



Chapter 7

An Angelic Suggestion

The cold North Wind that night did blow, bringing with it more new snow than even Elves had seen all year; but then the night became so clear that you could see a sparkling on every lovely, frozen thing.

Above the air the Northern Lights sailed 'round about like Heaven's kites: from their waves came sounds of space, and then appeared the Angel's face:

"Oh, listen to me, Elven King, for I have heard the wondering of this young man whose heart is pure, and wishes only for a cure to this disease that seems so great—this sickly Human-Elven hate.

"It's true the Humans did you wrong, but they have suffered for it long; without Elf magic, charms and song, their children mope and drag along. The children are not fooling me, although the grown-ups do not see, the children know where magic lies—it's in their hearts and in their eyes.





“But you all help to bring it out, to help the children dance about; for that is what you’ve always done, every Elf, yes, every one.

“Have Elves forgotten how to love, or are you only thinking of the hurt that fell upon yourselves? Are you so selfish, little Elves?”

Elves bowed their heads, yes, even Kril. Hate had made the Elves grow ill. When Elves get sick in mind, it’s true, eventually their bodies do become quite ill until one day, they gradually just fade away.

“But what’s the answer?” Kril cried out. “The Humans don’t want us about. They’ve made that plain, that’s why we stole away up to the Northern Pole. They put us and our magic here. Humans do still magic fear. If we use magic, Humans fuss; without Elf-magic, we’re not us!”

Each silent Elf nodded a head; it was as Elf King Kril had said: The Humans had the magic banned from all the lower Human land.



The Angel agreed, “Yes, that’s true. At least, that’s what they used to do. But that was now some time ago, and Human children have cried so that there are many grown-ups who would like a magic spell or two.

“You need to love; they need to play. Don’t you think there is some way that we could reach a compromise—bring laughter to their children’s eyes and banish Human-Elven fear? If only, even, once a year?”

Then Kringle, who had once been small, but now was at least two-elves tall, said, “King, may I please have the floor? This is what I came here for.

“My heart is Elf now, through and through, for we of Yule are so like you. But I am also Human size. Why, I could look them in the eyes and they might not raise an alarm, or think that I would do them harm.”

“Kringle has magic,” the Angel swore, “More than all the Elves before. Each toy is made by Elves with love, which they enjoy the giving of.





“Bingle, Fingle, Jingle’s toys are plenty for the girls and boys
around the world, and Hingle’s mold, can make a magic sleigh of gold.
Dingle can stretch time so right, we’ll do it all in just one night.

“Pingle understands each word that every little child has heard
or ever said that they would like, and Zingle could make sure each tyke
would not hear Kringle in the night, delivering the toys just right.”

Angel Elisabeth laughed with glee. “The plan is perfect, don’t you see?
We’ll give the gifts so Humans learn that Love needs nothing in return;
that giving just for giving’s sake, is so much more than give and take.

“Oh, we’ll use magic, to be sure, and being Human, they’ll want more,
because adults will finally see what children know quite naturally—
that magic lies within the heart, and giving gifts is just a start—
that Love itself, when given free, always grows abundantly.



“The Humans will know that the Elves, had the courage in themselves
to do what every kind should do—by their deeds say, ‘I Do Love You’.”

Elisabeth then stretched her wings. She said, “Well, you have many things
to do if you are going to do this right. First off, you must choose a night,
and only one, when you will start to open up the Human heart.

“It starts by giving children toys; and you’ll need lists of girls and boys,
and Elves to double-check each list, for you want no child to be missed.”

The Elves thought mightily and hard, they thought inside, out in the yard,
in the barn, and in the shop; they thought and thought and thought non-stop.

“It seems,” said Jingle, “we should find a time when Humans are inclined
to be in happy moods—at play; sometime around a holiday.”





“But there’s so many,” Kringle sighed. “Each country has a day of pride, or maybe two or three or more, and there’s religions by the score. They all have holy days and nights, they celebrate with songs and lights.”

Elisabeth said, “If I may—In each religion there’s a day or two or eight or nine or ten, that happens in each year just when the days are short and nights are long. It’s been that way for just as long as there have been those on the Earth who celebrate the world’s rebirth.

“In ancient times they thought the world was flat and that it never twirled around the sun, but stood quite still, so the days grew shorter ‘til somehow, by magic, light again would conquer over night. And then they celebrated. They still do. It’s Hanukah, and Christmas too. And Ramadan, and so much more—there’s celebrations by the score.”

So all the Elves then took a vote. Each one put upon a note the special day the Elf thought best to carry out this giving test.



For test it was; they had to see if Humans could accept with glee this simple act of Elven love. Although they thought the linking of their giving with a time of joy was a very clever ploy.

The children would all love it, true, for children know what love can do. But what would grown-up Humans do? Would they like the idea too?

And when the counting was all done, the votes were in and there was one. That day received, just barely, more votes, by only two or three.

So then the Elves all said, “Hurray, we’ll give our gifts on Christmas Day!”

And all the Elves stood up and cheered, though privately some of them feared this grand experiment. Because, though good, it also meant that Humans would now know the Elves were not just keeping to themselves.



And also, Kril, the Elf King thought, "If Humans and the Elves fear not and come together happily, my kingdom may no longer be."

And Kril began to think again that maybe taking Kringle in so long ago from planet Yule, had been the actions of a fool.

The longer that the Elf King thought, the more his brain began to plot.

