



DECEMBER 2024

As a child, waiting on Christmas to arrive seemed as though it would never come. My siblings and I daily counted the remaining candy canes mom had beautifully tied to the hand sewn calendar marking the days until December 25th. As if counting them each day made the day come faster. We found joy in looking into snowglobes and pretending we were a part of the snowy scene created on the inside of the globe. The memories are still fresh of the smell in the kitchen, watching Christmas movies, the sound of Christmas music played from an old record player as mom sewed tirelessly on our Christmas dresses (often up until the day of).

Every year my siblings and I looked forward to taking turns circling our wishes in the Sears Wish Book. The plastic nativity was used year after year through my entire childhood while a straight pin held the angel to the top of the makeshift stable. I imagined what it must have been like to be in that stable, to be a wiseman, a shepherd, and even one of the lucky animals that were present at the birth of Jesus. With each memory that crosses my mind, a new one comes. For that I am blessed.

As an adult, Christmas seems to come too quickly. The holiday season leaves me feeling behind, unprepared, and rushed. This year my goal is to see the gift of Christmas the way I did as a child. I want to experience the wonder, the magic, the smells and sounds, the laughs, the music, and the hope that the gift of Christmas brings. While it's easy to capture the hustle and bustle of Christmas the world flaunts through advertisements and busy schedules, I challenge you to allow yourself to capture the Holy Spirit, the gift of His birth. Make time to listen to the sounds of Christmas. Make time to look deeply into a nativity scene and wonder about the night Jesus was born. This year, try to see Christmas through the eyes of a child.

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