

The little angel.

Once upon a time there was a little angel who was known and loved throughout the kingdom of heaven. There was practically no cloud on which he wasn't known. The little angel was almost always happy and spread his good mood everywhere. When other angels weren't feeling too well, the little angel quickly took their minds off gloomy matters. When he was in a particularly good mood, the little angel could be a real clown who had nothing but innocent mischief on his mind. And truth be told, that was quite often the case. His dazzling cheerfulness and pure joy were simply unstoppable.

Now we have to add that the little angel was a really clumsy klutz. On some days it almost seemed as if he was all fingers and thumbs. But that didn't bother anyone. On the contrary: the little angel radiated so much charm and warmth that he could immediately enchant everyone with his mischievously sparkling eyes.

All of this made the little angel quite unique. And so the other angels didn't mind that he was not the fastest in some of the guild of angels' „more important“ business.

Everyone simply got used to it over time, because it had always been that way. The little angel never was in a hurry with anything. When other angels were already making their first attempts at flying, the little angel was still lying on his stomach. He learned to fly quite a while later – but he learned it. So this was how the little angel did most things. And those things that were either too difficult or just too boring, the little angel didn't even bother trying.

One day the little angel was called to God, the big boss himself. For the first time the little angel felt fear. What could God want from him? He must have gotten wind of one of his pranks.

Perhaps the trumpet angel complained because the little angel had painted his wings red while he was asleep. But really they looked much better red – especially with the trumpet's golden colour! How was the little angel supposed to know that the trumpet angel didn't really like red? And of course he couldn't know that the wing cleaning would cost him hours. The little angel meant it well. Surely the trumpet angel knew that, didn't he?

Or was it the thing with one of the pretty higher angels? The one whose blonde curl he had cut off? Or the thing with the harp, which he had borrowed without permission because he wanted to tune it again? Oh dear, the little angel suddenly remembered quite a lot of things that could've gotten him an appointment with the big boss. But all this pondering didn't really make matters better. Things simply were what they were. And so the little angel – now even a little smaller yet – went to God, who at that moment was in a meeting with Santa Claus and the head of the higher angels. All three of them had serious, helpless-looking faces as they brooded over some matter. The head of the higher angels sighed, „It's becoming more and more difficult to make the earth children happy with a beautiful gift.“

Santa agreed, „That's right, they have everything. No matter what I bring, after just a few minutes all the magic is gone. And more and more often they don't even like my gifts anymore. They are becoming increasingly dissatisfied.“



„Oh my dears, don't you think I know that too?“, God replied, „I've been observing this for quite a while. Today hardly anyone sees with their hearts. All the more attention is paid to appearances – and to one or the other status symbol: the fastest car, the biggest house, the greatest holiday, the most money. The second best is usually not good enough anymore,“ he pondered.

„That's exactly how it is,“ said the head of the higher angels. „But that's not even all.“ Seeing God and Santa's questioning looks, she continued to explain the dilemma. „The worst thing is that the earth children make demands on themselves and their loved ones that are just as exaggerated. Here, too, everything must be picture perfect. And if only one small piece of the puzzle is missing, there's a lot of moaning and groaning.“

„Oh yes“, said God, „it's really not easy with my earth children. I know what you mean. They are all putting themselves under too much pressure. And now they're starting to break under this pressure. On the outside, they're doing splendidly, everything's fine. But deep inside, many are just unhappy and scared.“

„But can't people learn that there's more to life than intelligence, beauty and perfection and that not everything can be measured in money,“ asked the head of the higher angels. „They have to learn to see with their hearts again“.

„You're right,“ God said, „but what should I do? I have already sent down some messages. But I'm running out of options.“

Suddenly they all noticed the little angel who'd been standing at the door the whole time. Their faces immediately lit up and God stretched out his arms to him: „Come here, you little angel. I think we have a major mission on earth for you. The little angel's face beamed with pride: „A major mission on earth for me?“ But then he immediately added in a more thoughtful tone: „But I'm always the slowest! I wasn't even allowed to go to angel school for quite a while. I'm not all too capable, they say.“

„Oh, but little angel, you're just the right person,“ God explained. „With your smile and your irresistible charm you will bring a magic brightness and a warmth into people's hearts in a way that only the sun can do. And this light will help the earth's children see with their hearts again.“

„Well, if you say so,“ the little angel replied shyly. He was feeling a bit queasy about it all. What might be awaiting him, he wondered. But on the other hand, why not? So he stretched out his little wings, looked around briefly again and flew off to earth.

„Oh, by the way“, the little angel hardly still heard God, as he was on his way so fast, „please stay only one life – you are also needed up here!“ God called out to him. The little angel shouted back, „You got it!“

If only I had more of the same kind, God thought. And smiled.

written by Conny Wenk