

The Littlest Christmas Tree

The littlest Christmas tree,
lived in a meadow of green,
Among a family,
of tall evergreens,
He learned how to whisper,
the evergreen song,
with the slightest of wind,
that came gently along.

He watched as the birds,
made a home out of twigs,
and couldn't wait till,
he too was big.
For all of the trees,
offered a home,
the maple, the pine, and the oak,
who's so strong.

"I hate being little",
the little tree said,
"I can't even turn colors,
like the maple turns red",
"I can't help the animals,
like the mighty old oak",
"He shelters them all,
in his wide mighty cloak".

The older tree said,
"Why little tree you don't know?
The story of a mighty king,
from the land with no snow?"
Little tree questioned,
"A land with no snow?"
"Yes!" said old tree,

"A very old story, from so long ago".

"A star appeared, giving great light,
over a manger, on long winters night.
A baby was born, a king of all kings,
and with him comes love, over all things."

"He lived in a country, all covered in sand,
and laid down his life, to save all of man."

Little tree thought of the gift given by him,
then the big tree said with the happiest grin,
"We're not just trees,
but a reminder of that day,
there's a much bigger part,
of a role that we play!"

"For on Christmas Eve, my life I'll lay
down,
in exchange for a happier, loving ground.
And as I stand dying, they'll adorn me in
trim,
this all will be done, in memory of him".

"Among a warm fire,
with family and friends,
in the sweet songs of Christmas,
I'll find my great end,
then ever so gently,
he'll come down to see,
and take me to heaven,
Jesus and me".

"So you see little tree,
we are not like the oak,
who shelters all things,
beneath his great cloak.
Nor are we like the maple in fall,

who's colors leave many,
standing in awe".

"The gift that we give,
is ourselves, limb for limb,
the greatest of honor,
in memory of him".

The little tree bowed,
his head down and cried,
and thought of the king,
who willingly died.
For what kind of gift,
can anyone give?
Than to lay down your life,
when you wanted to live.

A swelling of pride
came over the tree,
Can all of this happen?
Because of just me?
Can I really bring honor?
By adorning a home?
By reminding mankind,
that he's never alone?

With this thought, little tree
began singing with glee,
Happy and proud,
to be a true Christmas tree.

You can still hear them singing,
even the smallest in height,
singing of Christmas,
and that one holy night