



A Little Light in Winter

Written and illustrated by Jillian Johnston

Edited by Kate Gorman and Jaci Stroud



Text copyright © Jillian Johnston
Illustrations copyright © Jillian Johnston

Jillian Johnston Arts Publication 2020

<https://jilly-keast.wixsite.com/jillianjohnstonarts>

Jillian Johnston asserts her right to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work under the copyright, designs and patents act 1988.





A special thanks to Helen
for this special idea!



It was a cold, dark, winter's night,
the people were in hiding,
lonely in their homes apart.
It was cold and blue and dull.



Masked figures never lingered
and the robin's song was small.
The snowman lost his smile
and the winter streets were sad.

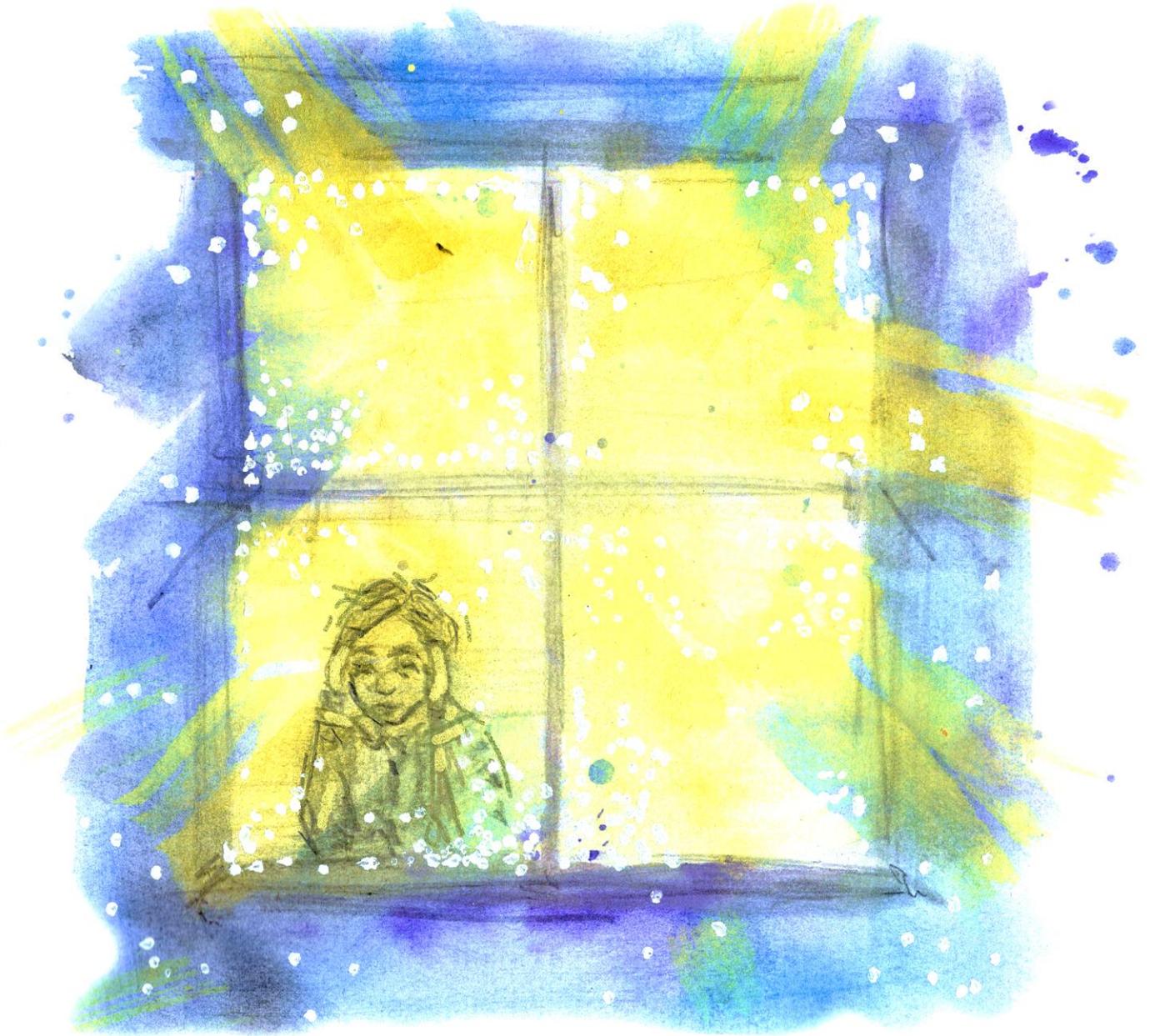




A little one looked out,
saddened by the sight,
wishing for nearly Christmas
but no sign of it this night.

The people were in hiding,
season's hope seemed gone
but a little one left her light on
and that night her window shone!

In the window across the road,
a little boy looked on.
He smiled at the wonderful sight,
and brought out his lantern bright!



The little lights were shining
but the people were still hiding.
They felt so solemn and glum
but then two little lights shone on...

The little lights lit up the street.
Another face peeked out,
a wrinkled face with frosty hair,
creased into a smile to see lights
there.

Knitted bunting,
and a polished brass light,
painted icicles, felt snowmen,
'Now its ready!
My window's bright.'





The littlest one gazed,
amazed at the sight!
She hurried home excited,
'I'm getting the paint and glue,'
she delighted.

The littlest one was glowing
inside.

Her window grew bigger,
brighter, warmer, lighter.

She added colour, paint and
shapes,

crafted fun and painted

laughter...

The robin joined in her song,
the sad snowman smiled,
the little boy found fun frills
and a disco ball,
Christmas was coming after
all.



An icy frost lit up the street,
as two lights turned to three
and three rolled into four,
and more...



The baker and his family
made a gingerbread man
and a sugar-house on the windowsill,
frosted tea-lights glowing...



The busy, bustling mum,
got out the glitter and paint,
'Lets make!'

Her children cut and snipped, painted
snowflakes, strung with ribbon and
salt dough cake!



The lonely man across the road.
He found a Christmas tree,
added streamers, lights and baubles.
A blow-up snowman danced and
swayed...



Our Lad gets off the bus
holding onto his grim frown
glances up and his eyes meet
the wonder of the windows.



He picks up a cone and
searches for holly.

His mouth turns upward in a
jolly

I know...



The colourful windows shone out
lighting up dark streets
decorated with glitter, sparkles, paint,
sweets and treats.

Everyone smiled and joined the
'Big Meet'.*



The people came out of hiding,
pushed away the chills and dark...
The littlest of them all, smiled into
winter.

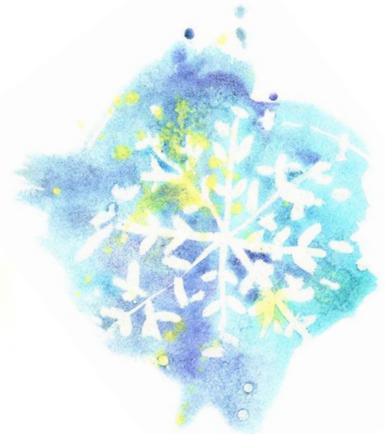
Let the celebrations start!



The littlest one let her light shine on,
cheerfully she shared
a small kindness from a happy heart
for one and for all.

Next time the world feels dark
and Christmas far away,
share a light and a small kindness
to spread a smile to everyone.





Big Meet*

Big Meet or Miner's Gala happened once a year. All the mines closed for the day and the miners paraded to Durham with their banners to celebrate.