

My own personal Christmas



Christmas time is approaching and families are preparing themselves for the festive holiday that is celebrated all over the world. Many different countries have varying ways of observing this holiday and America is no different. However, in my personal experience, I find that each individual family in the United States has their own personal way of celebrating Christmas. They each have their own little traditions and customs all to their own. Christmases in my family were indeed unique and special and I would like to share with you what this holiday was like for me growing up.

It all started shortly after Thanksgiving. We would bring our plastic tree and decorations from the attic and we would all work together as a family to decorate the tree and the whole house. Our parents bought us ornaments for our first christmases and we would each take turns putting up our personalized ornaments on the tree. We would also take turns hanging our individual stockings on the mantle. Our Mother had made them herself for each of us so we all had our own special stocking with our names on it. As Christmas approached we would make a lot of Christmas cookies. My favorite were our 'wreath cookies' made with corn flakes, marshmallows and green food dye. They were formed in 'O' shapes like christmas wreaths and decorated with little red candies. When we were younger, we would go the mall and visit Santa Claus and tell him what we wanted for Christmas (we also had to make lists for our parents for some reason...). At school we would do a lot of Christmas-themed art projects: santa faces, christmas cards, gingerbread houses. Our school would also have a Santa shop where we could buy and wrap little gifts for our families.

On Christmas eve, we would dress up and go to Church for the candlelight service. At the end of the service, they would pass out candles to everyone and we would all sing *Silent Night*. The lights were turned off and hundreds of candles lit up the interior of the church turning it into something magical. Finally the big day came and on December 25th, all the kids would wake up and wait at the top of the stairs and wait for our parents to wake up. They would take our picture on the staircase before we went in the living room to open all of our presents. The rest of the day was spent going to relatives and opening more presents and eating a lot of food. Once Christmas was over, we'd leave the tree up for a couple more days before taking it down and I remember always being excited for next year to come as quickly as possible!

