

A Christmas to Remember

On a cold Christmas morning, I went downstairs and my family's Christmas tree was gone! I was shocked, so I hurried to go wake up my family and tell them that the tree was gone! We looked everywhere inside the house. We looked in our attic, but the tree was not there. Next we looked in my mom's closet and in her bathroom, but we couldn't find anything. So we checked outside.

We saw a trail of decorations that were from our tree. They were going down the sidewalk and into our neighbor's yard. We followed the trail through the yard and up to their porch. Our star was on their front porch. I whispered, "They must have taken our tree!" We peeked inside, and saw our Christmas tree! The neighbors were celebrating Christmas with our Christmas tree! They were singing around it.

My dad wanted to call the police because he was mad. I told him not to do it. I was sad that the tree was gone, but a bit happy because they were poor and now they could celebrate. I asked dad not to call the police. I reminded him that Jesus cared for the poor.

We knocked on their door, and they answered! We told them that we knew they had our Christmas tree. They were embarrassed and said it was our tree. They had taken it because they couldn't afford a tree of their own. We were not angry, instead we asked if we could celebrate with them. The family was really happy and thankful. It was the best Christmas ever!

Word Count: 271

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