

The Little Star

A Christmas story for younger children.

All the stars in the sky were very excited. They had heard that there was a special job to do for God. A special job for a special star, a star that could shine really brightly. The stars were very busy, they were cleaning and polishing themselves so they shone as bright as can be. All the stars that is except one. Far away in a corner of the sky was a little star.

"I'm not big enough or bright enough," thought the little star to herself. "I won't get picked for an important job, so it's not worth me even trying."

Later that night God came out to inspect the stars. He looked carefully at each one.

"I need a bright star," he said, and all the stars suddenly shone even more brightly.

"And I need a quick star," said God. Suddenly many of the stars started to dart around as quickly as they could.

"And I need a patient star," said God. A star that can stand still for a long long time. Suddenly all the stars stopped still.

God looked at all the stars and far far away in the distance he saw the little star all on her own.

"I want you!" said God, looking straight at the little star.

The little star didn't know what to say.

"M... m... M... me!" she squealed. "You want me!"

"Yes," said God, "I want you. Get a good night's sleep and come and see me tomorrow and I'll tell you what to do."

But the little star didn't sleep. Instead she got very excited, very very excited.

She rushed around the sky shouting: "It's me! It's me! I'm the special star!"

She darted round and round so much that she started to get tired, and the more tired she got the more dull her shine became. Eventually she flopped down on the ground completely exhausted with no shine left in her at all.

In the morning God looked for the little star but he couldn't find her anywhere. He walked right around the whole sky, but the little star was nowhere to be seen.

God was about to give up and pick another star when he heard a little sound. God listened very carefully, it was a crying sound. God followed the sound, and there, lying on the ground with no shine left in her at all, he found the little star.

"Oh dear!" said God. "Oh dear me!"

"O O O! I'm so sorry!" said the little star. "I've been a silly star, and now I've run out of shine!" and with great big tears she said: "Choose another star, not me!"

"But I don't want another star," said God. "I want you!"

And with that God reached down and touched the little star and suddenly she started to shine. She shone and she shone, brighter and brighter, until she was the brightest star in the whole sky.

"Oh wow!" she said. "Wow! Thank you God, thank you!"

God told the little star what to do, and as she set out on her journey all the stars said: "Wow! That's amazing!"

"Thank you God," whispered the star.

"That's all right," said God. "Just do my job for me."

The little star travelled across the sky until she saw a stable, and there she stopped and stayed. There she shone like the most beautiful diamond in the sky for a long long time. And God was pleased, very pleased.

Sing: Twinkle twinkle little star.

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