

Annie's Angel

Grace Carberry Froncko

Elderberry Press, Inc.

OAKLAND

Copyright © 2008 Grace Carberry Froncko

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, except for brief excerpts for purpose of review, may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher. This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance of the characters to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Illustrated by Raven OKeefe

Elderberry Press, Inc.

1393 Old Homestead Drive, Second floor

Oakland, Oregon 97462—9506.

E MAIL: editor@elderberrypress.com

TEL/FAX: 541. 459. 6043

www.elderberrypress.com

Available from your favorite bookstore, amazon.com, or from our 24 hour order line: 1.800.431.1579

Publisher's Catalog—in—Publication Data

Annie's Angel / Grace Carberry Froncko

ISBN 10: 1932762957

ISBN 13: 978-1-932762-95-2

1. Children—Fiction.
 2. Angels—Fiction.
 3. Picture book—Fiction.
 4. Faith—Fiction.
 5. Afterlife—Fiction
- I. Title

This book was written, printed and bound in the United States of America.

For Rob, Bob, Jamie, Bill and Mike....I love you more!

Chapter One

It was happening! Finally! Annie was coming! The little angel ran down the cloud covered street, her tiny feet skimming the clouds as she zipped along.

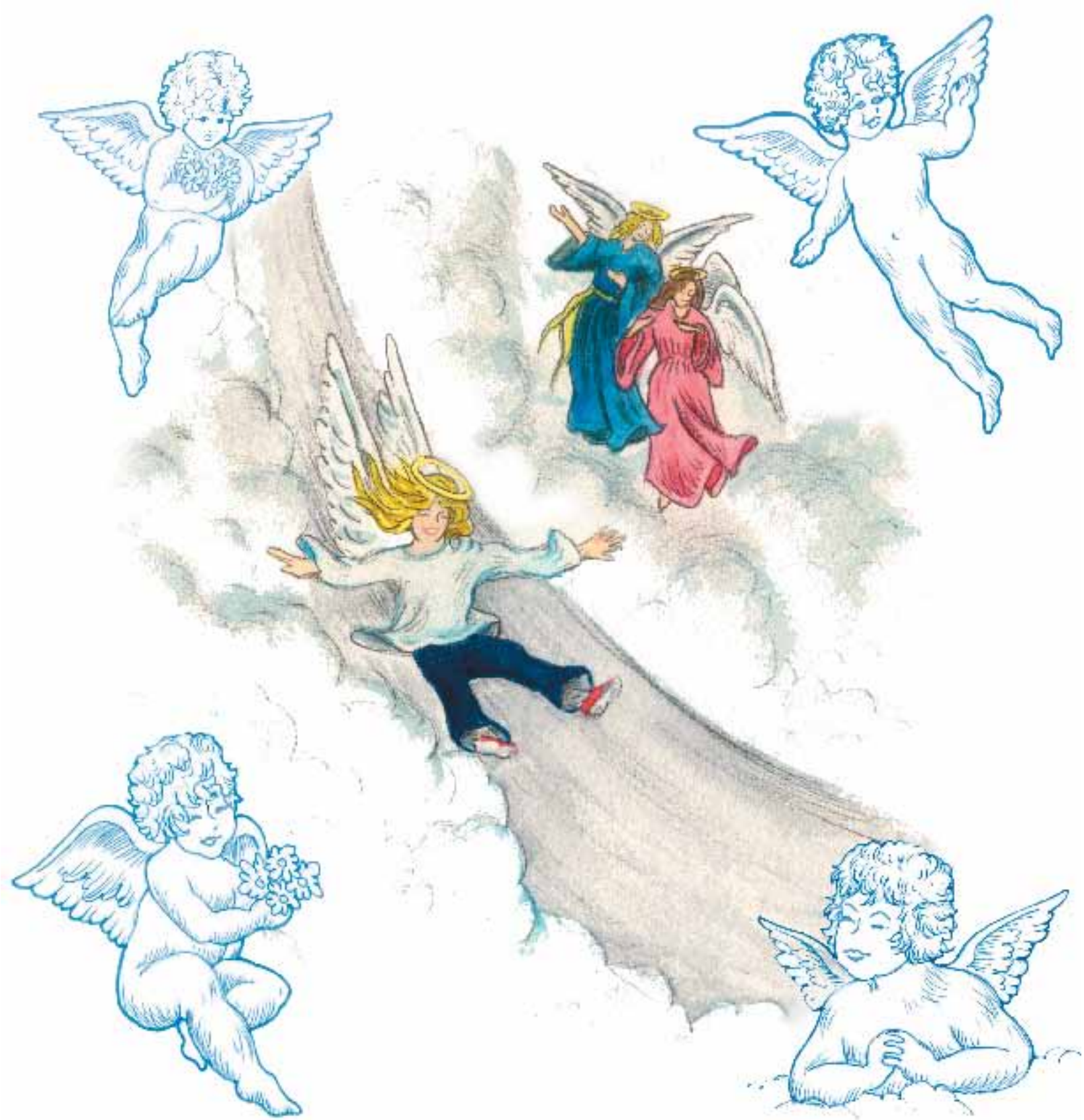
“So much to do! So much to do!” she sang to herself as she ran.

“Annie is coming, Annie is coming!” She hummed a little tune to the words. The reality of the words finally sunk in, though, and she stopped dead in her tracks.

“Annie is coming...” A tear rolled down her cheek. She hadn’t cried in...well, she didn’t know how long. There wasn’t any time in heaven, so she couldn’t remember the last time she cried, but she felt like crying, now. She squared her little shoulders and picked up her speed again. She had much to do before Annie came, much to do for Annie, and much to do for Annie’s family.

As she skipped down Siris Street, she passed all the choir angels. She loved to stop and listen to their music, but today she just didn’t have the time.

“So much to do, so much to do!” She was whistling now, as she rushed to the new arrivals area. She had to make sure they had the name right: Ann Sarah Smythe, and the age: nine years old. Oh, yes, and the description: blond hair, which lay in curls all over her head. The little angel smiled to herself. Annie hated her hair, but everyone else thought her hair looked like a halo. How right they were, she smiled again. Annie’s eyes were clear blue, so the sun seemed to shine through them. Annie was 52 inches tall and weighed in at 60 pounds. Now that the little angel was sure the records were straight, she turned quickly and headed to the exit ramp. It was time to go down and visit Annie. The little angel wanted to make sure she had everything ready down on earth, too. She couldn’t leave Annie alone; she had to make



sure this went smoothly. The little angel sniffed, again. No matter how long the little angel had been here, and remember, heaven didn't have any time, she still always felt a little sad when it was someone's time to leave earth. She never felt sad for the person who was coming to heaven, but she always ached for the family and loved ones left behind. They didn't have a clue about heaven...well, not really. They only knew what their Sunday School teachers had told them. They only knew about the stories and the "fairy tales." They didn't know the stories were true. If only they knew...

The little angel slipped down the silver slide which connected heaven and earth. Getting to earth was half the fun. She giggled to herself as she went whipping down the slide, her wings straight behind her. She slid so quickly that the wings were pushed back as far as they could go. The slide took her to Annie's street, right in front of Annie's house. That was the nice thing about the slide, it could take any of the angels anywhere they wanted to go. All they had to do was think about their destination. It was a pretty neat trick, and she was so glad St. Peter had thought of it. It made things much easier!

She peeked into the front window of Annie's house. There was Annie, lying on the rug, playing Parcheesi with her brother. Even though Tom was two years older, he loved his sister dearly and would play with her as much as he could when he was home. Now, if he had friends over, he would totally ignore her, but that was the way it was with big brothers, and Annie seemed to understand. She would leave him alone when he was doing big brother things and wait patiently until his friends left before she would jump on his back and tickle him or beg him to play a game with her. Annie's dad sat in his chair, reading the paper, and watching his beloved children over the top of the paper. The little angel knew what he was thinking. She knew what everyone was thinking. His thoughts were wonderful, and the little angel let another tear slip down her cheek. The dad and brother were going to be so sad. She had to figure out some way to help this family through these next few weeks, she just had to!

Annie's mum was in the kitchen making dinner. She was humming to herself, she always sung to herself, and the little angel loved that about her. She had told everyone in heaven that Annie's mum had music in her soul, so that when she came up, she could be in the choir! All the other angels were pretty indulgent when it came to Annie's angel. She had always been their special small angel, and they knew how hard it was going to be for her to bring Annie home.



Annie's angel went back into the living room to be near Annie. She wasn't going to leave her for a minute! The rest of the evening went by quickly and quietly. There was a delicious dinner filled with great conversation and lots of laughter, just the way a family dinner should be! After dinner, Annie's mum tucked Annie into bed and gave her an extra hug.

"I love you, Annie," she said.

"I love you, too, Mummy. I love you more!" Annie answered. This was an ongoing game they all played. One would say, "I love you," and the next would always say, "I love you, more!" Everyone took turns saying the "more" part, but they kept a silent, mental tally of who said what, how many times. Annie was the best at it, because she was always getting everyone to say "I love you" to her, so she could answer.... "more!" Annie threw her little arms around her mother's neck and hugged her as hard as she could.

"I'll always love you more, Mummy!" she nuzzled her mother's shoulder.

"Not as much, Annie, not as much," her mother answered. Her mum gave her another quick hug and headed into her brother's room to tuck him in, too. In this house, you were never too old to get tucked in, and both Annie and Tom enjoyed it, but they wouldn't tell their friends this was their nightly ritual, no one would believe this!

The lights slowly went out in the house, and Annie's angel kept watch over Annie all night. This was a guardian angel's job, and she took her job very seriously. She peeked out the window, the wind was picking up, and sleet was beginning to hit the window. Soon the ground would be ice, and tomorrow... well, tomorrow Annie was going home.

Chapter Two

Annie's angel loved mornings in Annie's house. She loved the way Annie's mother would wake up Annie and Tom. She would climb into their beds, rub their backs, and murmur how much she loved them. Slowly, they would awaken, both of them with smiles on their faces, as the mother gave them butterfly kisses. Yes, Annie's angel loved the mornings, but this morning Annie's angel was sad. She knew that by nightfall, this family would be devastated, and somehow, she had to make things better. She flitted back into Annie's room, and watched her as she pulled on her sweater.

"Mum!" Annie yelled, "It snowed!"

"It did?" Tom called.

"Yes, it looks wonderful out there!"

"Get dressed, you two. Breakfast is almost ready," their mother called.

Annie's angel was getting nervous. Her time was running out. Think! Think! Think! She had to come up with something for this family. Now, normally, guardian angels didn't do anything for anyone else, they are pretty much just there for their own special person, but Annie's angel was different. She had a bigger heart than most angels. All the other angels used to whisper about that behind her wings. It's funny, but that didn't bother her, because somehow, having a bigger heart was a good thing, and she knew it!

Down the stairs Annie skipped. She could smell the French toast her mum was making, and she was hungry! Tom and Dad were already at the table, and Annie scooted into her chair.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

