

传统与变迁：家乡礼仪在现代社会中的传承

小时候，我总是好奇大年初一新娘为什么要穿红、新郎为什么要敲门。长大后我回到家乡，看见迎亲队伍中多了数码摄像、新人自驾而来、朋友圈直播婚礼现场。我意识到，时代在推进，传统在流转，而礼仪依然负载文化的使命。

在婚礼仪式方面，传统的“迎亲”“敬茶”“闹洞房”仪式曾经是必须且耗时的。如今，有的新人将迎亲简化为“车队到酒店”拍照，新人敬茶改成提前在家录视频寄给长辈。但我发现，在家乡很多家庭，仍坚持提前到女方家敲门、敬茶、敬酒。这不仅仅是形式，而是一种尊敬与仪式感，传达出“我们还在做这件事”的态度。

节日庆典方面，贴春联、元宵点灯猜谜的热闹也在发生变化。社区主办的大型灯谜会取代了往昔里巷道中的提灯游玩。虽然现代化方便了参与，但我更觉得那种“提着灯笼绕村走”“父母和孩子一边猜谜一边笑”的感觉渐渐淡去。然而，每当夜晚燃起红灯笼、老人拿出笔来写谜语、孩子们载歌载舞，我便知道传统还在续航。

礼仪服饰与饮食也在更新：传统凤冠霞帔可能让位于白纱礼服，婚宴菜式也变成西式自助。但我家乡婚礼中仍有长辈坚持：“敬茶的时候，新娘换回凤裙一刻不能省。”喜宴的结束也常以“敬一杯百年好合”作为压轴。这些细节虽小，却像隐秘的文化密码，将过去与现在锁在一起。

城市化、网络化让生活节奏加快，但礼仪传承的主心骨仍在：那份尊重、那份亲情、那份对根与源的眷恋。记忆中的婚礼，记忆中的节日，不仅仅因为一串程序而存在，而因为我们在仪式中看见了自己、看见了家乡、看见了归属。

我常思考：在未来，我们如何让下一代也愿意参与这些仪式？答案可能并不复杂：让它更贴近现代生活而不失本质。比如，婚礼中加入视频敬茶、新郎闯关换成趣味互动；元宵灯谜不仅在现场，也可通过手机小游戏实现。但核心必须保留：人聚在一起、提灯猜谜、倒茶鞠躬、敬长辈。那不是“老规矩”，而是文化的根。

在这个变迁剧场里，传统并非死物，而是有机体。它会更新、会适应，却不应消失。每当我回乡，在新房门前听那敲门礼声，在元宵夜看那提灯人影，我就在告诉自己：我们还在守护，还在纪念，那片浇灌我们成长的土地，还在为我们奏响仪式的乐章。

Tradition and Change: The Inheritance of Hometown Rituals in Modern Society

When I was young, I always wondered why the bride wore red on the first of the lunar year, and why the groom had to knock on the door. As I grew up and returned home, I saw more digital cameras in the bridal procession, couples driving themselves, wedding livestreams on social media. I realized that as times move on and tradition flows, rituals still carry the mission of culture.

In wedding ceremonies, the traditional “bridal procession,” “tea ceremony,”

and “new-room teasing” used to be mandatory and time-consuming. Today, some couples simplify the procession to “arrive at a hotel by car,” and record the tea ceremony video in advance for the elders. But I found that in many homes in my hometown, they still insist: knock at the bride’s house, perform the tea ritual, toast the elders. It’s not just formality—it’s a gesture of respect and a sense of ritual, expressing “we are still doing this.”

As for festival celebrations, the lively activities of past couplet-pasting, lantern riddles during the Lantern Festival are changing too. Large community-held lantern-riddle events replace the old walking-around-the-lantern style. Although modernization makes participation more convenient, I feel the sense of “carrying a lantern around the village, parents and children guessing riddles and laughing together” is gradually fading. Yet whenever red lanterns are lit at night, an elder takes out a pen to write riddles, children sing and dance—I know the tradition is still ongoing.

Attire and cuisine of rituals are also updating: the phoenix crown and embroidered robe may give way to a white bridal gown; wedding banquets evolve into Western-style buffets. But in my hometown’s weddings, some elders still insist: “At the tea ceremony, the bride must change back into the phoenix robe at least momentarily.” And the banquet finale often ends with the toast “a hundred years of harmony.” These small details, though minor, act like hidden cultural codes that lock past and present together.

Urbanization and internetization have accelerated life’s pace, but the core of ritual transmission remains: that respect, that kinship, that longing for roots and sources. The weddings I remember and the festivals I recall exist not just because of a set of procedures, but because in the rituals we see ourselves, our hometown, our belonging.

I often think: in the future, how can we get the next generation willing to take part in these rituals? The answer may not be complicated: make it closer to modern life without losing essence. For example, incorporate video greeting in weddings, convert the groom’s “trial” into interactive fun; lantern riddles during the festival may be played as mobile games too. But we must keep the core: people gathering, lanterns raised, riddles guessed, tea poured, bows made to elders. It’s not “old rules,” it’s the root of culture.

In this theatre of change, tradition is not a dead thing—it’s an organism. It will update, it will adapt, but it should not disappear. Whenever I return home, hear the door-knocking in front of the new room, see people carrying lanterns on a Lantern Festival night—I tell myself: we are still guarding, still commemorating, that land which nurtured our growth is still playing the symphony of rituals for us.