One More Candle Until Christmas



M. Rose Delmonico

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Anna had been waiting all week for the Christmas boxes.

On Saturday, Mom set one on the kitchen table.

“Can I unpack the Nativity?” Anna asked.

“Soon,” Mom said. “Tomorrow is the first Sunday of Advent. First, let’s make our wreath.”

“A wreath for the door?”

“This one goes on our table,” Mom said. “It helps us get ready for Christmas.”



Mom tucked evergreen branches around the frame.

“It smells like Christmas!” Anna said.

Together, they added four candles: three purple and one pink.

“This one doesn’t match.”

“We call that color rose,” Mom said. “It has a special Sunday.”

“Can we light them now?”

“Tomorrow, after dinner,” Mom said.

