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The Christmas Thingamabob



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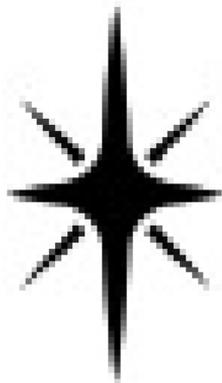
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The Christmas Thingamabob

It was just a few days until Christmas, and Tom had looked long and hard for a gift for Sarah. Finally, he thought he had found it. Of all places, he discovered it up in the attic. He didn't quite know what it was, but it was very pretty and he thought it would look nice on the mantel above the fireplace. It looked like it was made out of brass, but it was only a few inches high and definitely needed polishing. He took it, put it in his pocket and snuck downstairs.

Later that evening, as Sarah was wrapping presents in the other room, he quietly polished it until it glistened. Picking out some special wrapping paper, he too wrapped his gift, added a small bow to it, with a card, and wrote on it Sarah's name. He placed it under the tree ready for Christmas morning.

Christmas morning came, and they exchanged their gifts. Sarah was always happy to receive presents at Christmas, and this one she particularly liked. 'Beautiful' and 'just the thing' were some of the words that came to her lips, but then she had said this about most of the gifts she had received that morning. Finally, after she had gazed at it enthusing for a few moments, she paused and asked Tom, 'But what is it?'

'It's a . . .
thingamabob,'
he said quickly.
'Let's just call it a
thingamabob.'

Prepared for this question, Tom replied, 'I thought you might ask that. I'm not entirely sure. I think it is part of some old ornament or pipe or tool or something,

but I think it would look pretty nice on the mantel.'

'But what is it, Tom?'

Again, Tom paused, slightly irritated.

'It's a . . . thingamabob,' he said quickly. 'Let's just call it a thingamabob.'

As she looked at it, and sounding out the words silently on her lips, Sarah hesitated and then said with a smile, 'OK, it's a thingamabob. We'll put it right over here.'

Sarah made space for the thingamabob, placing it right in the middle. A Christmas tradition had been born.

Sliding her hand along the mantel, knocking aside some of the Christmas cards they had received, Sarah made space for the thingamabob, placing it right in the middle.

A Christmas tradition had been born. Tom had shined the brass up and it looked pretty festive with the red and green trimmings around it on the mantel, and whenever anyone asked them what it was, they simply said, 'a thingamabob'.

What Sarah had really wanted for Christmas that year was at least several hundred pounds more than the thingamabob had cost and several hundred pounds beyond what Tom's slender salary would allow.

A number of years ago, Sarah's parents had given her a beautiful grandfather clock, actually built by her grandfather. It was tall, a bit rustic, but beautifully carved and polished. Sarah always remembered it. It had been in her grandfather's house at the top of the stairs like it was guarding them, regularly ticking and tocking the time and chiming every quarter hour. She listened to it, stared

at it, watched her grandfather wind it, played by it and with it, and one time, much to her grandfather's alarm, made it into a doll house! In short, she loved it and what she had really wanted for Christmas this year was for that clock to work.

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