



SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

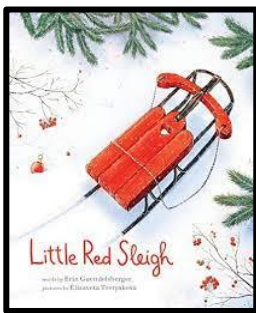
THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND

December 25, 2022

JOIN US!

- **November – December:** *Gallery of Trees* continues
- **December 31:** *Anchor Drop* at Shell Point, sponsored by Bring Back the Lights

Sound Reading Material For You & Your Child



Little Red Sleigh

by Erin Guendelsberger

The Little Red Sleigh has one big dream—to one day become Santa's big red sleigh! But all her life, she's been told she's too small, she's too young, she can't fly, and she certainly can't meet Santa. Well, this Christmas, with the help of some friends, she's determined to do the impossible. Full of winter joy and holiday magic, this charming Christmas story will remind readers of all ages that no dream is out of reach if you believe.

Grades: K-3
Pages: 40

Sparkly at Christmas

by Wendy Willis Lewis

My best Christmas memory is piling in the car to go to Daytona Beach to see Grandma and Pa. I was five when they moved to Florida and remember that day well. My heart was BROKEN. I didn't know then how blessed we were or how hard things were for our family. Money was tight but we always had a good Christmas.

I remember Mama made a bed on the back seat for me and Lynn. We always left while it was dark. Daddy would tell Mama to be ready to roll at five a.m. They would take us out the bed and put us in the car (I believe she may have slipped us a Dramamine). It was a long trip, but I knew what was waiting for us.

We ate raw bologna sandwiches with mustard and stopped a hundred times for gas and bathroom time. My sister and I asked a million times how much further and fought like cats. We even laid in the back window at times. Daddy was mommicked, no doubt.

Finally, there was *Howard Johnson's* on the right. I knew we turned left there and drove down about four blocks to a stop sign. There it was, the most beautiful place I had ever seen. We pulled up and I believe I was out of that old Ford before she stopped. There was my Grandma and Pa.

The trees had real oranges hanging on them! There were real red flowers blooming (Poinsettias). We ran in the house. It didn't smell bad neither. And there it was, the most beautiful tree that I have ever seen in my life, and that is the truth even now. It was silver and sparkly. There was a round light in the floor going around shining different colors. I have never in my life, and I am old myself now, been any happier. This was my first of many trips to Daytona Beach at Christmas. Oh, how I miss my grandparents. I make sure now that our house is "done up" so when our grands come, hopefully, they'll remember how MiMi and Pop's house was sparkly at Christmas.



Left: Wendy's grandparents, Carl and Clara Willis



Right: Wendy and Pa on Christmas morning

One Snowy Christmas

by Corey Lawrence

Do you remember when it snowed in '89? I do. It was a white Christmas. We had family coming home from Utah. As we waited for them to arrive the snow kept getting deeper and deeper, and we wondered if they would ever make it home. When they pulled into the drive, daddy sent me out to get their luggage so they could come on in the house. I still remember how bright the new snow was with the sun shining on it.

As I was getting the luggage out of the car, I heard geese approaching from behind me. When I turned and looked to see how close they were, they passed right over my head. About 20 or 30 of them. I couldn't believe my eyes. When I went in the house, the first thing I told daddy was about the geese. He said I ought to go to the landing and see if there was anything else flying around. We could see the sound was froze from our living room window. Daddy said that he would start getting the gun and ammo and that I should layer up because it would be cold down there. He explained to me about busting a hole in the ice and that I should be careful and not tear my boots. When I came out from putting layers of clothes on, Daddy was in the living room with a shot gun, about a box of shells, and a present for me to open; one of the only times I remember being able to open a present early. It was a new hunting jacket. I was tickled to death when I put that on. I headed full steam to the landing.

I hadn't hardly made it across the road, in a half run, when I realized how bad off I would be when I made it to the shore. I remember the cold air beginning to burn my lungs. The snow drifts were knee deep at this point. I nearly turned around because I felt exhausted. When I finally got to the shore, I did exactly like Daddy told me and started stomping out a big circle of ice that I could shove under the ice. It was probably a little more than 10 yards across. I then tried to bust a big circle of ice I had made to make it easier to handle. I shoved it on top of the other ice and some under it. As I turned to make my way back to the shore, I heard the wings of something over top my head. They were literally trying to land with me standing in the water. I managed to get my hood off, and then I shot a pair black heads, that were sailing away from me. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I grabbed the ducks and immediately trudged my way back to the house trying to stay in the tracks I had already made.

Daddy met me at the door, with all his gear on, because he had heard me shoot. We walked much slower to the shore and jumped Mallards out of the hole. We shot some of them along with many other species along our landing and over the next few days. Later that evening, all the shells were spent. Me and Daddy had used all the shells that afternoon, so we just sat there together watching.

The next morning, when I was talking about wishing I had more shells so I could go back down there, they let me open a few more boxes that were wrapped under the tree. I was tickled. We eventually ran out of shells again, there is no telling how many birds we could've had. We found ourselves just enjoying, watching so many different species coming in and out of there. He explained to me how the ducks had to have "open water."

We sat there, so cold, but just didn't want to go back to the house. We knew and understood that was something we would probably never get to do again. That really is a Christmas that I will never forget, and I would give anything to have a chance to spend a day like that with him again.



Corey's depiction of this special Christmas

