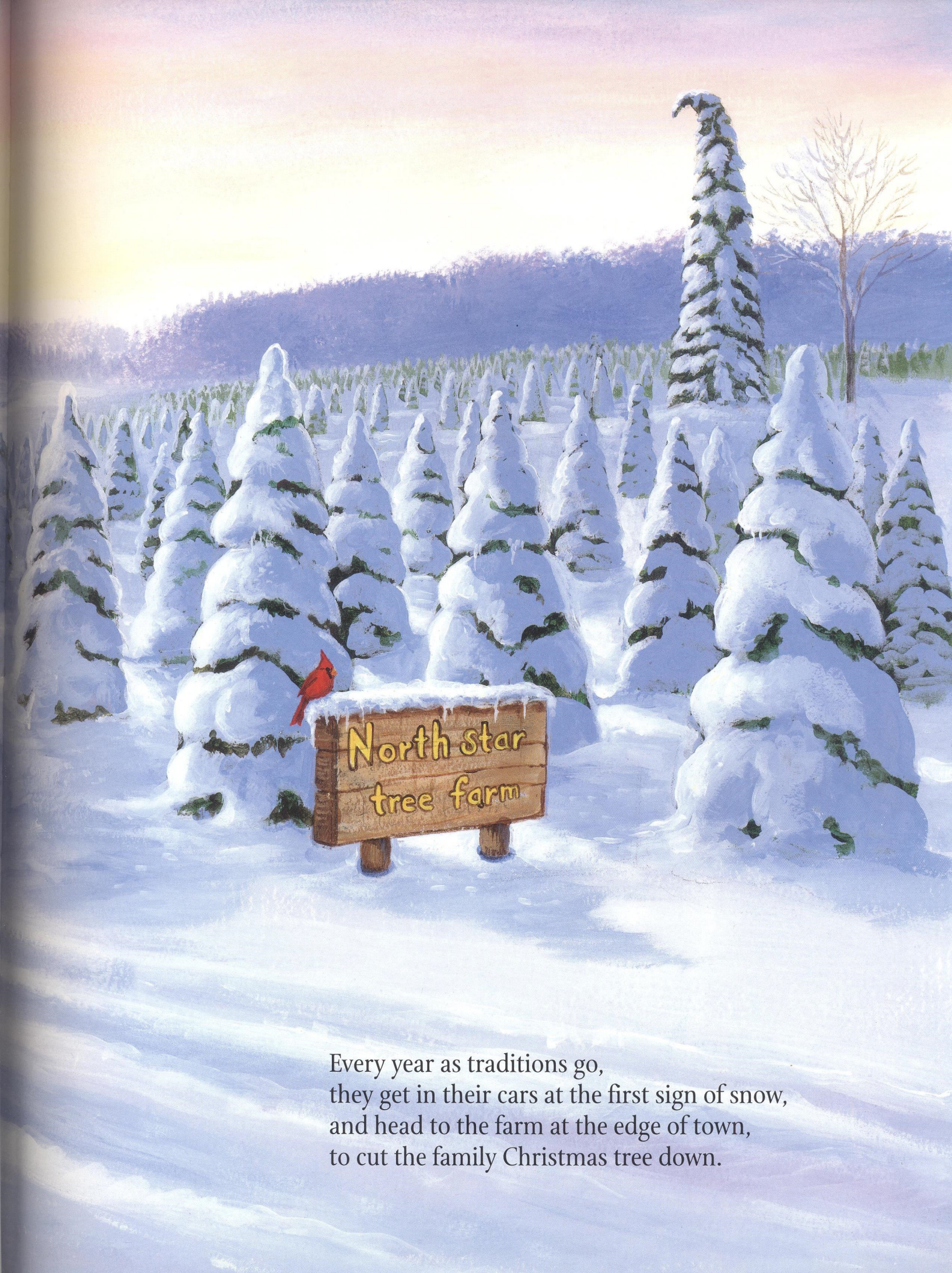


A Wish to be a Christmas Tree

By Colleen Monroe
Illustrated by Michael Glenn Monroe





Every year as traditions go,
they get in their cars at the first sign of snow,
and head to the farm at the edge of town,
to cut the family Christmas tree down.

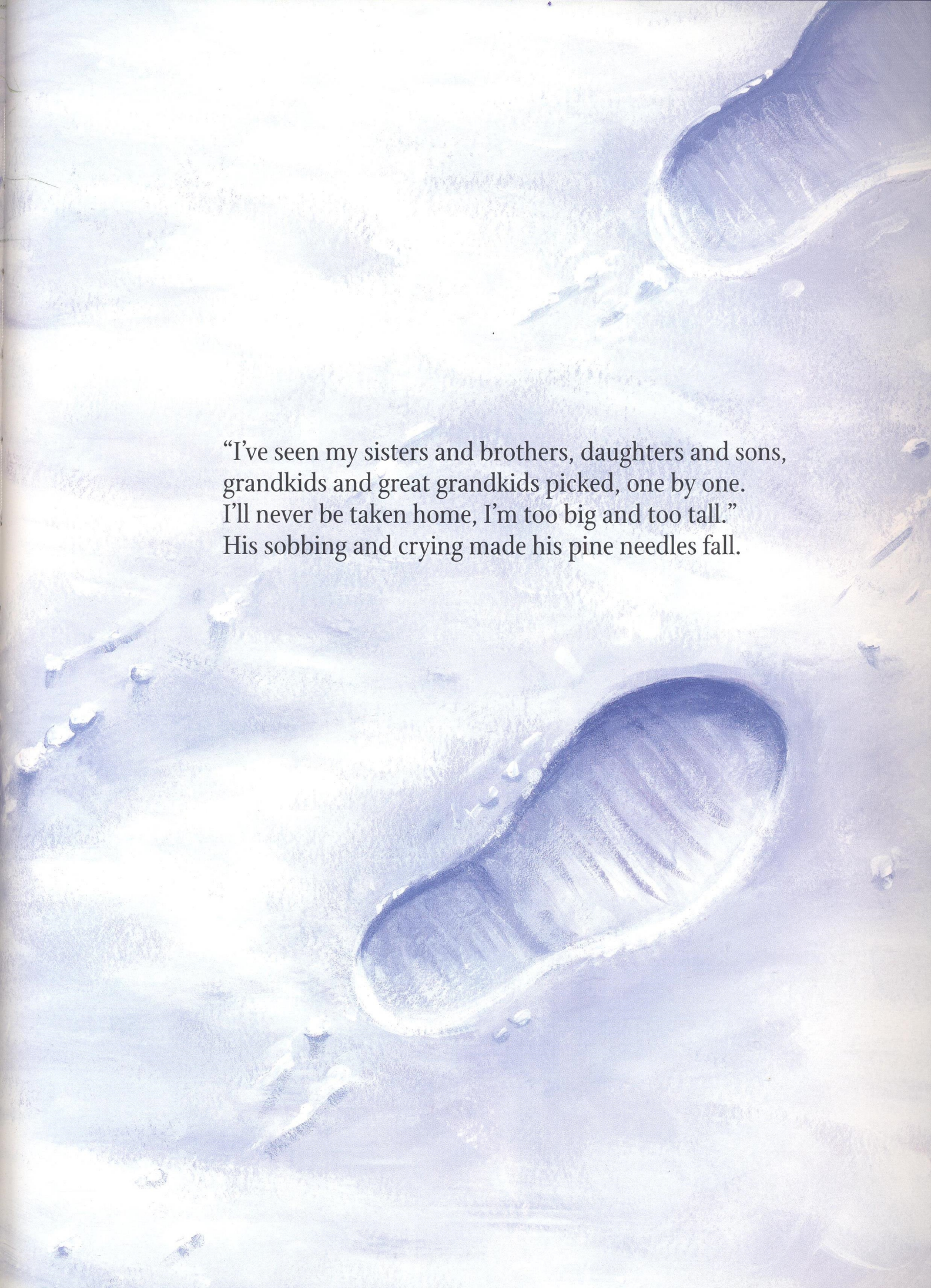
As Christmas neared, the trees rejoiced,
for families would come and make their choice.
Which trees would go and which would stay,
“Oh, please pick me,” the trees would say.





"Take me to your home!" said the fat Scotch pine.
"Dress me with bulbs and lights!" said the fir so fine.
They all were excited except for one,
he knew that his days of being picked were done.



A watercolor illustration of a snowy landscape. Two large, dark boot prints are visible, one in the upper right and one in the lower center, suggesting a person has walked through the snow. The snow is depicted with soft, blended washes of white and light blue. Small, dark pine needles are scattered across the snow, particularly around the boot prints. The overall mood is quiet and somber.

“I’ve seen my sisters and brothers, daughters and sons,
grandkids and great grandkids picked, one by one.
I’ll never be taken home, I’m too big and too tall.”
His sobbing and crying made his pine needles fall.



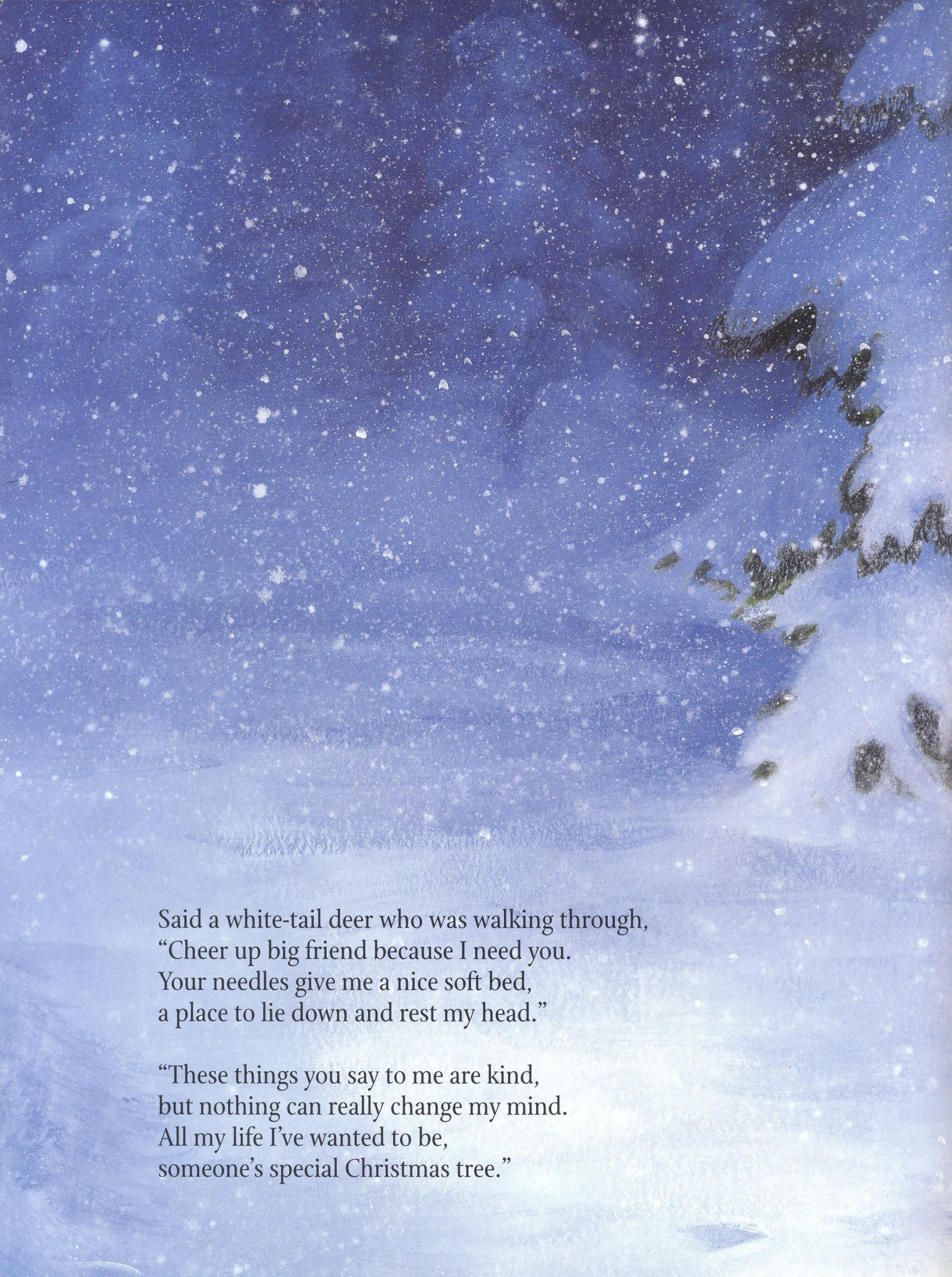
A little squirrel was wandering by
and stopped to hear the big tree cry.
“Take heart my friend and don’t you fear,
to many of us you are so dear.”



“Your branches keep us safe and warm,
you are our shelter from the storm.”
A cardinal flying by chirped in,
“You are my safety from the wind.”





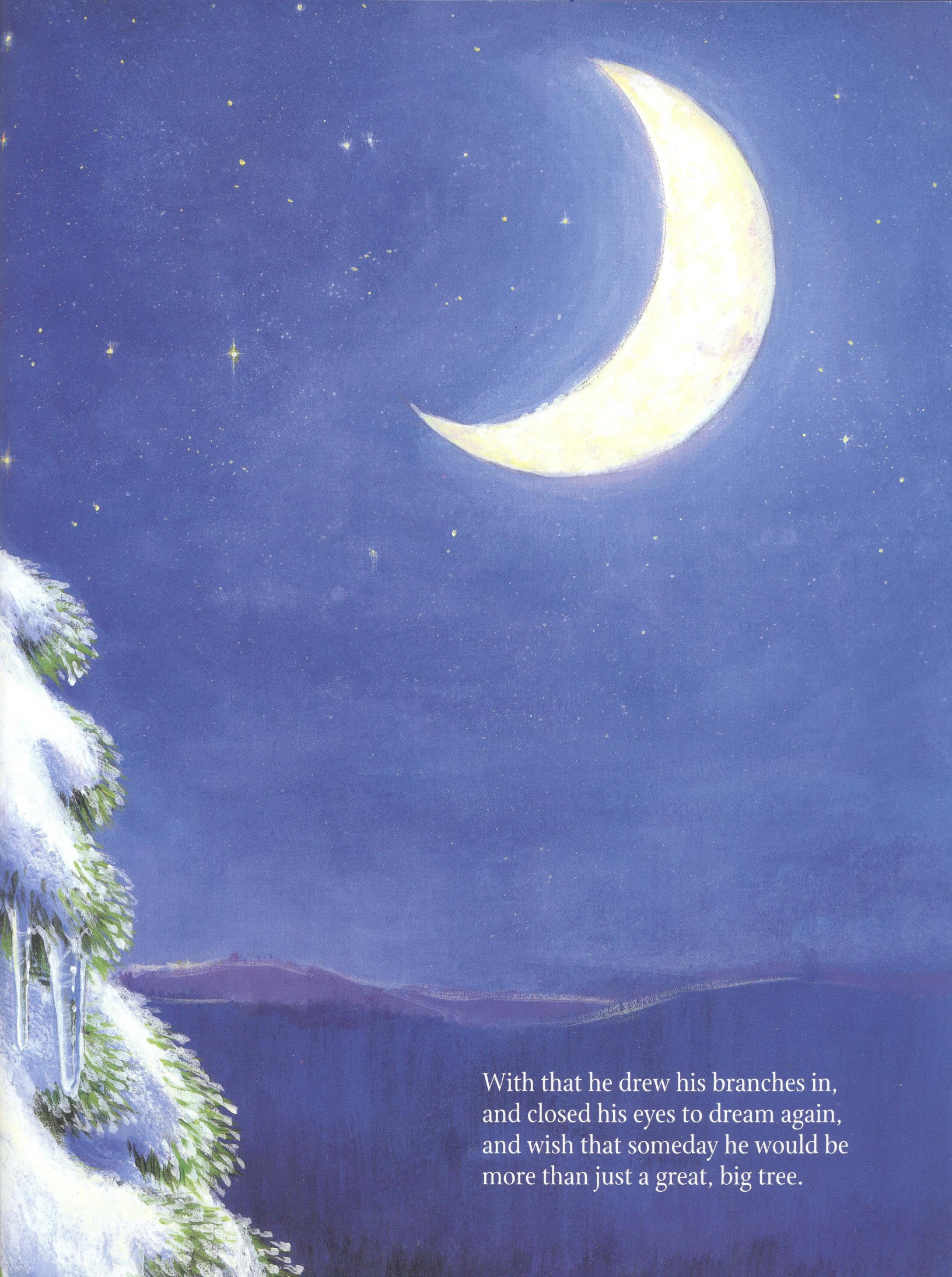
A soft, painterly illustration of a snowy night. The sky is a deep, dark blue, filled with numerous small, white, star-like specks representing falling snow or distant stars. In the lower right, a white-tail deer is partially visible, its body and legs covered in a thick layer of white snow. To the right of the deer, a Christmas tree is also covered in snow, its branches and needles visible. The overall scene is quiet and serene, with a gentle, wintry atmosphere.

Said a white-tail deer who was walking through,
“Cheer up big friend because I need you.
Your needles give me a nice soft bed,
a place to lie down and rest my head.”

“These things you say to me are kind,
but nothing can really change my mind.
All my life I’ve wanted to be,
someone’s special Christmas tree.”

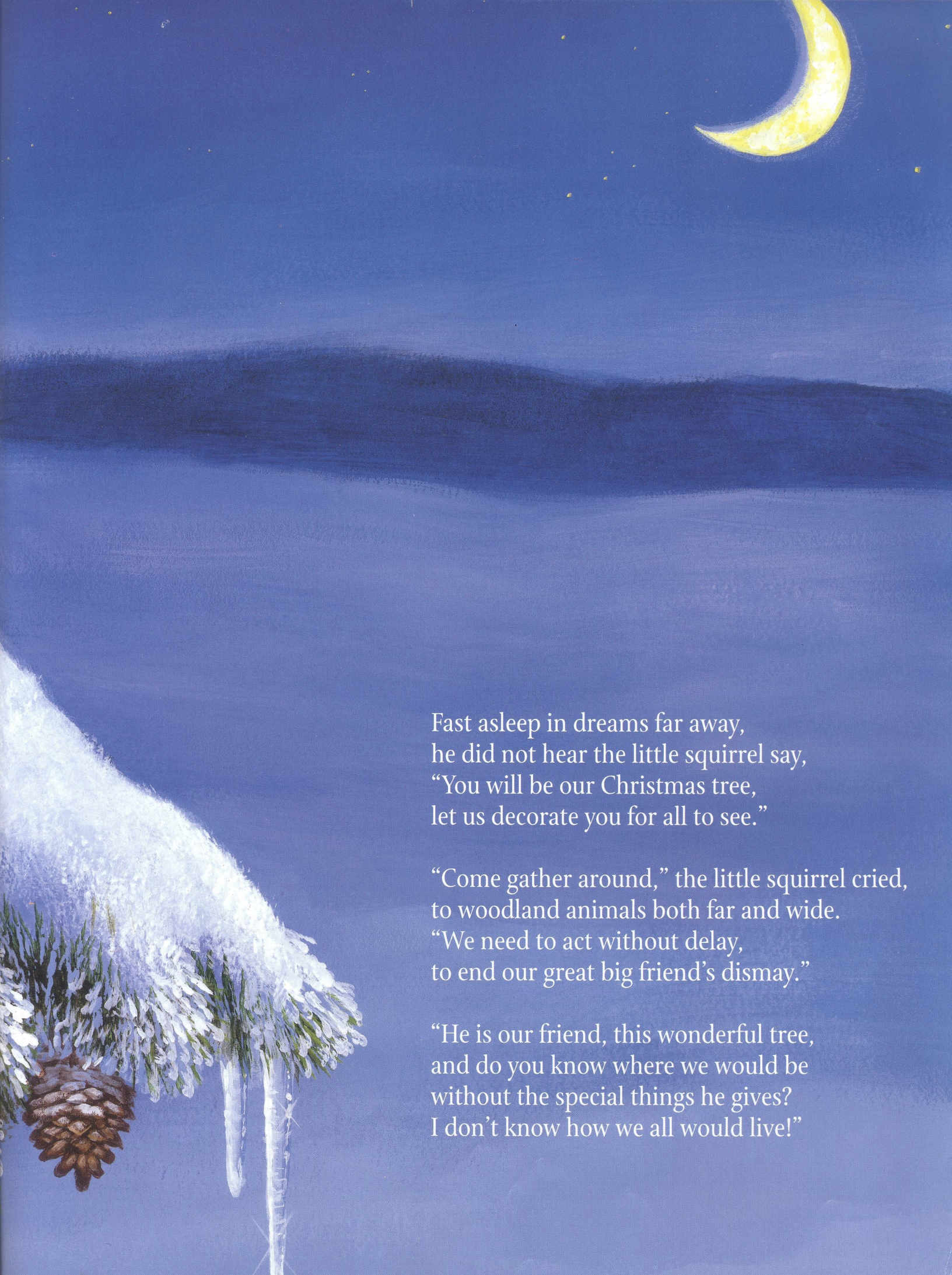






With that he drew his branches in,
and closed his eyes to dream again,
and wish that someday he would be
more than just a great, big tree.



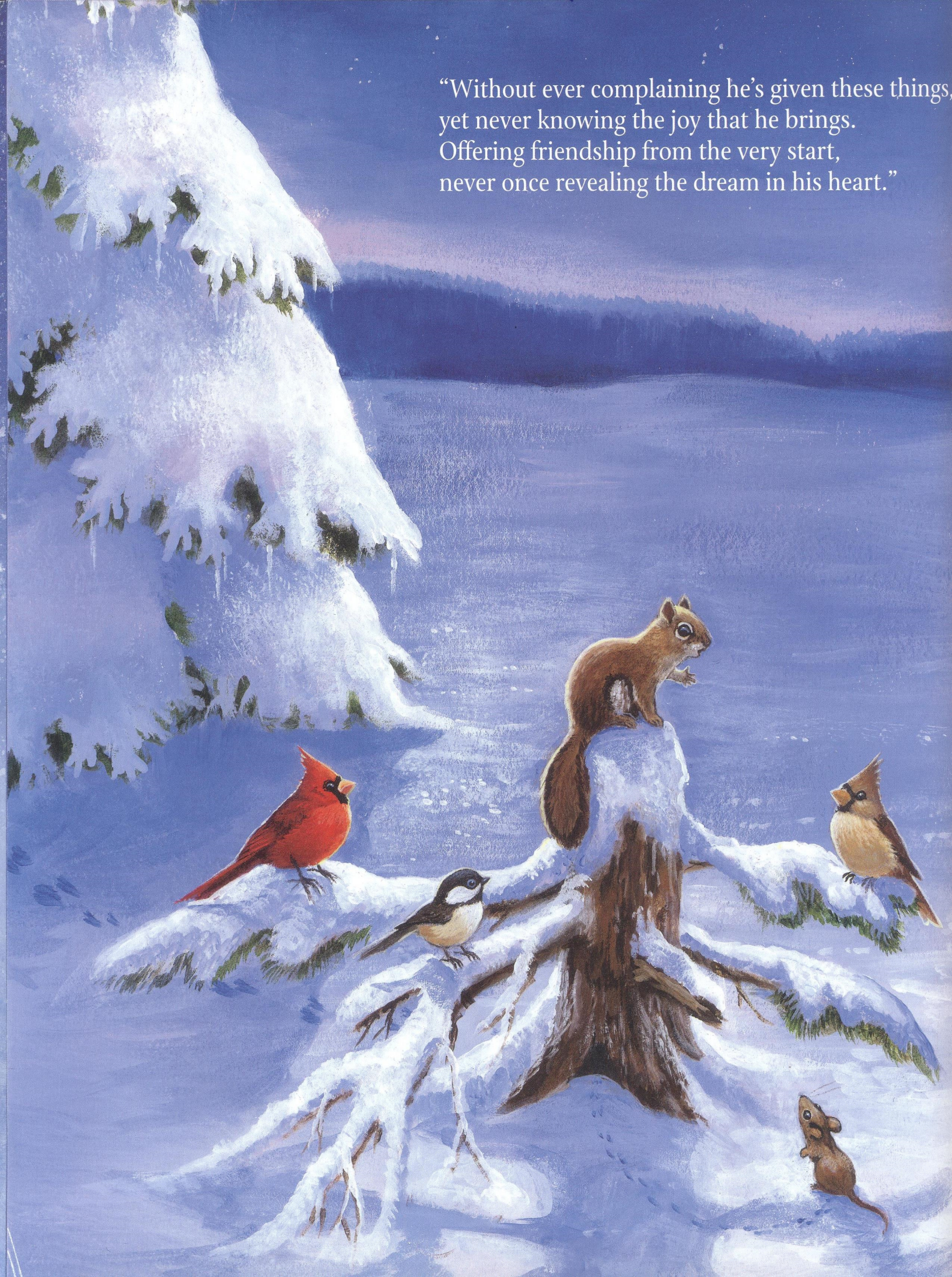
The background is a deep blue night sky with a bright yellow crescent moon in the upper right corner. A dark, silhouetted mountain range stretches across the middle ground. In the lower left foreground, a snowy pine branch with green needles and a brown pinecone is visible. The text is positioned in the lower right area of the page.

Fast asleep in dreams far away,
he did not hear the little squirrel say,
“You will be our Christmas tree,
let us decorate you for all to see.”

“Come gather around,” the little squirrel cried,
to woodland animals both far and wide.
“We need to act without delay,
to end our great big friend’s dismay.”

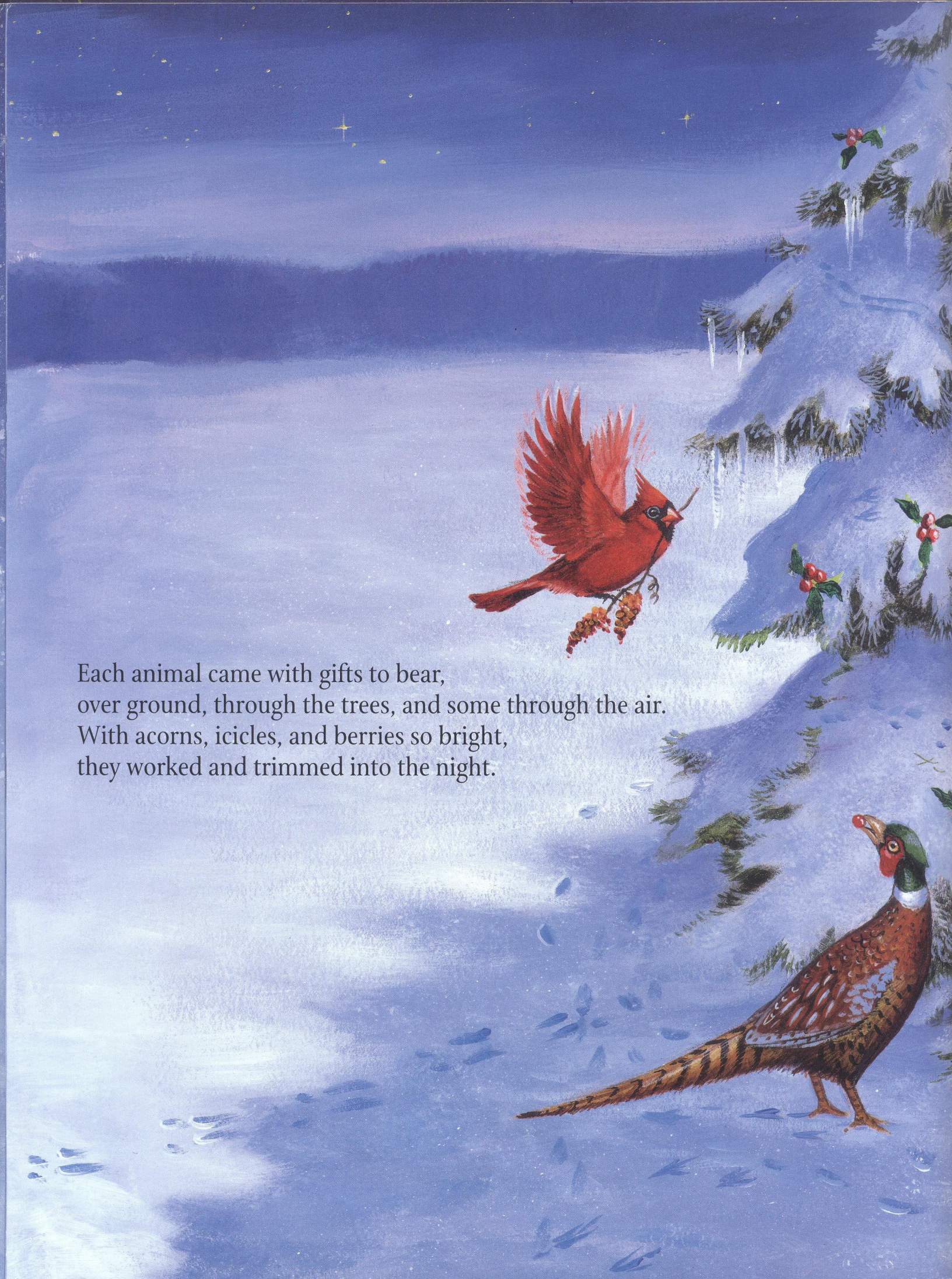
“He is our friend, this wonderful tree,
and do you know where we would be
without the special things he gives?
I don’t know how we all would live!”

“Without ever complaining he’s given these things,
yet never knowing the joy that he brings.
Offering friendship from the very start,
never once revealing the dream in his heart.”



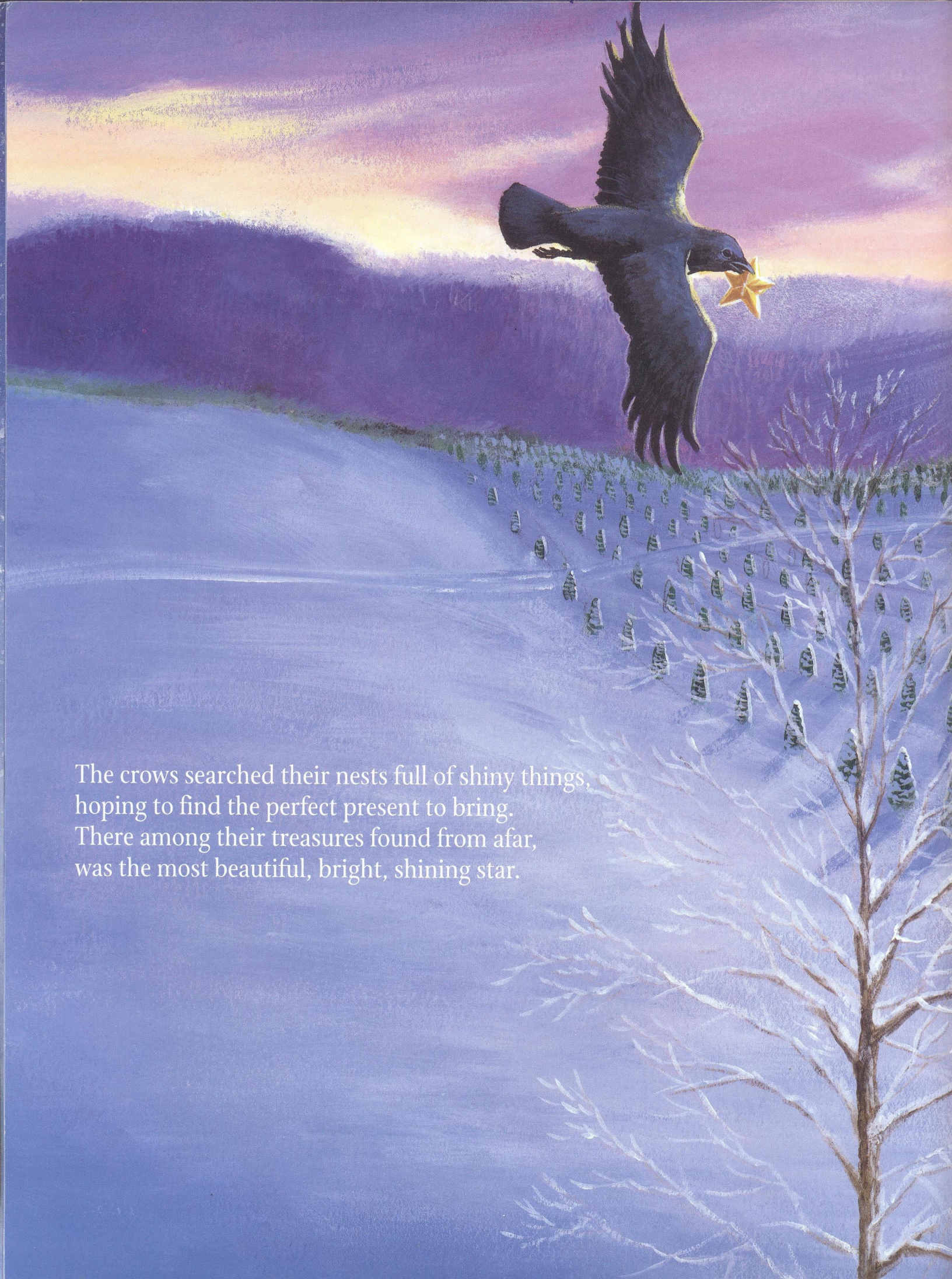
“Everyone should bring a treasure,
so our giant friend can measure,
the love for him that our hearts hold,
the feelings that we’ve never told.”



A full-page illustration of a winter night scene. In the center, a bright red cardinal is in flight, holding a small branch with orange berries in its beak. To the right, a pheasant with brown and white patterned feathers and a green head stands on a snowy ground, looking up at the cardinal. The background features a snowy landscape with evergreen trees covered in icicles and snow. The sky is dark blue with a few stars visible. The overall mood is serene and festive.

Each animal came with gifts to bear,
over ground, through the trees, and some through the air.
With acorns, icicles, and berries so bright,
they worked and trimmed into the night.





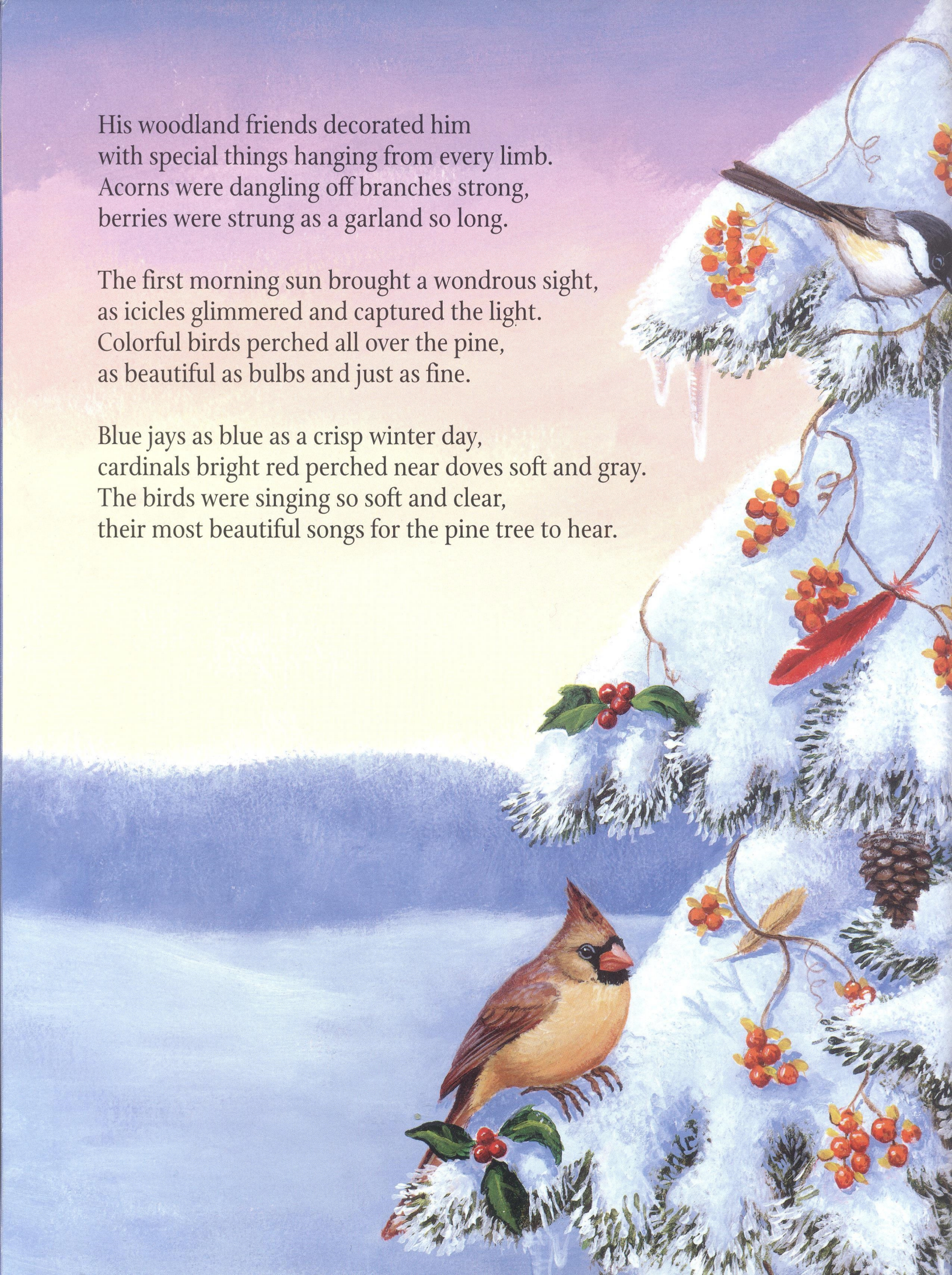
The crows searched their nests full of shiny things,
hoping to find the perfect present to bring.
There among their treasures found from afar,
was the most beautiful, bright, shining star.



His woodland friends decorated him
with special things hanging from every limb.
Acorns were dangling off branches strong,
berries were strung as a garland so long.

The first morning sun brought a wondrous sight,
as icicles glimmered and captured the light.
Colorful birds perched all over the pine,
as beautiful as bulbs and just as fine.

Blue jays as blue as a crisp winter day,
cardinals bright red perched near doves soft and gray.
The birds were singing so soft and clear,
their most beautiful songs for the pine tree to hear.







The big tree stirred and opened his eyes,
and what he saw was such a surprise.
“You have made me beautiful for all to see,
and now I am a Christmas tree.”

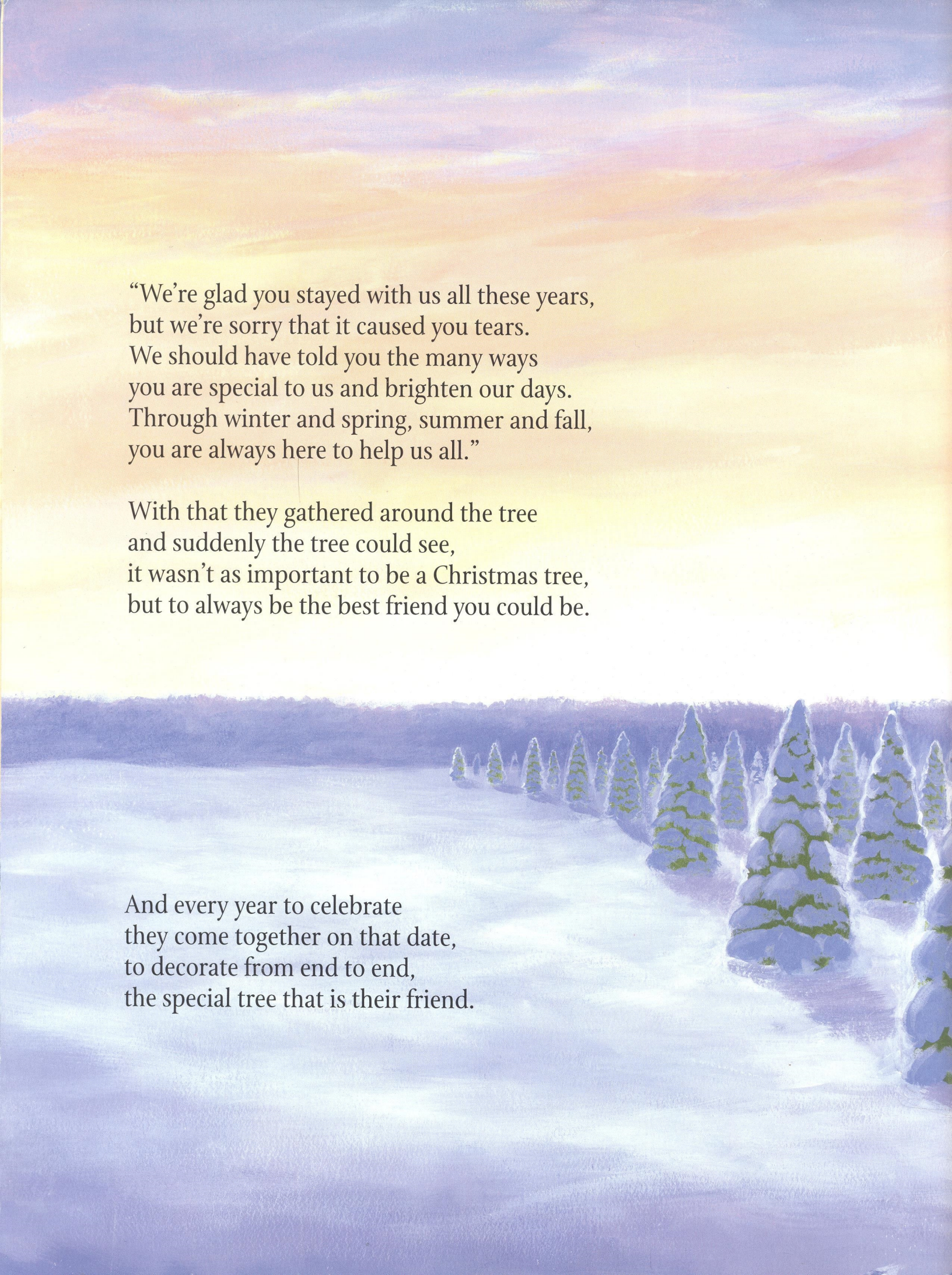
“You are more than just a Christmas tree,”
they said to him, “Why can’t you see?
You are special to us every day of the year,
we would be sad if you weren’t always near.”



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“We’re glad you stayed with us all these years,
but we’re sorry that it caused you tears.
We should have told you the many ways
you are special to us and brighten our days.
Through winter and spring, summer and fall,
you are always here to help us all.”

With that they gathered around the tree
and suddenly the tree could see,
it wasn’t as important to be a Christmas tree,
but to always be the best friend you could be.

And every year to celebrate
they come together on that date,
to decorate from end to end,
the special tree that is their friend.





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