is! He has the girls!” Came a voice.

The water around him churned as neighbors jumped in to help Ed. Arms grabbed the girls and then grabbed him. They were brought to the bank and CPR was administered. The girls



began to cough and breathe just as the ambulance pulled up. Ed turned on his back and saw one bright star in the sky smile on him before he fell asleep from exhaustion.



Chapter 5

The sheets were warm and Ed didn't want to move. But he heard Agnes' voice so he opened his eyes to see his lovely wife. As soon as Agnes saw him smile she moved forward and beat on his chest.

"Don't you ever do that again." She said as she cried in his arms.

Ed smiled. He was sure he wouldn't. Besides he was so sore he was sure he couldn't. Ed chuckled at the thought and then began to laugh. A belly laugh worthy of a Santa. The laugh was filled with more than a few ho, ho, ho's. Agnes smiled then laughed along with him.

Ed asked how the girls were doing. Agnes said they would be alright and they were just down the hall in the next room. Ed moved to go see them.

"You think you should?" Agnes asked as she went to get him a robe.

"Just want to check up on them is all. Then I will rest." Ed replied.

Ed and Agnes made their way to the next room. Molly was up talking to Jenny. Kathy was talking to what Ed assumed was her mother.

"Santa!" Molly, Jenny, and Kathy all yelled when Ed came in the room.



Ed just laughed even more.

“I just couldn’t believe it when I saw Santa coming to my rescue.” Kathy said with eyes as big as saucers.

Ed had never thought how he looked when he went to help the girls. It must have looked real weird. Ed chuckled more at the thought.

“Dad, who were the two ladies helping you? No one seems to know who we are talking about?” Molly asked.

“Yeah, I can sort of remember one of the ladies, but for the life of me I can’t recall what the other one looks like.” Kathy added.

Agnes and Ed looked at each other. Then Ed pulled up a chair.

“I’ll find some cookies and milk, Santa. There has to be some in this old hospital. Telling this story could take a while.” Agnes smiled.

Ed smiled as Agnes headed out the door. Molly, Jenny, and Kathy all sat up attentively. They knew this was going to be a really good story. After all they had faith that it would. And a little more Faith in ourselves and each other can defeat the hate that would drown us all.



Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year!

Best of Luck in 2015

