

## **The Church of Santa Claus**

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The Church of Santa Claus—St. Nicholas—  
in Galway’s Latin Quarter was once used  
by Cromwell’s men, in 1652  
to stable their horses after the siege  
that brought the Catholics low and drove the tribes,  
the mighty O’Loinsighs, neither last nor least  
among them, from power and high stations,  
in what was called the Eleven Years’ War.

Of course, papists understood privations,  
the grueling journey, no room in the inn,  
the foul breath of mammals and manger scenes,  
poverty, inauspicious beginnings  
all central to the story Christians tell:

*O come, O come, Emmanuel*

about the lord and savior, Jesus, son of God  
long prophesied in Isaiah’s account  
of silent nights and holy nights, a Christ  
coincident with the winter solstice,  
virgins giving birth to gods becoming men,  
the blood and bodily intrigues whereby  
we are all spared eternal damnation,  
no less the angels we have heard on high.  
Such mysteries got ancient churches built,  
as this collegiate church came into being  
now more than seven centuries ago  
to help the locals better come to grips  
with life and love and grief and sudden death.  
The Lynches then as now were churchgoers  
though more for funerals than leaps of faith,  
getting corpses to their final resting places

more than worshiping or saving face;  
we hedged our bets the way that Blaise Pascal  
advised we ought, to wit, a better wager  
to believe in a god that isn't than  
to disbelieve for pride's sake in a God that is.  
What with their chevron and their fleurs-de-lis  
glorious and sorrowful mysteries—  
some too far-fetched to actually believe,  
the one about Mary, virginal, used  
as willing vessel of the holy spirit  
to bring the god man into being—  
it seems a stretch, sexless nativity.  
The word becoming flesh without the fun,  
as if the blessed virgin were a nun  
cloistered in obedience and chastity,  
birthed out of immaculate conception  
with little say in the matter, really, none.  
Luke at least gave her some agency—  
enough to question the angel Gabriel:  
“How shall this be as I know not a man?”  
No worries there, dear girl, we have a plan,  
quoth Gabriel. *C'est le pigeon*, wrote Joyce.  
We'll make the case to Joseph in a dream,  
thus auguring against cuckoldry.  
Whatever else we know, the metaphors  
add up to yearly festivals of light,  
Hanukkahs, Christmases, Epiphanies  
whereby we see things as they truly are,  
fresh calendars of blessings and the sense,  
that after everything, we're going to be alright.