

Santa Dear;

November 9, 2015

All I want this year is a caring and sharing heart that grows. Mom said I got more last year than any ten year old kid deserves. I do not know how much to thank you for, but I know it is a lot. All us kids that got to much thank you. Older kids and adults say you are not real but I know different. I know you are a spirit that helps out a greater spirit. Asking starts the receiving and I see a lot of adults that have stopped believing therefore they have given up and stopped asking. My TV show, Minority Report on Fox is fun, especially Mr. Spielberg. Two of the three films I am producing will be done in January. I am donating my profits from Six Shoes, Not 1 of the 6, and Keldog thanks to my friends at www.not1ofthe6.org who are matching my gifts. I am putting money into job creation projects in the inner cities to help stop all the hate. I am giving money to St. Jude and other children hospitals to cure sick kids. Thanks to the Flying Vikings we will have a fund day for sick kids in locations across the county. Home Depot, Chili's, Domino's, Papa Johns, Bush's Chicken, and Kentucky Fried Chicken provide food and entertainment for the families of sick kids and their friends at no charge. I just buy fuel. The kids fly the planes at 1,500 feet, get their wings, and all have a fund day. Water for Africa in Round Rock, Texas has a giver that will match my gift and so will the kids at Not 1 of the 6 so I can triple my \$5,000.00 to \$15,000.00. That gives me almost a year to get some wells dug with people like Matt Damon's group. I can keep 150 people alive with clean water thanks to life straws. Leverage and bundling creates more on less. I know I am not doing as much as you and some rich people but Uncle Ron says when you given most of what you have, you have done the most no matter the amount. It is important that I take care of me for you and all the kids. I need you to take care of you for all of us. I am including a poem that we are turning into a song, "I Care". How can I say I care, when we have never met? How can I explain the need in you, when you don't know it yet? It will be clear someday, my child, regardless of your age. Provided you remove those chains and step outside your cage. The bars are thin and brittle, yet the strongest ever made. And your heart and soul will linger, and you'll pray for one more day. Time's running out for you and I, the task is here today. To do or not, to stay or go, what price is there to pay. For those who think in dollars, the boat will pass you by. The why is all that matters, the how will come inside. I can tell you mine, and others' too, and will someday in rhyme. But what I want most of all, is to hear your place in time. Your fears and doubts, your dreams and goals, your hows and whys and whens. They're all deep inside you wanting out now and then. How can I say I care, when we have never met? How can you say I don't, when we have never met? This is Zhane Hall, one of your best friends. PS. I had some help from mom, Uncle Ron, and Cousin Kyle with some of the words.