

HOME SWEET! HOME

'Home for the Holidays' are magical words around our house during this special time of the year

• By Judy Zuckerbrow

My earliest Christmas memory is from 1953. That was when my parents, two brothers, and I celebrated in our new home in Arlington. I was two years old. Since both parents had large families, we were always surrounded with joyful love and celebrations with family. Many Christmases have come and gone since then, but I still carry the love and joy for this glorious season of our Messiah's birth.

My husband Howard and I have been married 44 years and have developed many traditions – always with family and always in our home together. When our sons were small, this season was so special. We saw the excitement on their little faces. Our hearts were warmed with love for our little family. The joy of family and Christmas has been a part of our lives that lives on in the homes of our two sons and their wives, as well as our six grandchildren.

Our festivities begin in our neighborhood on Christmas Eve's eve with Dalworthington Garden's finest parade of firetrucks, motorcycles and cars, all with flashing lights and sirens driving throughout the city. Santa arrives to visit

with kids of all ages. Last year the Grinch was forced to ride on the back of the truck. Hopefully, he won't be there this year.

Prepping for our family Christmas dinner begins early on the 24th. Our grandchildren bake chocolate babkas, pies, cookies and sides, and decorate the table. Everyone brings their own special dish, and we gather for prayer holding hands, so thankful.

When the presents are opened, our eyes are full of love, and the little ones are anxious for bed. Howard and I drive to midnight

services at First United Methodist Church in Cedar Hill. Singing the songs in a candlelit sanctuary is such a beautiful way to welcome Christmas. **A**

