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Traditional Christmas

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Once upon a time, in a magical land where dreams come true and joy was never ending, lived a group of little girls, dressed in snow-white gowns adorned with garlands of evergreen. They wore wreaths on their heads, making them appear as if they were the forest princesses. The gowns sparkled under the light of the moon, reminding everyone of the festive season that was just around the corner.

Every year, as the first snowflakes began to fall, the little girls would gather and sing a special song to welcome the joyous season. The melody of their song was so beautiful, it could be heard far and wide, bringing smiles to everyone who heard it. They sang about the merry peeling bells, spreading joy and gladness from shore to shore, banishing all sadness and strife.

“Peeling bells, ring out, ring out; Merry, Merry Christmas!” they sang. And every word was filled with joy and a sincere wish for happiness for everyone. Their singing was not just a song, but an enchanting tale, telling of the magical traditions they followed each Christmas.

On the eve of Christmas, the girls would eagerly hang up their stockings with their mother's permission, dreaming about the gifts they might find the next day. Their eyes twinkled with the reflections of the decorations and their hearts pounded with excitement. “What is done on Christmas Eve? Hang up stockings with mother’s leave,” they giggled amongst themselves.



When the first rays of the Christmas sun painted the sky, they would run to their stockings, now heavy with gifts, and empty them with gleeful cries of surprise. “What is done at rise of sun? Empty the stockings, Oh, what fun!” they would laugh, holding up both hands as if still holding their stocking's toe, even after the last present had fallen out.

As the day grew brighter, they would dress in their finest and off to the church they would go. There, they would sing, pray, and give thanks for all the joy they had been blessed with. “This they do on Christmas Day,” they would softly sing as they walked in a line, their faces glowing with reverence.

The grand finale of their joyous celebration would arrive as the stars began to

twinkle in the night sky. “What is done on Christmas Night? Take the gifts from tree so bright,” they would whisper, holding up both hands as if receiving something precious. The joy of Christmas was not just about receiving, but also about giving, about sharing love and happiness.

And when the celebration of Christmas was over, they would kneel and pray, thanking the Father for the love and joy they had experienced. Their hearts would overflow with gratitude for the dear Lord Christ who was born on this day. They would end their prayer with a promise to keep the spirit of Christmas alive in their hearts, not just on that day, but every day.

Their song, their traditions, their joy, it was a magical spectacle, a tableau that painted the essence of Christmas. And as they sang, their voices gently lulled the land into a peaceful sleep, promising a tomorrow filled with more laughter, love, and the magic of Christmas.

And so, my dear child, as you close your eyes tonight, let your dreams be filled with the sound of their merry song, their joyous laughter, and the spirit of Christmas. Good night, and may you too experience the magic of Christmas in your dreams.

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