

THE LITTLE FLOWER STORY WAGON

A Christmas Parable:

“The Night the Story Wagon Carried the Greatest Story of All”



Christmas Eve settled over the meadow like a soft blanket of wonder. The stars shone brighter than they had all Advent, and the **Little Flower Story Wagon**—its lanterns glowing purple, blue, rose, and gold—stood ready for its final

journey of the season.

Giuseppe placed a gentle hand on the wagon’s wooden side.

“My faithful companion,” he whispered, “tonight you carry not just a treasure... but a story. The greatest story ever told.”

Pip the brown rabbit’s ears perked. “Will all the children be there?”

“Oh yes,” Giuseppe smiled. “Tonight the whole parish gathers.”

Luma the firefly glowed softly, her green wings shimmering.

“It feels like heaven itself is waiting.”

Pastor the black dog sat tall, white collar bright in the lanternlight, sensing the holiness of the night.

Together, the little company began their slow, reverent journey toward **Little Flower Parish Courtyard**.

Families stood bundled in scarves and mittens.

Children pressed close to the manger where the Advent treasures already rested: the **Star of Hope**, the **Branch of Peace**, the **Bell of Joy**, the **Heart of Love**

Yet, one thing was missing...

When the Story Wagon rolled in, the children cheered softly—as though afraid to break the sacredness of the moment.

Giuseppe raised a hand and smiled. “Tonight,” he said, “our story wagon uncovers the story behind every treasure it carried.”

Pip hopped forward. Luma hovered. Pastor sat at the manger, calm and steady.

Giuseppe opened the wagon’s little story chest and took out a scroll

tied with twine. “My dear children,” he began, “the Gospel of Saint Luke tells us that long ago, in a little town called Nazareth, the angel Gabriel visited Mary.”

Luma brightened.

“Gabriel told her she would have a baby—a holy child, the Son of God!”



Pip hopped in excitement.

“Mary said yes! Even though she didn’t understand everything, she trusted God.”

Pastor wagged his tail quietly.

Giuseppe continued:



“Not long after, Caesar ordered everyone to return to their hometowns for counting.

So Mary and Joseph traveled all the way to Bethlehem.”

Pip looked shocked. “That’s far for someone expecting a baby!”

“Oh yes,” Giuseppe nodded. “And when they arrived, the town was so full of visitors that every room was taken.”

Luma shimmered. “But God had prepared a place. A small, quiet stable.”

“And there,” Giuseppe said softly, “Mary gave birth to Jesus. She wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger.”



Pastor stepped closer to the children, as if guarding the memory.

Pip hopped to the manger, ears tall. “In the fields nearby,” he said,
“shepherds were watching their sheep.
Suddenly—BRIGHT LIGHT!”

Children gasped.

“And angels!” Luma added, bursting with glow. “A whole sky full of angels said that the Savior is born – they sang to the shepherds:
‘Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to those He loves.’”

“The shepherds hurried to Bethlehem,” Pip said.

“And they found Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus—just as the angels said.”

Luma flew in slow circles above the children. “When Jesus was born,” she said, “a special Light came into the world. A Light that never goes out. A Light for every heart, every home.”

She landed gently beside the manger. “Love came close to us,” she whispered.

Pastor placed a gentle paw beside the wooden heart in the manger.

Giuseppe translated Pastor’s quiet devotion:

“Love means giving yourself—just as Jesus gave Himself to the world.
And when we love others, even in small ways... we carry His Light.”

The children nodded, understanding.

Finally, from the Story Wagon, Giuseppe lifted a small wooden figure of the newborn Jesus—beautiful, simple, glowing. He placed the figure at the center of the manger.

The lanterns on the Story Wagon flickered. Luma glowed gold. Pip pressed close. Pastor bowed his head.

And in that holy silence, surrounded by snowflakes and children and lanternlight— **Christmas began.**

~ Giuseppe's Christmas Blessing ~

“My dear children,” he said,
“the story of Jesus is the treasure above all treasures.

The Story Wagon carried symbols of Hope, Peace, Joy, and Love—

but tonight you have received the One who is all of these.”

He lifted his lantern.

“May Christ be born in your hearts,
in your families,
and in this parish we love.”

The children whispered together:

...“**Happy Birthday, Jesus.**”

And as the choir began “*Silent Night*,”
the Story Wagon rested in the courtyard, mission complete—
its lanterns shining like stars over Little Flower Parish.

