

# The Broken Halo

By Cindy Taft

Jeremiah was your typical little boy who happened to be an angel. When he wasn't doing his heavenly chores like fluffing up some clouds or putting a nice shine on a few stars, he liked to sneak off and play a game or two with his friends. They played leapfrog over a rainbow, slid down a few moonbeams, and danced in the warm rays of the sun.

One morning after he had eaten breakfast and finished all his work, Jeremiah found a few of his friends and they all ran off to play his favorite game, Halo Frisbee. The object of the game was to throw your halo through a raincloud, then fly as fast as you could to retrieve it before it dropped. If you could do it without getting wet, well, that got you extra points. Now, Halo Frisbee was frowned upon by the older angels because halos were not meant to be tossed around willy nilly. Jeremiah knew this, and he had been warned several times that the game was off limits, but he loved the game so much he decided to play it anyway.

Each of the little angels took turns tossing their halos through a dark little raincloud. One by one they were all able to reach their halos before they dropped, but none of them managed to do it without getting sprinkled on.

Finally, it was Jeremiah's turn. He pulled his arm back, aimed for the cloud and released his halo. But just as it entered the raincloud, a little clap of thunder was heard and a small bolt of lightning flashed before their eyes, hitting Jeremiah's halo. All the little angels felt helpless as they watched the

golden halo get zapped into two pieces and fall onto the white billowy cloud below.

“Oh no,” cried Jeremiah. “What am I going to do?” An awful feeling came over him as he stood looking down at his broken halo. He remembered the many warnings he had been given about playing the game, but it was too late now. The damage had been done. He should have listened and obeyed.

The other little angels flew off in all directions as fast as they could. They certainly did not want to get into trouble with Father. Jeremiah was left all alone. He slowly bent down and gently picked up what remained of his beautiful halo. He knew what he had to do, but it wasn't going to be easy.

With his head hanging low, Jeremiah started off, but then he heard someone call his name. Turning around he saw his best friend, Mark, flying toward him.

“I'll go with you to face Father,” Mark replied. “We were all playing, and it was an accident. I'm sure Father will understand.”

Jeremiah was so happy and filled with hope, now that he had his best friend beside him. He wouldn't have to face Father all by himself.

A few minutes later they found themselves standing in front of God the Almighty. Jeremiah held out his broken halo.

“I'm sorry, Father. I played Halo Frisbee when I knew I wasn't supposed to. Please forgive me.”

“WE played Halo Frisbee,” said Mark. “I was there too, Father. We are both very sorry.”

God looked at the two little angels standing in front of Him. He knew it had taken a lot of courage for them to come and confess.

“Well now, let me take a look at this.” Reaching down he took the broken halo. “Well, this doesn’t look too bad. Accidents happen and you both faced up to your mistake. I am proud of you for coming and telling me. I hope you have learned a lesson and I trust it will not happen again?”

“No Father,” the angels replied.

God placed the two broken pieces together and the shining halo was good as new. He placed it back on Jeremiah’s head.

“Make sure that’s where it stays from now on.”

“Thank you, Father,” said Jeremiah as he and Mark quickly flew off toward a sunbeam.

“Thanks for going with me, Mark,” said Jeremiah. “I couldn’t ask for a better friend.”

“No problem,” replied Mark. “Let’s go catch some snowflakes!”

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