



Once upon a time in the hills along the river bluffs there lived a black-haired girl named Millie. She lived with her papa and mama and her four *wiggly* brothers in a house with big bushes crowding all around.

One blustery, winter's eve Millie sat by the window as the moon rose over the hill. How big and bright it grew. It peered into the burrows of the scowling wind. It set the pine trees aglow. It tossed frozen shadows over the ground and strewed a million diamonds in the grass. It flung tiny sparkles over the roof of Millie's house.

"All aboard," Papa called. Into the room tumbled three *wiggly* brothers. Into the room waddled little James.

Papa waited for their *wiggles* to still. Then Mama found

the Bible and Papa began to read. He read about the wise men of long ago. He read about the wicked king and the brilliant star.

But best of all he read about the wise men's joy—a little Child with stars in His eyes.

Then Papa's voice grew as soft as a lullaby. "God looked at the bright-eyed child in his bed. This is a

treasure

worth

keeping."

He said.

"Trea-sha!" said little James.

He waved his stuffed cow in the air.

Robbie and Dale laughed. They *wiggled* their toes on the lamp-lit floor.



Merle grinned. “The treasure was a *baby*,” he said.

Millie sighed happily, and her eyes shone. She patted little James on his soft fuzzy head. “I l-o-v-e that baby even more than I love you.”

“Me too,” nodded little James, and he kicked his tiny feet.

Papa smiled. “That family was very poor, but they had a treasure. It was Baby Jesus. And Baby Jesus was the greatest treasure of all.”

The trees outside nodded and swayed and the happy family looked at each other and smiled.

Then Mama said,
“I’m thinking of
another kind of
treasure. They
live in a house



not too *BIG*, not too *small*,

not too *short*, not too *TALL*.”

All the toes began to *wiggle* again. Little James clapped his hands. “Gram-paw’s!” he said, “And cows—white and black and blue ones.”

Papa bounced little James on his knee. “You’re right. But the mailman brought us a letter today. It said Grandpa fell and *bumped* his glasses off his nose. He can’t buy more till the chickies are sold. Poor Grandpa. Waiting till spring with his glasses broken.”

“He can’t see,” said Dale.

“Not very well,” Robbie said.

“All broke,” sighed little James.

Papa nodded. “But we can help. We could give him our sugar bowl money.”

The boys stopped their *wiggling*.

Merle scratched his head. “From selling strawberries?”

