

The Christmas tree

Ok, call me an old grumpy man! We are approaching Christmas, and I am not. It is nice to be with the family, but the entire Christmas hubbub I can well do without.

It is my opinion that Christmas has become too commercial. This family reunion has been put right off balance by the offering of goods by the shopping centres. The children wish the gifts that often are completely the same as the big retail chains have advertised about since late November. Precisely this particular brand clothes and exactly that toy the stores hard-hitting advertising campaign in the past month has told us about. Again and again.

The Christmas food is overwhelming and in fact probably kills a lot of people, without the shops and the people behind the alluring advertisement being prosecuted for attempted

murder or worse.

Then we have the Christmas tree. Yes, an excellent tradition. A fir tree at the darkest time decorated with lights. A tree brings the smells of the nature into the house. The tradition of the Christmas tree has evolved over centuries, and it has the decorations of the Christmas tree too. Those baubles of all colours purchased in the mall. They are beautiful, aren't they?

Well, but this day in December I preferred a hike alone in the woods. It was damp cold, and the raindrops fell silent from branch to branch inside the dense forest. Suddenly I catch sight of the most beautiful little raindrop among the needles of the tree.

Maybe the mall should try to tone down their more vulgar baubles for something like these small, natural water drops?



Himmerland,
Denmark,
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Quit

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