

The Week Between

When one is in church ministry or has a family member in such, holidays are more stressful. There are the usual things every family copes with - changes good and bad, family members behaving or not. The usual holiday traditions of food, decorations, gift-giving, cards. Add into that mix one person who is working harder at their job than usual, with more pressure to deliver something meaningful, and on the holidays themselves, and the frays can show.

This year, for many, was a lovely long weekend with Christmas Eve happening on Friday (a short day or holiday for many), Saturday and Sunday. For pastors and others who do services, it was a looonnngggg weekend of a different sort. You just finished up Christmas Eve, spend the next day trying to relax, but not too much because you'll find that the next day you're "on" again, even if it is an informal service that is downstairs with the piano.

For me, it was also a year of beginning a new pattern with my Mom living nearby. For almost the first time in 50-odd years, she and I were not in the family home at Christmas. We did ok, all things considered, with some usual traditions and new ones created. My cousin Marie invited us up for a family dinner, the first time they've had guests on Christmas in a while. It was good.

But for me, the Holiday started yesterday about 12 noon. I came home from church, put on my T-shirt and yoga pants, and snuggled up for the rest of the day, reading, eating, watching Top Hat on cable, and Toy Story 3 on demand, letting the kitties on my lap for napping, and generally reveling in the fact that I had to be nowhere and nothing I had to do.

This morning I woke up, laid around in bed listening to my iPod touch, got up and had a leisurely breakfast. There's a fog warning right outside my door, which is way better than a blizzard. This afternoon I'll have an appointment with my Mom, but a whole 24 hours of nothing is really good.

The week between Christmas and New Year's is good. I'll go into work one day, but the rest is a lazy time of big 'ol let-me-just-rest.

In knitting news, the handspun cowl looks good:

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I'm not showing you the grafting, because it was a lousy job and I didn't care enough to make it pretty. It will be fine when I wear it.

And the last sweater for nearing the end:

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Izzie is doing her inspection on the outside, which looks good. I've got the endless ends to weave in, so that's going in stages:

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Today it hit me as I went through my Ravelry projects that I knit 11 sweaters, vests, and shells this year. Six of those were/are for Afghans for Afghans, three for family members, and only two were for me, counting one shell. I like knitting for others, but I think one of my resolutions for 2011 will be to knit more sweaters for me!