

My favorite time of the year is Christmas. I mean come on, am I wrong for loving Christmas? What is there not to love? People tend to be in great spirits; the world is filled with joy and laughter. The scents of cinnamon and peppermint fill the air with their soothing aromas. Driving and seeing the beautiful Christmas lights really lets me know it is that time of year.

I remember growing up as a child I would be so excited that it was a time of year where we could have a Christmas tree. This meant that it was also the time of year to give and receive presents. I would make my paper chain so I could count down the days till the 25th of December. Every morning I would wake up and be so excited to pull another one apart; it just meant that it was one day closer to Christmas.

My mother would make stove top potpourri with orange peels, cinnamon sticks, and her “secret” ingredients once a week to give our home that holiday scent. My father would put up our Christmas lights and all our Christmas decorations. I was not allowed to put up the Christmas decorations outside the house because it would include me having to step up on the ladder. My contribution to Christmas was decorating the Christmas tree. My father used to put me up on his shoulders just so I could put the star on the top of the tree. These were incredibly special moments my family and I shared, oh how I miss my mother who is no longer around.

Christmas as a child was just quite different in the sense that we were more united as a family. As I got older things seemed to change a bit. That just meant my parents were also getting older and were not able to do things like they used to. Eventually I was the one that was stepping up on that ladder to put up the Christmas lights and Christmas decorations. I was not as good as my dad, but I got the job done.

I now have a child of my own, who I share all my Christmas traditions with. Now I put her on top of my shoulders so she can put the star on the top of the Christmas tree. I am the one that is making the stove top potpourri with my mother's recipe. I have taught my daughter how to make her own Christmas chain and we countdown the days till Christmas together. I cannot wait for Christmas this year. I just moved into my new place and cannot wait to decorate!