

The Aardsma Weekly

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The Queen Of Harts She Made Some Cookies

Well, maybe the Queen Of Harts actually made tarts, but we sure made cookies. Christmas cookies. Lots of them.

You see, it all started about three weeks ago, when I decided we should make some Christmas cookies like we do every year, but be a little more extravagant than we normally are. It would be my venture, sort of like an early Christmas present to the whole family.

So, I got Mom to pick up some decorations for me, and I warned everyone that we would be making cookies on Friday, the 15th. (I decided we should do it on Friday since Matthew is off work on Fridays, and so he would be home all day.)

When Friday came, all the decorations were stocked away. I had made sure we had all the ingredients we needed, so it was time to make the actual cookies. Beka made them, with lots of help from all the rest of us.

After lunch, dishes, and a hurried load of laundry that just *had* to be hung out. (yes, we do hang out laundry in the middle of December), I made a batch of icing and got Beka to help me color it. We made blue, yellow, red, green, white, and brown. Well, we tried to get brown. I tried to make it, but at first it was a grayish purple, then it was just plain gray, and then it turned that color that blue Silly Putty does when all the bounce has gone out of it and it's just plain goo. (In case you've never seen blue Silly Putty like that, the color was a slight bluish gray, but then I added a little more red and it turned purple again. All in all, the color was disgusting.)

We set out the decorations, and called the boys in. The fun began immediately. We had caramel-chocolate chips, red peppermint candies, multi-colored sprinkles, and green and red colored sugars. Matthew had to leave soon, (so much for my 'make it on Friday so Matthew will be home' plan), so he selected a large cookie, iced it, and crammed on as many decorations as he could fit. He ate it quite calmly, much to our horror, threw the remainder to his dog, and walked happily out the door.

The rest of us were a little better. Beka and I tried to make ours pretty, and we sort of succeeded. At first, pretty things like elegant stars and cute snowmen were appearing, but then it turned awful. Caleb and Timmy, however, were churning out grotesque creations like yellow and purple rabbits, purple camels, and gingerbread boys who looked like they had just run into a rainbow.

Finally, Beka and I gave in and started making awful-looking things too. We were all having a good time. Timmy kept telling us that Two Dog could eat sugar off his hand.

without getting his hand sticky, and would demonstrate by eating green sugar. Beka, in exasperation, finally asked, "Who in the world is Two Dog?" The rest of us explained to her that Two Dog was an Indian in Ralph Moody's book "Little Britches". (Dad is reading that to Timmy and Caleb right now. It is a classic read-aloud in this family, and Dad is getting quite good at editing bad language, etc. as he reads along.)

When every cookie was iced, and Timmy and Caleb happily left, I collapsed onto a stool and looked over the disgusting array of cookies. To tell you the truth, they did look disgusting. Purple rabbits, cookies with piles of candy... I had to laugh as I surveyed Timmy's 'mountain of lava'. He had taken a circle shaped cookie, placed chocolate chips all around the edges, and then poured a mound of green sugar in the middle. Two or three cinnamon candies served as the lava.

I wearily began to clean up the gigantic mess, and then paused as I passed the cookies, my arms laden with bowls and knives and beaters. I set them down and carefully selected the only sensible-looking cookie I could find: a pretty blue bell lightly sprinkled with green sugar. I took a big bite. Ah well. They did not look the best, but they sure tasted great.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Luke 2:13-14: And suddenly there was with the angel a great multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favors!"



Bits and Pieces



Remember how last week I said that since we have no babies we feel safe to have lots of decorations and stuff on our trees? Well, I take it back. A baby is not half as bad as what we have got now. Babies can't climb trees.

That's right. Our cat seems to have taken a liking to our tree. She climbs it, plays underneath, has a grand time breaking all the silver balls, and does everything she can to make a mess of things. So, this year our tree is literally held up with orange yarn. (unfortunately it was either orange or purple yarn, as we lacked more holiday-looking colors), which Rebekah and I tied to the windows on either side of the tree. Hopefully the yarn will hold until after Christmas...

We have a very interesting nativity set this year. One of our shepherds got cruelly beheaded. (The cat broke it off. The bloodthirsty animal then proceeded to roll the poor man's head around until she got tired of it.)

Also, this year the *wiseman* came to visit the baby Jesus, instead of *wisemen*. The other two met with fatal accidents along the way. (They were dropped while being moved from the basement to the pantry.) However, all three of the camels managed to make it to the manger, so the lonesome magus has plenty of transportation.

Along with the usual solemn Joseph, serene Mary, and peaceful Jesus, we have a very original nativity character: our cat. She seems to find the cow and donkey enjoyable companions, so she squeezes herself into the stable and lies there calmly until someone fishes her out and sets the headless shepherd and lone Wiseman back into place.

Mom completed her annual update this week. It is now posted on her website. So, if you want to read what's up with everyone, go on over and read the whole thing. (Lots of pictures there too, by the way.)

We are all glad she's finally finished it, as there was some major stress while she worked on it! The house sort of crumbled, Mom was in her office all day, and you couldn't get help on anything! Rebekah played Mom/housekeeper/rule-maker for a week, and we are all still in adjustment mode now that Mom is finally back!

A Word About The Weather

It is slightly warmer this week. The snow from the ice storm has finally melted! It had been foggy and cool in the early mornings, but gets warmer and even begins to feel a little like Illinois again in the afternoons!

A Word of Wisdom

Keep a very close eye on sugar cookies while they are in the oven. Don't cook them for *one* minute longer after they are done. They can scorch in a matter of seconds.