

Farm fun by Chase Pierson

It seems like an eternity ago, driving to the farm to open presents. I was eight, and was awoken at 6:30 in the morning to trek across Colorado's blistering plains for the Christmas holidays. Not wanting to get up I made a fuss, seeing that my blankets were cozier than the car seat I was about to be strapped into. Eventually, bribed me out of bed with the smell of bacon we soon found ourselves on our way. I had not seen my cousins in a long time, I was curious to see how they were. My father's family had grown up on a farm and that means one thing: they could cook one heck of a meal. I can think back to the previous Thanksgiving. My grandmother had cooked one of her award winning Apple pies. I remember smelling the succulent cinnamon and slightly browned apples as that pie was pulled out of the oven. I waited, chin resting on the table. This pie was for me, yes all for me.

It was memories like these I contemplated as we descended from the Rockies onto the blistering plains. This Christmas was a special Christmas not because I was going to be able to celebrate it with all my cousins (about 20 of them) but because the little town I was in was about to get the largest storm it had seen in years. In western Colorado it was not uncommon to get bad snowdrifts. With no large structures to block the wind, the snow stacks up, engulfing roads, cars and parts of houses. But this year the snow was coming from a different direction, straight up. I recall sitting in the back of my Father's car, listening to the four band radio blabber on about large quantities of snow falling onto the western Colorado area. I observed my father glancing at my mom with a look of concern. I knew my dad didn't really care, the snowstorm would give him more time with family. Mom, on the other hand didn't seem pleased; she had wanted to go visit her family up in Denver. A tension that couldn't quite be cut by a knife, but possibly a

surgeon's scalpel appeared. The rest of the drive was rather uneventful, a few cars that previously slammed into the side of a guard rail, feed lots and the remains of a telegraph line that stretched on for miles. We arrived in town around 2 o'clock, a long time to wait to open presents. It was beautiful out, bright blue skies dotted with cotton candy and a slight breeze that made the snow swirl like a super nova. We pulled into my grandmother's driveway and were immediately greeted by family members. I quickly opened the door dodging my grandma's dog and sprinted to the kitchen, unable to wait to see what my grandmother had cooked. Inside, the smell was overpowering. A mixture of sweets; pies, cakes, cinnamon rolls, brownies and even those pesky S'mores my uncle try to make over his little butane torch. The rest of the night went well, and soon we were nestled away fast asleep. The morning came, later than usual; the power was out. This came as odd because typically the light shone bright through the basement window perched directly above my head. Not this morning. Peering through the window I realized the problem; snow. Three and a half feet of it, a tremendous amount. I didn't hesitate to tell the entire household. Screaming, "Christmas has come!" As I tried to pry open the front door. Christmas had come and I realized that as we sat around the Christmas tree opening presents. I had never thought about how much Christmas is really about sharing time with each other rather than presents until now. Looking back I didn't really care about much other than the presents. It was a great Christmas, filled with great memories, great people and great amounts of snow.