

Who would have thought an old cynic like me could be converted. But it is true. Santa is for real. This is how I know...

I was orienteering last night, at dusk, with my friend Kent. We had just my headlamp between us. But it wasn't until we were half way around the course that we needed it at which point we discovered it wasn't working. I tried everything, but it would not come on. So I shoved it into my pocket and we continued in the growing darkness, finding it harder and harder to read the map. Shortly we had to cross the CPR train tracks and saw a train approaching with a honking big light on the front. I told Kent we should wait for the train and read as much of the map as possible as it went past. So we waited. But this was no average train. This was Santa's train. It was all lit up, with christmas lights along the engine, all over the freight cars, and strung along the five passenger cars at the tail end. This was a special Holiday Trail, making its way across the country. As we watched we were seen by people on the train and someone shouted out "Merry Christmas" - it was Santa! It was so cool. We shouted back like little kids utterly amazed. It *was* amazing. But - as we ran off the headlamp fell out of my pocket and - get this - IT WAS WORKING! That was a miracle. Thanks Santa.