

---

## WEEK FOUR — LOVE

### “The Wooden Heart of Love”



The final week of Advent arrived with a deeper stillness—no longer cold or empty, but full of expectation, like a breath drawn in before a beautiful song. Long before the sun rose, the Little Flower Story Wagon sat quietly in the barn, its wooden sides shimmering softly in the pale blue dawn.

Giuseppe lit a small blue lamp, its glow reflecting on the wagon’s bright blue wheels and painted roses.

He ran his hand gently along its wooden frame.

“My faithful friend,” he whispered to the wagon, “today you carry the greatest treasure.”

A fourth Advent lantern—this one glowing warm gold—hung proudly from the wagon’s side. It flickered with a light that seemed almost alive.

Pip hopped into the barn, moving slower than usual as though he could sense the moment.

“Giuseppe... is this the week?”

Giuseppe nodded.

“Yes, Pip. This is the week of Love.”

Luma floated close, her wings changed from light green to glowing a soft, steady gold. Pastor walked up beside them, rested quietly at Giuseppe’s feet, and gazed at the wagon with loyal devotion.

Giuseppe reached into the wagon and lifted a small red velvet pouch resting in the center of its bed, surrounded by evergreen sprigs and soft linen. This pouch had been waiting all Advent long.

The Story Wagon creaked—almost as if leaning forward—ready to deliver its final gift.



---

## At the Parish Courtyard

Snowflakes drifted gently as children gathered around the crèche. The manger was beautiful now: the star of Hope, the olive-wood branch of Peace, and the wooden bell of Joy all rested in the straw. But the center was

still empty.  
Still Waiting.  
Still Longing.

The Story Wagon slowly and softly rolled into the courtyard, blue lantern glowing like a fourth Advent candle.

Giuseppe stepped down, holding the red velvet pouch.  
The wagon seemed to settle proudly beside the manger, as though guarding a sacred secret.

He opened the pouch and lifted a carved wooden heart.

“This,” Giuseppe proclaimed softly, “is the Treasure of Love. The greatest treasure of all... *To love is to want the good for the other person.*”

Pip the brown rabbit hopped forward, ears lifted.  
“Love is giving your best—even when it seems small.”

Luma the firefly glowed brighter.  
“Love is the warmth that our hearts feel,  
even when the world feels cold.”

Pastor the black dog padded up to the manger and gently placed his paw beside it.

His quiet devotion said everything:  
“Love means faithfulness and total gift of one’s self.”

Giuseppe smiled at Pastor, placed the carved heart into the manger, the treasures now complete.

“Children,” he said, his voice warm as the lantern’s glow, “God’s love is coming to us. Love that is humble, tiny, and wrapped in swaddling clothes. Love that will heal and save the world.”

The children bowed their heads.

The lantern glowed brighter; their hearts happier.

And the Story Wagon creaked with joy, as if it, too, felt the nearness of Christmas.

As Giuseppe and his companions rolled away with the Story wagon through the snowy meadow, its bright blue lantern guiding the way.

The manger was ready now.

Love has come.

And the Baby Child Jesus is near.

The END.