

The little star

'You' growled the supervisor 'are wanted by Him upstairs'

'Me?' I asked my knees starting to tremble. 'He wants to see me?' I tried to think what I had done wrong

'If its not to much trouble!' the supervisor mocked, his fat face twisted into a sneer ' He would like to see you now!'

I was just a little star but could do no right in the supervisors eyes. Whatever I had done wrong must have been bad as the big Boss never saw anyone unless it was really, really serious.

With a heavy heart I started the long weary climb up the white and gold stairs into the clouds above. With each step my heart grew heavier and I wondered what I had done that was so terribly wrong.

At last the clouds parted and I saw the great white door of His office. Timidly I knocked, then again, only this time little bit louder. I was just about to turn and run down the stairs when a loud voice called, 'Enter'

Tentatively I turned the huge golden handle and looked around the door. 'Sir,' I croaked nervously, 'you sent for me'

'Yes,' he indicated a white chair while asking kindly 'and how are you?' his big voice didn't seem so fierce now and he looked really nice, his long white beard and white hair falling down on to his robe.

I smiled at him 'I'm fine thank you Sir' he was not the ogre that the supervisor said he was.

'Good' he leaned back in his large chair' I have been watching you. You really are a bright little star. I'm impressed' He beamed at me 'I have a special job for you' he leaned forward to his desk and carefully unrolled a piece of paper, pushing it in front of me 'Please, read this'

Nervously I started to read, gulped when my mouth went dry then taking a deep breath I managed 'Do you really think I could do this' I looked into his kind blue eyes' Don't you think maybe someone with more experience? Maybe the supervisor?'

He burst into a fit of laughter 'Him?' he was laughing so much he had to hold his sides. Wiping tears from his eyes he came around the desk 'My dear little star' he handed me the paper 'I want you to go back down stairs and take this with you, keep it safe, I'll be down to see you soon'

'Thank you Sir' I cried.

Flushed with such a wonderful meeting with the Boss I rushed down the stairs two at a time. Wham! I collided with a large object 'You little idiot' it cried, horrified I looked up into the red face of the supervisor. 'Hello, what's this?' he reached out to grab my precious paper

'Leave that, it's mine I warned trying to hold on to it 'The Boss gave me it, he's going to see me later'

'You what?' he exclaimed 'The boss is going to see YOU later' he grabbed the paper and started to unroll it. I tried to snatch it from him but it was to late he was already reading it

'He gave this to you?' Full of his own importance he puffed out like a big balloon' Well I'm going straight up there now and tell him this job needs experience,' 'my experience'

All around there had been whispering even some giggling, now there was a huge silence, I didn't need to look up, His presence was everywhere. The Boss was coming. 'So you think you're the man for the job?' the Boss' voice boomed as he walk down the stairs'

'Well' the supervisor seemed even more pompous 'I ask you Boss, look at him' he said amid a ripple of suppressed titters.

By now the He had led us down to what we called the "sky room". 'Hmm' he said raising one white eyebrow while stroking his long flowing beard 'Questioning my judgement?'

'Well, its, just..' the supervisor spread his hands as though trying to explain

'Just what?' the Boss' asked white brows drawing close together his eyes narrowing ' You really think you are the big star don't you?'

'Well..'

The Boss nodded 'Well I suppose you are a big star' The supervisor beamed The boss looked at him, laughing, 'That is big, fat, cumbersome and definitely big headed' Everyone giggled, the supervisor cringed.

The Boss looked around the room 'To-night the star I need must be small and swift' he indicated the swell on the supervisors belly 'something you are not' Again everyone tittered. The Boss touched me with a fatherly hand 'but above all must be very bright'

Finding a stool the Boss bade all the stars to sit around him. 'Look' he commanded, his great hands parting the clouds of night revealing a dark blue velvet sky lit only by the glittering of the frosted moon. 'You see below that old stable?' There was murmuring around the room. 'To-night in that lowly stable a child will be born, his crib, a manger, he will be called Jesus, the son of God. My son.'

He raised his eyes to look upon all his stars who now sat in awe listening to his story He reached out to me 'To- night my little bright star you must go on a very special mission. To-night your brightness will beam over the earth leading lowly shepherds, wise men even great kings to where the baby Jesus lies. Bringing gifts they will worship at his feet.'

He smiled at me and with gentle touch of his hand sent me on my way into the night. As I rode across the sky I could see men below me pointing at my brightness and following my rays. Soon we reached the stable. We heard the faint cries of a new babe. Angels gathered around me their voices raised in songs of adoration. Below earth rejoice.

All night long I beamed down on that humble stable then dawn's light came telling my work was done . Drifting home my light now no more than a twinkle in the blue sky I remembered again the wonder of Jesus' birth and felt so very humble and thank God that He had chosen me.

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