


Holiday Miracles. . .

This last weekend I put up my Christmas tree. Every year I  think about how weird of a tradition it is to cut down a tree, drag it into the house, and then decorate it with all kinds of lights and sentimental ornaments. They make a mess, they're expensive, and really, this tradition makes no sense in the context of the holiday. It's a strange tradition; a holdover from years past with roots forgotten long ago, but I guess it's so much fun that we stick with it. I do love the way the tree smells, and seeing the joy it brings my family is a Christmas miracle in itself. I do secretly always hope that after I put it up a small woodland animal that was hiding inside will jump out, but then I think of that scene from the movie Christmas Vacation and change my mind.