

Odi-“fir”-ous

By Stephanie Vis

It's the smell of the tree. I cannot even begin to describe it. The crisp, clean aroma of the pine needles is so incredibly tantalizing that every year my family hauls the mattresses out by the tree to sleep next to it. There is nothing like drifting off into dreamland under the glow of the lights and the shimmer of the ornaments. It has been a family tradition for as long as I can remember. Not only is it something to look forward to, but it brings our family together for a much needed time of family bonding after the hectic year.

Relatives of mine have opted out of this joy and bought a fake tree. Mmmm...plastic. Sure, its green and it hold lights and those cute keepsake ornaments, however, without the smell of the forest and the feel of the outdoors, it is just another man made object. It's nothing special, and certainly nothing real.

I know no matter how old I become, no matter how expensive it may be, no matter how hard it is to get it into my house, I will always buy a real Christmas tree. To me, this Christmas tree represents that my parents, and later myself, care enough to give this already magical season another sprinkle of fun. Some people may say I'm exaggerating, but I have so many memories involving the picking, setting up, decorating, and sleeping under of our tree, that how could I not want to pass this tradition on to my future children?