

Chapter 1 : A Christmas Memory (TV Movie) - IMDb

Make a Christmas Memory Book If you love the idea of using scrapbooks to display photos and other important keepsakes, consider making a Christmas memory book. These special scrapbooks allow you to commemorate each year's holiday season and keep all your treasured memories in one place.

Cut and crop the photo from the Christmas card. The size and shape of the subjects in the photo will determine the size and shape of the ornament. In this example, I cut out a circle around the little girl with Santa. A heart shaped template fits the circular photo quite nicely, and I will use the template to make the ornament. If you plan on making multiple ornaments, consider making the template from cardstock or cardboard, or even make the template out of the same thin plywood material. A heavy-duty template will hold up better than a thin paper template, and it is easier to trace around thicker templates made from thicker materials. Trace a basic shape on to a small piece of thin craft-grade plywood. Simple shapes such as hearts, stars, trees, circles and diamond shapes are easy to draw and cut out, and these shapes work very well for making ornaments. Use the cropped photo from the Christmas card to help size and shape the ornament. Cut out the plywood ornament shape using a scroll saw, band saw, jig saw or coping saw. Sand the edges of the cut pieces to remove any splinters, smoothing the surface and rounding over the edges. I cut this heart shaped ornament from a thin piece of veneer plywood. The smooth plywood did not need much sanding to prepare surface for painting, and I was able to cut several shapes from a piece of scrap wood. Paint the ornament in holiday colors. I typically use red and green paint in aerosol spray cans. Spray painting the wooden shapes works well, making it quick and easy to paint several ornaments at a time. Depending on the surface of the wood, it may take two or more coats of paint to get a nice even coating of color. Let the paint dry thoroughly. Attach the photo to the ornament. Spray adhesive works well, or use your favorite scrapbooking glue. Press the photo firmly to the ornament and smooth out any wrinkles. Decorate the ornament with acrylic paints. Add a Happy Holidays message with the Year for remembrance to the backside of the ornament. A light coat of clear lacquer from an aerosol spray helps to protect the photo and adds a little bit of shine to the ornament. Cut a piece of ribbon or twine, thread it through and around the mounting hole, and tie it in a loop for hanging on the tree. Your handcrafted Christmas Memory Ornament is ready for giving many years of holiday memories. Plan Ahead for the Holidays: I like to cut, shape and paint several ornaments well in advance of the holiday season. Unfinished wooden ornament craft kits are readily available that include pre-cut shapes. Choose a kit that includes ornament shapes that are large enough for your favorite photo. Simply paint the pre-cut shapes and attach the photos, and your personalized Christmas Memory Ornaments are ready as personalized gifts for your friends and family. Over the years, our collection of holiday decorations included a number of flat, wood ornaments in a variety of shapes such as bells, wreaths - even rocking horses and reindeer. Friends and family really appreciate homemade gifts Maybe, if I had more time I like to bake, and give homemade goodies It is so much easier to just shop online.

Chapter 2 : Across My Kitchen Table: How to make a Christmas memory book

Check out Let's Make a Christmas Memory by Annie Sellick on Amazon Music. Stream ad-free or purchase CD's and MP3s now on calendrierdelascience.com

Imagine a morning in late November. A coming of winter morning more than twenty years ago. Consider the kitchen of a spreading old house in a country town. A great black stove is its main feature; but there is also a big round table and a fireplace with two rocking chairs placed in front of it. Just today the fireplace commenced its seasonal roar. A woman with shorn white hair is standing at the kitchen window. She is wearing tennis shoes and a shapeless gray sweater over a summery calico dress. She is small and sprightly, like a bantam hen; but, due to a long youthful illness, her shoulders are pitifully hunched. I am seven; she is sixty-something. We are cousins, very distant ones, and we have lived together—well, as long as I can remember. Other people inhabit the house, relatives; and though they have power over us, and frequently make us cry, we are not, on the whole, too much aware of them. She calls me Buddy, in memory of a boy who was formerly her best friend. She is still a child. Oh, Buddy, stop stuffing biscuit and fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat. Together, we guide our buggy, a dilapidated baby carriage, out to the garden and into a grove of pecan trees. The buggy is mine; that is, it was bought for me when I was born. But it is a faithful object; springtimes, we take it to the woods and fill it with flowers, herbs, wild fern for our porch pots; in the summer, we pile it with picnic paraphernalia and sugar-cane fishing poles and roll it down to the edge of a creek; it has its winter uses, too: Queenie is trotting beside it now. Three hours later we are back in the kitchen hulling a heaping buggyload of windfall pecans. Our backs hurt from gathering them: A cheery crunch, scraps of miniature thunder sound as the shells collapse and the golden mound of sweet oily ivory meat mounts in the milk-glass bowl. Queenie begs to taste, and now and again my friend sneaks her a mite, though insisting we deprive ourselves. Dusk turns the window into a mirror: At last, when the moon is quite high, we toss the final hull into the fire and, with joined sighs, watch it catch flame. The buggy is empty, the bowl is brimful. We eat our supper cold biscuits, bacon, blackberry jam and discuss tomorrow. Tomorrow the kind of work I like best begins: Cherries and citron, ginger and vanilla and canned Hawaiian pine-apple, rinds and raisins and walnuts and whiskey and oh, so much flour, butter, so many eggs, spices, flavorings: But before these Purchases can be made, there is the question of money. Neither of us has any. Except for skin-flint sums persons in the house occasionally provide a dime is considered very big money; or what we earn ourselves from various activities: Once we won seventy-ninth prize, five dollars, in a national football contest. Not that we know a fool thing about football. To tell the truth, our only really profitable enterprise was the Fun and Freak Museum we conducted in a back-yard woodshed two summers ago. Every body hereabouts wanted to see that biddy: And took in a good twenty dollars before the museum shut down due to the decease of the main attraction. But one way and another we do each year accumulate Christmas savings, a Fruitcake Fund. The purse is seldom removed from this safe location except to make a deposit or, as happens every Saturday, a withdrawal; for on Saturdays I am allowed ten cents to go to the picture show. My friend has never been to a picture show, nor does she intend to: That way I can imagine it more. When the Lord comes, let me see him clear. Here are a few things she has done, does do: Now, with supper finished, we retire to the room in a faraway part of the house where my friend sleeps in a scrap-quilt-covered iron bed painted rose pink, her favorite color. Silently, wallowing in the pleasures of conspiracy, we take the bead purse from its secret place and spill its contents on the scrap quilt. Dollar bills, tightly rolled and green as May buds. Lovely dimes, the liveliest coin, the one that really jingles. Nickels and quarters, worn smooth as creek pebbles. But mostly a hateful heap of bitter-odored pennies. Last summer others in the house contracted to pay us a penny for every twenty-five flies we killed. Oh, the carnage of August: Yet it was not work in which we took pride. And, as we sit counting pennies, it is as though we were back tabulating dead flies. Neither of us has a head for figures; we count slowly, lose track, start again. The cakes will fall. Or put somebody in the cemetery. So, to be on the safe side, we subtract a penny and toss it out the window. Of the ingredients that go into our fruitcakes, whiskey is the most expensive, as well as the hardest to obtain: State laws forbid its sale. But everybody knows you can buy a

bottle from Mr. And the next day, having completed our more prosaic shopping, we set out for Mr. A giant with razor scars across his cheeks. Even Queenie stops prancing and sticks close by. Hit on the head. Naturally these goings-on happen at night when the colored lights cast crazy patterns and the Victrolah wails. I knock at the door, Queenie barks, my friend calls: No, he glowers at us through Satan-tilted eyes and demands to know: Presently my friend half-finds her voice, a whispery voice at best: Would you believe it? He demonstrates its sparkle in the sunlight and says: Suddenly, as he jangles the coins in his hand like a fistful of dice, his face softens. Eggbeaters whirl, spoons spin round in bowls of butter and sugar, vanilla sweetens the air, ginger spices it; melting, nose-tingling odors saturate the kitchen, suffuse the house, drift out to the world on puffs of chimney smoke. In four days our work is done. Thirty-one cakes, dampened with whiskey, bask on windowsills and shelves. Who are they for? Not necessarily neighbor friends: Like the Reverend and Mrs. Lucey, Baptist missionaries to Borneo who lectured here last winter. Or the little knife grinder who comes through town twice a year. Or the young Wistons, a California couple whose car one afternoon broke down outside the house and who spent a pleasant hour chatting with us on the porch young Mr. Is it because my friend is shy with everyone except strangers that these strangers, and merest acquaintances, seem to us our truest friends? Now a nude December fig branch grates against the window. The kitchen is empty, the cakes are gone; yesterday we carted the last of them to the post office, where the cost of stamps turned our purse inside out. Queenie has a spoonful in a bowl of coffee she likes her coffee chicory-flavored and strong. The rest we divide between a pair of jelly glasses. But by and by we begin to sing, the two of us singing different songs simultaneously. But I can dance: My dancing shadow rollicks on the walls; our voices rock the chinaware; we giggle: Queenie rolls on her back, her paws plow the air, something like a grin stretches her black lips. Inside myself, I feel warm and sparky as those crumbling logs, carefree as the wind in the chimney. My friend waltzes round the stove, the hem of her poor calico skirt pinched between her fingers as though it were a party dress: Show me the way to go home, she sings, her tennis shoes squeaking on the floor. Show me the way to go home. Potent with eyes that scold, tongues that scald. Listen to what they have to say, the words tumbling together into a wrathful tune: My friend gazes at her shoes, her chin quivers, she lifts her skirt and blows her nose and runs to her room. More fun than anybody. Queenie jumps on the bed where Queenie is not allowed to lick her cheeks. With berries big as your eyes. Papa used to bring us Christmas trees from there:

Chapter 3 : How to Have a Memorable Christmas: 9 Steps (with Pictures)

*Provided to YouTube by CDBaby Let's Make a Christmas Memory Â· Annie Sellick Let's Make a Christmas Memory â„—
Annie Sellick Released on: Auto-generated by YouTube.*

Amazon Affiliate links are used in this post. Find more details in our Disclosure. What is a Christmas Ornament Memory Book? The basic idea of the Ornament Book is to record details of special ornaments that your child or children receive or make each Christmas. When I was growing up, one of my favourite crafty traditions with my Mom was to make a new ornament each year that we would give to all our cousins and extended family. When Onetime was born, I wanted to continue this tradition. The first year we made the classic Salt Dough Santa hand ornaments for our family. His second Christmas, I used his handprints to make lovely Fingerprint Snowmen. And I treasure those ornaments above any of my other holiday decorations. You probably have ornaments like that too that belong to your kids â€” or that you made with them â€” or that they were given. As I said earlier, I have a terrible memory! I also realized last Christmas that at some point, Onetime was going to grow up and take these precious ornaments with him! And so â€” the memory book idea emerged! I placed them on the tree last year and took shots that way â€” but you could also take a photo of your kids holding their ornament. Print them as 4 x 6 prints. Find Your Memory Book I used a simple photo book with 4 x 6 slots for pictures like this one at Amazon: Each card has space for a date, the ornament name, and details you want to record about who the ornament came from, how it was made, or what it reminds you of! To get a basic set of 4 cards, you can click this link and download to your computer. Please spread the news and PIN this! I hope you found what you were looking for and more! This post is a part of a very special blogging series called the 12 Days of Christmas!

Chapter 4 : How To Make Christmas Memory Ornaments | HubPages

Lou Collins demonstrates how to make a memory album from paper bags. Lou shares some stamping and decoupage tips and techniques. Lou used the following docrafts products to make this project.

No doubt your Christmas celebrations are already in full swing, or they soon will be. Or maybe, like me, you are into Christmas crafting and are in well over your head. There are a number of things that I am just going to wait and finish after Christmas! So you will probably want to file this away and start working on it after Christmas if you are interested. Quite a few years ago now, I came up with a unique gift for my grown children. As I mulled over just how to do this, I came up with the idea of making a Christmas memory book for each of my grown kids and their families. I thought I would type up some memories, maybe scan or copy some old photos, and include some recipes. The next step was to actually think hard about my memories and begin writing them down. It was amazing how much I remembered once I started typing. I am going to try and share the process of how I made the books with all of you, so that others who might like to make these as a gift will have a starting point. If you want to make one or more memory books for Christmas , I highly recommend beginning to write down your memories today or starting December 26, which might be more realistic! To do this the way I did, you will need: Decide on the scope of your memory book. Do you want to add pictures or recipes? Write down your thoughts and plans for the project. Decide how you will put the book together. You will want to purchase binders, sheet protectors and such right away so they will be on hand when you are ready for them. Begin thinking about and writing down your memories. Maybe your grandparents came to you! What did you do on Christmas Eve? Do you have special memories relating to getting the Christmas tree, to church services, or to singing Christmas carols? Did your ethnic family background mean you prepared special foods or observed special customs? Here are the categories I used: A photo from my book -- Christmas Then I went on to more recent memories of when I was raising my own children:

Chapter 5 : A Christmas Memory Questions and Answers - calendrierdelascience.com

Paint the bulletin board frame using blue paint and embossing powder. Let dry. Cut a piece of quilted fabric to cover the cork area. Spray the back of the fabric with adhesive, place it on the cork and press into place.

After my wife read these thoughts, she pointed out the importance of marking the time of thoughts in connection with the events of our lives. December 24, Perhaps I should say this is not so much the review of a book, but the response A Christmas Memory still draws from me each year when I read it. Perhaps it is just a simple statement of the preciousness of memory and the gift it brings us to keep things alive within us, though those things have been gone from us for many years. Toys, books, friends, parents, lovers, spouses, children. What would we do without the gift of memory? How would we survive? Without it, we would be nothing but empty shells mindlessly living in the moment. On an old revolving bookcase in my library are some of my favorite books. Faulkner and Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Steinbeck fill the little shelves that turn easily at the push of a finger. My beloved "To Kill a Mockingbird" rests underneath a miniature of the old Monroeville courthouse on a shelf up on the wall overlooking the little bookcase that holds the treasures of my imagination. I glance up at it and back down to the little case that spins so easily. There is Erskine Caldwell. And there is Truman Capote. There is a copy of the complete short stories of the little man who spent his summers with Harper Lee in Monroeville when they were children. Normally two slender volumes stand next to the Capote short stories. The Holidays have begun. Thanksgiving has come and gone. Remembrance of Things Past They are a matched set in more ways than one. Each has a photograph of a very young Truman Capote and his best childhood friend, Aunt Sook, tipped onto the case. The books slide easily from their cases for I have read them so many times. Each is a testament to the art of making books one does not often find anymore. The gold titles still gleam along the spines. Each page is on paper so thick I can feel the rag content between my fingers. Or is it only my imagination? The dark green endpapers turn stiffly at the insistence of my finger, reminding me something special is inside. And in each of them is the spidery Spenserian handwriting of my grandmother, "Xmas , Ammomie and Papa. Yet I still long for their presence, I find them with me more often now because of the gift of memories, especially the sweetest ones. They are the physical ties that bind us together no matter how many years we may be apart, no matter how many years it may be before we hopefully are together again, or not. Who is to say? So it is Christmas Eve once more. Tonight I will read "A Christmas Memory. The cornbread dressing will be steaming and the giblet gravy will be hot and succulent. I will share the table today with my wife and mother. I will be thankful for home and family and the memory of those I love who will not be sharing our table today, whether separated by simple miles or death itself. I will raise a toast to each of those dear to me and I will feel their presence around the table because of two little books given to me one Christmas morning more than thirty years ago. Whether you celebrate Christmas, Kwanzaa, Hanukkah, or nothing at all, I wish each of you the best of memories for the coming day. We were fortunate to have her with us through Thanksgiving and Christmas. Our homes were two doors apart. My wife and I moved into her home to be her caregivers. Mother died February 1, I am fortunate to have a number of books given to me by her through the years. I am mindful of the poet W. His wife, Anne, will be producer and director of all activities. She was not the former Postmistress of Killingsworth, Connecticut, for nothing. Bill commonly tells people he is also from Connecticut. Zola Mae is ninety-five years young. I ought to know. I was there when you were born. I am embraced by them, particularly Zola Mae who loves how I say Alabama. That our accents are not that different has not occurred to her. Holiday dinners there are not small affairs. Friends and neighbors fill the house. Extra tables and chairs are brought in. Each couple, group, single, brings a dish. And these stories have become part of the memories of many others over two previous holiday seasons. I can do it straight. And, yes, I can channel Capote, which rather unnerves even me. One mother is reading "The Thanksgiving Visitor" to her ten year old daughter. In all our lives we have memories both bitter and sweet. Nobody said it better than Robert Frost. Should you not have occasion to celebrate that holiday, simply find a reason to remember it. Each day is a gift.

Chapter 6 : Giant Christmas memory game - online and free game!

A Christmas Memory Ornament is quick and easy to make, and gives the thoughtful gift of holiday memories that everyone likes and appreciates.

Plot[edit] "A Christmas Memory" is about a young boy, referred to as "Buddy," and his older cousin, who is unnamed in the story but is called Sook in later adaptations. The boy is the narrator, and his older cousin "who is eccentric and childlike" is his best friend. They live in a house with other relatives, who are authoritarian and stern, and have a dog named Queenie. The family is very poor, but Buddy looks forward to Christmas every year nevertheless, and he and his elderly cousin save their pennies for this occasion. Every year at Christmastime, Buddy and his friend collect pecans and buy whiskey "from a scary Native American bootlegger named Haha Jones" and many other ingredients to make fruitcakes. This year, after the two have finished the elaborate four-day production of making fruitcakes, the elderly cousin decides to celebrate by finishing off the remaining whiskey in the bottle. This leads to the two of them becoming drunk, and being severely reprimanded by angry relatives. The next day Buddy and his friend go to a faraway grove, which the elderly cousin has proclaimed the best place, by far, to chop down Christmas trees. They manage to take back a large and beautiful tree, despite the arduous trek back home. They spend the following days making decorations for the tree and presents for the relatives, Queenie, and each other. Buddy and the older cousin keep their gifts to each other a secret, although Buddy assumes his friend has made him a kite, as she has every year. He has made her a kite, too. Come Christmas morning, the two of them are up at the crack of dawn, anxious to open their presents. Buddy is extremely disappointed, having received the rather dismal gifts of old hand-me-downs and a subscription to a religious magazine. His friend has gotten the somewhat better gifts of oranges and hand-knitted scarves. Queenie gets a bone. Then they exchange their joyful presents to each other: The elderly cousin thinks of this as heaven, and says that God and heaven must be like this. It is their last Christmas together. The following year, the boy is sent to military school. Although Buddy and his friend keep up a constant correspondence, this is unable to last because his elderly cousin suffers more and more the ravages of old age, and slips into dementia. Soon, she is unable to remember who Buddy is, and not long after, she passes away. As Buddy says later: And when that happens, I know it. A message saying so merely confirms a piece of news some secret vein had already received, severing me from an irreplaceable part of myself, letting it loose like a kite on a broken string. That is why, walking across a school campus on this particular December morning, I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying towards heaven. The composer also created an orchestral suite from the opera.

Chapter 7 : Memory Christmas Ornaments | In My Own Style

"A Christmas Memory" is a short story by Truman Capote published in Mademoiselle magazine in December, it was reprinted in The Selected Writings of Truman Capote in

Dec 10, at Capturing the memories of each holiday season in a special memory book gives your family a wonderful treasure that just gets better with age. Pin The holiday season is filled with so many new memories each year – how can you remember them all? Even the fondest of holiday memories will fade in time unless you find a way to preserve them now. Start a Christmas memory book this year and begin a tradition that your family can carry on for generations. Who, what and where? Even the most mundane of details take on greater significance when shared years later. Write down special visitors who stopped by, whose house you visited while delivering cookies, holiday celebrations you attended and who else was there. Lots of things change over the years – favorite neighbors move away, children just keep getting older and beloved family members pass away. Documenting these interactions with family and friends helps us remember and reflect on the holidays. Favorite memories One fun thing to capture each year is a favorite holiday season memory from each family member. As your children get older, their favorite things will change – and looking back will bring a smile. Best cards So many Christmas cards wind up being thrown away when the holidays end. Each year, there are always a few from friends or relatives that really take the prize. Remembering who gave your family cherished items at Christmas is a great way to keep them in your hearts. Visits to Santa If you have a tradition of visiting Santa – at the local mall or elsewhere – including a memory and a photo of your annual visit in your Christmas memory book is crucial. In future years when your little kids are teens, these photos will make them groan – and make you grin. Your memory book You can make your own scrapbook and use your imagination, or you can order one that is intended to be a Christmas memory book. Most of these have enough pages to last for 20 to 25 years, plenty of time for your little family to make lasting memories. We found a few to check out. Mystic Seaport Christmas Memories: A 25 Year Christmas Diary: Christmas, the Holiday Journal seen on right: More ways to celebrate the holidays.

Chapter 8 : A Christmas Memory – Variety

A Christmas Memory Not Rated | 1h 36min | Drama, Family | TV Movie 21 December A boy, Buddy, whose parents have split and whose mother is an actress in New York, has been dumped in the south at the small-town home of some older cousins, all of whom are unmarried.

Chapter 9 : A Christmas Memory - Wikipedia

In "A Christmas Memory," the narrator, Buddy, looks back on a particularly beautiful Christmas he spent with his much older cousin. The two spend four days baking fruit cakes, then get a little.