

Macy Koch

## Real Christmas Memories

Each year my family and I go to find the perfect Christmas tree. On the way to the Christmas tree farm, we sing along to Christmas songs and share our favorite stories of past years. My favorite is about my first year. There was so much snow that my dad pulled me in a baby sled, he took a corner to quick and dumped me in the snow. My mom said that I was such a good baby I just spit out the snow and keep pointing to the trees. I was so excited about having a tree in my living room that I took my first steps to grab hold of it.

When we get to the tree farm, my sister points out the first tree she sees and says, "That's it! That is the perfect tree. Let's get it and go home." My dad always says, "Let's keep looking; I know the perfect tree is out there waiting for us." So the four of us march through the woods; taking turns pointing out trees that we see. They are too fat, too tall, or too skinny, then someone suggests we go back to look at the first tree we saw! "It is perfect," Mom, Dad and I exclaim, while my sister mutters to herself, "I told you so!"

When we get home, my mom and dad put a million zillion lights on the tree. My sister Erika and I then get to hang the ornaments. Each ornament means something special to someone in my family. My mom's favorites are the ornaments that belonged to her grandparents. My dad has an elf that he has had since he was a little boy. My sister loves to hang all the ornaments she has made in school. My favorite part of getting a real Christmas tree is the time spent together as we pick out and decorate the perfect tree.