



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

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