

Tip of the Month



Letter to Santa

Dear Santa Claus,

How are things at the North Pole? Busy I bet. I'm writing you this letter so you'll know where to find me. That's because I'll be spending this Christmas in the hospital. Tell Rudolph it's a pretty big place with lots of lights, windows and people inside. With his red nose he's bound to see it.

About your reindeer, it sure must take a long time to learn how to fly and pull your sleigh full of toys. People here at the hospital have to train a long time for what they do, too. They're a lot like your reindeer. They have to know what they're doing and pull together in order to get the job done. I do hope Comet is behaving.

The good news about my being in the hospital is you won't have to climb down a chimney to bring me my presents. You can just knock on my door and come on in. Even though I've been sick a lot this year I've been trying to be good. I think most of the workers here at the hospital are trying to be good, too. Mama says they are taking very good care of me. I guess nobody, even grown-ups, wants to be on your Naughty list.

I appreciate how hard you and the elves work, and what you've done for me over the years. Someday, I'd really like to meet your elves and thank them. Just like you, the people here work all through the night— even while I'm sleeping— delivering the best care they know how to give. Still, I have a few items on my wish list that would make being a patient a little easier and safer:

- That every person would ask me to state my name before taking my blood.
- That you would give me veins that people don't have to probe for.
- Some manners for the guy who insists on slapping my arm before drawing my blood.
- That the person who sticks me would hold enough pressure so I won't bruise so much.
- A nice clean lab coat for the phlebotomist who only has a dirty one speckled with other people's blood.
- A new pair of gloves for the lady who wears old ones with the fingertips missing.
- Christmas music in the hallways.
- A smile on the face of everyone who comes in my room.
- A little compassion when I don't feel like being poked.

A new pair of pajamas would also be nice (these hospital gowns are awful!), along with some new toys. This year, just surprise me! But Santa, you don't have to worry about my request to meet your elves. *I've got that one all figured out.* Not all of your elves work at the North Pole. Some of them are working right here in this hospital! Instead of building and repairing toys, they work their magic every day helping sick kids like me get better. I'll be sure to thank them for all they've done for me, too. And maybe after Christmas, you can give these very special elves a little break!

Your friend,

Joe