After the ladders were put away, the last zip tie ripped and the last bulb tightened, we now know who the first-ever winners in the “Betty Honigford Spirit of Christmas” decorating contest are.
I had the pleasure of traveling with the award committee Thursday evening and it was a good time. The winners were so gracious and all had stories of how they managed to pull it off.
The Heiing home has left me speechless. Those three boys must have crawled all over that place like ants tucking lights here, attaching them there. Just in the short time I was there Thursday evening, several families stopped by and took a tour around the yard. The inside is looking pretty good, too. Winning two awards must have felt good. A little reward for the effort.
Bev, Meghan and Holly were great. There was so much excitement. They were excited — the winners were excited — I was excited.

I hope this becomes an annual event. I felt a little more appreciation for the season this year and perhaps a few more lights were out. The main thing is people were talking about it. They were excited about it. It was something positive.
When I first talked to Bev about the contest, she shared quite a few memories of her mother with me. Most were about the holidays and the special things her mother did. She missed her mother’s traditions.
We all have them. My husband and I have started a few of our own. We get up very early on Christmas morning and watch a little news and perhaps some of A Christmas Story (while it’s looping on its 24-hour marathon) until we’re ready to open our gifts. Sometimes we stay in our pajamas, sometimes not.
A little later in the morning, friends stop in for some brunch and quality time. Perhaps a Mimosa or two is poured. We’re all adults and no one is driving; it’s all good. At this point I may still be in my pajamas. It’s still all good.
Then it’s definitely time for a nap so we can recharge for Christmas dinner and more celebrating.
Several years back, we ran a story about a family that ate hot dogs on Christmas Day. It was the only day mom didn’t have to cook and hot dogs were an easy meal for the kids or hubby to fix. I bet mom thought those hot dogs were the best meal ever.
Traditions, don’t have to come in giant bags or elaborately wrapped presents. They just have to make you feel good.