



## BETSY McCALL'S BEST PRESENT

Merry and Kerry and I were talking about all the things we wanted for Christmas, when Mommy said, "Sometimes I think you forget what this holiday is all about. I'd like you to find some way to show us that you really understand what Christmas means." Well, that certainly gave us something to think about.

Then I remembered something Mommy had always told me on Christmas Eve, just before tucking me in. "Remember, Betsy," she would say, "it's not the gifts that count."

Suddenly, I knew just what we

could do. Our teacher had told us about an orphanage outside of town where children lived who did not have mommies and daddies as we did. They were waiting for what she called "foster" parents to come and adopt them. That day I asked my teacher if we could plan a Christmas party for the kids in the orphanage. She loved the idea and made all the arrangements.

On Christmas Eve, the twins and I and all the kids from school collected homemade cookies and gifts and a little tree with decorations, and went with our teacher to the orphanage.

We all decorated the tree and sang carols and ate cookies until we thought we'd burst. Then one of the little girls hugged me and said, "This is the best Christmas I've ever had!"

At bedtime, I kissed Mommy and told her that I thought we'd learned what Christmas was all about. "It's doing something nice for someone else," I said, "and how good you feel because you've made them happy."

Mommy smiled and kissed me and whispered, "You've just given me and Daddy the best Christmas present we've ever received!"

