

Thinking back now though, Charlie could not remember the man ever leaving the shop that night. “Do you have any family here in the city?” Charlie asked politely, remembering how his great-great-grandmother had asked the man the same question all those years ago.

“No, my parents were all I had.” Jane’s voice quivered slightly. Then smiling: “I’d love to own this little village.

Perhaps I could save enough to buy it next year?”

“This village is not for sale.” The man said firmly, and Jane’s smile faded.

“Not for sale.” She repeated. “Oh how sad! I had hoped that it was and I could pay you for it a little each week.”

The old man studied Jane’s forlorn face. She was alone in this world, wishing to live in a special place like *The Village of Peace*. He remembered the man from so long ago, he too had been lonely, and he too had wished to live in the *Village of Peace*.

Suddenly Charlie understood about the Christmas magic. His face glowed in delight as he felt himself praying for her.

“Lord, let this girl live in a special place like *The Village of Peace*.” He began praying out loud.

Jane heard the humble words and turned to thank him.

“Why don’t you pray too?” Charlie suggested. Jane turned her eyes back towards the village, she knew God would not answer that kind of prayer; it would be plain foolishness to pray about it.

“I don’t think I should.” Jane told Charlie. “I’m sorry for keeping you so late, and I do appreciate you letting me look at the village.”

“I think you should pray about it.” Charlie suggested again, almost harshly. Jane started to back away from him in confusion. He seemed determined that she pray.

“Alright.” She said to appease the man, “I will.”

“Right now.’ Charlie insisted.

Laughing to cover the anxiety that was beginning to steal over her, Jane agreed and began to pray. “Lord, I would love to live in a nice place like *The Village of Peace*.”

“Don’t forget about your job.” Charlie added.

“And I would love to be the librarian.” Jane went on. She wanted to get out of the antique store as quickly as she could, but the room had begun to feel very warm and then began to grow foggy. Instead of leaving, Jane stepped even closer to the small house that she had admired so much.

“Yes Lord” she said as if from very far off. “I would love to live in *The Village of Peace*.” She smile and reached out to touch the little house’s front door.