

## Business on Christmas Eve



Marley is dead, dead as a doornail. There is no doubt about it, because years ago, on a Christmas eve much like this one, the register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the undertaker, and the chief mourner who's name was Ebenezer Scrooge. Scrooge was his sole friend. Even so, he was not dreadfully broken up by the death, except that he had lost an excellent business partner. On the very day of the funeral, Scrooge, the executor of the will, solemnized the closing of Marley's books as an undoubted bargain, in fact, a windfall for himself.

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Ebenezer had no further interaction with Ghosts, their principle lessons he remembered ever after. It was then said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, as well as anyone can. May that be truly said of us all. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless Us, Every One!"