

**The Little Flower Story Wagon: An Advent Adventure**  
**WEEK 2 of ADVENT — The Treasure of PEACE**  
*and “The Stocking for Jesus”*



Snow fell gently over the meadow as the Wise Pepper Farmer Giuseppe guided the Little Flower Story Wagon toward Little Flower Parish for the second week of Advent. The blue lanterns glowed softly with a peaceful light, and the wooden wheels made a comforting crunch along the snowy path.

Inside the wagon, nestled between books and warm blankets, lay the **Second Treasure of Advent.**





Pip the Rabbit peeked into the wooden box.

“It’s a branch!” he whispered. “Not just any branch,” Luma corrected, glowing gently. “It’s olive wood—peace wood.”

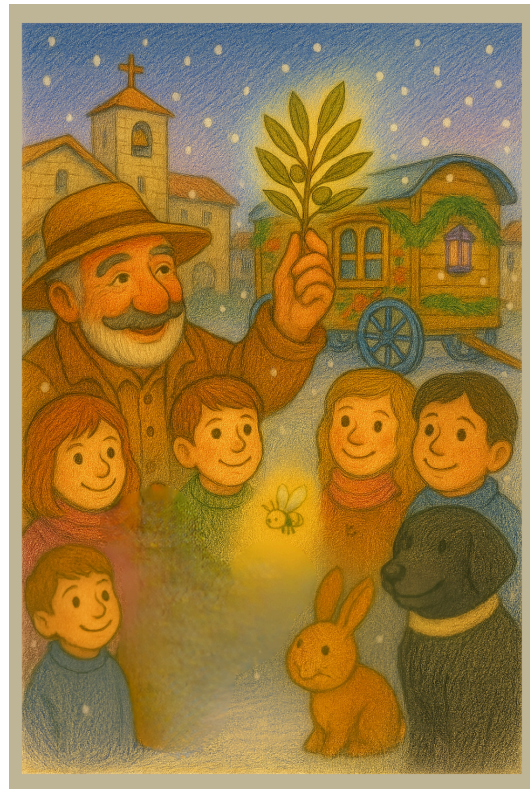
Pastor the Black Dog trotted beside them, tail sweeping the ground in slow, peaceful arcs.

When they reached the parish courtyard, the children were waiting near the manger. Giuseppe lifted the small olive-wood branch with great care. “This,” he said in his warm Italian voice, “is the Treasure of Peace.”

Pip hopped forward. “Peace is choosing to be gentle—even when everything around us is busy or loud.” Luma hovered above the branch, her tiny light warming the children’s rosy cheeks. “Peace shines in forgiveness,” she added. “Even little acts of kindness can calm a troubled heart.”

Pastor the Black Dog sat beside the manger, perfectly still, perfectly quiet. His presence spoke without words: **Sometimes peace is found in being still enough to feel God near.**

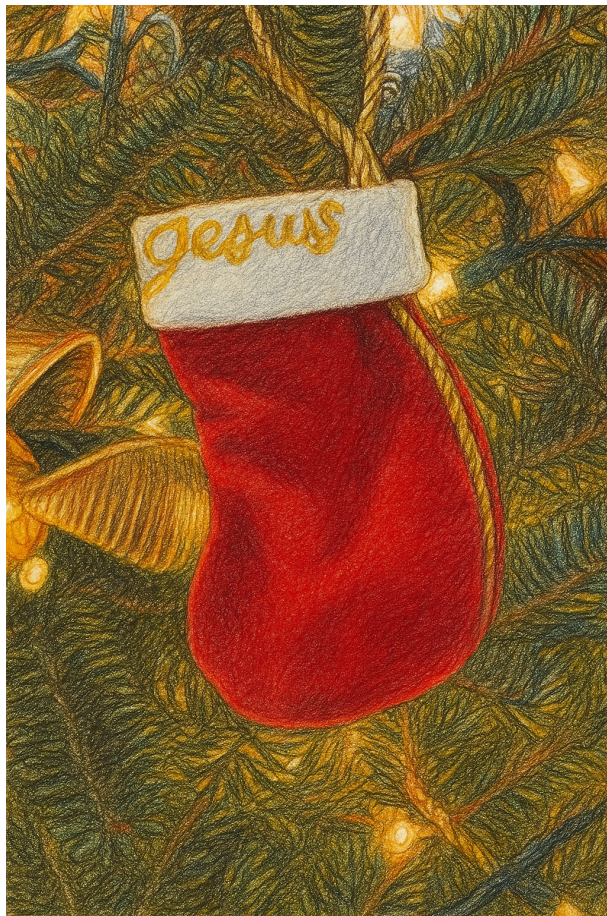
The children leaned in closer.



Giuseppe smiled gently.

“My dear little ones... Peace is something we give and something we receive. And tonight, I will teach you a tradition that helps us share peace with Jesus Himself.”

He reached into the Story Wagon and pulled out a simple red velvet **hand-sewn stocking**—plain, soft, and small.



“It’s a *Stocking for Jesus*,” he explained. “On Christmas, we give gifts to each other. But the very first Christmas, God gave *us* His greatest gift—Jesus, the Prince of Peace.”

Pip’s ears perked.

Pastor tilted his head.

Luma flickered curiously.

Giuseppe continued: “Each year, we hang stockings for our family. But this one... this is for Jesus. Not for candy or toys, but for something far more precious.”

“What do we put in it?” a child asked.

Giuseppe opened the stocking and let its soft shape rest in his hands.

“You fill it,” he said, “with **love**.”

Luma sparkled.

Pip’s whiskers twitched.

Pastor thumped his tail softly.



Giuseppe knelt beside the children.

“This week, when you go home, hang a small stocking somewhere special—in your room, on a door, or near your family nativity. And each day of this Advent week of Peace, place a little note inside.”

“What kind of note?” another child asked.

Giuseppe smiled.



“A note that says:  
‘I chose peace today.’  
Or,  
‘I forgave someone.’  
Or,  
‘I was gentle and kind today.’  
Or even,  
‘I tried to be still and listen to God.’”

The children’s eyes widened with wonder.

“These little notes are gifts for Jesus,” Giuseppe said. “Because when you bring peace into the world... you bring Him joy.”

The children gathered around the wagon.

Pip placed the olive-wood branch into the manger.

Luma hovered above it, casting soft light.

Pastor lay down beside the straw, peaceful as a winter night.

Giuseppe hung the little stocking on the side of the Story Wagon for all to see.

“Let this stocking remind us,” he said warmly, “that Jesus came to bring peace—and He asks us to bring that peace to others.”



The children leaned close to whisper prayers of peace into the winter air.

Then the Story Wagon jingled away into the quiet snowfall, carrying the olive-wood branch, the glowing lanterns, and a little stocking filled with love the children promised to give.

And in the manger, the first treasures of Advent—**Hope and Peace**—rested gently, waiting for Christmas.

And so, with the lanterns flickering softly and the olive-wood branch resting peacefully in the manger, the Little Flower Story Wagon rolled back into the quiet winter meadow. Giuseppe wrapped his warm scarf a little tighter, Pastor trotted faithfully at his side, Pip's ears bounced with every hop, and Luma drifted above them like a tiny drifting star. Ahead of them, the sky began to blush with hints of rose and gold—the colors of **Gaudete**, the Sunday of Joy.

“Ah,” Giuseppe whispered with a smile, “the next treasure will make every heart dance.” And the children of Little Flower Parish, watching the wagon disappear into the snowy dusk, felt their hearts lift with a happiness they could not yet name. **Joy was on its way.**

The END.