



A Letter to Santa, With Subtitles

December 9, 2020

Rachel Yates

Dear Santa,

It's been a while since I've written.

[I haven't bothered writing since I was about 10 years old. But, this is 2020, and I don't know if you've noticed, but things are bat-poop crazy around here. So, I'm going back to my old standbys to see if it helps.]

I have been a good girl this year.

[I've literally been in voluntary isolation since March, so how much trouble could I really get into?

Well okay, there was that one time when I broke the hose of the kitchen sink sprayer and it filled up like a balloon with scalding hot water. That MUST have been a product defect. It you're being fair about the Naughty and Nice List, I don't think that mishap should count against me.]

How is Rudolph? Will he be ready to fly this year?

[We have Zoom fatigue and COVID brain, so you'll need Rudolph's glowing nose to cut through the fog.]

I bet your elves have been busy.

[I've seen firsthand the elves of the Presbytery – staff and volunteers who are busy building God's kingdom. Our workshop is socially distanced this year, but the church wouldn't be the same without their commitment and passion.]

This year, I would like a belt.

[For some reason, all of mine have shrunk.]

Could you also please bring hope, peace, joy, and love to the whole world?

[I know this is a big ask, and I've never been clear on exactly how you coordinate with Jesus, but we could really use these. As a little girl, I would pen my wishful letter to you. Somehow, the present I received on Christmas morning came wrapped in hope, peace, joy, and love. I'm now guessing you didn't have a lot to do with that. The burden would be too great for any one individual – including someone who can squeeze down every chimney on the planet in one night, even accounting, of course, for time zone changes. So, scratch that off the list. I know where I need to go.]

~~*Could you also please bring hope, peace, joy, and love to the whole world?*~~

Stay safe on Christmas eve!

[Don't let this be a super-spreader event!]

Love, Rachel

P.S. I will leave cookies out for you.

[I meant to save a few of the treats the Presbytery's Personnel Committee delivered to the staff as a year-end thank-you. I ate them....Hmmm, maybe that explains the problem with my belts.]