

Piles of Presents for Jesus

"My Lord, which present would You like to open first?" an angel asked Jesus as they stood before a giant snow-covered Christmas tree in heaven. Almost as big as the tree was the mountain of presents piled under its branches.

"I would like to open the gifts from the children," Jesus replied.

As Jesus said these words, gifts began to spring out from the pile under the tree and bounce toward Him as if they were eager to be opened.

"Ah," said Jesus as He caught one that had hopped into His arms, "what could this one be?"

A light shone from the box as Jesus peered inside. "Isn't this present beautiful?" He asked as He looked inside the box. Looking into the present, projected like a movie screen, Jesus saw a young girl making a paper chain of red and green strips of paper.



"What do you think, Mommy?" eight-year-old Amelie asked, holding out her hands full of colorful links. "Won't this look nice on our tree?"

"Yes, beautiful!" her mother said, noticing the well-crafted circles. "You did a terrific job!"



"There's so much to do to get the house ready for Christmas," Amelie said.
"Tomorrow, Mom and Dad's missionary friends are visiting us, and we want their visit to be special. I must get more paper to finish these chains."

Amelie skipped down the hallway and turned the corner, running straight into her seven-year-old brother, Ray, who was carrying some tinsel. They both landed on the floor and looked at one another in surprise.

Amelie opened her mouth to say something sharp, when Ray helped her to her feet and gave her a big bear hug. "I hope you're not hurt. I'm sorry for not looking where I was going."

"Yes, I'm fine," answered Amelie. "Are you?"

"Yes, and I've just given another gift of hugs to Jesus!" said Ray, remembering the article "[Gifts for Jesus](#)" that they had read that morning.

"I want to give a gift to Jesus, too," said Amelie. She gave Ray a hug, and added, "I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention."

Giving presents to Jesus is fun!
thought Amelie.



In heaven, no sooner had one gift box closed than another was waiting in line to be opened.



As Amelie strung her paper chain onto the Christmas tree, she thought about their father and older sister singing Christmas carols with the school choir at the city's community center.

"Jesus," she prayed, "please help Dad and Christine cheer people up with Your love through the Christmas carols they sing."

Prayer is also a Christmas gift to Jesus, she thought with a smile.

Amelie continued to decorate the tree when she heard her baby sister cry. Her mother had left the room to answer the phone and there was no one else around.

Amelie sat in front of the baby walker. "Stop crying!" she said sternly. Baby Kiona cried harder.

Hmm, maybe a song would work, Amelie thought.

Amelie sang and did an impromptu dance. Baby Kiona stopped crying, and smiled happily.



In heaven the gifts kept piling up.

"I love these presents! They are so precious!" Jesus exclaimed, opening box after box.



"Because of Amelie's prayers, her father and sister not only encouraged many people at the community center, they also prayed with five people to open their lives up to Me. And on their way home they stopped at the children's hospital to give toys to the children there, as well as Christmas story booklets. It makes Me so very happy when they share Me with others! All of this resulted in piles of presents under My tree.

"Each present that the children gave to Me is connected to another and another and leads to so many more!" exclaimed Jesus, thinking of each one who had given Him a present that day.

"Thank you for making My birthday so special," Jesus whispered to the children's hearts, as He stood admiring the growing pile of presents under heaven's Christmas tree. "I love each and every present you give to Me. And for each present I receive, I promise to give you a gift every bit as wonderful."

