



NO TREE FOR CHRISTMAS

An 'it-really-truly-happened' story

Please note that this teaching text has not been proofed.

Author: Rose Mae Carvin

Illustrator: Frances H. Hertzler

PowerPoint Presentation, Interface and Download: Mark and LaRue Bowser
Typesetting and Layout: Patricia Pope

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NOTE TO THE TEACHER

Display each illustration where indicated in text, laying volume aside when the story line continues beyond the picture.

Missionary giving is emphasized in this true story of a family who made thier own Christmas tree.



Show Illustration #1

It was Christmas Eve and the little house on the city street was filled with delicious smells. A big cake stood on the kitchen table where five busy children could pause from time to time and admire it. The frosting swirled higher and higher like gobs of whipped cream. Tiny colored candies set it all a-glitter. Warm mince pies were cooling on top of the oven and cookies were crowding each other for

room in the cookie jar.



Show Illustration #2

Bill stood with his hand on the door knob sniffing the wonderful smells. Then, impatiently, he said, "Mother, come on. Please! Don't you think you've waited long enough to get a tree? Prob'ly won't get a thing now, waiting so long just because they'd be cheaper."

Mother motioned in his direction and went on giving orders to the four little girls. "Remember," she said, "Beth is the oldest. You all do as she says. And, Rose Mae, be sure to let Mary help you set the table. She is six now and big enough to help. And, please, all of you, don't let Ruthie get into trouble." Winding a long curl around her finger, Mother gave five-year-old Ruthie a hug. "We'll be back in plenty of time for supper," she said.

As Bill stood watching, he was thinking that if Father were living there would have been a tree out in the garage right now, waiting to be trimmed. Perhaps he should have insisted Mother buy one sooner, since he was the only one in the family to take Father's place. He *had* tried, but Mother would not listen.

Of course, Mother had to be careful how she spent money. Yet she did always manage to get the things they needed. She really was a wonderful mother. But this time she had gone too far. Those girls would be terribly disappointed if they did not have a tree.



Show Illustration #3

Only last night Rose Mae had prayed for one. How would they explain to a seven-year-old about prayer, if they could not get a tree? Beth was only nine, but she was sensible. She would understand.

Bill was thinking of these things, his hand still on the door knob when he felt a hand on his. "Well come on, Son," Mother was saying, "I am ready now." And Bill's mother turned his hand so that the door

opened as she smiled up at him. "How did you ever get to be so tall?" she asked.

Bill noticed how much larger his hand was than his mother's. He pushed his straight hair up under his woolen cap and took his mother's arm. *How tiny she is*, he thought.



Show Illustration #4

Down the long city street, Bill and his mother walked. At each place where Christmas trees had been for sale, they stopped. Yet they could see before they got there that there were no trees for sale now. On and on they went. It was always the same. All the trees had been sold. Only broken branches lay on the ground.

"Let's pick these up, Bill," Mother said. "They will make nice decorations."

"Guess we might as well," Bill said in a tired voice. "They are all the Christmas tree we'll have this year. Let's go back home and tell the girls."



"Not yet, son, not yet. Just a little farther. We may find one yet." Mother was remembering Rose Mae's prayer. They walked more slowly now.

Show Illustration #5

Suddenly Bill heard his mother say, "Look, Bill! Look over there! That man has *one* tree left. Let's hurry over. He is getting ready to leave. It's not a very