



SANTA

To Parents and Children

by

Susan Tomory

Today's news was full of uproar, or reconciliation or any other sentiment in between, concerning the idea of a Black Santa. In this case – as in any other adopted cultural image – I have to state the following: any earthly image of Santa, white or black is a remnant cultural image, a distorted, misunderstood concept of the ancients. These „stories” were once rooted in the realities of creation and were embedded in all aspects of the culture of the people who carried these images through eons of time, only to reach us today and tomorrow, as long this culture and their bearers exist.

It is not easy to transmit, nor to receive these images. The transmission contains ancient and very familiar images of the transmitting side, including connections between images and language — which are deeply foreign for the receiving side. But these difficulties are bridged by the underlying meaning, and receiving these new thoughts makes the effort – hopefully – worth while on both sides for this reason. Through them we will discover, that fragments of these ancient images are still with us, emerging probably from our deepest unconscious, since the figures of these stories are here to be seen year in and year out, even without the help of tradition and language. These fragments slowly become a new tradition. Tragically the fragmentation robs these images from their original spiritual content, thus becoming a tool for advertising, tools of greed and air filled figures on the Macy parade.

The ancient, ingrained images all begin in Heaven – free of our material, selfish thinking. Let me try to transmit these ideas to you, dear reader, so we won't have to worry about the existence of a black, or white Santa and fight over our imagined right. Santa is neither white, nor black, for he is brilliant, and radiating like the Sun. Fearing Sun-worship, the Roman church placed this image into the garments of a benevolent Bishop, without trying to understand the ancient Santa's real being, From here the fragmentation – based on ignorance -- became more and more frequent.

So let us begin with this „experiment”, piecing the fragments together, into the ancient, divine whole.

In ancient times the night before Christmas was the holiday of the Old Sun, who was preparing to say good-bye to the cold, snow blanketed world. In his youth he was brilliant, and for this reason he was called the beautiful Nick (Miklós, or Mag in my language, which means kernel, of which new lives springs...He was also known as Lord of the kernel.)

The Old Nick, or the more familiar Scottish Mac appears at Christmas time in his splendid winter attire: his beard is of snow white clouds, his mantle was woven from light, which appears red at sunset, especially this time of the year, and this red mantle is trimmed with white snow. As he feels, that his strength is waning, he begins his descent in the West, to fulfill his mission, only to reappear the next morning as a newborn baby, to be able to bless our earthly lives again.

Before his departure, he places onto the tables of people his presents, which symbolize the rich harvest of the year: apples, walnuts, oranges. Within the seeds of these fruits light slumbers, which are the prerequisites of future life and harvest. You see, there is no need to package gifts, all the gifts, because all the wonderful things that grow and nurture us with the help of wonderful, brilliant Mac during the year is given to us by God,. And this is how Old Mac – in your culture Old Nick -- can reach every child all in one night! And this is how there is nobody left out, because the wonderful rays of the Sun shine upon all of us.

And Santa's reindeer?

In the quiet, dark night after Old Mac's departure the majestic figure of the Miracle Stag comes to town. He is God's messenger, and carries the entire world on his body. He has antlers that reaches heaven. He carries the Sun between his antlers, Venus on his forehead, the moon on his chest, and his entire body is filled with stars.



In the darkest night of the year – when the darkness of night is as long, as the daylight, -- he brings new life to our earth, which he carries between his antlers in a rocking cradle. He comes from the highest Heaven, on a road of straw, but this straw is of light. His song declares in this night of secrets the birth of Life, wrapped in light.

The people themselves become part at this time of the miracle of Creation. Nature talks, sings around them, even the animals begin to speak, so they can praise the newborn Light. Christmas night is the night of miracles, the night of holy births in the lives of people. It is also the night of holy motherhood, beginning with the Great Madonna, who bore the Universe, Light and Life, the Little Madonna, who nurtures life on this earth, all the way to all the mothers, who bring forth their babies, in „the bed of the Madonna”. In their language the concept of life

giving Madonna is also connected with the idea of happiness, so we may call the life giving Madonna the Happy Madonna.

The celebrants also remember the ancient Happy Madonna, whose bosom hides rotating crosses of heavenly lights, newly born suns. She bore with infinite labor the first light and Life: She is remembered in ancient prayers: „...Oh, you precious Virgin, a shiny fire radiating in Heaven...”

She is the Mother of Ages, who sent the New Life to the wonderful blue Earth, swimming in the sea of Heaven, to start new life, the life of us humans, who repeats the birth of the Universe again and again in our own lives. She is the mother of the shiny Sun, the mother figure of the Christmas story. Next to her stands the Lord of all Creation, and the fruit of their virgin embrace, who is the Light of Heaven, Life Universal. He is the Child of Secrets, the child of suffering. The Child of Miracles. Life.

This is where the old story began, and started Old Nic, which is the name of our radiant Sun on his journey. And you see, in your language the names Sun and Santa are closely related. He never misses to visit us every day, even when we show ourselves not so good as we should be. He keeps us warm, and grows all kinds of goods for us – as God has given him the secret, how to continue his creation.

So when you see an old man in a red mantle playing Santa, look up to the sky, especially around Christmas time and you will see the real Santa, in the red glow of winter evenings, his mantle woven of light, trimmed with snow, and you will know that God's presents will always arrive with him... It does not matter if you are rich, or poor, good or bad – he will leave God's gifts for you. And you will always be embraced by the Love of God.

And you will also know the story of today's reindeer, their fore runner, the Miracle Stag.

Out of the life of the Miracle Stag

AMAIATIA
A Csodaszarvas.



These pictures were drawn by Adorján Magyar.

In the upper left corner is the majestic figure of Miracle Stag, as he steps out from the black clouds. Today these are called stellar nurseries, and you can read about them in my Magyar Creation.

To the right is a man, dressed as Miracle Stag, who brings Life between his antlers in a little rocking cradle.

At the bottom is Miracle Stag in summer, during growing season. Below I will show you in color:



May God bless you all and give you a wonderful Christmas and New Year!

SANTA'S STORY TO THE VERY YOUNG

Once upon a time, a very long time ago, before we had all the streetlights, people used to go out in the evening to look at the wonderful sky, with all the stars, and the moon.

Looking at them they discovered, that they too have a job to do, just like the people here on Earth. The moon has to give light at night, and the different stars told the people the arrival of a new season, the winter, the spring, summer and fall.

The most important of all was the beautiful Sun: it gave light, and warmth, and it helped things grow in the garden and the fields. They loved the sun so much, that they even gave a name to him: the loving sun, the beautiful sun, the brilliant sun – all names of endearment, of love. And a personal name too. In their language it would be Mag, which would sound in Scottish Mac – which means a seed, out of which life grows..

When you plant a bean into the earth, soon you will see, that a little green plant begins to grow. This little plant, and all of us, even humans need sunlight to live and grow. They also called him Mike, and we call Santa St. Nick today. But all these names belonged a long-long time ago to the Sun

They observed, that in winter, the Sun sends out beautiful red rays to the Earth and his face is really red. So they told his story as this:

Old Mike has a red cap, a snow white beard made of clouds, his mantle is of red sunlight, as it spreads it over the land, which has a trimming of white snow... He gives all the good things, like apples, and oranges and walnuts so we won't be hungry during the winter. He sends his rays and gifts to us no matter what, whether we are good or bad...

So when you think of Santa, please remember: he is the Sun...

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