

(2017, a time of school shootings, church shootings and even shootings at Walmart.)

This morning at the gas station the music of “Rudolph, the Red Nose Reindeer” was drifting over the pumps. I’ve noticed more and more people putting up their trees and decorations much earlier this year. I don’t think it smacks of commercialism (but the stores may be a tad-bit guilty of that).

It seems to me that, in this cold, brutal world where we need to look sharply around us as we go to Walmart and even church, people are longing for the gentler, safer times of their childhood and are using the decorations as a sort-of security blanket. I look at our tree and am that scrawny, blond kid again, waiting for my parents to come back to the house from evening milking chores and hoping Mom makes some popcorn as our little family sits in the living room (complete with a Congoleum rug). Dad is reading his latest Farm Journal magazine, Mom is crocheting, and I’m probably playing with my dolls.

Today enjoy the family around you and take time to make memories for your children and grandkids to retreat into some future time.

