

The Tale of the Three Trees
A Traditional Folktale adapted by Angelique La Fon-Cox
for the HCP Performing Arts Ministry Team

Cast

Storyteller 1
Storyteller 2
Storyteller 3
First Tree
Second Tree
Third Tree
Woodcutter 1
Woodcutter 2
Woodcutter 3
Mary
Fishermen
Soldier
Jesus

Storyteller # 1:

Once upon a mountaintop, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up.

The first little tree looked up at the stars twinkling like diamonds above.

First Tree:

I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I will be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!

Storyteller #1:

The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean.

Second Tree:

I want to be a strong sailing ship. I want to travel mighty waters and carry powerful kings. I will be the strongest ship in the world!

Storyteller # 1:

The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and busy women worked in a busy town.

Third Tree:

I don't want to leave this mountaintop at all. I want to grow so tall that when people stop to look at me they will raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world!

Storyteller#1:

Years passed. The rains came, the sun shone, and the little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain.

Woodcutter 1:

This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me.

Storyteller #1:

With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell.

First Tree:

Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest. I shall hold wonderful treasure.

Storyteller #1:

The second woodcutter looked at the second tree.

Woodcutter 2:

This tree is strong. It is perfect for me.

Storyteller #1:

With a swoop of his shining axe, the second tree fell.

Second Tree:

Now I shall sail mighty waters! I shall be a strong ship fit for kings!

Storyteller # 1:

The third tree felt his heart sink when the last woodcutter looked his way. He stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven, but the woodcutter never even looked up.

Woodcutter 3:

Any kind of tree will do for me. (Grumbling)

Storyteller # 1:

With a swoop of his shining axe, the third tree fell.

Storyteller # 2:

The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought him to a carpenter's shop, but the busy carpenter was not thinking about a treasure chest. Instead, his work-worn hands fashioned the tree into a feed box for animals.

The once-beautiful tree was not covered with gold or filled with treasure. He was coated with sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took him to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ships were being made that day. Instead the once-strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat.

Too small and weak to sail an ocean or even a river, he was taken to a little lake. Every day he brought in loads of dead, smelly fish.

The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut him into strong beams and left him in a lumberyard.

Third Tree:

What happened to me? All I ever wanted to do was stay on the mountaintop and point to God.

Storyteller 3:

Many, many days and nights passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams. But one night golden starlight poured over the first tree as young woman placed her new born baby in the feed box.
(hold star above manger)

Mary:

This manger is beautiful. It holds dry, soft and warm hay and will be a safe place for you to sleep my precious Jesus, Son of God.

It is a humble bed which is perfect, because although you are the King of all kings, You have humbly come into this world to be the Savior for all people, rich or poor.

Storyteller 3:

Suddenly the first tree knew he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

Song: AWAY IN A MANGER (with chimes)

Storyteller 3:

One evening a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree quietly sailed out into the lake.

Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered. He knew he did not have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through the wind and rain.

The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand, and said...

Jesus:

“Peace be still.”

Storyteller 3:

The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun and suddenly the second tree knew he was carrying the King of heaven and earth.

SONG: PEACESPEAKER/PEACE, PEACE (with chimes)

Storyteller 3:

One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when his beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. He flinched as he was carried through an angry, jeering crowd. He shuddered when soldiers nailed a man’s hands and feet to him.

He felt ugly... and harsh... and cruel.

Jesus:

It is finished.

SONG: THE OLD RUGGED CROSS (with chimes)

Storyteller 3:

Three days later, on a Sunday morning when the sun rose and the earth trembled with joy beneath him, the third tree knew that God's love had changed everything.

It had made the first tree beautiful.

It had made the second tree strong.

And every time people thought of the third tree, they would think of God...

and THAT was better than being the tallest tree in the world.

Away in a Manger

F(1) Bb(2) F(1) C7(3) F(1)
Away in a Manger no crib for a bed, the little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
F(1) Bb(2) F(1) C7(3) F(1) Bb(2) C7(3) F(1)
the stars in the sky looked down where He lay, the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

Peacespeaker

I know the Peacespeaker, I know Him by Name. I know the Peacespeaker, He controls the winds and waves. When He says "Peace, be still" they have to obey. I'm glad I know the Peacespeaker, yes I know Him by name.

(a capella)

Peace, peace, wonderful peace, coming down from the Father above. Sweep over my spirit forever I pray, in fathomless billows of love.

The Old Rugged Cross

The Old Rugged Cross

G1 C3
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

D7-2 G1
The emblem of suffering and shame

C3
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best

D7-2 G1
For a world of lost sinners was slain

D7-2 G1
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross

C3 G1
Till my trophies at last I lay down

C3
I will cling to the old rugged cross

G1 D7-2 G1
And exchange it someday for a crown

C3
O that old rugged cross so despised by the world

D7-2 G1
Has a wondrous attraction for me

C3
For the dear lamb of God left His glory above

G1 D7-2 G1
To bear it on dark Calvary

Away In a Manger Bells

- 1 F Chord – F A C
- 2 Bb Chord – Bb D F
- 3 C Chord – C E G Bb

Peacespeaker Bells

- 1 G Chord high– G B
- 2 F Chord – F A C
- 3 C Chord – C E G
- 4 Em - E G B
- 5 Am – A C E

Old Rugged Cross Bells

- 1 G Chord – G B D
- 2 D Chord – D F# A C
- 3 C Chord – C E G