The most wonderful Christmas tree of all times was at my grandmother's. It was magical and magnificent. Especially to a 5 year old. I remember well how it would magically appear on Christmas eve, bedecked with straw stars, shiny balls and candles all aglow. We had to wait until we heard the tinkling of a bell to let us know that the Christmas angel had finished and we could go into the room.

The packages are were nice, the bowl of freshly made cookies were wonderful (I can still taste my grandmother's butter cookies to this day), but the tree was what it was all about. It sparkled with metal tinsel cared for gingerly so that it would last for years, candle light filled the room and my grandmother's angels rested on the breakfront. I now have my grandmother's angels, a gift from my mother right before she died. So the memories become real this special time of year. - Marlis from Lubbock, TX

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