

**Christmas Tree Memories**

My name is Ted. I grew up in the 50s but my childhood memories are still alive. The most pleasant of them is the family Christmas tree. Besides my mum and dad, there were five children in the family. We all took part in decorating the Christmas tree, one way or another. It was a special time for me as dad took us for a trip to the winter forest.

The experience was special as only boys were allowed to go to the countryside to pick out the tree. At the age of five I felt proud to be in a man's adventure. I remember walking through the forest with dad looking for the perfect, large tree. We had a tall ceiling in the living room, so a small tree did not look right there.

At the age of five, even a small tree seemed great to me. To measure a tree I raised my hands above my head and looked up. If I could reach the top of the tree I thought it was big enough. Dad, however, always chose the perfect tree very carefully.

Once he had made his choice, he took out an axe to cut down the tree. I wanted to help my dad and brothers, but they always told me to stand back. When the cutting began, I tried to hold the tree up. I was afraid the tree would fall on them and I felt strong enough to hold it.

After the tree was down we took it to the car and went back home. I don't remember how we got that large tree through the door, but it was always right. Then dad got the tree to stand up and we could start the decorating. The tree, the boxes with decorations and a tall ladder took up the whole room.

All the family took part as mum gave everyone a task. I had to pass the decorations. What I liked best about the Christmas tree were the lights. When everybody else had left I stayed in the room and watched the lights travelling up and down the Christmas tree.

Dad had one more special job that day. Mum took her favourite ornament, a lighted angel, which she had got as a present from her family. Dad climbed up the ladder and fixed the angel at the top of the Christmas tree. When I looked at the angel, I thought Santa was close to my house.

Everyone, and the decorated shining tree, was ready to celebrate Christmas. It was so big that it nearly touched the ceiling. I felt I was a small part of a big adventure. The last few years we lived in that house the trips to the forest with dad ceased. We bought an artificial tree instead.

When Ted's father went to choose their Christmas tree, Ted stayed at home.

- 1) True
- 2) False
- 3) Not stated