

My mom, born in 1910 on a small farm in eastern Nebraska, often told the story about Christmas when she was a child. Each year the big rolling doors to the parlor would be closed (and locked) about December 20. Grampa and Gramma Pieper did not explain why this was done. However, each Christmas Santa would leave a beautiful tree there on Christmas Eve. It was magic!

What my grandparents did not know was that their little darlings had learned that, each day, they could go to the big doors, drop down on their tummies and peek through the crack underneath. Each morning the tree would be more completely decorated. The kids were convinced that Santa came to their house every night to work on that tree but they acted surprised on Christmas morning when the doors were rolled open and THERE SAT THE TREE!

Today all of the Pieper kids are just a memory but the story of their skullduggery lives on.

The picture is of Uncle Art (age 6), Aunt Alma (age 8), and Mom (age 4) in 1914. Twins, Esther and Mildred, were just a gleam in Grampa's eye at that time and were born 1916.

