

Do You Hear What I Hear?





Hello there!

My name is Shual and I'm a Fennec fox, the smallest of all foxes, but the one with the biggest ears. Very big ears!

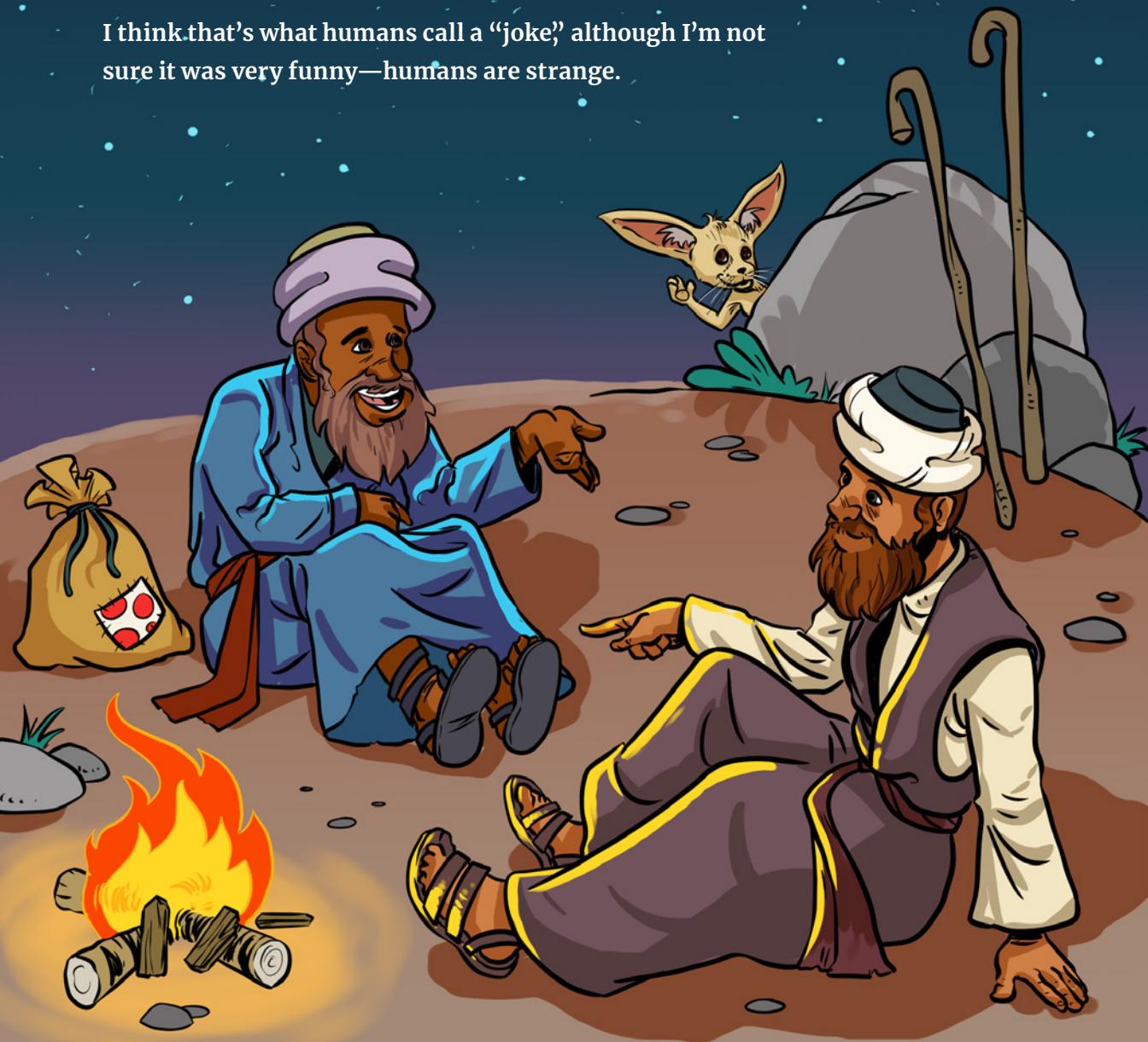
I want to tell you about the time that my big ears heard some BIG news.

This happened one night when I was in the hills around a town called Bethlehem, using my super ears to listen for locusts or other tasty treats.



I paused to eavesdrop on a few shepherds nearby. “I lost one of my sheep today,” said one. “Oh no!” said his friend. “Yes,” said the first shepherd. “She was a baaad sheep, but she came baaack!”

I think that’s what humans call a “joke,” although I’m not sure it was very funny—humans are strange.

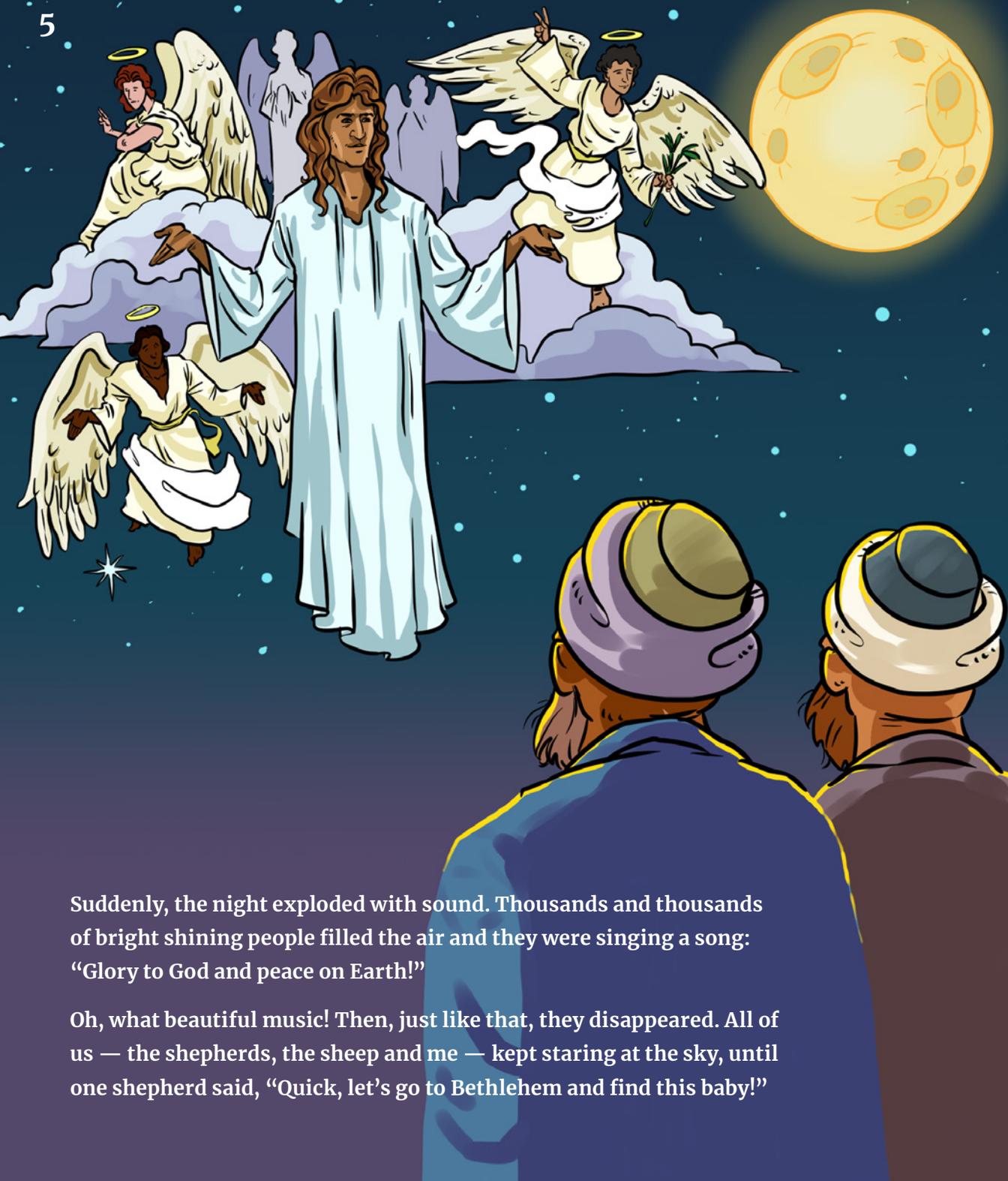




Then, out of nowhere, a shining man appeared and the hillside was covered in bright light!

The shining man said, “Don’t be afraid!” Which was a good thing to say because I’ve never been so startled in my life and the shepherds were quaking in their sandals.

“Listen,” he said. “I bring you good news — wonderful news for all people! Today your savior was born in Bethlehem; he is wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.”



Suddenly, the night exploded with sound. Thousands and thousands of bright shining people filled the air and they were singing a song: “Glory to God and peace on Earth!”

Oh, what beautiful music! Then, just like that, they disappeared. All of us — the shepherds, the sheep and me — kept staring at the sky, until one shepherd said, “Quick, let’s go to Bethlehem and find this baby!”



The shepherds took off running, and I was right behind them.

“How will we find the baby?” one of them panted as he ran.

“That’s easy,” I thought. All I had to do was use my ears. Sure enough, as I ran through town, I heard it. “WAAAAAAAAA!” Yep, that’s a baby sound! I zipped off ahead of the shepherds until I found the source of the crying.



There, inside a stable, I saw a human mom and a dad and a tiny little baby, wrapped in cloths, lying in a manger. This was it!

I looked around curiously. A donkey near the doorway winked at me, and I scooted closer.



“What’s going on? Why is there a baby in a manger?”

“I’m Jack,” the donkey said. “And that’s Mary and Joseph and their baby, Jesus. We came here from Nazareth, but when we arrived, there wasn’t a room in the house for them, so they’re out here with me.”

“Oh,” I said. “But what’s so special about the baby? I saw a bright shining man who said the baby was a savior. What does that mean?”



“Ah,” Jack said. “That was an angel. I was right outside our home in Nazareth when an angel came to visit Mary, too. He told her, ‘God is honoring you and you are going to be pregnant and give birth to a son called Jesus. He will have a kingdom that will never end.’ And now here he is.”



“A king! Really?” I asked. “He’s kind of small.”

“Yes,” said Jack. “A king. All kings start off small! Also, like you said, a savior. A savior is someone who rescues those in trouble. From what the angel said, that baby is going to be the king who rescues the world from all its troubles.”



Just at that moment the shepherds caught up, out of breath from their run. They fell down on the ground in front of the baby. “Praise God!” they said, with tears running down their cheeks.

They were tears of joy! They said the ancient books talked about a promised savior, and now he had finally come.



So that's my story, the night my ears were listening for locusts, but instead heard the songs of angels and the cries of a newborn king. My advice to you is to keep your ears open! God still speaks today and you never know what he might say!



Story by Emily Morrison

Illustrations by Denis Samovol