



## **Anticipation on Christmas Eve**

Christmas Eve was brimming with traditions that heightened our excitement and made sleep nearly impossible. My siblings and I would gather around our beloved advent calendar, counting down till we could open our presents nestled under the tree - their colorful wrappings teasing us about what they might hold within.

Late into night, we'd snuggle up together reading 'A Visit from St Nicholas', reciting every verse word-for-word until we were lulled into a restless slumber; eyes shut but ears alert hoping to catch any sounds from Santa's arrival.

No other night carried such joyous suspense or sparked such vivid dreams as did Christmas Eve; its magic lay not just in what it promised for tomorrow but also in its own moments of innocent wonderment.

## **The magic of waking up early on Christmas morning**

As soon as it creaked open, a rush of warmth enveloped us; not only from our cozy fireplace but also radiating from twinkling fairy lights adorning our majestic Christmas tree. There they were! Piles upon piles of presents waiting for their ribbons to be unraveled and papers torn off with eager hands.

Each box opened brought about exclamations of delight or surprised gasps - every reaction adding to that magical symphony unique to Christmas mornings. Time seemed suspended in those moments where happiness wrapped around each family member like an invisible blanket; creating memories cherished more than any material gift itself.

## **Excitement of discovering presents under the Christmas tree**

Excitement crackled in the air as we passed around gifts, guessing their contents before opening them based on size or shape. The joy wasn't just rooted in receiving but also watching others unwrap what you'd carefully chosen for them; seeing eyes light up and smiles broaden at your thoughtful gesture made every second spent picking out their present worth it.

Whether big or small, expensive or simple - every gift unwrapped under our Christmas tree carried an essence of heartfelt giving; making each one special in its own way.

## **The tradition of opening gifts with family**

Each unwrapped gift told a story, not merely about what lay within but also of the thoughtful consideration put into selecting it. The gentle tear of wrapping paper or the dramatic ripping open of boxes unveiled more than just objects—it revealed understanding and appreciation for one another's likes and passions.

Amidst all this merriment ran a silent thread weaving us closer as we reveled in each other's happiness—this was the true magic enveloping our Christmas morning.

## **Delight in the special Christmas breakfast**

This wasn't just a meal but an extension of our celebration; laughter ringing around the table as we exchanged jokes or revisited family anecdotes from previous Christmases.

Plates were passed around amidst amiable chatter; eyes twinkling brighter than any Christmas light could ever hope to achieve. This special breakfast was about more than satiating hunger - it was about feeding love and unity among us all on this magical day.

## **Reflections on the warmth and joy of the day**

The true magic of Christmas morning was never just about unwrapping presents or indulging in festive treats, but rather it was found in those cherished moments spent with family; basking together in love and unity.

It wasn't until later when I understood this sentiment fully – how these experiences were not just annual rituals but precious memories being woven into my life's tapestry. Every year added more threads to this colorful weave, creating an ever-growing quilt of warmth and joy that made every Christmas morning truly magical.