

**Dear Kid,**

I hope this letter reaches you the way your wish-list cards once reached me.

It's been a while since I got your last letter.

Well, I guess you've been quite busy, since my mailbox has been empty for so long.

No more letters, no more scribbled wishes.

So...how have you been lately, Kid?

Did all of your wishes come true, or did it go the other way?

Every wish you wrote before—I still remember them.

How you wanted a bicycle, a pet, and those rollerblades.

Did your envelope get misplaced?

Or did something else happen?

I got curious why you stopped sending me letters. But as the year went by, I began to understand. You are growing up into a world that is very different from the one you used to play around in.

I've visited many kids who stopped writing their letters, and I saw the reason—some became busy with life—mourning, yearning, and dealing with the roller coaster ride of life. And you... you are one of the passengers on the ride.

I understand now, Kid.

But I can't help missing everything about you—  
the way your wishes always made me smile,  
the little surprises your heart tucked into every card,  
and me being a part of your December.

So here I am, writing this letter to you because I see it all—  
your pain, your struggles, and the way you still try your very best.

And it's okay if you need time.

It's okay if you pause for a while.

It's okay if the world has been heavy, or if your heart has grown tired.

I'm still here.

I've always been here.

And I want you to remember that, Kid.

I've never stopped listening.

Even when you're quiet, even when the mailbox stays empty, even when the world doesn't notice you...I see you. I see your heart.

Whenever you're ready to write again—to whisper your wishes,  
or even just to tell me how you're feeling—I'll be waiting.

And now... I'm going to write my first ever wish-list card.

My one wish this Christmas is for you to heal from all the pain you hide within yourself and to win the battle you've been fighting in silence, for I believe in you—the same way you once believed in me.

Merry Christmas, Kid.

*Love,*

*Santa & the Reindeer*