



Cindy W. Hollingsworth's

# Twig's Christmas Dream



illustrated by Jennifer Tipton Cappoen

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## Introduction and Purpose

Christmas is that special holiday that brings out the best in most of us. For some reason those awkward, scrawny trees that ended up at a grocery store or in a special tree lot always made me sad. I wanted to take them home just because I thought no one else would.

I think everyone longs to have a purpose in life. A calling and a reason to be. I think that's even true of those misshapen, small Christmas trees. Johnny's and Twig's story gave me a way to see their purpose in a different light. A story that made those little trees have an ending that was bright, one in which they were filling someone's heart with joy and putting the merry and bright in their Christmas season.

God's Son was born on Christmas Day, giving all of us the reassurance of His great love for us His children. May the joys and love of Christmas fill your hearts not only at Christmastime but also all through the year.



*Twig* the small tree was hauled off the truck  
Along with the bigger trees and the other Christmas stuff.

The owner of the tree lot  
Slowly shook his head.  
“That tree is too little.  
It’ll be firewood instead.”



When *Twig* heard those words, his small trunk really shook.  
He thought he'd never ever have that special Christmas-tree look.

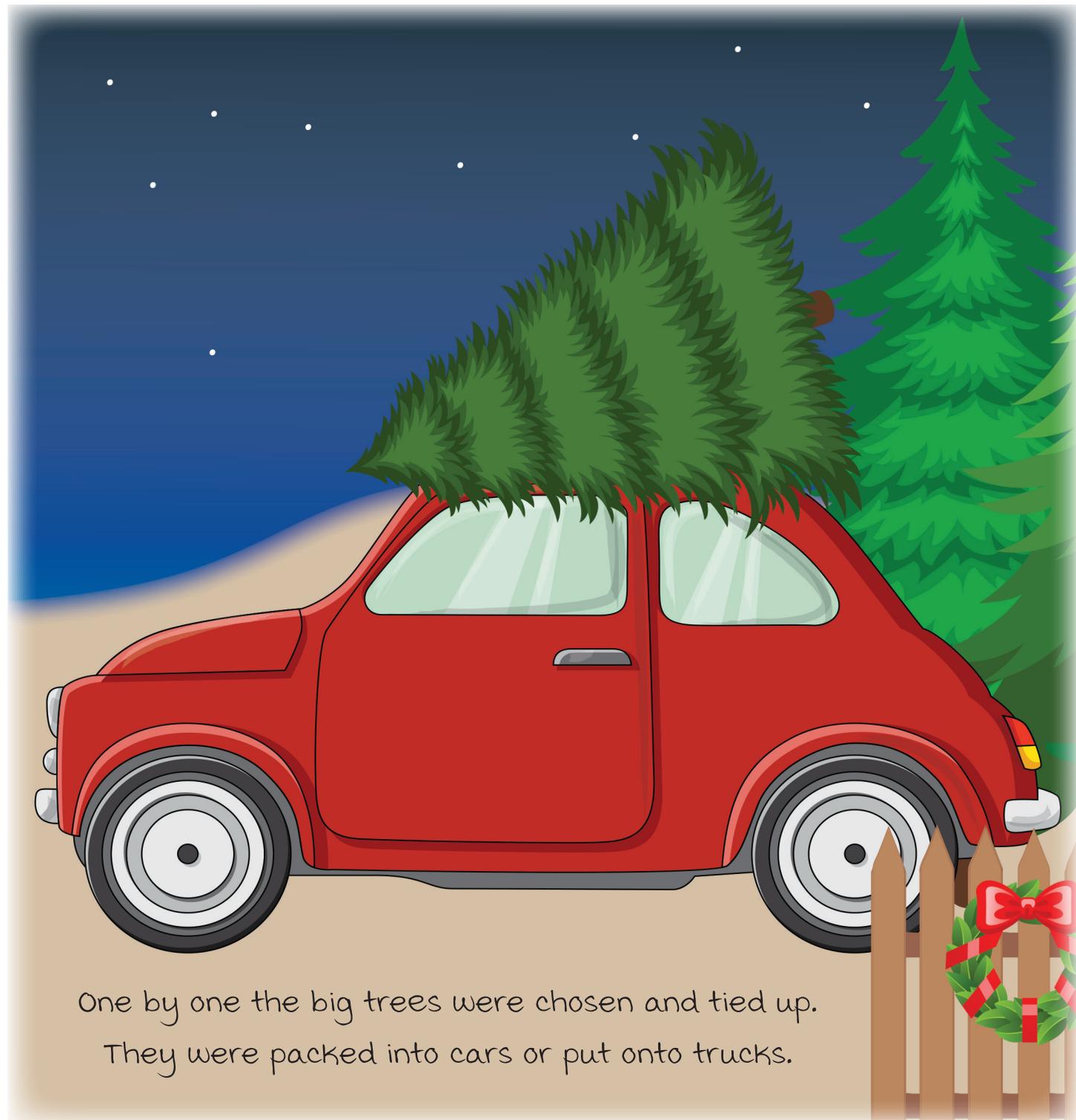
He'd end up in a wood pile at the end of the day.  
Sawed up for firewood. His dreams burned away.

The big trees were all carried  
To the front of the lot.  
But a far, lonely back corner  
was poor little *Twig's* spot.



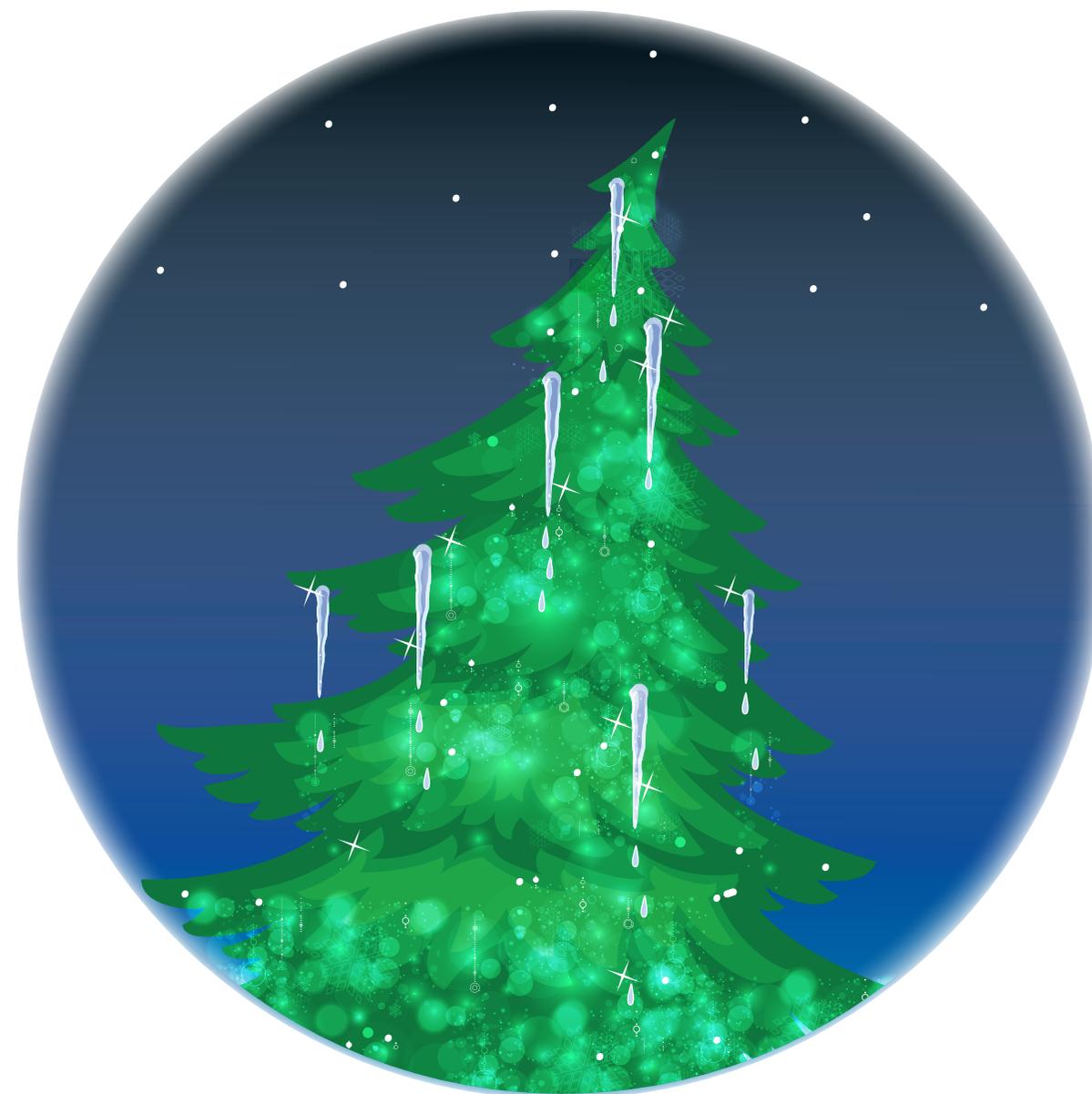
The larger trees glistened  
From the bright lights  
Hanging overhead.  
Poor *Twig* stood sadly  
And alone in the dark  
Near a shed.

**CHRISTMAS TREES**



One by one the big trees were chosen and tied up.  
They were packed into cars or put onto trucks.

Little tears trickled down *Twig's* small green limbs  
And the cold of the night froze them tightly around him.





Suddenly a voice shouted out in the night,  
“Look, Johnny. Here’s a tree all glistening and bright!”  
The moonlight had spilled onto *Twig’s* frozen tears.  
It lit up his tiny limbs, making them shine bright and clear.

Johnny ran all the way to the back of the tree lot.  
“Oh, it’s just the right size. I know the exact perfect spot.  
Please, Mom, may I have it? This tree is meant for me.  
I can’t believe you found my very own Christmas tree!”

