



The Legend of the Christmas Spider

ONCE, long, long ago, a gentle mother was busily cleaning the house for the most wonderful day of the year.

Not a speck of dust was left on the day when the Christ Child was to come and bring the gifts of Christmas Eve. Even the spiders had been banished from their cozy corner in the ceiling to avoid the housewife's busy cleaning. They finally fled to the farthest corner of the forgotten attic.

'Twas Christmas Eve at last! The tree was decorated and waiting for the children to see it. But the poor spiders were frantic, for they could not see the tree, nor be present for the Christ Child's visit. The oldest and wisest spider suggested that perhaps they could peep through the crack in the door to see Him.

Silently, they crept out of their attic and across the floor to wait in the crack in the threshold.

Suddenly, the door opened a wee bit, and quickly the spiders sneaked into the room. The tree towered so high they couldn't see the ornaments on top. In fact, their eyes were so small they could see only one ornament at a time. They scurried up the trunk, out along each branch, filled with a happy wonder at the glittering beauty.

Every place they went they left a trail of dusty, grey web. When at last they had inspected every bit of the Christmas tree, it was shrouded in a dusty grey of spider webs.

The Christ Child smiled as He thought of the happy spiders seeing His tree. But He knew the mother would not feel the same way and that she would be broken hearted. So He reached out His hand and touched the webs and blessed them. They all turned to shimmering, sparkling silver and gold. The tree glistened in greater beauty than ever before.

Ever since that time, we have hung tinsel on the tree, and according to the story, it has become a custom to include a spider among the decorations on the tree.

~author unknown~