



The *Great Mrs. Claus* is a delightful holiday love poem written about Santa's better but lesser known half and is an excerpt from a larger work being prepared for publication.

Written by Chris & Suzanne Shoemaker, *Family Magazine Group* columnists and a real life couple, *The Great Mrs. Claus* draws upon

the Shoemaker's 23-year tradition of playing the inspirational couple with their three children in the United States and abroad. We hope you enjoy this poem's sense of play and romance, and a legendary couple's timeless devotion to what really matters – love.

The Great Mrs. Claus



Most fabled and storied is Santa's life,
But few details are known about his wife.

Of this modern age, she's in the Christ-
mas Who's Who,
It's her time to shine, kudos long overdue.

Her given name flows from your lips like
a breeze,
You'll smile as you whisper, "Miss Suzie
McEase."

But as Santa's companion, she's much
better known,
As the great 'Mrs. Claus,' a wife fit for a
thrown.

She's not queen-like or snooty, her nose
high in the air,
But to treat her as common as dirt... 'Don't
you dare!'

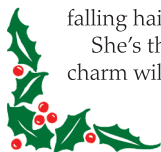
As a wee little girl, she won a beauty
contest,
She writes poems in her journal, her
rhymes are the best.

Her complexion is fair, her mood quirky
yet sunny,
She once turned down a king, choosing
love over money.

You've heard her name often, you might
not know her manner,
She's in charge of the Pole, she's the
ultimate planner.

Her personality sparkles, her edges aren't
rough,
She's resourceful and funny, yet if pushed
around - tough.

With a head on her shoulders, and a free-
falling hairstyle,
She's the most patient listener, her quaint
charm will beguile.



Her eyes so bright, gleam with action and
youth,
They twinkle and know the clear color of
truth.

It's rumored her smile melts the polar ice
caps,
It's **FACT** that she won Santa's heart with
"Perhaps..."

She sews and she cleans and runs all the
machines,
And she keeps Elves in line, whatever the
means.

She'll hum a long tune, and whip up a
grand meal,
But when the chips are down, she's strong
as steel.

She's pleasantly plump, but one
wouldn't say "Fatty,"
Her infectious laugh, makes a shy
church mouse chatty.

Her most powerful skill, is with Math
and numbers,
She adds with closed eyes, counting
sheep when she slumbers.

Dolls are her passion, she's built quite a
collection,
She makes these fine treasures, with
love and perfection.

Nearly flawless in her nature, she leads
the pack,
But a personal tick prompts some elves
to chat.

She'll complete Santa's sentence, before
he's all done,
Clarify his old joke, or improve upon
his pun.

When she speaks of their past, and tells
"Santa Claus Stories,"

She'll embellish the truth, just a tad
without worries.

But there's a seldom-heard event, long
swept under the mat,
And if Santa knew you knew it, he'd
blow his red hat.

Mrs. Claus tells this story (well that's
how I know),
Right before the worst storm, called
"The Black Arctic Snow."

Then Santa was young, a nameless elf
starting out,
His fame hadn't spread, but his good
deeds earned him clout.

A wrinkleless Miss Suzie, a talented
seamstress,
Lived alone near the village, sewing
many a dress.

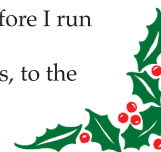
Santa greatly misjudged the long time it
would take,
Making toys, wrapping presents for
each good child's sake.

When The Black Arctic Snow hit, Santa
rushed through his work,
Inexperienced as he was, his plan went
berserk.

For when he bent over, to load up his
empty sleigh,
His suit split wide open...he overate the
buffet.

Through the bottom, down the back, the
suit's seams didn't hold,
He scampered to his lodge, to his Elf
friend he told,

"Please help me right now, before I run
out of time,
You must find me a seamstress, to the
highest hill climb!"



Read the entire poem online at www.lafamily.com