

Christmas 2006

Today it was 60 degrees in Lynchburg but Christmas has come to Heath Avenue. When I stand on our carport and look toward the west, across the woods, the houses on Coronado Avenue, which are hidden by trees all summer, are aglow with lights. It looks as tho every house on that street is decorated. On our own street I see Neighbor Becky has wreaths on every window, Marie, across the street, has lighted candles in her windows and garlands and tiny white lights wrapped around their lamp post. Mr. Martin has a tree sparkling in his window; Nancy has her wrought iron railings outlined with lights and greenery. Beloved Ruth, next door, has swags of greenery in every windowsill with big red bows and a candle backlighting them. Our own front door is flanked by blinking white netlights on the bushes and the boxwoods along our driveway are covered with miniature multicolored lights.

Indoors, what our Christmas tree lacks in “fancy”, it more than makes up for in “full and sparkly”. It is covered with my favorite-in-all-the-world ornaments. There are the white stuffed felt ice-skates, complete with paper-clip blades, hand-made by my mom so many years ago. They hang beside bejeweled panorama scenes inside of recycled L'eggs eggs, also the artwork of my mom.

The glass birds, purchased at Marshall Field's in Chicago when I was a freshman in high school, are flying proudly. A white plastic dog, a kitten, and a lamb, which glow in the dark, are carry-overs from trees of my childhood, as are the little plastic houses, filigree bells of various colors, numerous white and red plastic stars, and several white plastic snowmen.



Porky Pig, beating a drum, is here too. OF COURSE the little lavender glass ornament with my name written on it from 7th grade teacher in German Valley, Mr. Fry, is near the top as usual.



From my mom's childhood years is the brown basket of flowers.



Dalton gave me the green plaster-of-Paris Christmas tree. Two snowmen ornaments and a knitted mitten are reminders of my dear friends, Bill and Sue.



A little frame with Baby Abby's picture is from my best-buddy, Edna. Another sweet friend made the reindeer (with wobbly eyes) from a clothespin. Bright red and shaped like Texas, a small piece of wood is signed by Lori and Cindy in 1988.

The key chain made of beads spelling out "Gramma" was designed by Matthew.



Shiny red glass balls with gold family names and designs were painted by Sandi one year. A dainty white snowflake came inside a Christmas card from dear Arline and Tom McCarthy another year. My pal Max from Freeport gave me the red cloth hand-made heart in 1996. The green candy cane with white ruffled lace was a gift from my Micro Switch friend, George Borman.

A little bell-shaped Santa from Billy Kaiser is here, reminding me of a little boy who is no longer in my world. I often wonder where he is today. Anna Stebbins, her hands so gnarled by arthritis that they could not extend straight, fashioned the pink clown from beads as she sat in Manor Nursing Home in Freeport, Illinois so many years ago.



My children gave me various treasures which hang in positions of prominence. Ola gave me the cardinal made from a big red jingle bell and Jim gave me the beautiful red cardinal which is perched right up at the top by the white lighted star. Multicolored tiny lights add life to the whole assembly.

This tree is not just decorated with ornaments; it is covered with the love and memories of many precious people. I am so very blessed!