

All is Bright

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas,
Toys in every store.
But the prettiest sight to see, is the holly that will be,
On your own front door.

The holidays are officially here. I feel like, more than ever, we have been longing for Christmas time to be here. It gives us something to look forward to, and we all need some joy in our lives right now after the year we have had. I honestly could not believe in the middle of November how many Christmas trees I saw in the windows of different homes, and lights lit up outside. It brought me joy, and I am sure many others too! I love Christmas very much, and think it is absolutely wonderful that people started early. Four weeks just isn't enough to take in all that Christmas has to offer. I started Christmas music at the end of October. I can never get enough of it. I get it from my dad who keeps Christmas music in his vehicles all year long. It's seriously the cutest thing.

When I was little, my parents always made Christmas so special. Christmas lights were always Dad's thing though. Mom loved the white lights; Dad loved the colored lights. We lived in a cute little ranch house in Old Lycoming Township. The back had a nice deck that always had colored lights, and the front had a beautiful white birch sitting off to the right of the house, outside my bedroom window. Dad always would borrow the bucket truck from work, and around and around he would go around that tree with white lights to the tippy tippy top. It was stunning when it was done.

The Kocher family right across the street from our home also had a big white birch in their yard. Dad helped Tom with his tree, so the top of Roosevelt Ave. always looked so beautiful lit up with these amazing lit trees. So, you can imagine the view from my bedroom window.

Then, guess what I could see out my other bedroom window off the side of the house? Candy. Cane. Lane. Yup. I could see the lit-up street from miles away. I still think to this day, this is where my love of lights came from. (Wait for a special column this month around the week of the 19th of December, I have a fun idea I want to do for my readers!)

My dad, Lee Perry, is now our neighbor. He moved below us a few years ago with my stepmom, Chrissie. My brother, Luke Perry and his wife Loren, live above us. They are both our closest neighbors. My dad is still hardcore on those colored lights. My brother and I are like our momma, we love the white look. My brother told my dad this year he is in the country now, time to do some white lights! We always tease him that he is messing up our matching white lights in our compound, when he does colored. Then, Dad teases us and asks us when we are going to do colored. Haha!! It's a yearly thing, we all tease each other about the lights.

Then my momma, Susan Metzger, and stepdad Mark, do white lights on the farmhouse who live three miles up the road from us. My mom throws her icicle lights in a garbage bag to store them at the end of the year and somehow those puppies work every single year!!! We crack up! Then my dad and I, who are ever so neat and put them away nice, get them out and they don't work. I just don't get it!? You can't make it up – throw your lights in a bag everyone!!

Dad said to me last week, the week before Thanksgiving, "Now, I have our Christmas lights to come on from 5 to 11 at night, and from 5-7 in the morning."

"Why do you have them come on in the morning, Dad?" I asked.

"Because I want to give joy to people and happiness on their way to work," he said.

This is the kind of man he is. So thoughtful, and truly keeps the joy of Christmas in his heart. Lights make people happier.

When I see them, I feel eight years old again. I could drive up and down Candy Cane Lane 500 times and never get sick of it. Colored, white or solid colors, I love them. Looking down at my dad's from our dining room windows, I can't help but smile. Even though they are colored, it looks so beautiful and they truly go all out. I'm 35 years old, and Dad still makes the Christmas lights outside so special. It wouldn't be the same if he did white lights – but don't tell him I said that. *wink wink* Hi Dad.