

The background of the entire page is a light blue gradient. It is decorated with numerous snowflakes of various sizes and colors, including white, light blue, dark blue, and green. The snowflakes are scattered across the page, with a higher concentration in the upper half.

# 2025 Christmas poems

By Newcastle Hospitals staff



## Newcastle Hospitals charity arts programme

Newcastle Hospitals Charity arts programme aims to enhance the patient experience, and support staff wellbeing, through numerous creative projects delivered across Newcastle Hospitals NHS Foundation Trust and in connection with local communities to address wider health inequalities.

Projects include 'Hospital Sessions', providing live music in hospital wards across Newcastle Hospital sites, and integrated art schemes which aim to provide a more therapeutic hospital environment, aiding patient recovery.

During our first staff 'Writer in Residence programme' we developed creative programmes with Newcastle Hospitals staff to support their writing skills and platform their own stories, in their own words. This year, we held a Christmas poetry competition, with the chaplaincy team, for Newcastle Hospitals staff to share their creative writing talents, on the theme 'what Christmas in the NHS means to you'.

We're delighted to share all the staff entries with you and to hear the selected poem included as a reading in this year's Great North Healthcare Alliance Christmas carol service.

If you're interested in taking part in future projects, or would like to learn more about the Newcastle Hospitals Charity arts programme, please contact us at [nuth.artsprogramme@nhs.net](mailto:nuth.artsprogramme@nhs.net).



# Contents

- Christmas in the NHS by Sandi Elphick 4
- Perfectly Imperfect by Olivia Clark Petrovici 5
- Nurse Marie by Vicci Mulholland 6
- Christmas in the NHS by Wendy McEvoy 8
- What Christmas in the NHS means to me by Tracey Watts 9
- Christmas by Rose 10
- Christmas in the NHS by Odeth Richardson 12
- A hospital Christmas by Sara Thompson 13
- Christmas in the NHS by Lakshi Weerakkodige 14

## Christmas in the NHS

By Sandi Elphick, senior research nurse

T'was the night before Christmas, and all through the hall,  
Not a creature was stirring just an F1 on call,  
The stockings were hung by the heater with care,  
As the night nurse came in with wet shoes and wet hair,  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
Where tinsel and baubles embellished their steads,  
A Mam on a camp bed a Dad in a chair  
Hoping for rest and for comfort and care.  
Then down in admissions arose such a clatter  
Excessive indulgence was clearly the matter,  
Away to the window the students all dash  
A police car and ambulance come both a blue flash,  
The moon sheens her forehead, a new mother in labour,  
Out runs a midwife with a blanket to shade her,  
Still the Christmas lights twinkle and glisten and shine  
The quiet returns and soon all will be fine  
Come doctor, come nurses, come porter come scanner,  
Come physio, kitchen staff, under one banner  
What Bevan required of us know you are right  
To care in the coldest and darkest of night  
Be a light for this Christmas in NHS halls  
Pray for peace and good health and fewer on calls...

## Perfectly imperfect

By Olivia Clark Petrovici, clinical administrator

If you are quiet, pause and be still,  
You can hear a sound echo over valley and hill  
of NHS workers harnessing their 'inner elves',  
by pulling special boxes from Cupboards and off shelves.  
The boxes have been quiet for nearly a year,  
But again they are needed to spread some cheer,  
For Christmas is coming..... and it's getting quite near.

The treasures within are unpacked with great care,  
Like old friends who are visiting to once again share  
in making our clinics, receptions..... all spaces,  
the warmest and friendliest of Christmas time places.

It doesn't matter therefore that Father Christmas is faded,  
the reindeer are wonky,  
there's only 3 legs on the donkey.  
Baby Jesus might be Lego and the tree at an angle,  
only two Wise Men are left and the lights in a tangle.  
This perfect imperfection to me represents  
the true spirit of Christmas in all of our NHS,  
Of rolling up sleeves and making the best  
out of everything available  
and embracing the rest.

So Ding Dong Merrily on High to our awesome community!  
Let's keep going next year in perfectly imperfect unity.

## Nurse Marie

By Vicci Mulholland, nurse specialist -  
digital health

As a nearby church bell chimes nine on Christmas eve night,  
The final dayshift staff rush out with such delight,  
Laden with their bits and bobs clutched in their hands,  
They weave in and out, ever closer, to their special family plans.

But I stop in my tracks by a sudden drop on my head - I look  
up to the night sky, 'oh no, snow' I said.

A white Christmas! Kids will be thrilled – now where is that  
sledge?

I'm sure its in the attic, near the ledge.

But as my gaze drop back,  
I see a figure standing in black,  
By the window of my ward, up high  
Its old Noreen, oh I let out a sad sigh.  
I reflect on the story of her woe,  
Having been left home alone with nowhere to go.  
My smile drops at the thought of her sadness,  
How she won't be part of all this Christmas madness.

But here comes Nurse Marie, so gentle and kind,  
Leading her warmly, with care well-defined.  
A cup of tea and a comforting grin,  
Noreen's heart lifts from deep within.  
I smile to myself, knowing she no longer alone  
With Nurse Marie, she's safely known.

So, hear hear to the NHS staff who are working this festive season,  
Without them, these patients would be lost without reason,  
They'll be missing their own special time, once more  
To care for those in need who come through the door.  
We would miss them dearly, that's guaranteed -  
So, lets them give them a cheer, for they are all heroes indeed.  
Merry Christmas to all who give and care,  
Your kindness and courage are beyond care.

# Christmas in the NHS

By Wendy McEvoy, staff nurse

In halls aglow with a winter's chill,  
Where busy hands and heart are still,  
Our NHS holds steadfast and strong,  
The staff are a beacon of light all the night long.

The wards are filled with patient care,  
A whispered prayer and a loving stare,  
Nurses, Doctors and all staff unite,  
To bring comfort through this blessed night.

With drips and bandages,  
We carry out our noble plans,  
Christmas bells may ring,  
Our healing hearts that we bring.

The festive period is soft and brief,  
Amidst the rush, joy, and the grief,  
In each souls, a warmth will rise,  
And silence glows beneath our tired eyes.

For Christmas in the NHS,  
It's not just tinsel, flashing lights and the press,  
It's selfless acts, and the care that's given,  
On every ward, a piece of heaven is given.

As you sit by your fireside warm and bright,  
Remember those who work throughout the night,  
It's Christmas here, both bright and true,  
It's in the hands that care for you.



## What Christmas in the NHS means to me

By Tracey Watts, deputy matron/district nurse

Christmas lights on the dashboard glow,  
Tinsel trims where the dressings go.  
The sat nav's lost, the snows knee-deep,  
But mince pies fuel the patient sweep!

Carol singing through the traffic jams,  
Sharing chocolates more than exam plans.  
No elves, no sleigh – just thee and me,  
Performing rounds with Christmas glee!

Its holding hands when hope is thin,  
A gentle laugh through tired skin.  
Families waiting, hearts in flight –  
We offer our strength this Christmas night.

So here's to caring, kind, and free –  
That's Christmas in community nursing to me!

# Christmas

By Rose

The trust hums low,  
like a fridge in an empty room.  
Screens glow.  
Bleach lingers.  
Someone's lost their swipe card again.


Upstairs, the ward is full.  
Maternity's short a cot.  
Estates chase a leak  
that isn't in the pipes.  
Pharmacy's printer  
has staged a walkout.

No one asks who keeps the logins alive.  
No one needs to.  
The system holds—for now.

Across the sites,  
they run—porters, nurses, OTs—  
each with a story  
stitched into their scrubs.

Someone's dressed the crash trolley  
like a sleigh.  
Someone's crying in the car park  
and comes back laughing.

We take bets  
on what breaks first—  
the system, the shift,  
or the vending machine.  
No one wins.  
We keep playing.



It's not heroic.  
It's not festive.  
But it's something.

A quiet kind of together.  
A patchwork of tired hands  
doing what they can  
because someone has to.

Outside, the world is still.  
Inside, we keep going.  
Unseen.  
Unimportant.  
Here.

## Christmas in the NHS

By Odeth Richardson, head of service -  
occupational therapy

Bedpans and urinals,  
Tablets and trays,  
Needles and nappies,  
Mark the season in sterile ways.

Forced cheer with tinsel bright,  
Trying to soften the endless night.  
Patients listening, holding their sighs,  
Hope flickers faint in weary eyes.

We push the sorrow, make room for mirth,  
With bacon-wrapped sausages, pudding's worth.  
Trifle crowned with cherries red,  
A fragile feast by a hospital bed.

A break from the humdrum, antiseptic air,  
Fighting for lives with constant care.  
In wards where silence often reigns,  
We weave small joys through hidden pains.

Then music drifts from a distant band,  
Carols echo through the atrium grand.  
Brass notes rising, voices clear,  
A fleeting gift of Christmas cheer.

And patients dream of home tonight,  
Of laughter warm and fires alight.  
But here they rest, in healing's hold,  
Their stories waiting to be retold.

Together we stand, through joy and strife,  
Staff and patients, guardians of life.  
In quiet strength, we share this day,  
Hope lighting hearts in its fragile way.

## A hospital Christmas

By Sara Thompson, speech and language therapist

“You’ve had a stroke, sir”

Are the words he was told.

Therapies, rehab, before he can go home,

Walking frame, slurred speech, thickened drinks, feeding tube,

Dependence on others, needs to use a commode,

That’s not how he celebrates Christmas.

“She’s got a sick heart”

Are the words they were told.

Surgery, then time on PICU,

Sedation, wires, monitors, a breathing tube,

Two people to help get her out for a hold,

That’s not how they celebrate Christmas.

“Night shift, Christmas Eve”

Are the words she was told.

The bairns in their bed, leave for work in the cold,

Miss their faces when they wake up in the morn,

Home after they’ve opened what Santa has brought,

That’s how she will celebrate Christmas.

“The big day is soon”

Are the words that they share,

Staff nurse makes patients smile with her tinselly hair,

Sir’s back on his feet, he can walk by himself,

Baby smiles, so bonny dressed up as an elf,

They’re starting to celebrate Christmas.

“A Merry Christmas”

Are the words that they hear,

Celebrations with different wonder this year,

Supporting each other with love, they all see

Human spirit shine bright through adversity,

Together they celebrate Christmas.

## Christmas in the NHS

By Lakshi Weerakkodige, system support & training officer

Don't forget, Santa,  
To bring the beauty of Christmas  
To my family—  
A family touched by pain,  
Loneliness,  
And full of quiet expectations.

We are one family.  
We cry,  
We smile,  
We laugh.

We hold each other close,  
Patiently waiting,  
Telling stories that warm the soul,  
Caring, bearing,  
Holding with great warmth  
Against the chill of winter.

Don't forget, Santa,  
To bring the beauty of Christmas  
To my family—  
We are looking forward to you,  
This cold season,  
With your joyful smile,  
Stories that never end,  
And gifts wrapped in hope.

Don't forget, Santa,  
To bring the beauty of Christmas  
To my family—  
All are my children,  
And I am the mother NHS for them.

You come from the North Pole,  
With a sneeze and a cough,  
And I will not forget,  
To give you relief as well.  
But I need you, Santa,  
To make my kids,  
My whole family,  
Happy this Christmas—  
With your joyful smile,  
Stories that never end,  
And gifts of love.

I am the mother NHS for them.



Registered with  
**FUNDRAISING  
REGULATOR**

Newcastle Hospitals Charity Registration Number 1057213