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I believe God created celebrations for memories and my family—six girls and one boy—always celebrated the Christmas season in a wonderful way. We would get out of bed early to open gifts—not a lot of them by today's standards—but we were a happy family.

We would laugh and show our gifts and talk until it was time for the older ones to help Mom prepare “the dinner.” Each of us had a delegated duty such as setting the table. My mom had five children, each only a year apart. She then waited six years and along came “Little Miss Lillie” and one year later, my sister Loretta was born. As we gathered around the table we always prayed—thanking God for the food and for the reason we were celebrating.

The menu would consist of turkey, fried chicken, corn-bread dressing, green beans, macaroni and cheese (now known as “mac and cheez”), turnip greens, okra and, of course, gravy with the giblets; then for dessert—sweet potato pie, peach or apple cobbler, pound cake and my favorite, ambrosia. Ambrosia was made only for those Christmas dinners. Even now, when I am walking past the deli section of a supermarket and see ambrosia in that case, I buy some, get excited, wait until I am in a quiet place and ... with the first forkful to my mouth, somehow, I am transported back to those Christmas dinners with my family. I am thankful for family and memories. Often in God's Word we are exhorted to “remember this.” Celebrations are His idea for making memories.