

Christmas Miracles

When I discovered that I would have to book my flight home on Christmas Eve, to say that I was not amused would be an understatement. Last Christmas, my car broke, and this year I lost my wallet and my phone. The whole world was trying to make me miserable. But I would have never thought that I would spend the whole night at the airport because of a snowstorm. It was indeed a curse to spend every Christmas alone and downcast.

Glittering garlands hanging from the walls, colorful lights illuminating the shop windows, and the magnificent Christmas tree standing tall between gates 2 and 3. It was all so mesmerizing and just emanating with 'Christmas atmosphere.' Only a few hours ago, I was fascinated by it, but now it seemed as if it was laughing at my despair.

"Oh just shut up!" I exclaimed as soon as I heard "Driving home for Christmas" playing in the background. It was the last straw for my already thin patience.

"I didn't even say anything," a male voice said just behind my back.

"And I wasn't even speaking with you." I quickly responded without turning to look at the person talking to me even though my curiosity was peaked.

"That's a shame, but I just wanted to tell you that you could always come and spend some time with us. You know, you aren't the only person stranded here on Christmas Eve."

And he was gone, leaving me once again with the snowflakes falling behind the glass wall, a beautiful Christmas indeed.

The snow kept falling without any sign of possible change, and my mood kept deteriorating with it. At least we weren't freezing, you could even call it cozy, obviously as much as an airport could be. The music ceased some time ago. But its sound has been replaced by laughter, coming in varying degrees of intensity from people sitting together in a circle on the floor.

Hoping that the previous offer was still standing I decided to approach them. With every step I took, my anxiety was increasing. Putting aside all the setbacks of my quite eventful travel, I had no right to respond in such a rude way where all the man wanted, was to be kind to me.

"I see you decided to join us after all," the man said as soon as he saw me approaching them "we were just starting the games."

The rest of the evening was spent playing more or less entertaining games, eating, and just laughing together. At some point, a lady from security approached me and asked me if I was Judith Mikaelson because someone has found and given back my wallet and phone. I couldn't believe my luck. This evening was quickly becoming one of the best Christmases I had ever had, and all thanks to that one man. I desperately wanted to thank him but strangely enough, I couldn't find him. Well, maybe Christmas miracles do exist.