



COLOR THE TITLE!

Peace

Who helped make things right?

Peace is when nothing is missing and nothing is broken.

THIS WEEK'S STORIES

- 1 **Tuesday, Dec. 15:** One Whole Evening
- 2 **Wednesday, Dec. 16:** Ten More Steps
- 3 **Thursday, Dec. 17:** The Loud Peace and the Quiet One
- 4 **Friday, Dec. 18:** The Third Candle
- 5 **Saturday, Dec. 19:** The Night on the Hill
- 6 **Sunday, Dec. 20:** The Truce Moose
- 7 **Monday, Dec. 21 (the longest night):** The Longest Night

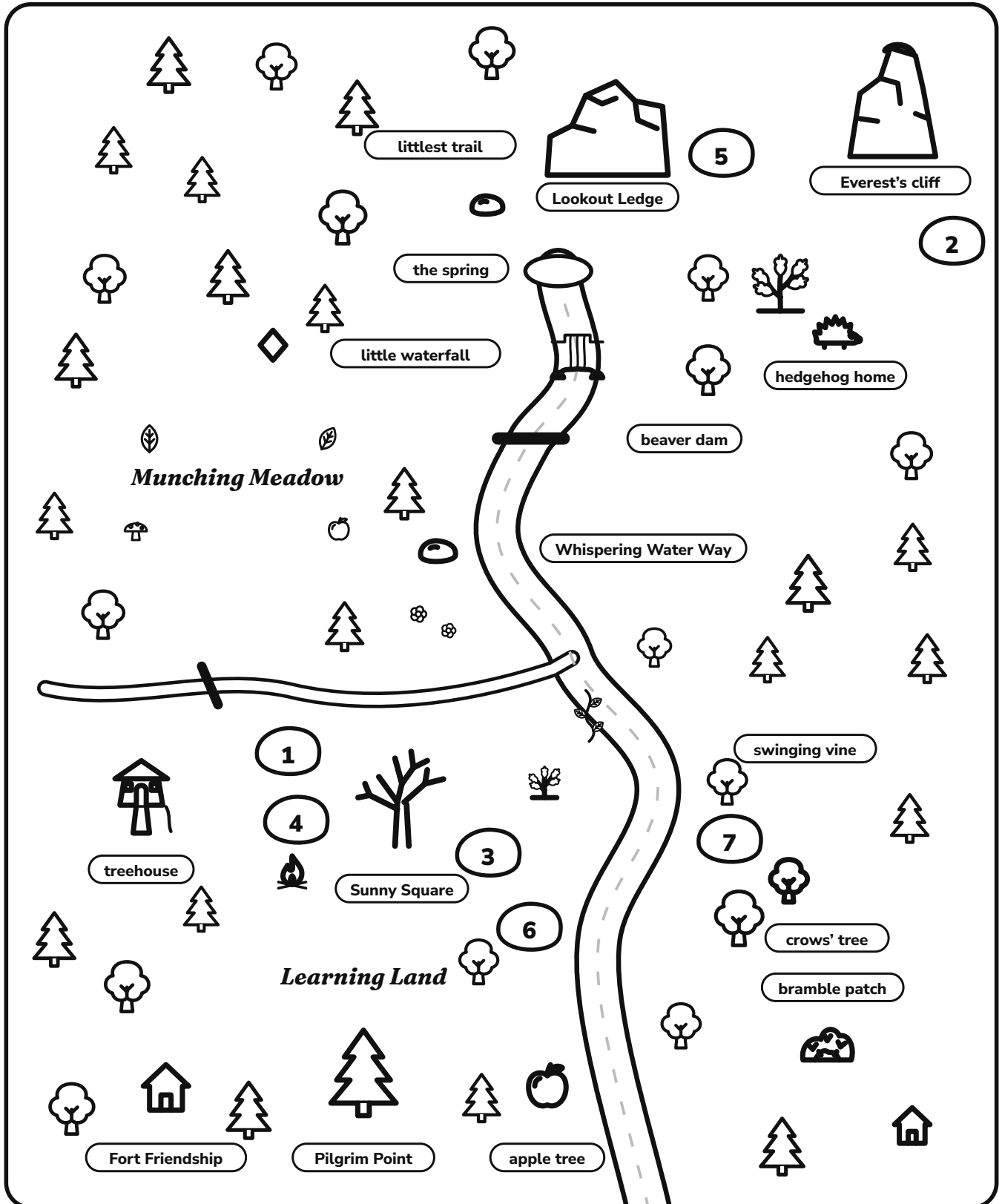
THIS WEEK'S THANK-YOU:

Thank you, _____, for making things right.

Then we give: time, things, and words.

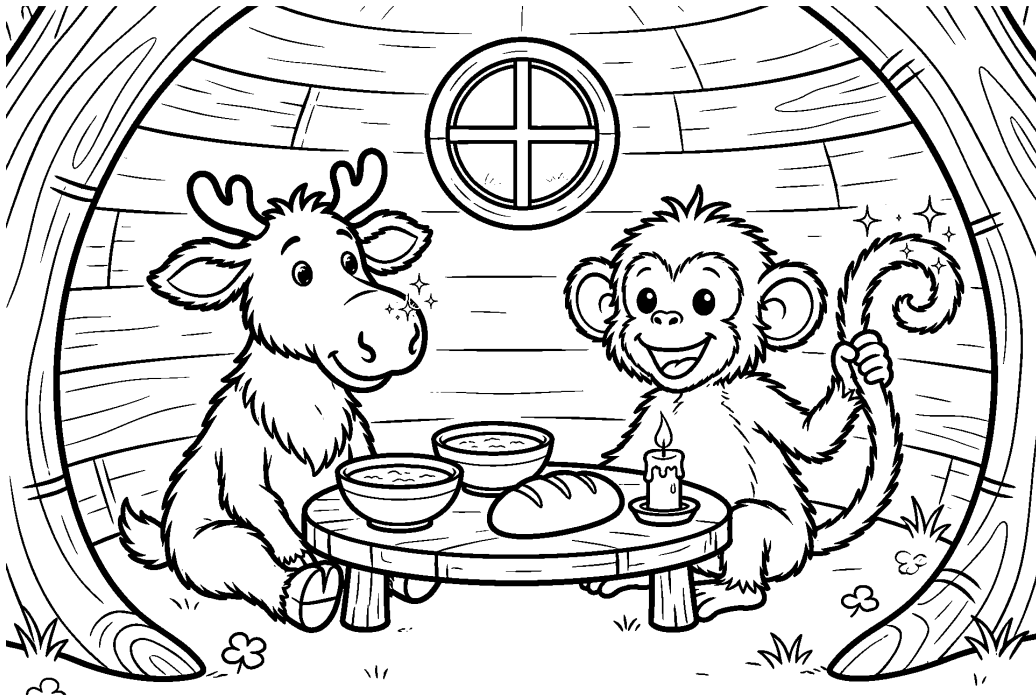
Where We'll Go This Week

Each day, find the stone with that day's number and color it. It shows where the day's story happens!



One Whole Evening

 COLOR THE PICTURE



Now was falling softly outside the Moose home, big slow flakes drifting past the window. Inside, the fire popped, the soup pot bubbled, and the whole house smelled like carrots and onions and warm bread.

Tonight, both families were together. Mama and Daddy Moose. Mama and Daddy Monkey. And Mr. Moose and Mr. Monkey, sitting side by side at the table with the paint and a pile of gold birch-bark circles, making thank-yous before supper.

Mr. Moose was painting very slowly, the way he did everything. He had the little pot of gold paint right next to him.

Mr. Monkey wanted the gold too. He'd been waiting. And waiting. And Mr. Moose was so slow.

So Mr. Monkey reached over and grabbed it.

Mr. Moose had his brush in the pot at that exact moment. The pot tipped. And gold paint went everywhere: all over Mr. Moose's circle, all over the table, and right up onto the end of Mr. Moose's nose.

Mr. Moose looked down at his circle. It had been Daddy Moose's face. Now it was just a big gold puddle.

"Mr. Monkey," he said quietly. "I was painting that for Daddy."

Mr. Monkey looked at the puddle, and at Mr. Moose's sad face with a gold nose on the end of it, and his tummy

dropped right down to his feet. He hadn't asked. He'd just grabbed. And now Mr. Moose's circle was ruined.

He put the paint pot down.

"I shouldn't have grabbed it," said Mr. Monkey. "I'm sorry. I won't grab again. How can I make it right?"

Mr. Moose was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "Yeah, I didn't like that. But we all make mistakes. Thank you for apologizing. I forgive you."

"Can I help you paint a new one?" asked Mr. Monkey.

"Yes," said Mr. Moose. "You can hold the circle still."

So Mr. Monkey held a fresh circle very, very still while Mr. Moose painted, and he didn't touch the paint pot once. Then he looked at Mr. Moose's nose. It was still bright gold.

"Mr. Moose," he whispered. "Your nose is gold."

Mr. Moose went cross-eyed trying to see it. "Is it shiny?"

"It's VERY shiny."

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "Mr. Moose has a golden nose!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Moose.

Mr. Monkey tried to help. He wiped Mr. Moose's nose with the end of his tail. But that only spread the gold around, and when he looked at his tail, the tip of it was gold too.

"Now we both have gold," said Mr. Monkey.

"Hee hee hee!" he went, and he waved his golden tail like a little paintbrush. Mr. Moose didn't wipe his nose again after that.

Then it was supper.

Mama Moose filled everybody's bowl. Nothing fancy: just soup, and bread, and the gold candle in the middle of the table, the very first one the lantern had ever lit.

Daddy Monkey told the story of his bumpy vine, and how he went *boing, boing, boing* all the way down, and he did the boings with his whole body, right there in his chair. "Hoo-hee-hee! Boing!" laughed Mama Monkey, and she had to put her spoon down. Then Daddy Moose, who almost never told stories, said, "I slipped on the ice this morning and slid all the way to the woodpile on my back," and everybody stared at him, because Daddy Moose never slipped on anything.

"On your BACK?" said Mr. Monkey.

"Like a sled," said Daddy Moose seriously. "With my legs in the air."

"Hee hee hee!"

"Ha-ha-ha!"

And the laugh went all the way around the table, one person to the next, and back to the start.

Then Daddy Moose picked up his bowl and drank the last of his soup. *SSSSLLLUUUURRRRP*. It was so loud and so long that the candle flame leaned over sideways.

"Daddy!" said Mr. Moose.

"It's the best part," said Daddy Moose.

After supper, nobody wanted to get up. Mama Monkey sat by the fire with her feet up. Daddy Monkey leaned back in his chair. Mama Moose hummed while she dried the bowls. And Mr. Monkey looked around at all of it: the fire and the candle and his family and Mr. Moose's family and Mr. Moose's golden nose, all together, all warm.

He felt it in his chest, so big he could hardly hold it. He didn't want it to stop. Not ever.

"NOBODY MOVE!" said Mr. Monkey.

Everybody froze.

Mama Monkey froze with one foot in the air. Daddy Monkey froze with a spoon balanced on the end of his nose. Mama Moose froze holding a bowl over her head. Daddy Moose froze in the middle of a yawn, with his mouth wide open.

"If nobody moves," whispered Mr. Monkey, "then it never has to end."

They stayed frozen. They stayed frozen a long time. Daddy Moose's yawn got bigger and bigger. Mama Monkey's foot started to wobble. Daddy Monkey's spoon started to slide.

And then Mr. Monkey hiccuped. "*HIC!*"

The spoon fell off Daddy Monkey's nose into his lap. Mama Monkey's foot came down. Daddy Moose finished his yawn with a big "*Hwaaaaah.*"

"Hee hee hee!" went Mr. Monkey. "I moved first!"

Mr. Moose was thinking. The evening hadn't stopped being good when everybody moved. It was still just as good. It wasn't good because everybody was still. So what was it?

He looked around the room. Earlier, his circle had been ruined, and he and Mr. Monkey had made it right. The light was at the top of Everest's cliff, where it was supposed to be. Nobody was mad at anybody. Nobody was missing.

"Mr. Monkey," he said softly. "It's not because nobody's moving. It's because everything is where it's supposed to be. Nothing's broken."

Mr. Monkey looked around too. Everything was. Even the gold paint was back in its pot.

"Then let's say thank you for it," he said.

They finished the gold circles together.

Mr. Moose painted one for Daddy Moose. On the back, he painted the night the light went out on the ridge, and Daddy Moose relighting it at the table, and the leaf-shaped lights coming back on all over the walls. "For telling me it was lit again," he said.

Mr. Monkey painted one for Mama Monkey, for the morning last summer when he broke her favorite bowl, and she said it was okay, and they glued it back together. "For forgiving me," he said.

Then Mr. Monkey painted one more, very carefully. On the front, a moose face with a big gold nose. On the back, two friends painting at a table, and one paint pot, sitting very still in the middle.

"That one's for you," he said. "For forgiving me today."

They hung them on the little pine by the door, painted side to the trunk.

Before Mr. Monkey went home, the two of them stood at the window and looked up through the falling snow. Way up at the top of Everest's cliff, the little light was still glowing. But it looked a tiny bit smaller than it had last night.

"What a day!" said Mr. Monkey at the door, all bundled up. "I grabbed the paint and spilled it on Mr. Moose's nose, and I said sorry, and he forgave me. Daddy Moose slid to the woodpile like a sled and slurped his soup so loud the candle leaned over. I said 'Nobody move,' and then I hiccuped. And everything was right where it was supposed to be."

Mr. Monkey whistled, and Mr. Moose hummed, and together they sang:

*We are better together,
Moose and Monkey forever.*

And inside the Moose home, the gold candle burned low and warm on the table, while far above the snowy woods, a smaller gold light glowed at the top of the highest cliff.

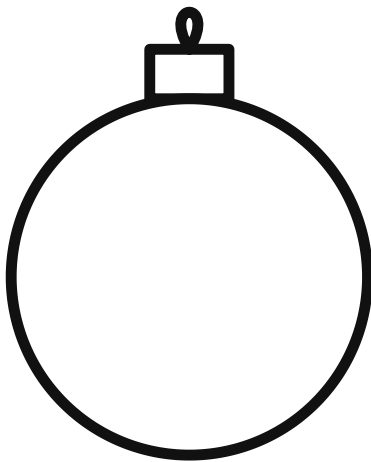
Let's Talk

- 1 Mr. Monkey grabbed the paint. What did he say to make it right?
- 2 Who in our house has made things right with you, or forgiven you?

Your Turn

Make a gold ornament for someone in our house who made things right with you.
Front: their name. Back: draw what they did.

FRONT: THE NAME



BACK: THE THANK-YOU



This one is gold. Color it yellow or gold when you are done!

Make a real one: with a grown-up, hold plain paper over this page against a sunny window and trace both ornaments. Cut them out, glue them back to back, and hang it with your family's ornaments.

SAMMY'S JOKE

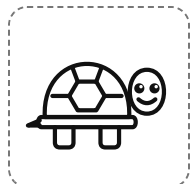


Why did the turtle cross the road?

Unscramble the letters to finish the joke. The picture is a clue!

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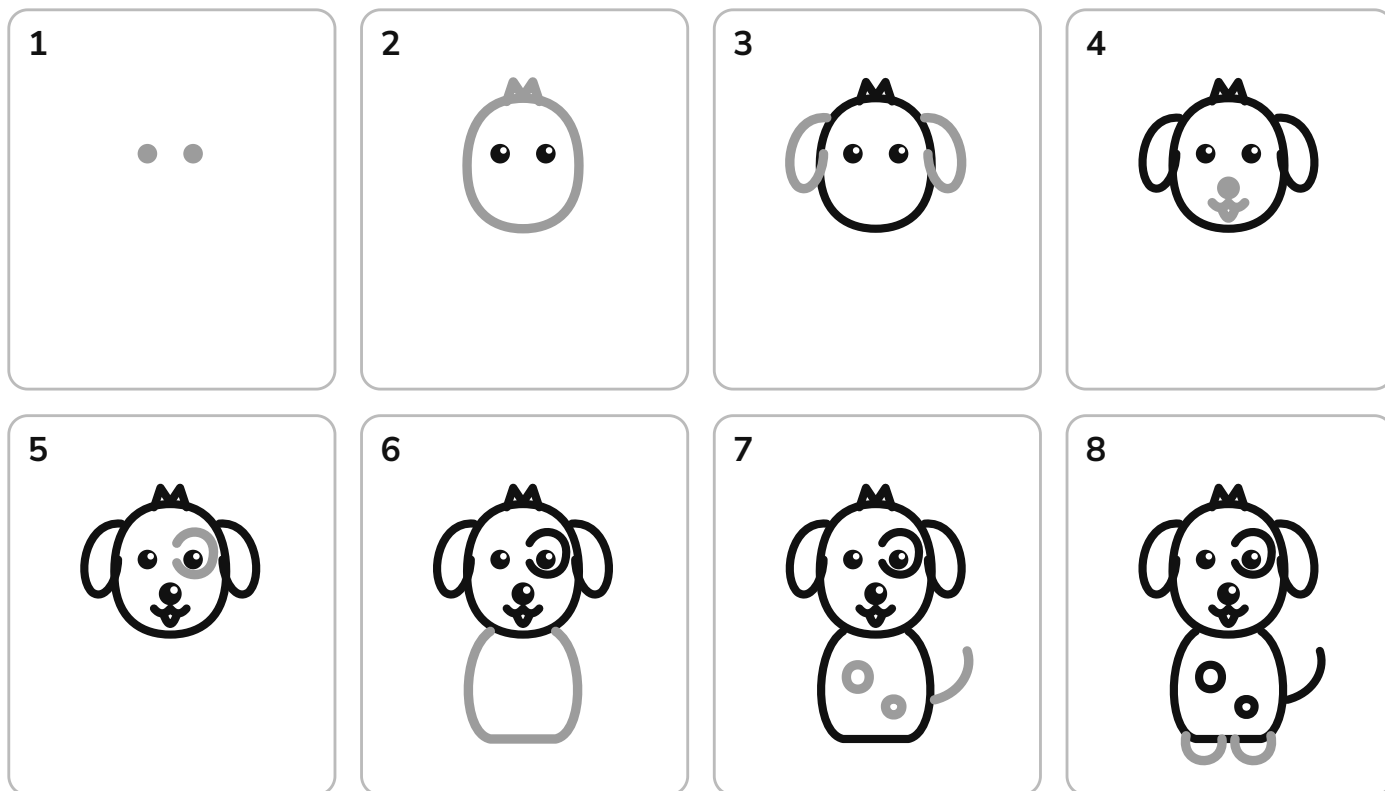
CLUE



To get to the _____ station!

 Draw Dottie Dog!

The gray parts are new. Draw them in!



MY DOTTIE DOG

 Read With Me

DRAW THE STORY

 Grabs It has the pot.  grabs it.Splash! It is on ! is sad.“I did grab it. That was bad,” says . “Can I fix it?”“Yes,” says . “You can help me.”Then  and  dab and dab, as glad as can be.**PICTURE WORDS**  Mr. Monkey  Mr. Moose

For grown-ups: New sounds: sh and th (ship, this). New words to learn by heart: be, me.



Color a star each time you read it.

♥ My Thank-You

Trace the dark word. Then trace or write the light words. Write their name on the line, or draw a tiny face. Read it to them!

Thank you.

for making things right.

☆ Would You Rather?

Circle your pick in each row. Tell why!



have a gold nose

OR



have a gold tail



balance a spoon
on your nose

OR



slide to the
woodpile like a
sled



freeze like a
snowman

OR



slurp your soup
super loud