Twitter Thread by The Hoarse Whisperer



The Hoarse Whisperer
@TheRealHoarse

I separated when my son was little. He was three years old and suddenly I was a single dad with a life to build for him.

That first Christmas, I made big productions of doing Christmasy things together.

The first was the tree lighting in Rockefeller Center.

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It was past his bedtime, so I taped it. The next night, we baked cookies and watched it together.

A few nights later, it was more cookies and Rudolph.

Another night, we went to get hot chocolate and look at Christmas lights.

We called them Christmas Fun Nights.

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The next year, we watched the lighting of the tree again. And then we did all of those other things too.

They were excuses to just do something together in the Christmas spirit.

Christmas Fun Nights were now a tradition.

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We had done them 10 years in a row before this year.

I cherish them. But that's me. I am a malomar: hard outer shell, marshmallow center. I'm sentimental as shit.

You don't always know how much your kids share in your sentiments though. And my son is 13 now. *Things change*

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Since COVID hit, to make it as easy on my son as possible, he just splits time between his homes. Spends a few days in one and then spends a few days in the other.

It's flexible. We just sort it out week to week. Easy.

5/

In December, when the week of the tree lighting rolled around, he was at his other parent's and we hadn't sorted out when I'd get him back.

I wasn't sure whether he really cared about watching the lighting - even though that has always been our first Christmas Fun Night.

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So, I figured I'd just play it cool and let him decide and be fine with whatever he wanted.

Sent him a text like people who are playing things cool do.

7/



I love that kid. I love that kid so much.

So I picked him up Weds instead of Thurs and we made cookies and watched the tree lighting and talked about Christmas Fun Nights and planned our next one.

8/

But most importantly we carried on a tradition that started that first winter as a single parent when I was just figuring it out.

This has been such a hard year in so many ways. But inside the compartmentalized world of my life with my son, this was a happy Christmas season.

9/

It started with that first text exchange on December 1st about this tradition of ours.

Someday, it will be him who is texting me. It will be my adult son asking if I'm coming over to watch the tree lighting.

And it will be me who replies "Is that even a question."

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