

## *The Littlest Christmas Tree*

Most of us, when we are little, say to ourselves that we cannot wait until we get older, get bigger and are able to do what we want, to go where we want, and to be what we want. Some of us, however, do not get bigger as we grow older. Yet, as this story shows, at least for Christmas trees, remaining small as we age does not mean that many of our dreams still do not come true.

Please address correspondence to:

Thomas Schneeweis  
86 Mahtomedi Avenue  
Mahtomedi, Minnesota 55115  
Phone (cell): 413-218-0206  
Email: [trsneeweis@gmail.com](mailto:trsneeweis@gmail.com)  
Personal Web: [www.tsneeweis.com](http://www.tsneeweis.com)

## *The Littlest Christmas Tree*

Each year when the snow starts to fall and icicles can be seen hanging from the roofs of old houses, fir trees from everywhere begin their plans to gather at the North Pole. It is there that the King of the Christmas Trees chooses those trees that are to spend Christmas at the homes of children around the world. This would be Ben's first chance to go to the North Pole. Ben was only 2 years old and was only two feet tall. He would not be chosen this year. But later when he had grown enough for presents to fit under his branches and for his branches to be strong enough to hold brightly colored ornaments as well as tinsel and special ribbons, then he too would be chosen for a special home.

As he gazed at the very biggest trees, Ben asked his Father, "do you think I will ever be as big as they are?" "No" Ben's Father said. "Those are very special trees. They live hundreds of years." "They must be very wise" Ben remarked. Ben's Uncle Bill responded, "They are and that is why we choose one of them to be our King and it is he who will choose the homes where each of us hopefully someday will spend Christmas."

Ben also saw some short trees with drooping branches and few leaves. "Why are they so sad" Ben asked. "They are sad" his Father answered, "because no one wants them for Christmas. Most people only want beautiful trees. These trees come each year just hoping that someone will want them but most of them will never find a home for Christmas at some little boy's or girl's house.

# Thomas Schneeweis – Children Books

---

For the weeks before Christmas, each night the fir trees would gather together, and Father Christmas would join the King of the Christmas Trees and give his blessing to all the trees who were leaving to spend Christmas at someone's home. Ben saw all the trees chosen to go to someone else's home say goodbye to their friends and family. "When will they come back?" Ben asked. Ben's Uncle replied. "Some will but most will not but there is no reason to be sad. Some trees are born to be tables, chairs, even whole houses. Each tree has a purpose in life and the luckiest ones find that purpose. For us, we are born and raised for the purpose of being chosen to be in someone's house at Christmas."

The day after Christmas, those trees that had not been chosen said goodbye to their friends and began the long trip back to their homes. It was not a sad goodbye, Ben thought, because some day each tree would eventually find a family that loved and cherished it. Back in his forest, all he could think of was growing up to be one of the chosen and having the King of the Christmas Trees and Father Christmas at his side. As the years went by Ben grew older but no higher. While his brothers and sisters all grew to be tall, he remained small. In time, all his brothers and sisters were chosen to be Christmas trees. Even his parents had left yet he remained only two feet tall. Each year Ben was looked over and pushed aside by the taller trees. This year, tired and lonely, Ben thought that he just as soon remained in the forest and not be at the North Pole with all the other trees. At the last minute one of his uncles, a very tall tree, saw him just sitting there. "Why aren't you going to the North Pole?" he asked.

## Thomas Schneeweis – Children Books

---

"No one wants me" said Ben "I'm small and not very good looking so who would want me". "Well" said his Uncle, "I'm old with many scars. I'm too big for a house and not strong enough for a park but each year I go. One can never give up hope".

So, Ben and his Uncle began the trip up north. When they got there was a great noise. "The King of the Christmas Trees is calling us together", Ben heard one tree say. When Ben saw the King of the Christmas Trees up close, he knew that the King must be very old and very wise. He was the most magnificent Christmas tree Ben had ever seen. "This is going to be my last year as King" the old tree said. "Next year there will be a new King to lead you. Remember to choose the wisest and kindest among you".

Father Christmas then walked up to the King of the Christmas Trees and together they started to call out the names of the trees and the names of their new homes. Ben waited quietly as the trees for this year's Christmas were chosen. When Father Christmas and the King of the Christmas Trees got to the end of their list only a few trees remained and Ben was one of them. Ben was so sad. "Why should I go back to the forest" he thought "Maybe I'll just stay right here. At least no one will see or laugh at me." Then he saw Bill, a tree from his forest who was even smaller than he was. Bill was also not chosen. Tired and alone he turned to Bill. "It looks like we are the last ones here. We might as well walk on home." They turned and walked and walked. They walked right next to Father Christmas's workshop. Ben felt worse than ever and hung his top low, but he was just tall enough to look over the window sill which was just a few feet off the ground. From there, he saw Father Christmas finishing up his lists. Ben also saw the beautiful presents that would be next to the Christmas trees the next morning.

## Thomas Schneeweis – Children Books

---

But Ben thought that Father Christmas seemed very worried. He was talking to his elves. “Here is the last letter” Father Christmas said. He read it aloud. The letter was from a small boy. “We don't need presents. All we want is a Christmas Tree to put an angel on top of and to fill its branches with ornaments that we have made at home.”

In the letter was a picture of the boy’s house. It was very small house with tiny doors, small windows and an even smaller chimney. “How can I bring them a Christmas Tree?” Father Christmas said to the elves. “My sleigh is already full and even if I could find a place for it on the sleigh, I could never get it down their chimney”. Just then Father Christmas saw Ben's tip over the window sill.

"Who is that?" Father Christmas said. "I'm sorry" Ben cried "all I wanted was to see the presents and ornaments.” Father Christmas spoke up, “that’s OK, but someday you will be someone’s Christmas tree with presents and ornaments all around you.” “Thank you, Father Christmas, but I'm too small to ever be wanted” Ben said.

“I just wanted to be part of someone’s Christmas” Ben continued. "Well, that shows how much you know” Father Christmas replied. “Presents and ornaments are not what make a Christmas. It's sharing yourself with others. Remember the Wise Men shared their food and gifts with the Baby Jesus and God shares himself with us.” As Father Christmas looked at Ben more and more he realized that Ben might be the perfect answer to his last letter. "How would you like to come with me on the sleigh and be a Christmas tree for a very special family?”

## Thomas Schneeweis – Children Books

---

Ben lit up. This was it, a chance to be a real Christmas tree. "Just a second" Ben said to Father Christmas, "I have to say goodbye to Bill." Ben turned to Bill. "Tell my family I was not a failure and that I was finally chosen." "I'm happy for you," Bill said as he turned away to leave and head back to his forest. "Hold it" Ben said "you are even smaller than me and you would fit even better into Father Christmas's sleigh. You go. I can always go next year". Ben could have been sad as he saw his friend take off in the sleigh, yet no one could have been happier.

The next year went quickly. Once again, Ben began the long journey to the North Pole. He was not sad though for he knew that it was not being chosen made you a failure but not being there and sharing Christmas with all the other trees you knew and who would and would not be chosen. Soon after all the trees had reached the North Pole the King of the Christmas Trees and Father Christmas call everyone together. "This is time for a new King" Father Christmas said. "One who is the wisest among you". All the big trees stood up at their tallest. Each one was saying I'll be King. Ben shook his branches. "I guess some trees will never learn" he thought. "They should be happy just to be here. You don't have to be King".

Then something strange and wonderful happened. Ben heard his name called out and all the other trees made a path for him. Father Christmas and the old King of the Christmas Trees were walking up to him. On his head they placed a King's crown. "Many other trees are taller, but no one has a bigger heart. Ben will be the best King ever" Father Christmas said to all. As the years went by all the trees had to admit

## **Thomas Schneeweis – Children Books**

---

that Ben was the kindest, most thoughtful King they ever had and though he was only two feet tall he was the tallest of them all.

Merry Christmas to All