

# Christmas

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Christmas As I slowly awaken from a deep sleep, cool air hits my squinting eyes and I have the feeling that this is not a normal day. I close my eyes again and ponder for less than a split second then realize that SANTA CAME LAST NIGHT!!! I throw back the covers, ignoring the cold that would have kept me in bed for hours later on a normal day, and run to the Christmas tree. Without any lights on I quietly examine everything placed under the tree. I notice that Santa had eaten my cookies and drank all my milk. This made me feel as if I had accomplished something more important than world peace; I had fed Santa. All my unwrapped gifts that had appeared only overnight had a special aura surrounding them. Something magical. With a perpetual smile I sit and enjoy the look of the tree and all my new things. I pick up the new stuffed horse first, because horses are my favorite, and rub its soft synthetic brown fur. After I going through all of the good stuff, ignoring the sets of clothes and underwear, I traipse back to Mama and Daddy's room to assure them that Santa had come that night and brought me everything that I wanted. When I was seven, I would have never imagined that my view of Christmas would change so much. My "everything is for me" aspect disappeared and was replaced by a more realistic view of Christmas. Today when I wake up on December 25, I think about if I got everyone what they wanted, and if the all the food will turn out just right, and all the other little things that come with major holidays. I then say a prayer thanking God for giving us his baby boy, and I say happy birthday to Jesus. Christmas itself has not changed, just my outlook on it. As I got older, I see the commercialism behind the holiday. This realization takes away from the special feeling of Christmas. The increased new toy commercials, the

plastic santas at Wal-Mart in October, all the little things I got excited over when I was younger now, put a damper on the spirit. It is even a hassle to put up the tree in time. The lists that I now make are not carelessly scribbled out in crayon and addressed to the almighty Santa, but consist of the names of people I need to buy for, what I hope they will like, and about how much money they will have spent on them. None of this is nearly as fun as being seven years old on Christmas day and getting nearly everything I could think of to ask for.