

Dear Santa
By Greg Rangel

Dear Santa,

It's been quite a while since I last wrote. I can't believe it's already Christmas time again. The weather outside is frightful and traffic is picking up.

Driving through the neighborhoods you see many lights and Christmas decorations. People seem to be cheerful during this time. That is, people that are not shopping.

The other day my family and I went to the Mall and we noticed that people were very irritated with the cash register employee because they had to wait in line. We also noticed that everybody seemed to be in such a rush going from store to store. I shouldn't complain because that would classify me as a naughty person, right? Oh well. I already messed up a long time ago.

Come to think of it, is that why you never responded to the letters I sent you year after year? And is that why I never received what I asked from you? Remember when I sat in your lap as a boy and I asked you for toys? You never brought them.

Could it also be the reason that you allowed me to go through a difficult time, heartaches, loneliness and pain as a teenager? Because as you know Santa, I was not raised with my parents. I lost my mom when I was five years old and since my dad was so mean to me as a child I was taken away from him immediately after my mom died.

I had brothers and sisters but I actually felt unloved throughout my youth. Especially at age fourteen when I had no more family to live with and I had to get a job and feed myself. And how could I feel any love when I had nobody to give me presents.

Remember Christmas 1986 when one of my relatives invited me to their home and all those people were there having so much fun with each other? Remember that you left about 200 wrapped presents underneath the tree and people began calling out the names to which the present's belong to? Remember that when the name was called they would then wait to open the present before passing another? And remember that I was thinking, 'surely the next one is mine?' Well, it got down to the last one and I thought once again, 'yes, this one is mine'? But it wasn't Santa. I felt so unloved, so hurt, and so rejected those four long hours that I wanted to place my head literally inside the ground so that all those eyes staring at me would no longer look at me. Remember all the tears I shed because of that? You know, I have never told anyone this but, I felt like killing myself.

Santa, you have never been there for me. During the most difficult times of my life and when I needed you the most, you never came to my aid.

But just incase you are wondering Santa, I no longer feel lonely, unloved, and rejected throughout the Christmas season and even throughout the year because I met someone very special. His name is Jesus Christ.

Jesus has actually taken away all the loneliness away. He has also taken away all my pain and tears. Actually, Jesus is always there for me. You know Santa, Jesus has never failed me or forsaken me. But you have. He is so much more different than you because apparently you give presents only to the good people and you forget about the bad ones. But Jesus came to give the ultimate gift to the bad.

Santa, Jesus loves me so much that He forgave every bad thing I did. He also gave me hope, peace, eternal life, a beautiful wife named Maria, and four wonderful children; Greg Anthony, Ericka, Ana and Vivianna. Oh, and a small dog named Ricky. Apart from that, there are many people at Borderland that truly love me as well. But you Santa have never given me anything.

One final thing Santa. What do you have to do with Christmas? It was Jesus who was born December 25th. And why is it that people will so easily allow you to go into their homes but want nothing to do with Jesus? Isn't it ridiculous Santa to celebrate Christ's birth and not allow Him in?

Well, this is the last time I write to you Santa because you have failed me miserably. Not yours, Greg Rangel.