

## The Easter Egg Tradition

Every Easter, for as long as I can remember, my siblings and I colored Easter eggs with my grandma. We would arrive to her house to help her prepare her kitchen for the mess that was coming. She would begin by hard boiling the eggs, and my siblings and I would usually sit in the kitchen and talk with her about our day. After dozens of eggs were boiled, we would prepare for the coloring stage. She would have a stack of newspapers in her basement, and we would take big, heavy stacks to layer on the kitchen table. After this we would help her set up the coloring stations. I remember plugging my nose when we poured the vinegar, and how the dye would bubble as the color tablets were dropped in the cups.

We then would begin to color our eggs. We would laugh as we pulled the eggs out with our fingers, knowing that they would be stained for the next week. My grandma would draw different patterns on the eggs with a crayon, and we would drop it into the bright dye to see what pattern we got. After we finished, my grandma would put the eggs in the refrigerator. I can remember leaving her house and feeling how excited I was to see them again on Easter. We would arrive on Easter day and after we ate, the egg hunt would begin. We would laugh and smile as we ran around her house looking for the eggs we decorated.