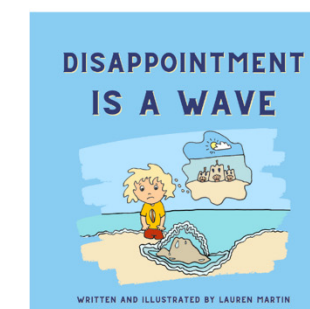
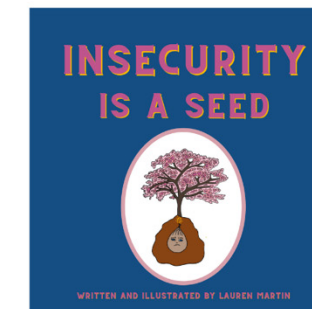
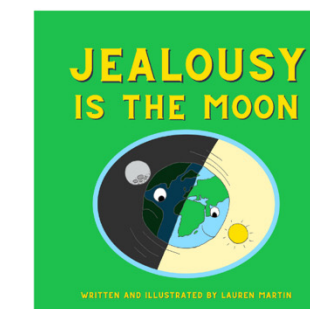
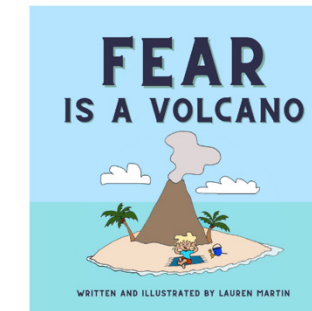


YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS



ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN MARTIN

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YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS



ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN MARTIN

Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Clause (adapted and illustrated)

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One day, an eight-year-old girl, named Virginia,
asked her dad about Santa Claus.



“Some of my friends do not believe.
Please tell me the truth. Is he real?”



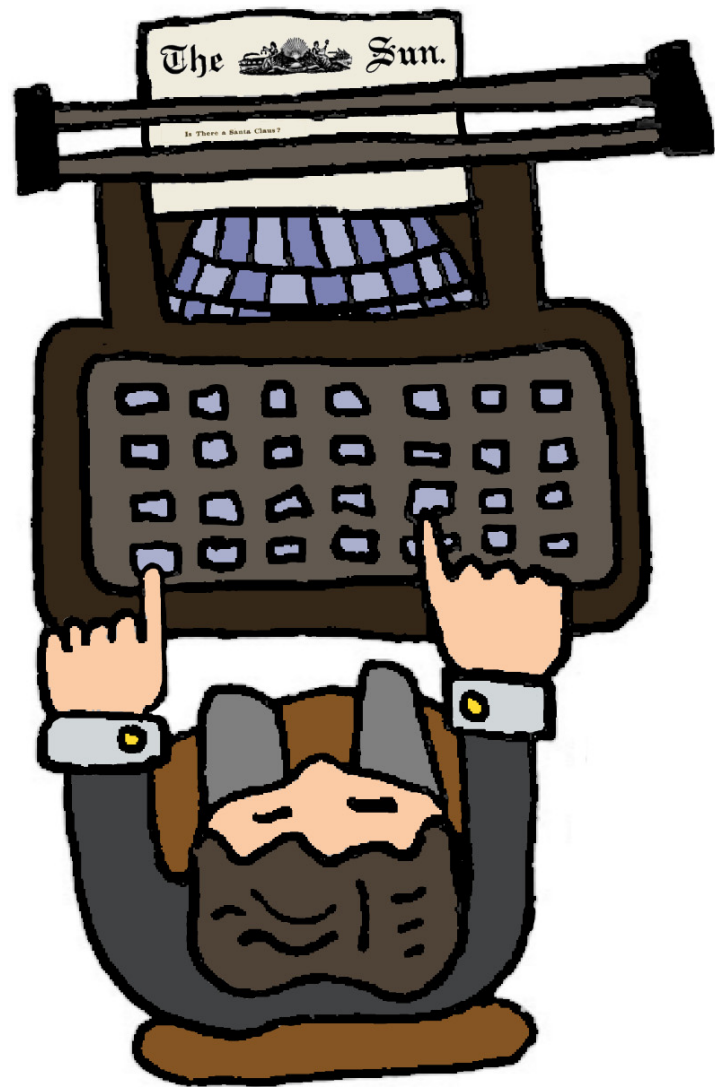
Virginia's dad told her that if it was written
in *The New York Sun*, it must be true.



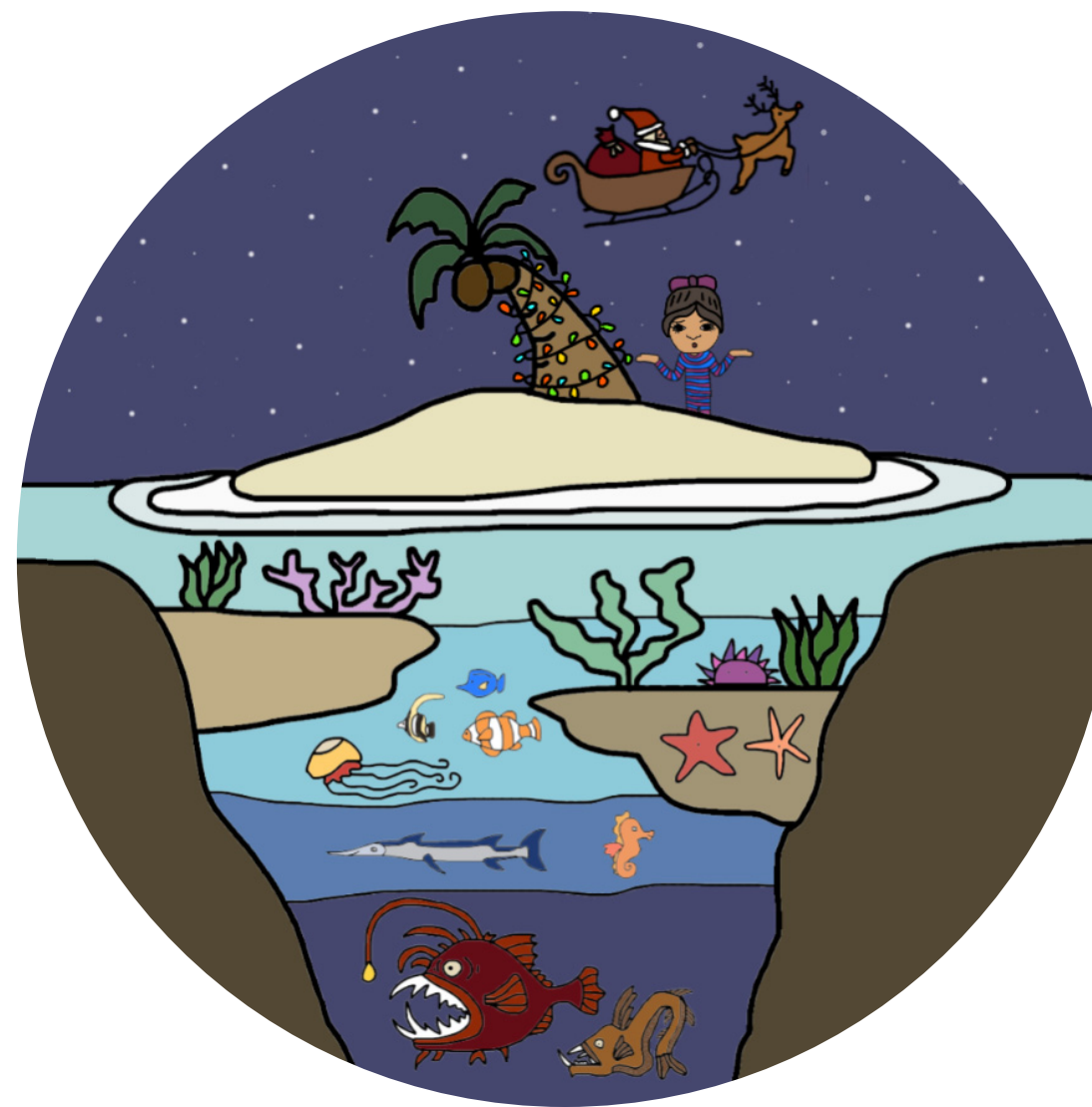
So, Virginia wrote a letter to the editor,
who published his answer in the newspaper.



Dear Virginia, your little friends are wrong.
Like many, they only believe what they can see.



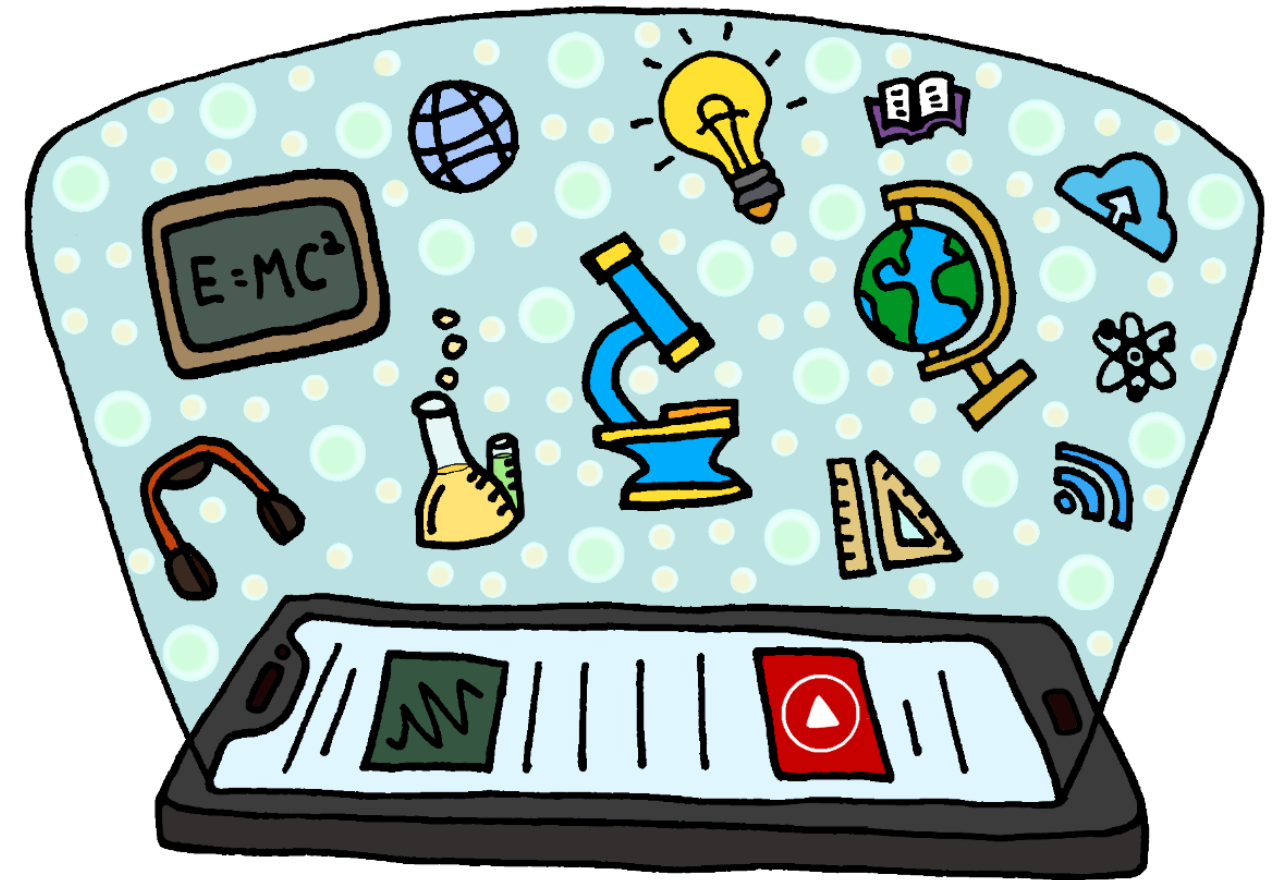
If they can't understand it,
they refuse to believe it.



The amount we understand is the size of an ant, compared to all there is to know in this Universe.



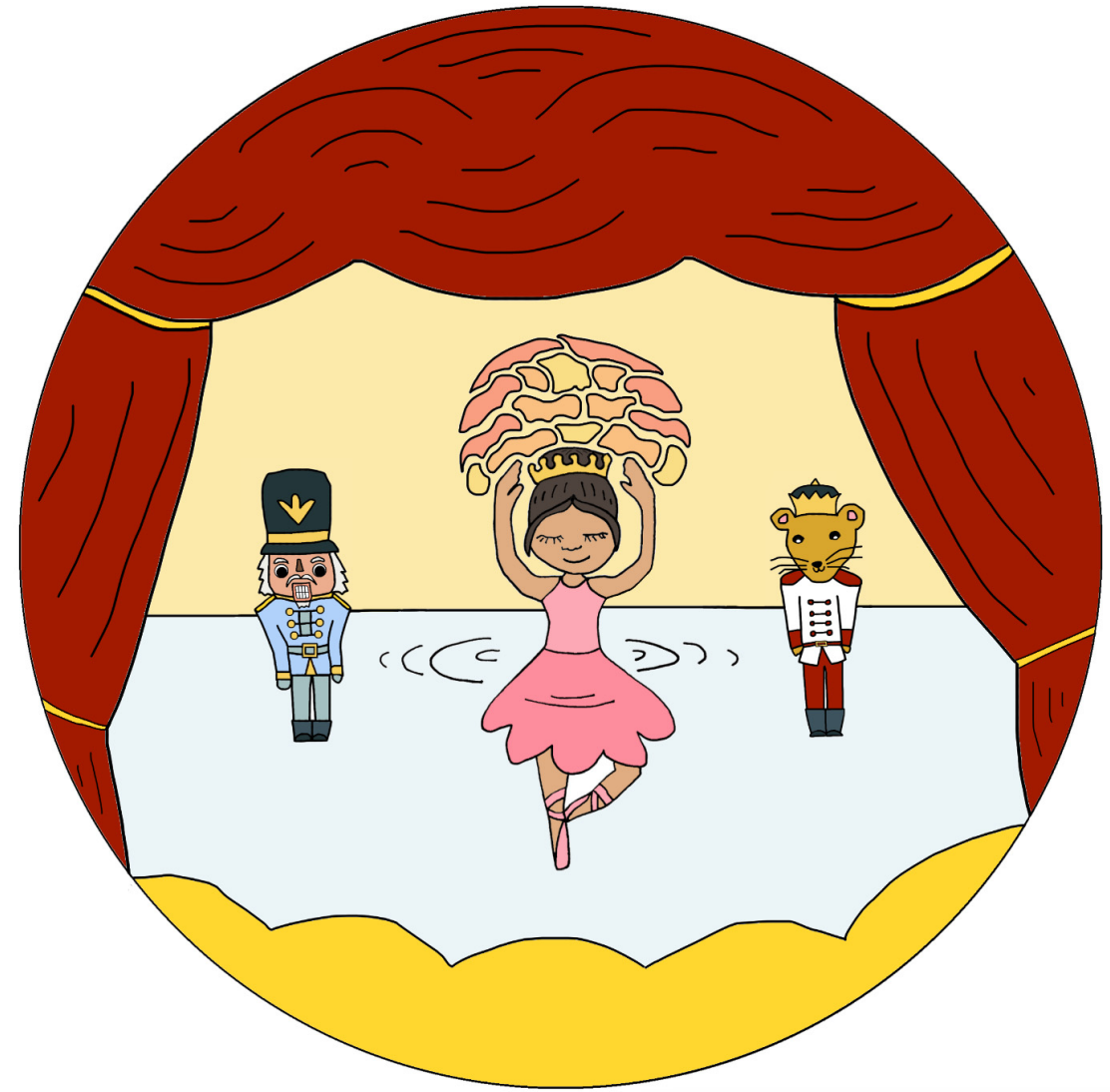
Nobody understands every unseeable wonder that exists or is yet to exist.



Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.
He exists as certainly as love
and generosity and devotion exist.



The most real things in this world
are those that no child or adult can see.



You can watch every chimney on Christmas Eve,
but if you do not see Santa, what will that prove?



No one sees Santa Claus,
but “unseen” does not mean “unreal”.



Do you ever see hope dancing on the lawn?
Of course not, but you know when it is there.



A world without Santa would be a world without
any of the secret joys that make life worth living.



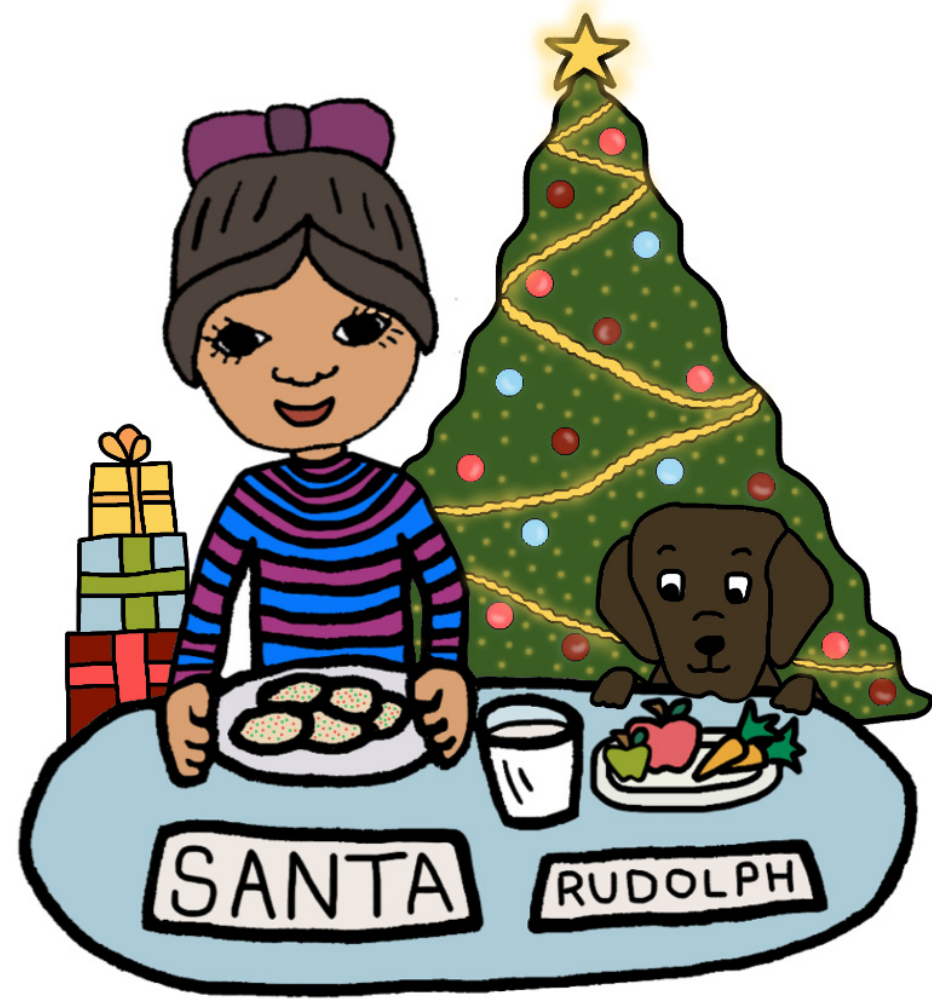
Not believe in Santa Claus?
You might as well not believe in love.



You cannot see love, but you know that it is real,
because of the beauty and joy it creates.



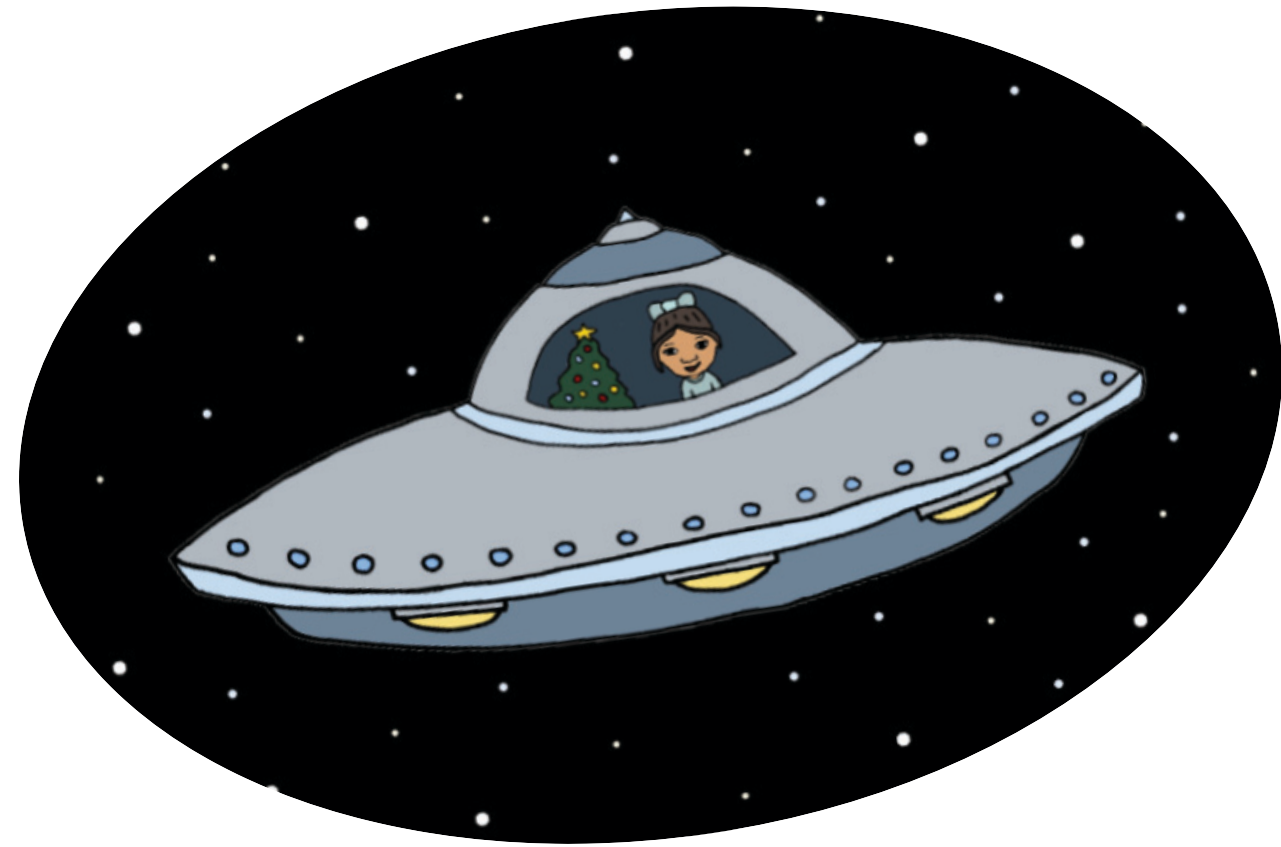
Is it all real?
In all this world, there is nothing else
more real and everlasting.



Santa Claus lives,
and will live forever.



A thousand years from now,
even one hundred thousand years from now,



he will continue to live in the hearts of children,
and bring joy to all the children at heart.



About the Book

Every Christmas Eve, my grandmother, born in 1916, read aloud a worn newspaper clipping that her grandmother had once read to her. A letter from the editor of *The New York Sun*, written in 1897, answered one young reader's question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" My grandmother's teary eyes, every time she read, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," will keep the magic of Christmas alive in my heart forever. I adapted and illustrated the original text (below) to share this magic with my family and yours.

VIRGINIA O'HANLON, 115 WEST NINETY-FIFTH STREET:

DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says, 'If you see it in THE SUN it's so.'

Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

FRANCIS PHARCELLUS CHURCH, *THE NEW YORK SUN*, SEPTEMBER 21, 1897:

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no VIRGINIAS. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

HE EXISTS AS CERTAINLY AS LOVE
AND GENEROSITY AND DEVOTION EXIST.



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