

# My Christmas Tree Essay

By Roxanna Hedges, age 10

My Christmas tree is perfect, in part because it is a real tree. My family didn't go to a store and choose the tree - we went to Papa's Pines, a tree farm where people can choose and cut their own Christmas tree. We get to Papa's Pines by taking a dirt road and going into the mountains, where we park and start looking among hundreds of trees for the perfect Christmas tree. When we find what could be the perfect tree, we talk about for a while, wondering if it would look good in our house. After agreeing that the tree is really the perfect Christmas tree, my brother and my Dad cut down the tree and carry it to the car. The Christmas tree always smells so good, and it is kind of soft to the touch. My Christmas tree is perfect because it is bushy and has branches sticking out here and there. Real Christmas trees might be crooked, but I love my real Christmas tree!

The decorations on my Christmas tree are perfect, because there are not too many decorations and there are not too few - just the exact, right amount. A beautiful blue and white angel stands at the top of the tree watching over Christmas. Colored and white lights wrap all around the tree making the homemade crystal icicles sparkle and shimmer. On the tree are red, blue, and green ball that shine in the sunlight, and homemade white snow geese live on our tree. And then there are our own special ornaments. Best of all though are the memories of getting the tree from its home in the mountains.