(Little girl enters and sits looking up at the Christmas tree. There are gifts that have been opened all around the tree. Grandma enters.)

Grandma: There you are. Why are you sitting in here? Everyone else is having dessert.

Girl: I’m not hungry.

Grandma: Not hungry? But it’s your favorite.

Girl: I know… but I don’t feel like eating.

Grandma: Okay, what’s wrong?

Girl: Grandma, this has been a horrible Christmas!

Grandma: Horrible!? But look at all the presents you got.

Girl: I was hoping for a pony.

Grandma: A pony?

Girl: Yeah! All year long I was hoping I’d get a pony for Christmas. It’s the thing I wanted most of all.

Grandma: But you live in an apartment…

Girl: I know, but…

Grandma: On the 3rd floor.

Girl: So....

Grandma: Honey, we all have things that we hope for.

Girl: Even you?

Grandma: Sure, I hope I’ll have enough money at the end of the month to pay all my bills.

Girl: That’s not the same thing.

Grandma: Maybe not. You know, your Uncle Roy used to hope that he’d be the president of the United States some day. (thinking) And your Dad always hoped for a motorcycle.

Girl: Did he ever get one?
Grandma: No, your mother wouldn’t let him.

Girl: Grandma, how come it seems that what we really hope for, we never get?

Grandma: Hmm. Maybe, our hope is for the wrong thing.

Girl: How can hoping for a pony be a bad thing?

Grandma: It’s not a bad thing. But true hope isn’t wanting something so badly that they miss dessert if they don’t get it.

Girl: Oh, Grandma.

Grandma: Our true hope is in God. It’s a gift that he gives to each of his children.

Girl: It’s a gift?

Grandma: That’s right. God is the only one who can give us real hope.

Girl: I guess you’re right. That’s sounds like a pretty good gift.

Grandma: It sure does. (pause) Getting hungry, yet?

Girl: Yeah, I think I could eat a little dessert.

Grandma: That’s my girl. C’mon.

Girl: (as they exit) I guess it would have been hard to bring a pony up the elevator.