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Halloween Breeze

By Cassidy Hill

The smell of Pumpkin Spice candles fills the air, my husband debates the call made by the referee officiating the football game on television, and I sit happily in the living room floor among piles of ribbon, yarn, tulle, buttons and an endless supply of hot glue sticks.

“What do you want to be for Halloween this year?” I ask Cadence, my six year old daughter.

“Ummm, a Scarecrow!” she says. My creative wheels begin to spin churning out ideas faster than my hands can create. Tirelessly, I begin to construct a Halloween costume sure to win the coveted “Mom of the Year” Award. I pull strands of yellow yarn measured and cut to perfection; glue them to the inside of an oversized floppy straw gardening hat resembling straw hair any scarecrow would envy. I line the outer brim of the hat with brown satin ribbon and adorn it with a beautiful yellow sunflower. Moving onto the pants- every scarecrow needs pants- I attach artificial patches using a red bandana and floss stitching thread onto each leg and one on the back pocket. Lastly, I stuff the pocket of her blue and black plaid shirt with yellow yarn, slip her brown ballerina flats on and a beautiful scarecrow is born. She grabs her decorated Halloween basket and we set off to collect our annual candy bounty.

The crisp cool air brushes my face and I tighten the wrap of my winter coat. Watching the children nervously approach the door of a spooky house I start to think, what an odd holiday. Many moms, like me take this holiday as an opportunity to showcase their creative skills relishing in the “oooohs” and “awwwws” their children receive and some race into their local Wal-Mart grab what Halloween costume is left and set out to collect their treats. As Cadence and I walk through our neighborhood, we admire the costumes of her fellow trick or treaters. These are the moments I will always remember and cherish; the days my little girl let me dress her up and walk with her while she hunts for candy.

