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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Christmas Gifts From The Heart

Once upon a time, in a mansion nestled within a snow-covered town, lived a wealthy lady named Mrs. Richly. She was visited by her friend, Mrs. Montague, a woman who also had more wealth than she knew what to do with. Mrs. Richly was feeling worn out from the tradition of buying and sending out Christmas presents, a chore she considered futile and exhausting.

"Now, now, dear Mrs. Montague," she said with a sigh.

"What difference does it make what you give folks just so long as you pay a lot for it?" Mrs. Montague agreed and they lamented together about the tedious task of buying presents. After their discussion, Mrs. Montague left, leaving Mrs. Richly to her thoughts.

While Mrs. Richly was thinking, in came Marie, one of her hardworking maids, humming a merry tune as she tidied up the room. Marie was filled with joy, not because of the luxurious mansion she was working in, but because Christmas was near.

Mrs. Richly, puzzled by Marie's happiness, asked her about it. Marie explained, "Oh, such lovely customs—wishing people Merry Christmas, and giving presents, and everybody happy. I think it is bea-u-ti-ful."

Mrs. Richly could hardly believe what she was hearing.

"How can you afford it?" she asked, but Marie simply replied that the cost of the gifts didn't matter. It was the love that accompanied the gifts that truly counted.



Just as Marie finished speaking, in walked Dennis, the house butler, asking if he could go home for Christmas to see his family. Dennis expressed the same sentiment as Marie about Christmas, "Sure I do, ma'am. This plan of giving some little

present to let folks know you care about 'em is fine." Finally, Nora, the cook, entered the room, requesting time off to take a gift she'd purchased for her mother. Mrs. Richly, although annoyed, granted their wishes. "I suppose you have bought a lot of Christmas presents, Nora," Mrs. Richly queried.

Nora chuckled heartily, "Yes, more as twenty. Some is very cheap but that makes no difference—my folks likes them just as much. It is the love in the heart that makes presents seem so splendid, ain't it?"

As the three of them excitedly cheered for the upcoming Christmas, Mrs. Richly was left alone, deep in thought. She pondered the words of her staff - that it was not the gift's value but the love that accompanied it that made the Christmas spirit so special.

With a newfound determination, Mrs. Richly decided to change her perspective. "The true Christmas spirit is not of the pocketbook but of the heart," she realized. From that day onwards, she promised herself to find the true meaning of Christmas, not in expensive gifts, but in the love and joy that radiated from giving with all her heart.