

FUMC ESL 1-29-2026 High Intermediate to Advanced Lesson

Introduce yourself. Talk about a favorite gift you have received.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

It was a Friday in December when I lost my job. I had been excited about the weekend because I promised my daughter, Crystal, we would buy a Christmas tree. Now, I had no job. And I was a single parent. We would have to **get by** on what little I had in the bank until I found another job.

1. What happened on a Friday in December?
2. What had the woman and her daughter been planning to do that weekend?
3. What does the phrasal verb, "get by" mean.
4. Did she have a lot of savings in the bank?

I picked Crystal up from school and we went looking for a Christmas tree. The prices were so high. After a few minutes, I started to cry. I knew I couldn't afford any of the trees. When Crystal asked why I was crying, I told her about losing my job. She said her aunt had given her a fifty dollar bill a few weeks ago. She wanted to spend it on a Christmas tree. "No," I said, Aunt Jane gave you that money to spend on yourself. **I'll figure something out.**"

The following Monday, I gathered what jewelry I had and took it to the **pawn shop**. I got \$100 for it. I found an inexpensive tree and took it home. At least the house would be decorated for Christmas. But the rest would have to be spent on food, not Christmas presents for Crystal.

1. Why did the woman start to cry?
2. Who gave Crystal \$50?
3. What did Crystal want to do with that money?
4. Why did the woman refuse to let her daughter spend her own money on a tree? Do you think the mother should have let her daughter buy the tree? Why or why not?
5. What does, "I'll figure something out," mean?
6. What did the woman do with her jewelry? Why did she do that?
7. Do you have pawn shops in your country? Have you ever pawned anything?

I spent the next few days applying for jobs. But no one was hiring this close to the end of the year. I was getting desperate. I really wanted Crystal to have some presents under the tree. It was then I saw a little white haired lady park her car in front of our house. When she got out, I saw it was Sister Helen, my favorite teacher in my Catholic girls high school. Sister Helen had always been kind to me. After my husband left us, Sister Helen would help out. She even

