

This was written by a Year 6 child in our school for their inspirational journal, we thought it was very thought provoking.

Dear Santa

I am writing you a wish list, though not for me, but for the people who do urgently need this. Because Santa, really, when we ask for presents, we ask for things we want, not what we desperately need. But Santa these people honestly do need this, I just wish they could pick up the pen and paper themselves and get the help which they deserve. I will write for them now though, because they can't.

Please, I wish for hope, for people who have none left in their blue hearts. I wish for you to light a small flicker of hope – of light – for them, to show not all is lost and that in time things will mend and get better, you just need to keep hoping. If I keep hoping for them Santa, will you?

I wish for peace, for wars to end and pain and agony to ease. Because what does a war achieve? Nothing. Nothing apart from mental and physical pain from the brave soldiers themselves and their beloved family and friends who lose a part of themselves when that soldier and family suffer from being brave and heroic human beings. It is not just the soldiers who are caged in this dark, unfair endless cycle of misery. It is the innocent humans too Santa, who need our help. The children, adults, men, women even babies in countries like Libya, Somalia, and Syria are trapped in the dangerous path of bombs and shootings. They wait for their deaths, Santa. They can't leave but they can't stay either. They are forced to choose a life threatening decision, which tears them apart. Imagine having to leave the only thing left in your life – your family – knowing when or if you return only memories will be left.

I wish for one final dream before all is too late. Santa, I wish for adults and children with life-threatening illnesses to have a final dream and wish before life is taken cruelly from their grips. I want their last memories to be happy and free, like all human lives should be, but aren't always. Before the machine stops beeping and life support systems fail, I want to see a smile on their faces and a happy joyful laugh to be heard forever, even when they are not here: Life should be peaceful and happy, though it not always is. So I want the poor illness stricken souls to have their last days on this earth with no suffering or pain. I want them to be with their families, laughing and playing, having the freedom they deserve, but do not have. After they are gone, I want their families to be helped and looked after through this dark and seeming to be, never ending black tunnel.

I wish for them to be shown the light at the tunnel end and bit, by bit, they will build a new life, new beginning. Because, just because the precious family member, who was stricken ill isn't here anymore, so although they don't suffer it doesn't mean the family don't. It doesn't mean they won't suffer.

Mental illness, Santa, can be just as painful and agonising as physical illness. But mental illness can be covered up. A face can become a mask, a mask of meaningless expressions and emotions. You can force a smile, you can bottle up anger and depression. You may be happy and joyful on the outside but inside life is all black. No light can be seen.

Please Santa, make my wish list come true. These poor people deserve a better life, please make it come true. I will do all I can, please do all you can.

Love from

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