



I still gasp in delight when I remember the sleigh beginning to rise again high above the snow-covered field. Below it, the small figures cheered and tossed their tall red hats far into the air.

Of course, Morningstar took up her accustomed station, flying before Father Christmas. Her gentle light guided the sleigh with its precious contents through all the clouds heavy with snow, tickling the night around them with color.

And just before they disappeared into those clouds, I saw our Tomten raise his arms and cry with delight at the world stretched out so far below him.

—from “Father Christmas and the Tomten,” by Charles Vess

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