The Day We Picked Our Tree

June, Mom, Dad & Grandma Rose





Today was tree day.

June put on her red boots all by herself — the left one on the right foot, the right one on the left.

She didn’t care one bit.



At the farm gate, Grandma Rose was waiting.

She took June’s mitten in her hand, and the first snow of the year landed on June’s tongue.

“It tastes cold!”



There were tall trees and fat trees and perfect trees.

June walked right past them all and hugged the smallest one, with a bare patch on one side.

“It’s lonely,” she said. **“It needs us.”**



Dad knelt down to saw. Crunch, crunch —

then a branch snatched his hat right off his head.

Mom laughed so hard she couldn’t help. She took a picture instead.



By the fire, four cups of hot cocoa.

June took a big sip and came up with marshmallow on her nose.

Everyone laughed. June laughed loudest.



At home, the little tree stood in the corner, a bit crooked.

Grandma lifted June up high, and June put the star on top.

“See? Now it’s not lonely.”

The End

June, age 3 · December.

The day we picked our tree.