My parents were sculptors and we had no TV at home, but instead we had two shops: one for wood and one for plastics. We also each had our own personal sewing machine to sew clothes and dolls. For holidays my parents made everything from scratch, and I particularly remember each Easter, when they would create a modern variations on the Easter basket and Easter Bunny. Creating things at home was so important that our parents let us skip school if we had a project we wanted to work on. They got tired of waking up to write excuse notes to our teachers, and let us write our own, promising to back us up if the teacher called. Every year we maxed out the number of days we could miss school without being held back a grade.