

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By
Mary Elizabeth Lehr Eaton
(Grandma Mary)



The family was large – in number – not size. There was a tradition that everyone who either was born or married into the family was to have knitted for them a colorful Christmas stocking. This tradition began many years ago when one of the daughter-in-laws to “Grandma Flora” found the pattern and knitted socks for all the grandchildren. Alas, the daughter in law died and there was a lull in the joyfulness.



Not everyone had a Christmas Sock. One day, as Christmas season neared, a grandson who now had two children of his own, cornered the now Grandma Mary. He pulled his Christmas Sock from his coat jacket and said, “I need three of these!”

Well, Grandma Mary had never in her life knitted a sock of any kind and here was a dear son who asked for three. Grandmother Mary sat and sat and thought and thought – Oh My! – She didn’t know which way to turn...but, she called her grown up niece and sure enough there was a pattern and she would send it to Grandma Mary!

When the pattern arrived, it might as well have been written in Cherokee! So many new words and phrases. "Slip One" ... "Pass Over" ... "Knit together" "Over stitch this way", "over stitch that way"

Grandmother Mary had a new friend who owned a knit shop named "Ewe and Me". So there she went. "You can do this Mary" encouraged the good friend. "Sit right down here and let's get started!" Lady Ewe and Me handed Grandma Mary four short knitting needles, points on both ends. "Golly! How do you hold all of those needles at once?" Grandma Mary wondered. "You really only hold two at once"

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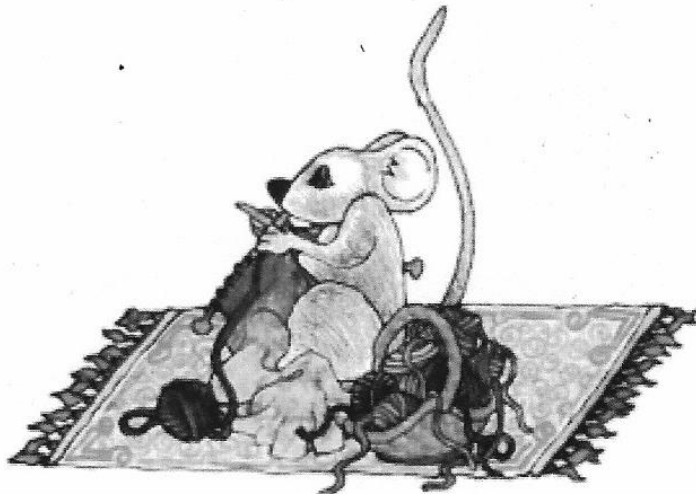


answered her helpful friend. Well, Grandmother Mary left the shop that afternoon having knitting 8 rows of ribbing. Her first Christmas Sock was started!!! All went well until she reached the hub...more Cherokee....! How many times she started over on the heel. Finally it all fell into place and before she knew it, the sock was ready for embroidery. The embroidery stitches were tricky but determination won out, and finally, a true – a real – a beautiful Christmas stocking was finished. The name AJ stood out.

Well, of course now more of Grandma Mary's children came for their stockings and there were marriages and births and even pet Christmas Stockings!!! This went on for years and years. Then one day Grandma Mary was gone. So, if more Christmas Stockings were needed the older grand daughters were appointed to that job.

One granddaughter being clever and very busy decided they would knit the socks without the pesky hard to do heel. Being on the back side, it didn't show anyhow.

She spent the evening on a cold winter night knitting. She skipped the heel and began knitting the foot. Becoming tired she put the knitting aside and went to bed. While this young lady slept, a little mouse crept out from the closet. It shook its head back and forth, and then ripped out the knitting to the row the heel should begin. The little mouse then scooted back into the closet.



In the morning, the granddaughter picked up her knitting and was surprised to find the foot ripped out. She thought this was strange but she sighed and re-knitted the foot. The same thing happened with the sock's foot again and again. The granddaughter decided to spy and see what was going on. Well, was she shocked when the little mouse crept out of the closet and began pulling on the yarn with her teeth! The pretty granddaughter grinned, she picked up the little mouse and said "I thought I could get by without the heel – it's so hard to do." The little mouse shook her head and said "Tsk tsk", "tsk, tsk".

Sighing, Grandmother Mary's cunning granddaughter picked up her knitting and headed for "Ewe and Me".

THE END