

**THE LITTLEST
CHRISTMAS ANGEL**

MICHAEL SPOULA

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The Littlest Christmas Angel By Michael J. Spoula

The Archangel Michael, chief of all the Angels had summoned him. When Michael called, you listened. Of course being an angel obeying was the natural thing to do, you could think of nothing else to do. Yet, Michael never summoned an angel to his presence without some serious purpose. Miguel, known to the others as “Little Mike” trembled a bit. Yet he was happy in spirit at the summons. He knew that he was about to be given a very important assignment. Over the last two thousand years (as humans counted time) the angels had been preparing for some very important event. He had been told that he would play some part in it, as would all of the heavenly host. Gabriel, the Father’s special messenger, had even gone to earth and spoke in person to one of the humans, her name was Mary. Now Miguel did not know what the conversation was about, but because of all the activity he knew The Father was going to do a wonderful, marvelous, miraculous work and he, Little Mike, was going to play a major role in it. He thought that maybe he would be set among the choir of angels that had been practicing singing triumphs and glory songs over the last hundred years or so. Perhaps his exceptional musical gift had been finally recognized and he would be placed as director of the heavenly choir! He felt unworthy but he knew he would accept the assignment humbly. As he traveled to the place where Michael awaited he passed the huge hall where the Angelic Choir was in rehearsal. He heard the words, “Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of

goodwill.” He took up the song and even embellished the counterpoint a bit. Once he was in charge, the choir would sound even better than it does now! One of the choir angels, just slightly older than Miguel, floated over and smiled lovingly at Little Mike.

The angel, not unkindly, told him to be off, that he was singing flat. Humph! Miguel

thought, what does he know, he obviously does not know good music when he hears it.

But he realized he was keeping Michael the Archangel waiting, this was not a good thing.

He scurried along and soon he arrived outside of what humans might call the Great Hall,

the place where the Father was. At the ornate golden door stood Michael, his shining

golden spear in his hand. This was the very spear he had used to defeat the disobedient

angels so many eons ago. The Archangel caught sight of Miguel and he smiled warmly at

the young angel. Miguel immediately felt at ease in the presence of Michael. Michael

spoke.

“Well, Little Mike, are you ready to do your duty?”

Miguel swallowed, stood to attention and said, “The Father commands, I obey.”

“Good. I had to really do some talking to get you this job. Some say that you are too

young to do it properly. After all two thousand earth years is but a moment in the

presence of God. I said anyone named after me has to be strong and tough enough to do

this job to the glory of God. So, reluctantly at my urging, the committee approved you to

be the one. I hope you appreciate the assignment.” Michael stopped talking for a

moment. Miguel took this as his cue.

“Yes sir, I will be happy to take over the lead of the Heavenly Choir. I knew my talent would be recognized eventually. I will work hard and the choir will sing better and better each day. Thank you for the chance and for such an important assignment.”

Michael roared with laughter. “You, lead the heavenly choir! I think not young one. Your musical talents are minimal, your singing voice is squeaky at best. No, the choir is not the place for you. The assignment I have for you is much more important than that. When you hear the triumph played you will go to point 205 in the heavens. There you will hold a small insignificant star steady in the heavens. You will remain there until summoned back. Understood?”

Miguel was crushed. He hung his head and softly said, “I don’t understand. That star is as far from heaven and the Joy of the being with the Father as you can get, and it is so small that it hardly needs anyone to hold it up, a gentle breeze could blow it out. Am I being exiled?”

Michael was close to anger now as he said, “Perhaps you are too young to do this task. If you are not up to it, Little Mike, I can find another. I only ask why are you questioning the Father’s wisdom?”

Miguel was brought up short. “Oh, Michael, perish the thought of me questioning the Father or even you. Of course I shall gladly do what you order. I will be the best star steadier of all time.”

Michael smiled again and said, “I knew you would see it that way. Now off with you young one.”

He left Michael's side and spent the next nine months practicing holding stars steady.

Then one night he heard the sound he had been waiting for, the sound of the heavenly

choir beginning to play the Glory Song. Without another thought, whoosh, he went to

the appointed star and with great love, he wrapped his little arms around it and with great

love held it very steady. Heaven was but a distant dot on the horizon of the universe but

the place where the humans dwelt was in plain view. He could faintly hear the heavenly choir singing their song of joy and triumph. He

gazed toward the Earth and saw the light

from his star was illuminating a small cave. There the woman he recognized as Mary was

cradling a child as the man Joseph looked on. There were common shepherds there and

they were kneeling in front of Mary and the Baby, and now Miguel realized that the

Father had indeed wrought a marvelous, wonderful work as he recognized the Babe in the

manger, it was the Son, sent to earth. He was seeing the promise of the Father being

fulfilled. What Love for the Father and for the humans filled his heart. In his squeaky flat

voice, Miguel, still holding the star steady and the beams of light focused on the head of

the Child, he sang with the choir he could just hear in the distance, "Glory to God in the

Highest, Peace to men of Good Will." And so it came to pass that the smallest job

brought the greatest reward for both Miguel, the Littlest Christmas angel and for the

humans upon the earth.

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