

5 Special Minutes

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24 December
23.55-00.00 hrs.

5 Special Minutes

Sparkling lights as a magnificent contrast to the dark heavens.

Every year it surprises me again, the atmosphere in the in the December-month and the reaction of people to it who lead a safe life. They see it as just another Christmas, just another New Year and once again a round of wishing everyone the best.

This is completely mainstream/normal isn't it?

Yes, for you, and in the mean time also for me this has become very normal.

As a matter of fact, my heart goes out more to the people where this is not normal. These are the people who really need these wishes for the New Year, people who do not feel safe and cared for.

You are thinking of the hungry people in Africa, victims of Tsunami disasters and countries with civil wars?

Not me.

I think of the poor souls who live in my city. I may not know them, but I know them are there. I know that there are little girls who will be disappointed again during the Holidays. This is not because of the absence of gifts, but the unfulfilled wishes of savior. Sadly enough, this group is still growing.

Young boys who do not know that they can find understanding, that there are more boys like them.

I think of the poor souls who, also after the Holidays have past, will be the victims of the lust of their persecutors. These persecutors who translate the need for power into unacceptable sexual activities.

Maybe they will be left alone during the Holidays, but maybe they won't.

I also think of the children of alcoholics and drug addicts, the helpers of the family. These are the quiet forces behind that cool image or the challenging laugh. Nobody sees the adult insights that even the child already observes.

I think of all the messed up adult communication tactics, that for some children result in a hit; broken bones, a black and blue body and a heart full of tears.

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& Fannie Ploegmakers – van der Hoff

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Each year I realize these children are not far away. Each year I helped a victim of rape of the second day of Christmas (Boxing Day). A ridiculous reality that does not dissipate with a card, a Christmas tree or a gift. At first the crime is talked about, until the feeling gets too close.

And after that?

Then it will remain quiet again. As if it would leave at that point? What we do not know, can not hurt us? I do not know.

All I know is that the victims are not helped by this. They will not receive help because of this, no understanding and no chance at a better future.

They will have to fight themselves out of misery, battling alone.

They will have to work back to a respectable personality, usually alone.

They will feel lonely, even with people around.

Each year I look forward to the Coca Cola commercial. Upon seeing it, I feel similar to the rest of the world population. We are all watching the commercial together and know that the Santa on the back of the truck, gives the only proper wink.

Each year I wonder whether our collective consciousness can be so powerful that we can change something. What if we all, on Christmas Eve, from 11:55PM until 12:00AM send a positive thought to these poor unknown souls?

What if we would send this in silence into the universe?

A new wave would extend across the Earth, because thanks to the time zones, it may not be 11:55PM at the same time at your place as at mine.

Will your thoughts pass mine? Will they bundle together with all the others? Will all these thoughts together form a combined energy? Perhaps they will form a soft stuffed animal which will suffice for the child to survive.

Or will I find so many people on my unknown path that a new kind of fireworks will be created? As a magnificent backdrop against an ever illuminating sky?

And what if we try this again on New year's Eve? Together with the countdown on TV, the town squares, the discos, the bars, the hotels, stations and...

Perhaps together with the folks that forgot on Christmas eve?

This may be the most beautiful gift we can give the world, a present that does not cost more than perhaps a few tears; ours that is!

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