

MAK (BIF)

NARRATOR: Once upon a mountain top, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up. The first little tree looked up at the stars and said.

Ashley

FIRST TREE: I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I'll be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!.

Merrill (BIF)

NARRATOR: The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean.

Alice

SECOND TREE: I want to be traveling mighty waters and carrying powerful kings. I'll be the strongest ship in the world!.

Melissa (BIF)

NARRATOR: The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town.

William

THIRD TREE: I don't want to leave the mountain top at all. I want to grow so tall that when people stop to look at me, they'll raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world.

MAK (BIF)

NARRATOR: Years passed. The rain came, the sun shone, and the little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain. The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said.

Maddie

FIRST WOODCUTTER: This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me.

Melissa (BIF)

NARRATOR: With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell. Then the first tree said.

Ashley

FIRST TREE: Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest, I shall hold wonderful treasures!.

MAK (BIF)

NARRATOR: The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said.

Maddie

SECOND WOODCUTTER: This tree is strong. It is perfect for me.

Merrill (BIF)

NARRATOR: With a swoop of his shining axe, the second tree fell. Then the second tree said.

Alice

SECOND TREE: Now I shall sail mighty waters!. I shall be a strong ship for mighty kings!.

Melissa (BIF)

NARRATOR: The third tree felt her heart sink when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven. But the woodcutter never even looked up.

Maddie

THIRD WOODCUTTER: Any kind of tree will do for me.

Merrill

NARRATOR: With a swoop of his shining axe, the third tree fell. The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought her to a carpenter's shop.

Melissa

CARPENTER: With this tree I will make a feedbox for the animals.

MAK (BIF)

NARRATOR: The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold, and not filled with treasure.

Ashley

FIRST TREE: Oh no, I am coated with saw dust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

Merrill (BIF)

NARRATOR: The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took her to a shipyard.

Alice

SECOND TREE: Now, I will be the strongest ship in the world and I will carry mighty kings!.

Melissa (BIF)

NARRATOR: But no mighty sailing ship was made that day. Instead the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple boat.

Alice

SECOND TREE: Oh no, I am just a simple fishing boat!. I am too small and too weak to sail to an ocean, or even a river, I can only sail in a little lake.

NARRATOR: The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard.

THIRD TREE: What happened?. All I ever wanted was to stay on the mountain top and point to God.

NARRATOR: Many, many days and nights passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams. But, one night, a golden starlight poured over the first tree as a young woman placed her newborn baby in the feedbox.

HUSBAND: I wish I could make a cradle for him.

NARRATOR: The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and sturdy wood.

WIFE: This manger is beautiful!.

FIRST TREE: Oh, I am holding the greatest treasure in the world!.

NARRATOR: One evening a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree quietly sailed out into the lake. Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered.

SECOND TREE: Oh, I am a simple boat. I don't have strength to carry so many passengers safely through with the wind and the rain!.

NARRATOR: The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand, and said.

MAN: Peace!.

VOICE OVER SOUND SYSTEM

NARRATOR: The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun.

SECOND TREE: Oh, I am carrying the King of heaven and earth.

NARRATOR: One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile.

THIRD TREE: What's happening?. Where are you taking me?. Why are all these people angry?. Why are you doing this to this man?.

NARRATOR: She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man's hands to her.

THIRD TREE: I feel ugly, harsh and cruel.

NARRATOR: But, on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth trembled with joy beneath her, the third tree said.

THIRD TREE: Now I know that God's love has changed everything. I feel so strong!. From now on, when people see me they'll think of God. That is better than being the tallest tree in the world!.

THE END