

Re: Childhood holiday memories

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From: kathycarp (*kathycarp_at_comcast.net*)

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My most vivid holiday memory, actually, is a smell, and I miss it to this day.

My mother would make cornbread dressing the night before (and it was the best dressing in the world), then she'd get up in the middle of the night to stuff the turkey and put it in the oven. Waking up to the smell of the turkey cooking was absolutely heaven, as that meant it was a very special day. If there is one thing I could go back and recapture from my childhood I think it would be waking up to the smell of turkey in the oven. Brings tears to my eyes today.

--

Kathy

www.ambergriscaye.com/villadelosol

"djgordon" <danigordon@bellsouth.net> wrote in message
news:STBxd.8847\$3X5.2331@bignews3.bellsouth.net...

> What wonderful memories. Let's see, what do I remember that stands out? We
> never had a real tree because we had a wood stove and keeping it wet so as
> not to start a fire would have been too hard, but that was okay,
> artificial
> trees are nice too. There are four of us girls and growing up we didn't
> have
> a lot of money, so mom shopped all year long at yard sales and the like to
> get things such as games or toys, but the clothes we got would be bought
> new. Our stockings held fruit and nuts and maybe a piece or two of jewelry
> and candy canes. Until the time I moved out at 17 Santa still visited and
> so
> while gifts from mom and dad were wrapped, "Santa's" gifts were set out
> unwrapped in four spots for us girls. We would then have a big breakfast
> and
> either wait for our grandparents to show up or go to their house if it was
> our turn. We have always had the traditional turkey dinner just like
> Thanksgiving. I think I remember one of my favorite years. I was around 7
> or
> 8 and Charlie's Angels was the thing. I got a mannequin head with Jackie's
> hair on a wig with working curling iron, hairdryer, combs, brushes etc, so
> I
> could look just like her--LOL. As for decorations, there were ornaments
> that
> were special to all of us that are hanging on my mom's tree to this day.
> Mom
> had two very large lighted candles that went out on the front walk. Oh
> yeah,
> every Eve if the grandparents were in early my Pappap and dad told us kids

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> they were sitting up all night (guns sitting across their laps) and would
> shoot any intruders (read Santa). That may seem like a harsh thing to
> some,
> but to us kids it was just another of the traditions...and we all knew no
> one would ever really shoot Santa. I think the memories we're making now
> are
> just as good with new traditions. We get up around 5 open presents here
> and
> then travel five doors down to my parents' house and open presents there
> with as many of my sisters who were able to make the six hour trip (two
> live
> here and two live in Branson area). We then have started our own breakfast
> tradition of pork brains and eggs with toast for breakfast. Then we sit
> around and put together, hook up, insert batteries, play, etc. with all
> our
> new toys until about noon when dad and I then go deep fry the turkey.
> Okay,
> my mouth is watering, have to go eat breakfast. Everyone, have a wonderful
> holiday season.
>
> Dani
>
> "Judity01" <judity01@aol.com> wrote in message
> news:20041219153426.07763.00002361@mb-m01.aol.com...
>> Christmas was one holiday Dad really participated in. He'd get out the
> strings
>> of large blue lights and hang them outside around the steps to our front
> porch.
>> I couldn't figure out why he chose blue instead of the traditional red
> and
>> green, but he was so proud of his handiwork I never questioned him on it.
>> Besides, blue lights reflected nicely on all that white snow.
>>
>> A week or so before December 25, he'd go out to the wood lot that he
>> owned
> at
>> the edge of town and cut down a tree for the living room. That evening
> we'd
>> all pitch in to decorate it; again, Dad was in charge of the little
>> multicolored strings of lights. This was in the days when if one light
> went
>> out, the whole string was dead. I can still hear his fingernails
>> clicking
> on
>> each bulb to see which ones were good and which had to be replaced. Do
> any of
>> you have some of those lights now?
>>
>> Mum would bring out from the dining room closet the box filled with the
> fragile
>> ornaments. My favorite one had an indentation with a little figure
>> inside
>> there, very old fashioned. Of course we also had the usual ones that
>> seem
> to
>> break if you just looked at it. After we had finished, Dad would turn
>> out
> the
>> living room light and switch on the tree lights. Between the beauty of
> the
>> tree and the fragrance of it, that first night was magical.
>>

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>> So as to not bore you with all my memories, I'll write more later if you
> don't
>> mind but would enjoy hearing how you all celebrated the holidays as a
> child.
>>
>> Judity
>>
>>
>
>