



**T**he *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](http://www.lafamily.com)