

Caroling in Today's World

I gathered songbooks and announced we would go caroling for the puppet ministry's Christmas party.

A tween asked, "Who's Carol?"

"Is that an American game?" another asked.

My daughter told the Brazilian, Nicaraguan, Haitian and other tweens in our Miami group that caroling meant we'd knock on doors and sing Christmas songs.

We practiced a few tunes and headed out. No one answered at the first house, but my daughter started singing, and everyone joined in—only they all sang different songs. We stopped when we heard the dog inside howling along.

One tween shouted, "The dog's the only one on key."

We did find a few neighbors to listen to us. Once the group surrounded a car

turning into a driveway and started singing.

The Latin American man rolled down the window. "I cannot pay you."

We explained, "It's free. It's a Christmas greeting."

"An American custom?"

We nodded. He grinned.

At the last home, a large group cheered as we sang "Silent Night." Mid-

song, a car screeched, two cats fought and a baby screamed.

Our outing ended in giggles. Still, it was a success.

—Karen

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