

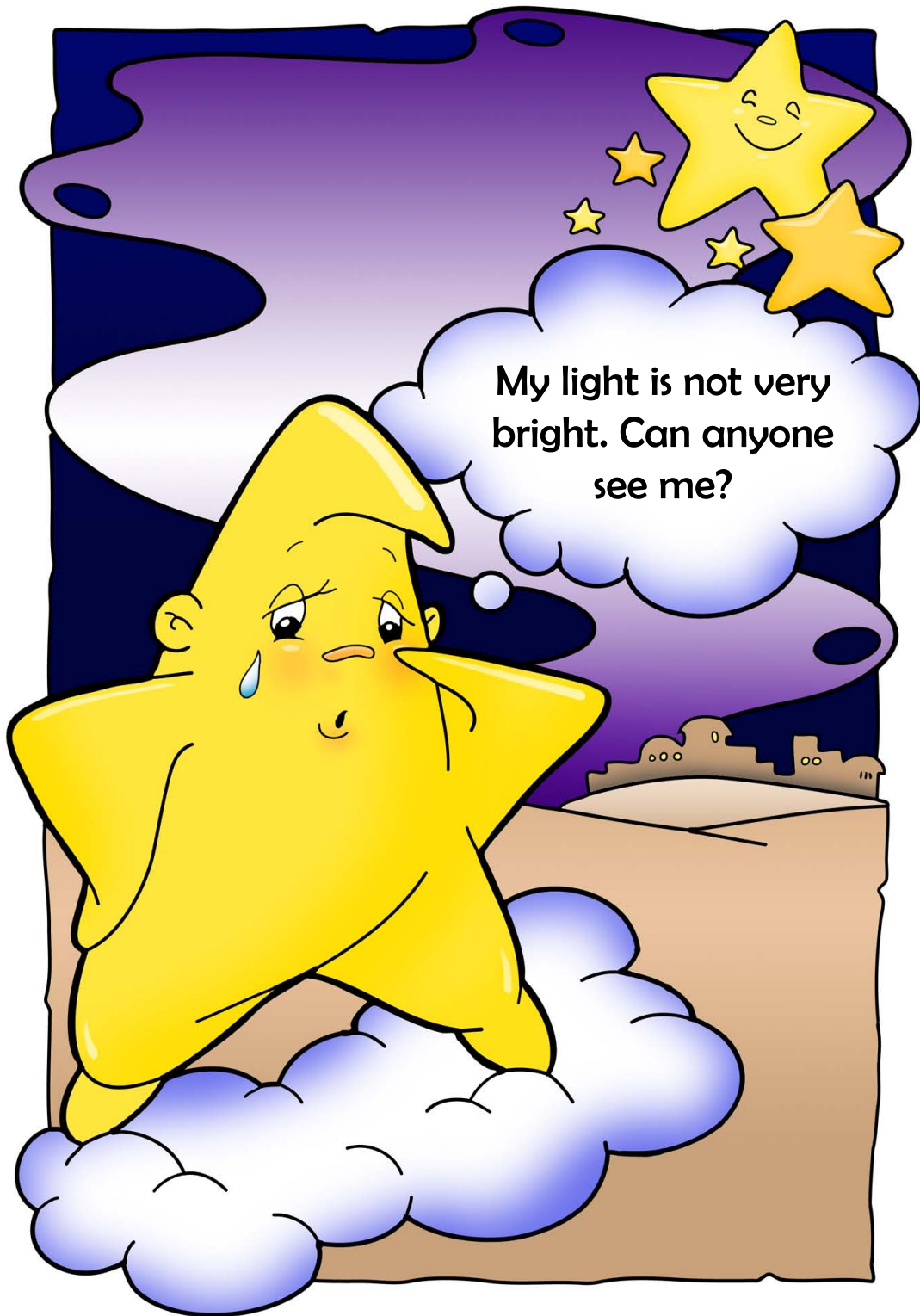


In the starry night sky  
long, long ago,

A twinkling star shone  
out its warm glow

Down from the heavens  
to the land as it slept;

Yet up in its glory the  
little star wept:



"Of the lights in the universe,  
the smallest is mine;

Can anyone below see my  
little shine?

All around me magnificent  
stars hang in place;

With their bright lights, can  
any see my face?"



Then through the sky an  
angel's voice was heard,

Whispering as she spoke  
each sorrowful word:

"I am small, too,"  
the angel child wept,

"For my tiny voice was  
not missed as I slept."



For while the angel child  
had slept so tight,

The host of angels had  
sung through the night.

Songs of joy they sang,  
and of heavenly bliss;

Yet, it seemed, one tiny  
voice was not missed.

Far below,  
another  
unhappy sob  
gave voice.

It was a tear—  
truly not a  
droplet of  
choice!

"I am but a  
teardrop—  
unloved and  
unknown.

I have no name,  
but fall silent,  
alone."



"I speak of  
sadness, hurt,  
and pain of the  
heart,

When times are  
low and loved  
ones must part.

Yet I desire to  
be more—to  
tell happiness  
best.

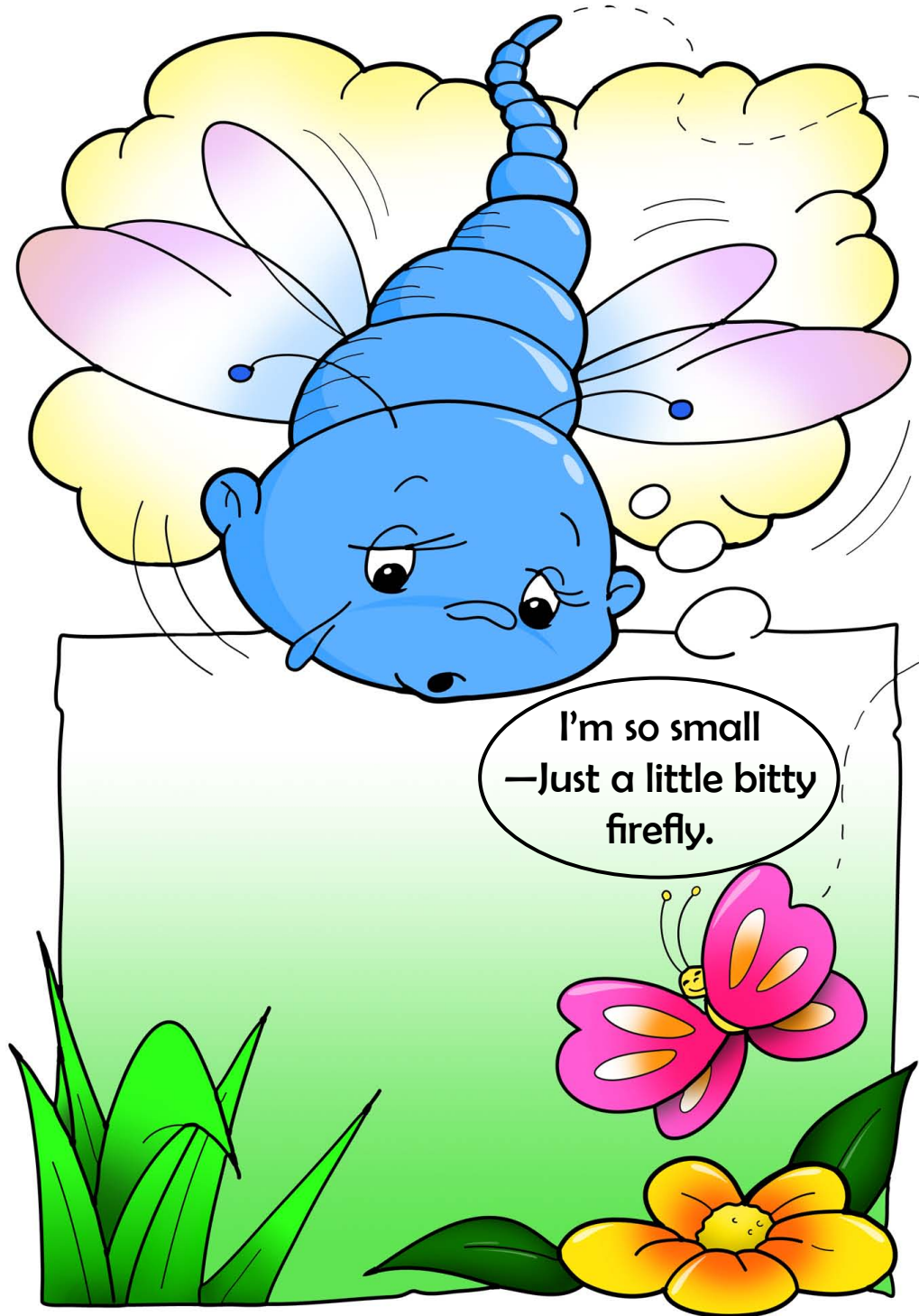
I wish to tell  
of joy!" was  
the teardrop's  
request.

A firefly, too,  
his sorrows  
told to all.

"I am not  
special—just  
an insect, so  
small.

Butterflies have  
beautiful colors  
and grace,

Yet I fly about  
and bring no  
joy to this  
place."



"If only I was  
a bird, or  
a fragrant  
flower,

I'd scatter  
beauty no  
matter what  
the hour.

Instead, I am  
bland, with no  
color or scent.

Plain as I am,  
how can I be  
content?"



In the heavens above, God did  
lovingly hear

The sad cries of these whom  
He held oh, so dear.

"Why do you sigh, little ones?"  
He gently said.

"I have created you perfectly,  
as My heart has led."



"Twinkle now, little star,  
for a young shepherd boy

Seeks your glow to bring  
his heart some joy."

God kissed the star and  
showed him the lad,

Who looked to the sky, and  
his heart was made glad





On Earth a babe lay in a  
manger of hay;

God turned to the angel,  
and with love did say:

"Angel dear, for you I  
wrote a soothing lullaby

To sing to My Child, to  
calm His little cry."



"And, teardrop dear,  
you show wondrous thrill

Known to the Babe's  
mother as you slowly spill

From her cheek, to kiss  
the smile on her face.

Dearest one, you have  
found your place."



"And where is My firefly?"  
God asked that night.

"Please dance for My Child,  
born on Earth tonight.

Sparkle, for the darkness  
has made you to shine.

Twirl again, firefly, for this  
darling of Mine."



So the firefly danced, the angel  
did sweetly coo,

The star shone brightly, and  
the teardrop spilled, too.

They were all little, yet each  
God's perfect design

To be a part of that Christmas,  
once upon a time.

Authored by Katuscia Giusti.  
Illustrations by Agnes Lemaire.  
Colors by Alvi.  
Design by Yoko Matsuoka.  
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