

Perfumes are allowed during the Holiday Season; in fact they are mandatory for a delightful memory.

The scent of Pine Needles rekindles holiday spirit throughout each small kingdom. Fresh fallen snow is fragrant with cleanliness as sliders glide down hillsides, skiers swish down cotton covered mountain slopes. Grandmas everywhere during the Christmas month become Mrs. Santa Claus, perfumed with warm, loving and fragrant whiffs of sugar cookies and gingerbread with every step.

Christmas times are busy times. We tend to search out all those perfumes embedded in our wellbeing during these days of hurry and scurry. Department stores give off the fragrance of cinnamon and all spice at every aisle and each nook and cranny.

Travelers get into the mood as night and day eases us into Christmas.

“It won’t be long, now, until I get to hug those grandchildren, “says a grandmother of two girls and two boys. “We plan to back cookies and make gingerbread.” Her favorite part of staying with the family is fixing hot chocolate with a dollop of whipped cream and a candy cane as a stir stick. “The children love it. It is something we never had when I was a child.” Peppermint kicks Christmastime up a notch. It’s up there with cedar wreaths and apple cider and wassail.

Creating memories is part of a grandmother’s duties, whether she is a chosen grandparent or a biological family member. Grandmothers are kind hearted. They can see what is needed and offer a tender touch to a hurt finger, a fallen teardrop and a needed caress. Tickle bugs work magic. No one is too old.

Grandma’s by any name: auntie, friend, and neighbor, weave a gift of remembrance during a lifetime. The holiday season is just a magnified month featuring the generosity of many people in our life. Oh, sure gifts are a part of grandma’s giving to a young one. My maternal grandmother gave each of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren a gift of \$2 each Christmas that I can remember. It was a monumental gift if totaled. Each of her six children had five or six of their own. I think of her often. Her baked bread, rolls and sticky buns add to my memories of her and of the holiday, whether it be Fourth of July, Easter or Christmas. She was a gift to me worth more than the money gift under the tree when I was young.

A money gift has a fragrance of its own. To a teenager the smell of money overpowers the cedar wreath and the hot chocolate together. That gift of money offers independence and what it can purchase. Quilters know the gift of money can buy a new fragrance, that of fabric.

All we need now is scratch and sniff quilting bits. Put some scent into those bolts and watch us get heady as we stitch and sew those Christmas gifts. Fragrant Fabric may be in the future.

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