

Thanks for the Memory

Jingle Bells with Father Christmas

Ho! Ho! Ho!

I will do that again, Ho! Ho! Ho! That's better; I've cleared my throat for some good, hearty carol-singing.

Christmas time

I am back at work again with my fairies round the table to read all the letters you have sent. The Fairy Queen will check to see if all the Mums and Dads, Grans and Gramps can afford the Play Stations, computers and other things that you are hoping for. Of course some of the presents that I bring on Christmas Eve, when you are all fast asleep, are special gifts from me.

Santa's transport

My reindeer have to be jet-propelled to get to you all on time, but sometimes I have to use other means of transport on my flying visits to the Wychwoods. Most boys and girls ask me 'Where are your reindeer?' when I visit the Christmas Bazaar at Milton Village Hall.

One year Farmer Hartley came all the way to Lapland with his Land Rover, to bring me to Milton Village Hall. Another year little Jonathan Wilks wanted to see my reindeer and I told him that I had arrived on a camel, which I had left on a farm in Shipton to be fed and watered. I had walked the last mile to Milton. There was a stony silence and then Jonathan asked 'Is that true?' It had to be, because

Father Christmas is not in the habit of telling lies.

Good boys and girls

When I walk in the room and ask if all the children have been good there is an explosive 'Yes! Yes!' Well I know that is not always true; I was young once myself and know how hard it is to be good all

the time, but I learnt that it is much easier to get through life if you try to be good. I remember talking to one boy and girl who admitted that they were not always good. The little boy told me that he was mostly naughty at teatime and his Mum gave him a cuff and called him a little *****.

A little girl in Leaffield thought I must be very old

because her Grandad was 100, but no-one knows how old I really am.

Competition

Now I must get back and check on those fairies. I thought it would be a good idea if we had a competition to see if you could write a poem about my reindeer and send it to The Wychwood magazine. Perhaps we could put them all together in a little book, ready for next year. So at Christmas and all year round let's keep on loving and helping others.

Wishing you a very Happy Christmas and a healthy New Year. Father Christmas

