

Local readers give their fondest Christmas memories

Written by Marcus Amos

Tuesday, 21 December 2010 00:00 - Last Updated Tuesday, 21 December 2010 15:17

As the Christmas season is upon us and winter has finally begun, these are the times when families come closer together to share their lives during the holiday season.

Many of us have a lot of fond memories to share during the holidays, so our readers have contacted us with their stories and memories that mean so much to them. This gives us the opportunity to reflect back on our memories as well and to remember times which is hopefully a joyous occasion in most of our lives. Some there are some bitter sweet memories and some folks have some not so pleasant memories during this season.

We want to remember the main reason for the season this year at Christmas! It's all about Love. God is love. God sent His son to be with us a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes in a manger in Bethlehem where he was born for our salvation. God gave us the greatest gift, which was his Son, Jesus Christ.

He was sent here for a reason, the reason for the season, to bridge the relationship between us and God again. So lets remember the reason for the season as we celebrate this Christmas, and as we begin our day on Christmas, lets remember to say "Happy Birthday Jesus," and include Him in everything we do.

And make it a tradition to read the "Real Christmas Story" each year from the Bible starting Luke Chapter 2, and make it a tradition in your homes.

The rest of this article are various stories and memories from our readers.

So get you a cup of hot chocolate, curl up with your Snuggie in front of the fire place and take a walk down memory lane, and think back on your past Christmas's you have had.

Receiving Porcelain

Nurse Dolls

from Salvation Army

The Christmas that is embedded in my memory many years ago when I was just a child, but I remember it as vividly as if it were yesterday.

We were living in Madison then and my father was very ill and unable to work. He had injured his leg with a sledge hammer while working on construction of a highway.

Then he got pneumonia. We barely had enough money to pay our rent and electric bills. I remember we had to credit our groceries at the little store down the street.

My mom would send me there for a few necessity groceries. Mr. Ward, the owner was very kind to me and would give me a sack of penny candy back then a penny bought you a small sack of candy.

When Christmas neared mom

explained that we shouldn't expect much because of dad's illness The older children understood, but I didn't because of course I still believed in Santa Claus.

The night before Christmas someone knocked on the door when my mom opened it, several people came in carrying sacks of groceries, lots of fruit and candy and a large sack of gifts. I don't remember what all I got, but still remember the thing I prized most, it was a box containing six or eight small porcelain dolls dressed as nurses, only four-inches tall.

These people were from the Salvation Army. Mr. Ward and Mr. Handton, a policeman who

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lived down the street had told them about my father's illness and inability to work. Every Christmas when I see the people collecting for the Salvation Army.

I think of that time when they came to our house and what a difference they made for us. I always give knowing some other families are going to be helped and how a child will receive that one special gift that will be remembered for a lifetime.

My father recovered and worked well into his eighties.

Georgia McNeely

Scottsburg

Birth of Granddaughter
on Christmas Day!

My Favorite Christmas !! would have to say the most wonderful Christmas I have ever had was Christmas Day 2004. That evening the most beautiful sweet angel was born. My sweet granddaughter Mackenzie Gail Wesley!

She takes it to heart that she was born on Jesus' birthday , Every time we are together She tells me that she loves me all the way to Jesus. She loves Jesus and loves to pray with her mama. Thank you , Merry Christmas and God Bless.

Bobbie Mullins

First Cassette
Tape Player

My favorite Christmas memory was the year my Mom got my sister and me our first cassette tape player back in the '80's.

We opened it and found a cassette tape already inside! We played it and heard Santa himself wishing us a Merry Christmas and told us what good little girls we had been that year. We kept that tape for years!

Jenny Greathouse Smith

Daddy Coming Home
for Christmas During WWII

World War II: Looking out my grandfather's window on Christmas morning and seeing my Dad walking down the road carrying his duffle bag. He had made it home for Christmas. I was three years old.

David Sebree

Going to Grandma's
and seeing the family

I can remember going to my grandmas and all the family would be there but now that she has went on to be with the lord the family doesn't hardly get together anymore I want the old times back cause I love all my family an friends.

Lawrence Sweet

Family Staying All Night
Playing music, singing and
Happy Birthday to Jesus

My Christmas memory is when I was little our whole family got together and spent the night together.. We'd pick songs out on the guitar and sing and play games and eat. In the morning

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before anyone opened any gifts we would, and still do, sing Happy Birthday to Jesus Christ in celebration of his birth.

Brandon Brown

Remembering Memories

of my Grandma

and Grandpa Barrett

I have so many Christmas memories. I do remember trekking out with my parents to my Grandma Lizzie and Grandpa Green Barrett's house one year on Christmas eve. The snow was coming down and the it was at least eight to ten inches deep. As a kid, I always enjoyed the idea of getting presents, just like every kid, but this wasn't what I remembered about that Christmas. They lived in a tiny trailer on Harrod Road in Austin, several family members would come in throughout the evening, visiting with Grandma and Grandpa Barrett.

I enjoyed visiting with them very much and listening to their stories they would tell about years past and growing up in Kentucky. I always loved going to their home, cause Grandma was always cooking. Man, I loved that good old Kentucky food, she always made the best food. I think one of my favorite things I

remember going to their house was even though they lived in a tiny trailer, was they had pictures of their children and grandchildren on the walls on shelves.

It seemed we didn't get to visit much with my Grandma and Grandpa Barrett very often growing up, I still loved them more than anything. I take great pride in my middle name as I was named after my grandfather, Green Barrett. Christmas was also bittersweet, around Christmas one year, when we were also in the funeral home for my grandfather on Christmas eve. I miss him very much! But I got to have a very meaningful conversation with him in the hospital, just a few days before he passed away before Christmas. He was not able to speak much, but I found comfort in speaking to him about the Jesus, and I knew he wasn't going to be around much longer. I asked my grandfather did he know Jesus and if he had accepted him as his Lord and Savior.

He gurgled a little as I was trying to help suction his mouth out to keep him from strangling. He spoke to me and told me he loved me and that he had accepted the Lord in to his heart. It meant a lot to hear that, and it

means more to me today, knowing that one day I will get to see him again in Heaven.

I'm lucky now my Grandma Barrett is still alive and kicking and is now remarried to a wonderful man and they are now raising a five year old now. It is so precious to see them.

I can say now I have finally got to really know them more than ever in the past few years, like I really wanted to a child. I'm am so thankful to have them in my life and my entire Barrett family.

Marcus Greene Amos

Austin

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