

Holidays – They’re a Labor of Love

By Carmela Cunningham

Did you ever notice how differently men and women prepare for the holidays?

For Labor Day, women buy cleaning supplies and plastic color-coded bin systems so they can spend the first holiday of the season organizing the closets and cleaning out the garage. Men buy beer and great slabs of red meat so they can spend the day eating BBQ and watching the game with a nice, cold brewski.

Around mid-October, women break out their sewing machines and start figuring out ways to turn their little darlings into great white sharks and pretty little witches. Men forget all about Halloween until they get home that night, grab a knife and a pumpkin, carve up some monstrosity and then wander into the living room, leaving behind a trail of pumpkin seeds (Maybe you want to roast them, Honey) and gooey orange strings.

On Thanksgiving, she buys the turkey, stuffs the turkey and roasts the turkey. Then she pulls it out of the oven, sharpens the knife and gathers the family round. He smiles proudly as he carves into the bird, and everyone oohs and aaahs over his fine work.

“Carving turkey is an art,” he proudly proclaims.

She starts preparing for Christmas the day after Thanksgiving. She’s shopping and decorating, planning menus and party outfits and wrapping things. He runs into Starbucks on Christmas morning and buys a few bags of red foil-wrapped coffee and a couple of festive latte mugs – already boxed and wrapped.

Don’t get me wrong, I love the holidays. And I’m ready for the pumpkins and turkeys and presents and party dresses to commence. But I’m not confused.

For some of us, there’s a little bit of Labor Day in every holiday.

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