

A Tiny Miracle

a family holiday musical
music and lyrics by Charles Gilbert
based on the story by Richard M. Wainwright

CHARACTERS

(* designates nonsinging role)

Storyteller*
Wise Oak/Nurse
Grandfather
Grandson
Grandson (seven years later)*
Little Tree
Grumpy Tree*
Pretty Tree
Wally, the tree lot man
Tree lot customers:
Mr. Douglas, Mother with two children, Miss Martin, Miss Claritin
Poor Man*
Mr. Johnson
Mrs. Johnson*
Adult mixed chorus SATB
Small children's chorus

NOTE: The musical A Tiny Miracle could be presented oratorio-style, with a STORYTELLER, an onstage chorus and soloists who play the main characters in the story, or with a small but versatile ensemble of actor-instrumentalists. A male Storyteller could also step into the action to play the role of Wally; a female Storyteller could also take the part of the Pretty Tree.

(A peaceful prelude is interrupted by music with a growing sense of anticipation.)

WISE OAK

Listen!

STORYTELLER

The wise old oak tree was the first to hear the unfamiliar sounds.

WISE OAK

Something's coming!

STORYTELLER

All the trees and creatures of the valley looked to see it what was. Soon two strong horses pulling a wagon came into view. An old man held the reins while a small young boy sat close beside him. The back of their wagon was filled with tiny Christmas tree seedlings.

GRANDFATHER

Whoa!

STORYTELLER

The horses stopped beside the oldest and wisest oak.

GRANDSON

Is this the spot, Grampa?

GRANDFATHER

That's right, Timothy. We'll plant 'em here.

STORYTELLER

Reaching into the wagon, the old man picked up his shovel and began planting the little Christmas trees. (PLANTING music and pantomime.) All day he dug, finishing as the afternoon sun was leaving the valley. (GRANDFATHER leans wearily on his shovel.)

GRANDSON

Wait, Grampa! (Holds up a seedling.) Here's one you missed!

GRANDFATHER

(dubious.) Oh, dear. Awful tiny one, that...

GRANDSON

It deserves to grow, just like the others! Won't you let me plant it?

GRANDFATHER

(with a smile.) Of course. And if it lives, I will sell it for you.

STORYTELLER

The little boy eagerly took the big shovel from his grandfather. It wasn't easy for him to use. (More PLANTING music and business for the boy.) It took him several tries to dig a little hole under the branches of the oldest and wisest oak. Carefully, his small hands placed the tiny seedling in the hole and covered its roots with dirt.

GRANDFATHER

That's right, son. Tuck those roots in well.

GRANDSON

It'll be all right here, don't you think, Grampa? (Before he can reply:) There! That wasn't so hard, was it?

GRANDFATHER

No, Timmy. Not hard at all. (sings)

It isn't difficult to plant a tree.
It's just a little thing,
As you can see,
And if we trust the tree to nature's tender care,
It will grow fine and fair and full of grace
Within its mother's strong embrace.

The earth is generous
And will repay
This act of tenderness
From us today.
In time, the tiny tree
Will grow to be magnificent, strong and tall
And that's incredible
Almost a miracle
And every miracle
Begins with something small.

STORYTELLER

The old man smiled and gently lifted his grandson onto the wagon seat. Then he climbed up beside the boy and took up the reins. As the horses headed out of the valley, the boy looked back thoughtfully:

GRANDSON

Do you suppose that big old oak
Will guard my little tree?

GRANDFATHER

It's hard to say...
We'll have to wait and see.

(Music ends and they leave together.)

WISE OAK

(expansively) Hello there, little one.

LITTLE TREE

(startled) Who said that?

STORYTELLER

The tiny Christmas tree bent way back and found herself looking up at a beautiful oak tree.

LITTLE TREE

Gosh, you're awfully tall.

WISE OAK

You're lucky the little boy saw you.

LITTLE TREE

(energetically.) I'll say! I nearly got left in the back of that cart! (Looks around.) How'd I wind up over here by myself? (Whistling and waving to the other trees.) Hey, you guys!

TREE #1

(rising) Who's that?

TREE #2

(ditto) I can't see anybody.

TREE #3

It's a little bitty tree.

TREE #4

How's she wind up under that big oak?

GRUMPY TREE

She'll never grow over there. (Other trees laugh.)

LITTLE TREE

I wish I could hear what they're saying. Well, I'm glad I've got you for company. It must get pretty boring around here.

WISE OAK

Oh, we're busy all the time!

LITTLE TREE

What do you do?

WISE OAK

Well, basically, we grow. (MUSIC in, with a sense of understated excitement.)

LITTLE TREE

You grow? How do you do that?

WISE OAK

Oh, don't worry. You will too. It's your nature. (Music again. LITTLE TREE shivers with surprise.) There. Do you feel it?

LITTLE TREE

Something very strange is happening to me.
I've begun to change quite imperceptibly
Every branch is twitching
Every cell is itching
This is so bewitching.
Can it really be?
I'm growing, I'm growing, I'm growing!
(Oh, my goodness!)

One by one, I feel my needles start to sprout.
In the sun, my branches all are branching out.
Something quite immense is
Flooding all my senses
This is so intense, it makes me want to shout,
I'm growing, I'm growing, I'm growing!

LITTLE TREE and CHORUS

Growing stronger, growing greener,
Growing happier am I.
Reaching deeper in the earth, and
Stretching taller toward the sky!

CHORUS

Every evergreen is starting to revive.
Have you ever seen an acre more alive?
Summer's warmth induces
All the vital juices
In the pines and spruces
And they start to thrive.
They're glowing,
They're showing
They're growing...

LITTLE TREE

...Like me!

WISE OAK (with chorus backup)

Forest creatures loved this tree,
Squirrel and fox and chickadee,
There they gathered, there they played
And there they rested in her shade.
Seeking shelter from the rain,
Beneath her tiny branches they would run,
While the little tree

Waited patiently
To enjoy her moment in the sun.

STORYTELLER

Because the little boy had planted the Little Tree on the west side of the old oak, a giant shadow covered her most of the day. Even so, she was happy and thankful for those few minutes in the sun, and even on days when the sun didn't shine, the Little Tree was the happiest of all the Christmas trees in the valley.

LITTLE TREE

What's this strange sensation stirring in my shoots?
Like the sound of trumpets tooting rooty-toots...

CHORUS

(scats like a Latin band)

LITTLE TREE

Deep within my blood
I feel the urge to bud, and
Mother Nature's rhythms rock me to my roots!

CHORUS

All of us trees
Become weak in the knees
When we feel the spring breezes start blowing.
We're growing, we're growing!

LITTLE TREE

You must forgive
me if I crow!

CHORUS

I want the world to know...

LITTLE TREE and CHORUS

I'm growing!
Just watch me grow!

STORYTELLER

Cool spring breezes were followed by hot summer days, which gave way in turn to chilly nights, signaling the beginning of autumn.

TREE #1

Look at me!

TREE #2

Look at me!

STORYTELLER

...the Christmas trees called to each other.

TREE #3

I'm six inches taller.

TREE #4

I'm five inches fuller.

TREE #5

Me too!

LITTLE TREE

Something very strange has happened here, I see.

Every tree is growing -- every one but me!

Will I stay a twig, or

Will I, too, get bigger?

Can you help me figure how this came to be?

(spoken) I'm not growing!

STORYTELLER

The Little Tree was healthy from her several minutes of sunshine each day and the few drops of water that found their way to her tiny roots when it rained, but she hadn't received enough sun and water to grow much bigger.

LITTLE TREE

I don't understand!

WISE OAK

What's the matter, little one?

LITTLE TREE

Am I doing something wrong? Why are the other trees so much bigger than me?

WISE OAK

(sings) Have a little faith.

There's nothing lives in vain.

Your purpose will be plain in time.

Have a little faith.

There's lots of ways to grow,

But it takes time to know

Before you'll see

Your destiny.

Each of us is a kind of miracle,
A precious gift to share.
Even you are a tiny miracle
And it takes time to see
What kind of miracle you were meant to be.

(CHORUS voices join as backup.)

There's a spark of life
That sleeps in every seed
But time is what they need to bloom.

CHORUS

Bloom and grow...

WISE OAK

Little drops of rain
May not know why they fall
But though they're only small
They fill the sea
Eventually.

Each of them is a kind of miracle,
A precious gift to share.
Even you are a tiny miracle
Don't let yourself lose heart
You can't tell when the miracle will start!

A single flake of snow can start an avalanche,
One root, alone, can split a stone in two,
And little acorns grow to be
Majestic oaks eventually.
Although you may be small,
There's big things you can do!

Each of us is a kind of miracle,
A precious gift to share.
Even you are a tiny miracle
And it takes time to see
What kind of miracle you are meant to be.

Listen to the trees,
Take it easy, please.
Have a little faith.

LITTLE TREE

(placated, over final bars of music) I'm sure I'll grow much faster next year.

STORYTELLER

Before long, seven summers had come and gone, and as the seventh summer faded, the mighty oak's leaves began to turn orange and fell to the ground with a quiet sense of anticipation. It was as if the trees knew that the grower would be returning soon. Soon snow covered the ground, and the chirping of a few winter birds and the whispering of the anxiously waiting Christmas trees were the only sounds to be heard.

CHORUS (Adult mixed voices)

Whispering trees
Trembling in the moonlight
Stirred by the breeze
Quietly they sing.
Listen and you'll hear
A song of yearning
That keeps returning.
Beneath the winter snows
The music flows,
And deep in the earth
There's a special magic
Ready for birth
At the touch of spring.
Although the winter winds are keen,
The gift of life is evergreen
And growing in these
Whispering trees.

STORYTELLER

(As music continues under.) The old oak sadly looked down at its little friend, knowing it wouldn't be long before the tiny Christmas tree would be heart-broken.

CHORUS

(As the WISE OAK intones a soulful obbligato:)
Deep in the earth
There's a special magic
Ready for birth
At the touch of spring.
Although the winter winds are keen,
The gift of life is evergreen
And growing in these
Whispering trees.
Deep in the chill...

WISE OAK

Hear them murmur and sigh on the hill...

CHORUS

Quiet and still,
Whispering trees.

WISE OAK

How I love the whisp'ring of the trees.

STORYTELLER

In the morning, the sounds of horses' hoofs could be heard padding quietly in the snow. It was the boy and his grandfather, coming to cut the Christmas trees. Just like the trees, the boy had clearly done some growing in the last seven years.

(GRANDFATHER and GRANDSON enter. The part of the GRANDSON is now played by another, bigger boy.)

Each tree shook its branches and stood as tall and straight as it could, knowing this was the day they had all been growing for. Up on the slope, covered by a pile of snow he couldn't shake off, the little tree watched the old man and the boy fill the wagon with Christmas trees.

LITTLE TREE

I'm here, I'm here!

WISE OAK

They'll never see you under all that snow.

GRANDFATHER

I'm sorry, son, your tree must have died. I don't see it.

GRANDSON

No, wait... there!

STORYTELLER

Eager hands brushed the snow from the tiny Christmas tree.

GRANDSON

Look, Grandpa, it's alive! But so... small! Do you think you'll be able to sell this tree for me?

GRANDFATHER

I don't know. Got a nice shape to it. Maybe the man from the city will be willing to buy it. Go ahead and cut it.

STORYTELLER

A few minutes later the horses began their journey home with the tiny Christmas tree joyfully nestled between the old man and the boy.

LITTLE TREE

Goodbye! Goodbye!

STORYTELLER

...she cried, and all the animals of the forest appeared to wave.

WISE OAK

Goodbye, my little friend. We will all miss you, but we know you will make someone's Christmas especially wonderful.

(Musical transition 5A: "Perfect Tree")

WALLY (the tree-lot man)

Good morning, my friends!

STORYTELLER

Early the next morning, the man from the city loaded the trees onto his truck.

WALLY

Well, I guess that's the last of them. Good looking crop you had this year. (Admiring a PRETTY TREE in the front of the group.) This one's especially pretty. (The PRETTY TREE wriggles and giggles. WALLY spots the LITTLE TREE.) Wait a minute. What's this little one here?

GRANDFATHER

This is the boy's tree.

GRANDSON

(Proudly.) I planted it myself!

GRANDFATHER

He hopes you will buy it from him.

WALLY

(with a wink and a smile) Sure thing, son! This little tree's a beaut! (hands the boy some coins)

GRANDSON

Thank you, sir. I know someone will want it.

WALLY

Well, I'd better hit the highway. Christmas in the city can't start without me, you know.

I'll see you next year!

(SFX: Motor starts.)

PRETTY TREE

Hang on, everybody! Next stop, the city!

(The trees murmur assent. Sound of truck picking up speed. Music under.)

TREE #1

All right!

TREE #2

Quit shovin'!

TREE #3

The city? What's that?

TREE #4

How long till we get there?

PRETTY TREE (indignantly)

Hey! Keep your branches to yourself!

TREE #1

(innocently) Who, me?

PRETTY TREE (to LITTLE TREE)

Just because he's fresh doesn't mean that's acceptable!

LITTLE TREE

I'm so glad I get to come with you!

PRETTY TREE

Honey, take your last look at Nowhere, USA.

Say "so long" to the sticks, kid.
Its rustic appeal has paled for me.
We're on a one-way road to the big time,
The glamorous land of my fantasy!

Break out the bright lights and tinsel,
Bring on the garlands and beads!
I'm simply pining
For something that's bright and shining.
Make me beautiful!

Make me beautiful!

Dress me in trinkets and treasures,
Silver and gold and maroon.
For years now I've waited,
It's time I was decorated.
Make me beautiful
And make it soon!

Fresh off the farm,
I'm a bundle of charm,
Just a babe from the woods, it's true.
A little bit green
To the downtown scene,
But I'm ready to make my big city debut!

String up the berries and popcorn,
Hang a star upon my highest bough!
Decked out for Christmas,
I know I'll be a wow!
Make me beautiful,
Make me beautiful now!

TREES (CHORUS)

String us with peppermint candies..

PRETTY TREE

White and pink'll
Make me twinkle!

TREES

Drape us with satin and lace...

PRETTY TREE

It's gorgeous,
Just gorgeous!
If it's no trouble,
I'm crazy for lights that bubble!
Make me beautiful!

TREES

Make me beautiful!

PRETTY TREE

Make me beautiful!

LITTLE TREE and OTHER TREES

Make me beautiful!

(Wiggling with excitement, she jostles the GRUMPY TREE. Music continues under:)

GRUMPY TREE

Hey, squirt! Watch it!

LITTLE TREE

Sorry, it's just that the road's so bumpy. Isn't this exciting?

GRUMPY TREE

I don't know what you're so excited about. You're not big enough to have toys and presents under your branches, and you're not strong enough to hold up lots of decorations. Nobody will want you.

PRETTY TREE

Shhhhh! Don't be so mean!

ANOTHER TREE

Look, everybody!

(Music: City fanfare.)

PRETTY TREE

Everything shines in the city,
Got to outshine it all somehow!

CHORUS OF TREES

We're gonna paint the town!

PRETTY TREE

Decked out for Christmas,
I know I'll be a wow!

PRETTY TREE and LITTLE TREE

Dress me smartly, dress me cutely,
"Absatively, posolutely..."

CHORUS OF TREES

Dressed for the holidays
Best expect jolly days,

PRETTY TREE, LITTLE TREE and CHORUS

Make me beautiful,
Make me beautiful now!

CHORUS OF TREES

We're bringing Christmas to the city!

STORYTELLER

A policeman waved the driver through an intersection and they found themselves in the heart of the city.

POLICEMAN

(with a cheery brogue) Bringing Christmas to the city, are ya, Wally? We've been waiting for ya.

STORYTELLER

A turn here and a turn there, and finally the truck rolled to a stop. The tree lot man jumped out and quickly unloaded his cargo. When he came to the tiny tree, he smiled broadly.

WALLY

I've got the perfect place for you, little guy!

STORYTELLER

Climbing up a short ladder, he placed the tiny Christmas tree on a high shelf overlooking the lot.

(WALLY steps back to admire his handiwork. MUSIC #7 begins.)

From her viewpoint, the tiny Christmas tree could see the stand owner carefully arranging his bigger brothers and sisters around the lot and hanging price tags from their branches. Only ten days remained before Christmas, and it was time to get ready for customers!

CHORUS

The perfect tree, the perfect tree
There's only one that's right for me
What kind of Christmas would it be
Without the perfect tree?

(Carolers are heard in front of the tree lot - a small chorus of children)

CAROLERS

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way...

(WALLY approaches MR. DOUGLAS, a shopper with an aristocratic demeanor.)

WALLY

Hear those kids caroling? I call them my Christmas angels!

MR. DOUGLAS

(with delight) Angels, yes. (Suddenly shouts at the carolers.) Stay away from that Range Rover, you ruffians!

WALLY

You looking for something in particular, sir?

MR. DOUGLAS

In my family, it's traditional
We must have a Douglas Fir.
Here's a specimen that's impeccable.
Say no more, I'll take it, sir!
Feast your eyes on that form so fair,
Recognizable anywhere.
No wonder it's the choice of connoisseurs!

WALLY

It's a pine, but, hey, fine,
If you want it, it's yours.

CAROLERS

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la...

(A group of children enter noisily.)

ONE KID

C'mon, you guys, let's look over here!

KIDS

Mom, Mom,
None of these trees is nearly big enough!
Mom, Mom,
Santa is going to bring a lot of stuff!
Where is he going to put it all?
We need a tree that's eight feet tall!
None of these skimpy, wimpy trees,
Geez! They're all too small!

CHORUS

The perfect tree, the perfect tree
There's only one that's right for me
What kind of Christmas would it be
Without the perfect tree?

CAROLERS

Glo-o-o-ria, in excelsis deo...

MISS MARTIN (a decorator)

Yoo hoo! Young man! Do you think you could help me? I'm looking for...
A skinny tree, a skinny tree,
Something slender, something spare.
A skinny tree, a skinny tree,
One branch here and one branch there.
Here's a photograph from a magazine.
It should look just so.
Martha Stewart has one,
And Martha ought to know!

CAROLERS

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay...

MISS CLARITIN (a sneezer)

(dramatically, alla recitative)
Have you something hypoallergenic?
I can't buy trees,
I can't buy trees,
I can't buy trees
That make me sneeze.

(CHORUS calls out to WALLY as customers ad lib. The melodies of the four soloists are sung in counterpoint, and then:)

CHORUS and SOLOISTS

The perfect tree, the perfect tree
There's only one that's right for me
What kind of Christmas would it be
If I don't find the perfect tree?
It'll be a catastrophe!

WOMEN

Christmas day will not be jolly...

MEN

We'll feel dismay
On this Christmas day
Without the perfect tree,
A tree that must be...

KIDS

Big and beautiful...

MISS MARTIN

Spare and delicate...

MR. DOUGLAS

Very traditional...

MISS CLARITIN

Hypoallergenic...

CAROLERS

Four calling birds,
Three french hens,
Two turtle doves...

TUTTI

...and a perfect tree?

WALLY

Thank you, thank you. Merry Christmas!

LITTLE TREE

(to his departing friends) Goodbye! Have a wonderful Christmas!

STORYTELLER

From her perch the tiny Christmas tree could see everything that was going on. The sounds and sights of Christmas were all around, and she loved the excitement of the season. From the songs of the carolers, the little tree came to understand the meaning of the word Christmas, and the hope and joy a very special baby had brought the people of the world. It wasn't long before she too was singing, and dreaming of the moment when someone would come to choose her for their Christmas tree.

LITTLE TREE

(sings blithely:)
Perfect tree, the perfect tree,
Just one day left to find that tree. (hums under:)

STORYTELLER

On the day before Christmas only one other tree remained on the lot with the little tree.

GRUMPY TREE

Well, aren't we Little Miss Cheerful?

LITTLE TREE

Isn't this exciting? I know someone is going to choose me today!

GRUMPY TREE

Maybe they are and maybe they aren't. But I know I'll be picked today, just wait and see. You'll be spending Christmas all by yourself.

STORYTELLER

Just then a poorly dressed man shuffled into the lot. He hesitated for a long time in front of the one remaining tree.

(WALLY enters, humming busily, and notices the POOR MAN. The two of them stand together in awkward silence.)

POOR MAN

Nice tree.

WALLY

Last one left!

STORYTELLER

As Wally looked on, the man examined the price on the tree, then pulled out his wallet and peered into it for a long, sad moment before starting to walk away.

WALLY

What, you don't want it?

POOR MAN

Oh, it's not that I don't want it, believe me.

WALLY

(halting him with a smiling gesture) Wait. I think I understand. (sings)

I been there myself
And I know that it can be tough
The money in your pocket
Never seems to be enough
But just for today,
Hey, what do you say
You have a little Christmas on me?

The store windows sparkle
They beckon to your eye
And I'm guessing it's depressing
When there's nothing you can buy
But why be depressed?

Hey, give it a rest
And have a little Christmas on me!

Take some mistletoe and holly.
It'll make your house more jolly.

(POOR MAN tries to protest at his generosity.)

It's a gift from Uncle Wally.
I know it's not a lot,
But hey, it's what I got...

Although it may seem like everything's hopeless,
Your luck is at an end,
Just when you least expected it,
You've found yourself a friend,
So be of good cheer
And maybe next year
You'll help some other needy family
Who needs a little generosity
Well, when you do, you tell Ôem,
Have a little tiny bit of Christmas,
A little bit of Christmas on me!Ô

Here. Add this money to your dollar and buy another present or two.
(POOR MAN smiles as he picks up a wreath and some holly.)

POOR MAN

Thank you very much. And a Merry Christmas to you and your family! (He goes,
followed by the GRUMPY TREE. Music button.)

WALLY

Quittin' time! (As he exits to his little house.) The kids'll be wondering what kept me...

STORYTELLER

As the Christmas tree stand owner prepared to leave, a tear began to slowly trickle down
the branches of the tiny Christmas tree. The grumpy Christmas tree was right. She wasn't
going to be part of anyone's Christmas. For the first time in his life, she began to cry.

LITTLE TREE

Alone,
It's Christmas Eve and I'm alone
And it's an awful sort of feeling,
Like none that I've known.
I've come so far,
My hopes so high.

Can it be true,
There's no one who will buy?
Well, here am I,
Alone.

I'm small.
They see I'm little, and that's all,
But if you measure me in love,
I'm a hundred feet tall!
The love I bring
Is as big as all outdoors
But unless you make me yours,
That love remains unknown
And I remain alone.

(WALLY enters and finishes locking up. As he begins to stroll briskly toward home, a young man - MR. JOHNSON - dashes in, knocking them both to the ground.)

MR. JOHNSON

(helping him up) I'm terribly sorry, but this is an emergency. I only have a few minutes and I've got to buy a Christmas tree for my wife.

WALLY

I sold my last one a few minutes ago.

MR. JOHNSON

Oh no!

WALLY

Sorry, friend.

MR. JOHNSON

Wait! What about that tree on the roof of your shed?

WALLY

Well, for heaven's sake, I forgot all about that little thing.

MR. JOHNSON

Won't you sell it to me?

WALLY

Tell you what - if you climb up there and take it down, it's yours. There is a stepladder beside the little house there. Now, I have to get going. Merry Christmas!

STORYTELLER

Before the tiny Christmas tree had time to shake the tears off its branches, the young man

had climbed to the roof and taken it down. Tucking the little tree under his arm, he began to run down the street.

MR. JOHNSON

Taxi! (SFX: car horn.) To the hospital, as fast as possible... (Exits.)

STORYTELLER

...he told the driver, and the taxi sped away into the night. (MUSIC.) It came to a stop ten minutes later in front of a big brick building. The young man dashed up the steps through the front door. Inside all was quiet as he hurried down a long corridor toward a lady dressed in white.

(A woman enters in a nurse's uniform.

, It is the same actress who played the WISE OAK in the first scenes. From the opposite side, MR. JOHNSON enters, carrying a small Christmas tree.)

MR. JOHNSON

(out of breath) Nurse! How is my wife?

NURSE

A little uncomfortable, I am afraid, Mr. Johnson, but that's to be expected. I was beginning to wonder what happened to you.

MR. JOHNSON

I had to hunt all over town for this.

NURSE

What a cute little tree!

MR. JOHNSON

She was so upset about having to spend Christmas in the hospital. I thought it'd be a nice surprise.

NURSE

Well, you better hurry and put it in her room. You don't want to miss the excitement.

STORYTELLER

Quickly, he placed the tiny Christmas tree on a table by her bed and followed the nurse down the hall. All was quiet; but before long, a nearby church's Christmas bells began to chime, announcing to everyone that the most joyous day of the year had arrived. Christ's birthday had begun.

(Music #10 "Bells at Midnight" begins quietly and builds steadily as a round to a majestic climax.)

CHORUS

On this longest night of all,
Through the darkness hear them call.
Bells proclaim the news to men:
As the night gives way to morn,
Unto us a child is born.
Hope has wakened once again. (repeat)

STORYTELLER

As the sound of the bells faded into silence, another sound was heard.

LITTLE TREE

(sings) Unto us a child is born.

(SFX: sound of baby crying.)

STORYTELLER

It was a weak, high-pitched cry, which grew louder and stronger as it came closer and closer.

(The NURSE enters, pushing MRS. JOHNSON in a wheelchair.)

NURSE

Here you are, Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON

(with a gasp of delight.) Oh, look at this sweet little tree. Did my husband bring that?

NURSE

It's beautiful, isn't it?

(MR. JOHNSON enters, beaming, carrying a tiny baby bundled in a small blue blanket.)

MRS. JOHNSON

Honey, this little tree is just perfect.

MR. JOHNSON

(Gazing at the baby.) So's this little guy here. Just perfect.

MRS. JOHNSON

(Joining him.) It's like a miracle.
We have a son.

MR. JOHNSON

Our tiny family
Has grown by one...

MR. and MRS. JOHNSON

This precious gift has been entrusted to our care
And he'll grow fine and fair and full of grace
Within his parents' strong embrace.

LITTLE TREE

So let us celebrate
On Christmas Morn
A tiny miracle:
A child is born!
A child who, just like me,
Will grow to be
Magnificent, strong and...
(spoken sheepishly) Well, maybe a little taller than me...

MR. JOHNSON

And that's incredible,

MRS. JOHNSON

Almost a miracle,

MR./MRS. JOHNSON and LITTLE TREE

And every miracle
Begins with something small.

STORYTELLER

The tiny Christmas tree was to have the most wonderful Christmas of all the Christmas trees. In a few hours Mr. Johnson returned to the hospital with their family and friends.

(GRANDFATHER, GRANDSON, WALLY and the other soloists return to the stage to join the Chorus for the finale.)

There were lots of presents, and everyone said that not only did Mrs. Johnson have a lovely baby, but also the most beautiful Christmas tree they had ever seen.

NURSE

A single flake of snow can start an avalanche,
One root, alone, can split a stone in two,
And little acorns grow to be
Majestic oaks eventually.
Although he may be small,
There's big things he can do!

GRANDSON and CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Each of us is a kind of miracle,

A precious gift to share.

LITTLE TREE

Even you are a tiny miracle
And it takes time to see
What kind of miracle you are meant to be.

ALL

(modulating up:) Each of us is a kind of miracle,
A precious gift to share.
Even you are a tiny miracle
Don't let yourself lose heart -
You can't tell when the miracle will start!
You can't tell when the miracle will start!

STORYTELLER

In this dark and frozen season, let us celebrate the miracle of faith.