

A Memorable Christmas

by Ed Wells



Every Christmas is memorable—but I remember one in particular...

We were in the depths of the Great Depression, and I had the personal depression of being twelve years old and shut in because of sickness. Christmas was approaching and there was so little money — and no Christmas tree.

Like any housebound boy, I was gazing out the window, looking down the street toward the river, longing to be out there. That's when I saw it — that beautiful Christmas tree lying in the street.

Excitedly, I called for my mother and showed her the tree. She went out, picked it up, and carried it to our front porch -- where it stayed for a few days, waiting for some owner to appear and claim it.

None ever came. So we took it inside and decorated it with those fragile glass ornaments and shining ropes that are carefully kept from year to year.

I think only that living Christmas Tree with its twelve different glistening globes of fruit standing by the River of Life can surpass the little Christmas tree that some kind angel nudged off the load of trees as it passed our house that year!

