

Topic: Christmas Get-together

Abstract: an important social practice at my youth was Christmas. It was an occasion to spend time with all the family and have a great time. Every one looked forward to this event. My last Christmas celebration was when I was 7. After that, my father became a Jehovah's Witness and the family stopped participating in these family gatherings. I miss the times I spent with all my extended family at Christmas.

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Cultural Category: Social Practice: Get-togethers

Christmas Get-togethers

I used to celebrate a lot of things like a regular kid with regular parents. I was too young to remember how and what we used to consider a social practice. It all started when I was a little kid. I remember that day like it was yesterday because from that day forward, everything was going to change in what my parents believed in. That day I remember this tall old man walk in to our house with his petite, old, wife dressed up like they were ready to go on a business trip. They were talking to my parents early in the morning but since I was young I didn't listen, and when adults talk to each other I never listened. So I didn't pay attention to what they were talking about. What I remember is that they were in our house for days it seemed like to me. I remember because I was starving and wanted my mom to make me lunch.

After that we're there for days a couple days later we started going to church or as the Jehovah's call it, reunions. The people that were at my house invited my parents to go to the reunion. My dad became a Jehovah's Witness. My mom soon found out she wasn't too much into that religion because the Jehovah's don't celebrate anything other than weddings and anniversaries.

My mom, the nice lady and wife that she is respected my dad and de died she was going to let him practice his religion and she was going to change from a Catholic to a Christian. But because my mom respected my dad she didn't celebrate anything to not upset my dad.

I would always remember my cousins asking why I never went to Jonathan's birthday, Jasmine's "quince", Christmas party, New Years celebration, and many other get-togethers.

I was maybe 7 when I remember my last Christmas party. I remember because it was the time I got the most presents. I was definitely spoiled that year. The feeling I got when it came to December 24th was comparable to the exciting feeling a kid gets when they know their class is going on a field trip to an awesome place. Every party was done at my youngest uncles house, from my dad's side. He had 10 siblings, which made the get-togethers a whole lot of fun. He had a couple acres so it was perfect for my big family get-togethers. I have about 54 cousins from my dad's side.

Christmas was always at his house. People would arrive early and just start to hang out. Usually the men would be outside or in the poker room gambling. The women would always be in the kitchen or living room chatting up a storm. The kids would always hang out with the cousins that were around their age group. I was the only one that was 7 so I would hang out with my cousins that were 8 or 9. We would all have the most fun during Christmas because it was like celebrating everyone's birthday. Everyone got a little something. For a while the adults would do exchanges but soon after trying it, my aunts and uncles decided to not continue.

When it would come to sunset everyone of the kids would get even more excited. It would be closer to the time of opening presents. Kids would eat when they wanted to eat. They would go and play for a couple hours and then eat. I would eat and as soon as I wasn't full, I would eat again. I would eat about 5 small portion of food throughout the night.

When I was 11:50 one of my aunts would say its time to open the presents. All the kids would be forced to go to the rooms while the parents pulled out the presents from their hiding places.

Before going into the rooms we all had to take off the shoes and place them outside. We would neatly place the shoes against the wall. At 12:00 everyone would wait for the parents to say that Santa came and left our presents. We weren't ignorant little kids. We knew it was our parents buying us presents.

You would go with them to the store and they would ask, "Que le pediste a Santa esta Navidad?" I would tell them what I asked for and if they didn't know what it was, I would show them and they would see if it was pricy or not.

There would be wrapping paper all over the floor, kids happy of their minds, and parents happy to see that the kids were happy. That was the last Christmas I ever had. I would go to them now that I'm older but they stopped happening. Now Christmas is at two or three different places.

What I would do to have a Christmas like that again.