The year was 2015. It was Christmas morning and I had just awoken. I walked out of my bedroom only to find the presents that were under the Christmas tree last night were missing! I asked my father where they had gone and he said Santa came into our house last night and stole all the presents! Once he told me the presents were gone, I became very angry and started yelling. Dad told me he felt really bad that this happened and agreed to take me to the store to buy me another present.

When we arrived at the store, I saw Santa sitting there with *my* presents sitting right behind him. I politely asked him if I could have them back and he replied, “Do you see that line of kids in front of me? They don’t have parents who can afford to buy them presents. They come to me each year and I give them one.”

Immediately, I felt horrible for being so selfish. I asked Santa what I could do to help him. He gave me an elf costume, told me to pretend to be his elf, and talk to the kids waiting in line. He wanted me to help him show those unfortunate kids that I care about them, like he does.

Even though I didn’t get my presents back, I was given much more on that Christmas day. I was given a sense of belonging and the knowledge that I am very loved and my parents care for me deeply. There’s no greater present than that.