

2020



Dear Parents

In celebration of the festive season, among the activities we are planning, we would like the children to write a letter to Father Christmas. We plan on taking the children to the post box for them to post their own letters. The Royal Mail arrange for Santa to send letters back to each child.



Below is a form for consent to add your child's address to their letter and we would ask that each child brings in a second class stamp (or 65pence and we will use that to purchase stamps). If you prefer we can add the playgroup address ! We will be walking with the children to the local post box by 11<sup>th</sup> December. Please sign below for consent.

Kind regards

The Playgroup Team



I give consent for \_\_\_\_\_ address to be added to the letter. Alternatively, the letter can be sent to playgroup

I confirm the address below is correct (or provide our new address)

I give consent for my child to walk to the post box using our Walkodile.

I have provided a 2<sup>nd</sup> class stamp (or 65 pence)

Signed ..... Date.....



A letter from a mum to Santa :-)

Dear Santa,

I've been a good mum all year. I've fed, cleaned and cuddled my children on demand, visited the doctor's office more than my doctor, sold sixty-two cases of choc bars to raise money to plant a shade tree on the school playground. I was hoping you could spread my list out over several Christmases, since I had to write this letter with my son's red crayon, on the back of a receipt in the wash room between cycles, and who knows when I'll find anymore free time in the next 18 years.

Here are my Christmas wishes:

I'd like a pair of legs that don't ache (in any colour, except purple, which I already have) and arms that don't hurt or flap in the breeze; but are strong enough to pull my screaming child out of the lolly aisle in the supermarket.

I'd also like a waist, since I lost mine somewhere in the seventh month of my last pregnancy.

If you're hauling big ticket items this year I'd like fingerprint resistant windows and a radio that only plays adult music; a television that doesn't broadcast any programs containing talking animals; and a refrigerator with a secret compartment behind the crisper where I can hide to talk on the phone.

On the practical side, I could use a talking doll that says, "Yes, Mummy" to boost my parental confidence, along with two kids who don't fight and three pairs of jeans that will zip all the way up without the use of power tools.

I could also use a recording of Tibetan monks chanting "Don't eat in the living room" and "Take your hands off your brother," because my voice seems to be just out of my children's hearing range and can only be heard by the dog.

If it's too late to find any of these products, I'd settle for enough time to brush my teeth and comb my hair in the same morning, or the luxury of eating food warmer than room temperature without it being served in a Styrofoam container.

If you don't mind, I could also use a few Christmas miracles to brighten the holiday season. Would it be too much trouble to declare tomato sauce a vegetable? It will clear my conscience immensely. It would be helpful if you could coerce my children to help around the house without demanding payment as if they were the bosses of an organized crime family.

Well, Santa, the buzzer on the dryer is ringing and my son saw my feet under the wash room door. I think he wants his crayon back. Have a safe trip around the World, and remember to leave your dirty boots by the door, and, come in, keep cool and drink lots of water (less of the wine - so you don't become dehydrated or sleepy!).

Help yourself to biscuits on the table but don't eat too many, or leave crumbs on the carpet.

Yours Always, MUM...!

P.S. one more thing... you can cancel all my requests if you can keep my children happy, healthy and always believing.