



THE *smallest* OF ALL

By Jessica Morris

IT WAS A CRUISEY NIGHT FOR BUTTON. SHE AND THE OTHER SHEEP WERE GRAZING ON THE HILLS JUST OUTSIDE BETHLEHEM. WHEN SHE GLANCED UP SHE COULD SEE STARS COVERING THE SKY. BREATHING OUT, SHE GAVE A SMALL BLEAT OF HAPPINESS.

“Baaa...”

Her sigh awoke her shepherd, who had been dozing to her left. Boaz was 11 years old. He took extra special care of Button considering she was the smallest sheep in the flock. She nuzzled his hand looking for a treat.

“Button, you just ate!” Boaz giggled, wiping the sleep out of his eyes.

Suddenly the sun rose, higher and brighter than ever before. Wait, at midnight? Button was confused. Even sheep knew that midnight was meant to be well, night.

A loud voice filled the sky. “Do not be afraid. I bring you good news that will be a great joy to all people!”

Button looked to see where the words came from. She spotted a brilliant angel that lit up the whole night sky. Boaz and Button huddled together, both trembling.

“Baaa,” Button bleated.

Her throat was dry. She was too afraid to ask Boaz what was happening.

But before she could try, the angel spoke

again, this time looking directly at her.

“Today in the town of David your saviour was born; he is Christ, the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.”

Button was shocked, and she saw Boaz kneel down in wonder beside her. Why was an angel telling them—the smallest of all—about a special baby coming to Earth?

Then if that wasn't strange enough more angels appeared, praising God and singing, “Glory to God in the highest, and peace to all who please him here on Earth.” They sounded amazing!

Button started bleating and jumping for joy—she laughed when Boaz danced.

Nudging Boaz, she urged him to pick up his robe.

“Can we go to Bethlehem and try to find the baby?” Button asked.

Boaz grabbed his robe and together they sprinted down the hillside and followed the brightest star in the sky.

Soon they reached the town of Bethlehem, and as they approached a ramshackle-looking stable they heard a baby crying.

Between all the other shepherds and farm animals, Boaz couldn't see what was going on. So he and Button weaved through the gaps, making their way to the front.

“Wow!” The little sheep's mouth fell open for the second time that night. It was just as the angel had told her. There was a baby lying in a manger. He looked so cute.

Button watched as his mother picked him up and rocked him gently.

“Is it? Could he be?”

The shepherd and animals around Button were asking questions. No-one was sure if this was really the saviour, the king they had been told would one day come to bring hope and peace to the world. Would God really send a newborn baby to be their king?

As Button sat there, watching the baby she knew without a doubt that he was special—that he was, as she had been told, Jesus, the saviour of the world. Boaz knew, too—and had already begun to tell everyone around him the good news!



Considering how big and mighty God is, you would expect him to make a big deal of Jesus' birth, right? Instead, God chose a bunch of local shepherds—ordinary guys—to be part of one of the greatest moments in history. Perhaps he chose the shepherds to hear the exciting news first to show us that the size of our heart means much more to God than power and status.

The exciting news for us today is that the Christmas story isn't just about something that happened a long time ago—Jesus' love is for everyone—and that includes you!



*While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."*

