The North Pole Wish Seed (by Santa Doug LLC)

(Santa reaches into his bag and carefully removes a small wooden box. He holds it for a moment before opening it.)

Do you know what the most important thing we grow at the North Pole is?

Christmas trees?

No.

Reindeer food?

No.

Candy canes?

(Smile.)

Candy canes don't actually grow, you know.

Although I have a couple of elves who are still trying.

No...

The most important thing we grow at the North Pole...

is wishes.

Now, I know what you're thinking.

Santa doesn't *grow* wishes.

Children *make* wishes.

And you're right.

But there's something about wishes that most people don't know.

Every year, millions of children send their Christmas wishes to me.

Some write them in letters.

Some tell me when they sit beside me.

Some whisper them just before they fall asleep.

And some wishes...

are never spoken at all.

Most wishes are things you'd expect.

A bicycle.

A doll.

A truck.

A new game.

A puppy.

(Pause and smile.)

Lots and lots of puppies.

But every once in a while, I receive a different kind of wish.

A child might wish that someone they love could come home.

Someone might wish that Mommy wasn't sad anymore.

A little boy might wish he had a friend.

Someone might wish Grandma could feel better.

And sometimes...

a child simply wishes that everything could be okay again.

Those wishes are different.

Because those aren't things my elves can make in Santa's Workshop.

You can't build them with a hammer.

You can't paint them.

You can't wrap them in Christmas paper.

And you certainly can't put a bow on them.

For many years, I didn't know what to do with those wishes.

Until onetime long ago...

I met an elf named **Amos**.

Amos

Amos was one of the oldest elves at the North Pole.

And Amos didn't make toys.

He was our gardener.

One evening, just before Christmas, I found him kneeling in the snow behind his little cottage.

"Amos," I said, *"what in the world are you doing?"*

"Planting," he said.

"Planting?"

I looked around.

"Amos...it's December."

He nodded.

"Yes, Santa."

"At the North Pole."

"I know."

"IN THE SNOW?"

Amos just smiled at me.

Then he said something I'll never forget.

"Not everything needs sunshine to grow, Santa."

He slowly opened his hand.

And sitting in his palm was colorful seed. It was beautiful.

(Santa opens the Wish Seed Box.)

It looked something...

like this.

I leaned closer.

"What's that?"

"A Wish Seed," Amos said.

Well...

I knew Amos was getting older.

So I thought perhaps he'd been out in the cold a little too long.

"Amos, wishes aren't seeds."

He smiled.

"Some are."

Then Amos told me a secret.

When children make wishes for things they want, those wishes find their way to Santa.

But when a child makes a wish **because they love somebody else**...

that wish is different.

Those wishes can become...

Wish Seeds.

I looked at that tiny seed.

"What happens if you plant one?"

Amos smiled.

"Come back tomorrow."

The First Wish

The next morning, I hurried back to Amos's cottage.

And right where he had planted that tiny seed...

something was growing.

A tiny green sprout was pushing its way right through the North Pole snow.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

I knelt beside it.

"Amos...what is that?"

He looked at me and said...

"Kindness."

I didn't understand.

So Amos sat beside me.

"We can't always give children exactly what they wish for, Santa."

"We can't make every sick person well."

"We can't make every problem disappear."

"We can't make every lonely person suddenly have a friend."

"And we can't keep people we love from sometimes having sad days."

I looked down at that little plant.

"Then what's the point of making the wish?"

Amos touched one of its tiny leaves.

And that's when he told me something I've remembered all these years.

"Because, Santa...a loving wish is never wasted."

Maybe that wish causes someone to call a person who's lonely.

Maybe someone shares what they have with somebody who doesn't have very much.

Maybe a child notices another child sitting alone and says...

"Would you like to play with me?"

Maybe someone gives a hug.

Maybe someone says...

"I'm sorry."

Maybe someone forgives.

Or maybe someone simply says...

"I'm here."

Amos looked at me.

"Sometimes wishes don't come true because of magic, Santa."

"Sometimes..."

"...they come true through people."

The Wish Garden

From that day on, Amos planted Wish Seeds at the North Pole.

And eventually there were so many that we needed an entire garden.

The elves gave it a name.

The Wish Garden.

It's still there today.

Every Christmas Eve, before I climb into my sleigh, I visit it.

And there, growing right through the snow, are millions and millions of plants.

Every one of them began with someone wishing something good...

for somebody else.

Amos passed away many Christmases ago.

But his garden is still growing.

And before he left us, Amos taught me one last secret.

You don't have to live at the North Pole...

to plant a Wish Seed.

(Santa looks at the child.)

In fact...**you can plant one.**

Would you like to?

Planting Your Wish Seed

First...

I want you to think of someone.

But don't choose yourself.

Think of somebody else.

It could be someone in your family.

A friend.

A teacher.

Maybe someone who's lonely.

Maybe somebody who's having a difficult time.

You don't have to tell me who it is.

This is just between you...

and your Wish Seed.

Now think of something good you wish for that person.

Maybe you wish they could be happy.

Maybe you wish they wouldn't be lonely.

Maybe you hope they'll feel better.

Or maybe you just hope they have…**a wonderful Christmas.**

Do you have your person?

(Pause.)

Good.

Hold out your hand.

(Santa reaches toward the box and then pretends to take something incredibly tiny from it.)

I'm going to give you something very special.

You won't be able to see it.

That's all right.

Because some of the most important things in this world can't be seen.

You can't see love.

You can't see kindness.

You can't see a wish.

And…you can't see a Wish Seed.

(Santa gently pretends to place the seed into the child's palm.)

There.

Your very own Wish Seed.

Close your fingers around it.

Carefully.

Don't squeeze too hard.

Wish Seeds are very fragile.

Now bring your hand close...

and whisper your wish into it.

Very quietly.

Don't let me hear it.

Some wishes are supposed to remain secret.

(Give the child plenty of time.)

Got it?

Good.

Now...**we have to plant it.**

There's only one place outside of the North Pole where a Wish Seed can grow.

Not in the ground.

Not in a flowerpot.

Not underneath a Christmas tree.

It grows...**right here.**

(Santa places his hand over his heart.)

In your heart.

Put your hand over your heart.

That's it.

Now close your eyes.

Imagine opening your hand…

and letting that tiny Wish Seed settle right there inside your heart.

Safe.

Warm.

And surrounded by love.

(Pause.)

There.

You just planted your first Wish Seed.

Helping It Grow

But remember…

planting a seed is only the beginning.

Every seed needs something to help it grow.

Flowers need sunshine and rain.

Christmas trees need good soil.

But Wish Seeds need something different.

Do you remember what grew from Amos's first Wish Seed?

Kindness.

So every time you do something kind…

your Wish Seed grows.

Help someone…

(Santa raises his hand slightly.)

...and it grows.

Share something...

...it grows.

Sit beside somebody who's lonely...

...it grows.

Give somebody a hug...

...it grows.

Say...

"I'm sorry."

"I forgive you."

"Can I help?"

Or simply...

"I love you."

And every time...

your Wish Seed grows a little more.

You probably won't feel it.

You certainly won't see it.

But that's okay.

Remember...

some of the most important things in the world can't be seen.

The Wish Gardens I Cannot See

Sometimes, when I'm walking through the North Pole Wish Garden on Christmas Eve, I stop and look at all those little green plants growing through the snow.

And I think about Amos.

But then...

I think about something even more wonderful.

There are Wish Gardens...

even Santa Claus will never get to see.

Because they're growing inside the hearts of children...

all around the world.

(Look at the child and pause.)

And now...

there's one growing...

right here.

(Gesture gently toward the child's heart.)

So this Christmas, remember your Wish Seed.

You don't have to tell me what you wished for.

You don't even have to tell the person you made the wish for.

Just keep it right here.

(Hand over heart.)

And whenever you want to help your Wish Seed grow...

do something kind.

Because many Christmases ago, an old elf named Amos taught Santa Claus something even I didn't know.

(Slow down.)

A loving wish is never wasted.

And sometimes...

when I walk through the Wish Garden late on Christmas Eve...

with the snow falling all around me...

I can almost hear old Amos whispering...

"Santa...remember."

"The greatest Christmas wishes aren't the ones we make for ourselves."

"They're the ones we carry in our hearts for someone else."

(Santa places his hand over his heart.)

So take good care of your Wish Seed.

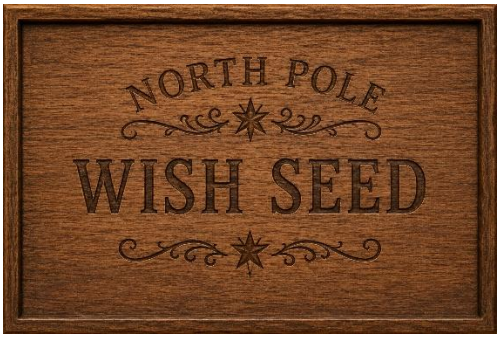
Help it grow.

And who knows?

Someday...

something beautiful may grow from the wish you planted today.

Items you can use to create your own Wish Seed Box



Wish Seed Box

https://a.co/d/00Y3TPxw

Seeds

https://a.co/d/0g24FhtT