

**General Topics :: Share your Christmas memories****Share your Christmas memories, on: 2007/12/10 11:45**

First off... this thread is NOT for those who want to let us all know that you're against Christmas. There are plenty of people who are willing to debate this with you, so please start another thread. Dont post it here. If someone does, I just ask that every one else just not respond to it.

What this thread IS about is your favorite Christmas memories, or funny things that happened at Christmas, or anything like that. Touching moments, hysterical moments... whatever you want to post that might warm someone else's heart or make us all laugh.

I'll kick it off...

I remember when I was real young, probably 8, we went over to my grandparents Christmas afternoon. We did this every year. That particular Christmas my brothers and I all got exceptionally "noisy" battery operated toys. Dont remember what they were, just that they made a lot of noise. It drove my grandpa crazy. And my cousins who were all there had gotten several battery operated toys as well.

Well, every once in awhile my grandpa would disappear for a few minutes... and a couple minutes after he would return to where everyone was, one of us kids would discover that the toy didnt work. This happened all night long...

Well, came time to leave, and as we all filed out the door... there was grandpa... reaching into his pocket and handing back to each kid the batteries he had removed from their toys.

Dont ask me why most of us kids assumed the toys were broke, and didnt bother to check to see if the batteries were missing. I was 8 or so, and one of the oldest. Little kids dont think that deeply.

Anyway... the year grandpa stole the batteries.

Krispy

Re: Share your Christmas memories, on: 2007/12/10 12:56

++bump++

Re: Share your Christmas memories - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/10 13:01

My best Christmas memory is that every Christmas Eve my family would turn off the lights and sit in the living room with the Christmas tree lights on and listen to The Walton's Christmas album. It was the original one that came out in 1975 that told the Christmas Story out of the book of Luke and they sang Christmas carols in between the Scripture readings. I'd love to get a copy of that record for my family.

Re:, on: 2007/12/10 13:28

The Waltons? As in Jim Bob and John Boy?

Google it... bet you can find it. Check Ebay too.

Krispy

Re:, on: 2007/12/10 13:35

Is this it?

<http://www.amazon.com/o/ASIN/B000CK9LE4/ref=nosim/105-8874461-6201234?SubscriptionId=09FVDRT8TEJ64C2A7Y02>

Walmart also has it for about \$10.

http://www.walmart.com/catalog/product.do?product_id=4169111

Krispy

Re: - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/10 14:34

Yep, those Waltons. I did bid on it at ebay, but didn't win it. and it is only available on record, and I don't have a player... bummer.

Re: - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/10 14:35

Quote:

KrispyKrittr wrote:
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Krispy

Nope, that isn't the one. but I do have that one and it is a good one...not the same though. and I got it for \$4 at Big Lots.

:-P

Re:, on: 2007/12/10 14:39

I dont even have a record player any more.

Krispy

Re: - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/10 14:45

yeah, me neither. that's why its a bummer. :-D

Re:, on: 2007/12/10 16:38

No one else wants to share? If a thread isnt confrontational, controversial or about a church scandal it gets shuffled to the bottom pretty fast.

C'mon folks... lets share some things from the heart and make each other smile a little. It's called "encouragement".

Krispy

Re: - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/10 16:44

Funny you say that, I wondered if some people were afraid to share some of their memories because of what others might think...

Re: - posted by hmmhmm (), on: 2007/12/10 16:55

I remember last Christmas, seeing my children, their second Christmas, but first one they could open their presents themselves. And thinking how precious gifts of life God has given me and I remember the food my wife magically cooked even though she did not have so much to work with how she so gave her all for me and the kids with what we had, and seeing her looking at us and seeing us dig in to the food she had so given her time and effort to make us

thinking of those moments make me cry right now.

How blessed I am to have such a wife and children.

Re: - posted by consecrateme, on: 2007/12/10 17:09

I remember when I was about 6 yrs old celebrating Christmas with all my family including my parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

We all lived in the same street just different houses, we would all gather together to eat and just being together. The love of being with family was so sweet. I do not remember much about the gifts..I think because for us it was about celebrating the birth of Christ and just being together as a family. Since we used to celebrate the "three kings" day in Feb. the gifts were giving out to the children on Feb. instead.

We moved to the US and lived here for years now. so, I do miss being with my grandparents and cousins..oh, how much I miss them!!!

"c"

Re: Share your Christmas memories - posted by Rahman, on: 2007/12/10 18:17

My Dad became a JW when I was six so I really only remember one Christmas as a child, but it was enough to subsequently make me hate being a JW amongst so many other things like no more birthdays and alienation from my favorite aunts and uncles on the holidays because all of a sudden they were now heathen and worldly ... It was a totally awful early childhood experience, but I would always secretly celebrate Christmas in my own way, bringing home little twigs of Canadian Balsam to smell ... Canadian Balsam scent still sends me into Christmas mode reminding me mostly of my Aunt Cleo's trees, before she went haywire in the 60's/70's with those toilet brush limbed mod metallic trees ...

I actually love the holiday, the season, even though I know it's nowhere near the day of Christ's birth and has a touch of pagan in its origin, but what I've always truly loved about the holiday was that folk became so pleasant, nice, jolly, etc ... Of course that has much waned in these hellified times in which we live, folk trying to have Christmas without Christ, without even the mention of His name ... Things have certainly changed in America since the 50's ...

Anyhow I guess my favorite Christmas had to be when I was 27, as it was the first time I was in a position to flat out full fledged celebrate Christmas after having escaped all things JW and I went way overboard then, and for about the next ten years or so ... I still love the season, but much of my enthusiasm for all the gift buying and trimmings along with my youthful vim and vigor has waned and I find I now more so fully reflect on the reason for the season as pretty much summed up by Linus on "A Charlie Brown Christmas" ...

Luke.2 -

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Re: - posted by Miccah (), on: 2007/12/10 18:39

I remember being about 8 years old and so excited at seeing eggnog at the shelves of the stores. Then being able to drink the eggnog at Christmas eve. This was pre-saved days in my life.

Christmas with my children now is always fun. My children are 4, 2 and 1. So needless to say, there is not much sleeping in my house anymore for us parents.

My favorite current memory of Christmas is watching my 4 year old son talk to grandpa and grandma (wifes side) about Jesus and explaining to them why we celebrate Christmas as the birth of Jesus.

It is great to see my son minister to my in-laws, who on the most part shut me down anytime I talk about the Lord. They listen to my son and hear his words. I know that the Lord blesses these times in my sons life, even if grandpa and grandma don't want to hear it. My 2 1/2 year old is starting to talk to grandma and grandpa about Jesus as well. Even though she knows little about the Lord, you can see His love in her. These are my favorite memories of Christmas...watching my children grow in the Lord and become sons and daughters of the living God.

May the Lord raise up all my children to contend for His name.

Re:, on: 2007/12/10 18:53

Hi everyone, only just noticed this thread, it's a good one.

These days I don't use Christmas decorations, except for some appropriate decoration in the window, such as Christian cards or a poster, as a witness to its true meaning. Partly because of the pagan and worldly connotations and partly because of being on my own. I'd rather be in work over Christmas, and, hopefully, have my employers leave out some Christmas goodies to eat :lol:

Various memories: As a child I was usually ill with excitement (being asthmatic - thankfully grew out of it by age 15). Christmas Eve was absolute agony because it seemed the morning would never come, and I had trouble getting to sleep.

When I was about 7 my mother swore me to secrecy as far as other kids were concerned, told me that there was no Father Christmas. She did it because she as a child was told by another child and it was a terrible shock, so she decided to tell me herself before that should happen.

I was absolutely astonished, and at first wouldn't believe her, because she had never ever told me anything that wasn't absolutely true. After getting over the surprise however, it didn't trouble me very much. Maybe the thought of entering the world of grown-up "secrets" helped.

Every year my mother would make several cakes. There was always a tiny one for a little boy up our street. I never remember seeing him, but apparently he'd had severe polio. Then she stopped making them. I was too young to realise at the time that he'd died.

My traditional breakfast on Christmas morning was the dry bread crusts from the stuffing, with pieces of *chocolate!* A treat because not usually allowed.

As I grew older I used to help ice the Christmas cake. We weren't very organised, and this was usually the last minute job on Christmas Eve, and tended to take till well after midnight! We found traditional white icing too dull and would have tremendous fun with all sorts of decorations in different colours, just as we fancied doing. It never actually looked much like a *Christmas* cake, but what fun it was!

Another memory is of my father blowing up balloons and putting them up the chimney (we had an open fire) to see how long before they burst in the heat. My mother and I would put our fingers in our ears and beg him to stop, but he wouldn't listen! Dad *loved* balloons, and we would always put a packet in his stocking with a pump to blow them up!

What a lot of memories!

But the best was the first Christmas after I became a Christian. We had a large poster of the Wise men visiting the baby Jesus, and it was always put up on my bedroom wall. I remember gazing at it that year and for the first time realising something of the wonder of "God with us"...

Hallelujah!

Jeannette

Re:, on: 2007/12/11 8:03

I didn't grow up in the church, and my folks didn't go except on Christmas. But my grandparents did on my mom's side. And every December when we were young grandma & grandpa took us little kids to church so that we could be in the Christmas program. I remember being a shepherd and one year I was Joseph... and using beach towels as robes and head dresses. Kinda funny. And then after the program, the pastor would give all the kids bags of candy... and we would eat it all before we even left the church. Then we got into all kinds of trouble thanks to the sugar rush! I was hyper active enough without sugar! lol

And now my kids are the ones in the Christmas programs. We don't do a program in our house church, but the homeschool association we belong to does. This year my 4 yr old was Joseph. That brought back memories of my own experiences on stage...lol.

Krispy

Re: - posted by enid, on: 2007/12/11 8:39

Only just seen this thread. Where has it been hiding?

I guess we all have so many fond memories of Christmas that we sometimes don't know where to start.

But for me, it goes back to when I was a child of about 9 years old.

Dad had bought these chocolates, and we children loved chocolates. We could have them, but not all on one day and have them all gone.

So, Dad put them high up on a shelf where we could not reach them. Well, we were not supposed to reach them.

Night came. My 2 sisters 'volunteered' me to go downstairs and sneak out one of the big bars of chocolate.

I did my utmost to get up and down the creaking stairs without being heard, got back to bed with the treat, and remember Mum's voice booming out, 'I hope you haven't taken the fruit and nut' which was her favourite chocolate.

Unfortunately, I hadn't. I got a horrible bar of plain chocolate which tasted like a laxative and worked like one too.

On to today. I have a confession to make. I still like to watch the movie 'A Christmas Carol' about Scrooge. It's just one of those movies I like and about the only decent thing you can watch at Christmas.

Oh well, Merry Christmas everyone!

Thank You Lord Jesus! ... - posted by Rahman, on: 2007/12/11 8:48

Done my brother ... :-D

Yes... thank you Jesus, on: 2007/12/11 9:04

Kool... thanx my brother.

Everyone else... nevermind. :-)

Krispy

Re:, on: 2007/12/11 9:18

Enid... great story!

I love The Christmas Carol too. I read it to the kids. Sorry to say, kinda hard to maintain a British accent all the way thru.. . my southern drawl keeps creeping in. :-?

Of course... who doesnt love "It's A Wonderful Life"? I'm a huge fan of Jimmy Stewart. He was cool.

I have to admit that one of my recent favorite Christmas movies is "Elf". That movie has me in stitches every time we watch it. Especially the scene with the 45 second burp in it... "Did you hear that???"

Krispy

Re: - posted by enid, on: 2007/12/11 9:23

Quote: 'My southern drawl keeps creeping in.'

Don't worry, there are worse sins!

God bless.

Re: - posted by MSeaman (), on: 2007/12/11 10:14

Quote:

-----Of course... who doesnt love "It's A Wonderful Life"?

One of my favorites as well. I watch it every year. :-D

Re: - posted by brentw (), on: 2007/12/11 10:30

I was spoiled growing up with TONS of gifts as a child I have to admit. ;-)

I think all the special memories are those of ALL my family that were together and now have passed on.

I think we need to treasure those special times of family being all together at Christmas because we dont know what will happen in a years time.

On a side note: I feel sorry for all the legalists who dont celebrate a joyous time as Christmas.

...sorry krispy I couldnt help myself.

Re: Share your Christmas memories - posted by nowhr2hide (), on: 2007/12/11 10:46

Share your Christmas memories ... hhhmmm which memories to share a happy ones, a sad ones, good or bad. We all have those :-D i like to share the time my daughter called me a liar at the age of 6 because i did not tell her the truth that there is no santa claus :-D she cries for hours and that hurt her not because santa is not real now but the fact i follow the tradition i grew up with, we still celebrate Christmas with the fat fellow, but still have the tree and lights and goodies and family parties, we celebrate the birth of Jesus. but with the children understanding of why Jesus born.

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERY ONE

Re: christmas memories - posted by moreofHim (), on: 2007/12/11 11:15

I have soooo many christmas memories, none bad- all good! I especially have wonderful memories of spending time at my grandma's house. I loved her and now she has passed away. I loved her house and her christmas tree, I loved the music she played and the dinner she always fixed. She was a picture of 'hospitality' that i didn't get anywhere else. She was really my only family except for my parents and my younger brother.

One of my favorite things to do at Christmas was lay under the christmas tree and look at the lights. My parents usually let me sleep in a sleeping bag under the tree one night before Christmas every year. I felt like I was in heaven (though I am sure heaven is much better :)

My favorite funny memory (which is not too funny to my Mother) My mom bought my Dad a watch one year and wrapped it up and put it under the tree. My dad knew what it was and on Christmas Eve he carefully unwrapped it and took the watch out and then carefully wrapped it back up. In the morning we opened the presents just like always and he opened up the package that was supposed to have the watch in it and he pretended to be surprised that there was nothing in it. My mom freaked out! After about 5 minutes (or more) my Dad finally told her what he had done and she was more than a little upset with him! We all still laugh about that today! :-)

My newer memories are of my own children at Christmas. There is a little song/saying that I always sang to them before they went to sleep on Christmas Eve because they couldn't sleep- "The sooner you sleep, the sooner you wake..."

We always have a birthday cake for Jesus and we use this time to show our children about giving. We usually choose a family to give Christmas presents and dinner to. This year we are looking into an orphanage and a restoration home for people trying to stay off drugs. Yes, we do these things even when it is not Christmas, but it does make this time more special and meaningful. It is wonderful to bless others who may not get to experience a nice dinner or a few new clothes for Christmas.

Have a blessed Christmas everyone and may you all create wonderful memories this year, for yourself and for your children :-)

In His love, Chanin

Re:, on: 2007/12/11 13:17

Channin, I love that story about the watch! That sounds like something I would do.

One thing we've done the last two years is we have some friends who have absolutely nothing. Very very poor. 2 years ago the mom mentioned to my wife that their kids were getting one gift each... just a new shirt (bought at a second hand store).

So we talked to several other families who know them, and we took up a collection. Everyone's kids threw in whatever money they wanted to donate, and my wife and I and our kids went Christmas shopping. I think we had about \$350 to spend. It was such a joy to see our kids picking out toys and stuff for their friends. We wrapped everything, and then put everything in this HUGE cardboard refrigerator box, and wrapper that too.

Well this family goes to a little country church about a mile from our house, so I waited until I knew they were there for evening service... and I parked my truck around the bend in the road and my two older sons and I carried that big old box of presents over to the church and set it down right in front of their van. Then we left.

About 3 hours later the mom calls my wife and quizzed her for about 30 minutes to see if it was us who left the presents. My wife kept laughing and say "No! It must have been Santa!"... and the kids and I had to leave the room we were laughing so hard.

We did the exact same thing last year too. To this day they have no idea who delivered the presents to them.

The biggest kick for me in this whole thing tho is to see the joy my kids get out of **giving**. It's a waaay bigger joy than they get on Christmas with their own presents.

Krispy

Re:, on: 2007/12/11 14:03

Earlier we were talking about Christmas movies, and I mentioned the "burping" scene from ELF... for those who have never seen it... here's the scene:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f1Xh35MymZo>

Krispy

Re: Yes... thank you Jesus, on: 2007/12/11 20:32

Bump! I want to hear about others' memories!

Re: - posted by BrokenOne (), on: 2007/12/11 22:24

Every Christmas Eve my mother's side of the family would gather at my grandmother's house to celebrate Christmas. Our traditional meal that night was seafood gumbo that my grandmother would prepare. Those who have tasted Louisiana cuisine will know that it is very flavorful – quite possibly the best food in the country. But not my grandmother's. And the jokes about the gumbo would start about 2 weeks prior to Christmas Eve. But everybody would still eat the obligatory bowl of gumbo.

One year while we were all giggling over our bowls of gumbo, my uncle got up from the table with his bowl and left the room. He returned moments later with a sheepish grin on his face and an empty bowl, with sounds of a flushing toilet in the background.

10 years later, we are still laughing about this.

But my favorite memories are of when my sister and I were little and we would finish opening our gifts and then it was time for us to watch our parents exchange gifts. We could hardly wait because each year my dad would get my mom some beautifully extravagant piece of jewelry. He loved to give her things like that and watch her open them. Of course he would always take them back because I'm sure they were more expensive than we could afford back then. But I remember the wonderful feeling of knowing that my parents loved each other and watching my dad demonstrate that through his gift giving.

Danielle

Re:, on: 2007/12/11 23:30

Quote:

BrokenOne wrote:

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10 years later, we are still laughing about this.

Oh Danielle, that is too good! That is hilarious. I know what Louisiana cuisine is like, some of it is out of this world...while at the same time, I've learned to be very cautious in eating gumbo when I don't know what's in it. :-P Thanks for giving me a good laugh!

This is a wonderful thread and I've been enjoying it and mulling over my own memories. There are the usual memories of gifts, and general excitement, but I think the best thing about it is being with family. I hold such precious memories of being together, Dad, Mom, brothers, sisters, grandparents, sometimes cousins, aunts, uncles, and nephews, on Christmas

as. No amount of gifts or extra stuff can replace the specialness of one's own family.

Another memory I have is Christmas caroling. There's something special about knocking on a complete stranger's door and together bellowing out 'Joy to the World' as people cautiously open their door to see what is going on and then quietly listen. Or going to the nursing homes and singing 'Silent Night' and seeing a quiet, reverential hush fall across everyone as the words flow forth.

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Savior is born,
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Silent night, holy night
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing,
Alleluia to our King;
Christ the Savior is born,
Christ the Savior is born!

I also remember acting out the nativity scene as a child with another family. Some of us had to play double parts to make the story complete but it was so much fun doing that with my brothers and sisters and friends. I remember how we improvised our costumes with sheets and whatever we could come up with. Sure, we were a sight, but we had a blast!

Sweet memories.

Thanks, Krispy, for starting this!

Re:, on: 2007/12/12 7:56

Quote:
-----One year while we were all giggling over our bowls of gumbo, my uncle got up from the table with his bowl and left the room. He returned moments later with a sheepish grin on his face and an empty bowl, with sounds of a flushing toilet in the background.

Y'all need a dog... they are quieter than a toilet flush... lol

Krispy

Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2007/12/12 9:27

Quote:

Y'all need a dog... they are quieter than a toilet flush... lol

Ya reckon he would even sniff it? LOL

Hey, Krispy, this is a fun thread. I had so much fun reading others' stories....the benefit is that it awoken some of my own so here goes.

Christmas was always a fun, wonderful time in the year for as far back as I can remember. It was a time of the year whe n other serious things were selved for a while and concentrated on doing pleasant, wonderful things. ALWAYS.

As a child I loved to draw pictures of a stable with Mary, Joseph and a manger. I am sure Mom threw these pics away, o r maybe I did, but wish I could have just one now.

We always spent time with our extended family. Mom came from a family of five and dad from a family of eight. So this meant there were lots of cousins to play with, lots of food to eat.

My parents did not believe in Christmas trees so we never had one, but I loved it when we were with Dad's family - they always had one and they were so beautiful, especially Aunt Ida's.

Family time: lots of food, laughter, and just plain enjoying each other. Gifts were exchanged which to us children was the high point of the day...I still have a china tea set my cousin Harvey gave - it is still in the box.

One day when I was fifteen I sat back and observed the social interactions of my maternal family: the fun, the noise and decided that IF I ever get married I will want five children and have a lot of noise also! Well, I got married and in time had five children but did not have to wait to long to have a lot of noise! Hey, I loved it and miss some of that noise now!

My maternal grandmother would always peel apples after dinner for whoever wanted one. Can still see her sitting in the l iving room, attired in a large apron with a large granite bowl on her lap..

And the food: one dish I remember above all others.. and that was tapioca pudding. It was made with large tapioca, whip ped cream and candy bars, like Baby Ruth. Fortunately, my aunt Rose told me how to make it. Today my family enjoys i t and my nieces and nephews call the tapioca 'fish eyes', an excellent description.

Then there was Christmas caroling. When we were in the youth group, this was an important part of celebrating. Since i t was quite large the men improvised in transporting all of us...The men of the church would take a farmer's bob truck, cl ean it out and put straw/hay bales around the sides for us to sit on. Then it was covered with tarp. A small ladder or stool was used for us girls to get up and down from the bed. Now it was so very cold, but we did not mind. It was fun to go sin g for people, give them fruit plates or baskets and spread cheer. I am not sure who benefited the most: we or the recip ients. Today the youth use vans and are sorely deprived of the discomforts of chattering teeth, shivering bodies brought on by cold...

We always celebrated Christmas with our children. One memory still irks me a tad bit although it really is funny - now fig ure that out! We had purchased tennis rackets for our children, wrapped them up and added them to the pile of gifts. Ou r oldest son, Lynford, had borrowed a friend's metal detector so he took the thing to see if he could figure out what was i n those packages...and he succeeded!

Then there was the year our son-in-law Matthew had endured several surgeries for a ganglion tumor on his big toe. This meant a loss of income because of days missed at work...I was so humbled when my family came along and said, why d o we not forgo the exchange of gifts and instead give them gifts of money that they can use however needed? It was do ne and there was one family that really appreciated us! (Perhaps I should inform you that Matthew was married to our D D who died and has remarried. So he really is no biological kin to us: he is the father of two of our grandchildren.)

Have a blessed Christmas!

ginnyrose

Re:, on: 2007/12/13 8:56

Enjoying reading everyone's Christmas memories! Let's hear some more!

Krispy

Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2007/12/16 22:32

Krispy, just thought of another one....

Christmas season 1996 .

Our only daughter, who was 25 YO, had died in January 1996. I had accepted the fact God called her home and was glad she was ready to go, and that she really is with the LORD. But as a mom, I still missed her on occasion, especially now with Christmas approaching and knowing she would not be here and that I would no longer receive ANY gifts from her . I loved her gifts! She knew me so well and her gifts were always just right.

Now Christmas was a few days away and I had to resign myself to her absence...yes, LORD... :-o

On Christmas day my entire family met at my parents house...likely at least 25 persons there. Gifts were exchanged, paper and boxes, ribbon strewn everywhere. I was sitting on the floor observing the fun everyone was having and just enjoyed watching their happiness, thrill and delight when my sister came up to me with a large flat box wrapped in plain white paper. She said, "Sandra, this is for you." I said, "for me?" The box was very unusual, but I accepted it and proceeded to open it.

I was speechless when I opened that box: it was full of 13" quilt blocks embroidered by many ladies for a friendship quilt. They were so beautiful! (Let me describe to you what I am talking about: a friendship quilt is when many different ladies embroider something on a plain piece of cloth. These are then taken and sewn with a sash into a quilt. It is the most beautiful quilt one can ever have: it is totally an original. No two are ever alike. To have one is a real honor.)

Sister Helen told me Regina had started this project for me but when she was stricken, she was forced to lay this aside. After her demise, her mother-in-law was going through her stuff and found this, so she gave it to Helen and told her to proceed with this project and give it to me. I was totally ignorant of this ongoing project until it was presented to me!

A few days later, I was sitting in the living room, going through this stash of embroidered blocks, filled with awe of the work, time invested in creating such a beautiful piece of handwork...just for me, of all people! Suddenly, I was overwhelmed with a wonderful sense of love -it started at my head and flowed all the way through my body to my feet. I was so loved and knew God did care about me and that he was interested in me and He saw to it that I did get one more gift from our daughter. And it was so perfect!

This incident has erased all doubt, all questions in my mind about God calling her home. This was just another reminder of his love and care for me, the mom.

Have a blessed Christmas, ya'll!

ginnyrose

Re:, on: 2007/12/17 11:19

Ginny... I'm not one to cry, but if there was ever a Christmas story that could bring tears to my eyes... that was it. Bless your heart, sister.

Krispy

Re:, on: 2007/12/17 11:21

Just want to say thanx to the folks on the forum who dont celebrate Christmas for not bringing the debate into this thread ... I really appreciate that. :-) I think that has helped folks share some intimate stories, like Ginny's last post.

Thank you.

Krispy

Re: Share your Christmas memories - posted by InTheGarden (), on: 2007/12/17 17:23

I have also enjoyed reading some of the Christmas stories, here is a few of the memories that I have from Christmases past:

My Grandfather is German, and some of his traditions have been mixed into our family gatherings - especially at Christmastime. My favorite was that our family would have Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve. It always consisted of Brautwurst, hot dogs and saurkraut plus other various foods - kind of wierd - but it makes a unique and therefore endearing tradition! On that same night the family would gather around in the living room of my immediate family's home and my Grandfather (or my Dad) would read Luke 2. Although I remember being so impatient to open the presents, it brings back memories of love and joy thinking back on those wonderful times of reading the story of Christ's birth. After the story was over, we kids would tear into our presents and pass out the adult's presents.

The next day, since we had already had Christmas dinner, my immediate family would stay home and play games or do puzzles together.

Having a Christian family, Christmastime wasn't just one of those other holidays, it was a time to really celebrate Christ's birth and enjoy the fellowship with one another. I am thankful for that.

Mikah

Re:, on: 2007/12/17 17:43

Is it fair to share a memory that belonged to someone else? This is a memory my dad has shared and I thought ya'll would enjoy it. I guess you could say one of my Christmas memories is hearing Dad share this one. :-)

When he was a small boy they would always go to Granny's for Christmas and she had one of those big old houses with six bedrooms. Late one Christmas Eve my dad heard this, "Choo, choo..." and decided to get up and investigate. He crept quietly down the stairs and peeked around the corner only to discover his dad and uncle playing with his new train set! He watched them for a while and then crept back to bed. Vengeance came next morning at four o'clock, and he blew that train whistle just as loud as he could and probably woke up the entire house with the echoing "choo, choo!"

:-)

Re: - posted by InTheGarden (), on: 2007/12/18 14:51

That is hilarious, Joy, thanks for sharing it!

Mikah