



A FAMILY DEVOTIONAL STORY

THE NIGHT THE

Angels

GOT LOST

...or so I thought

CHRISTMAS THROUGH THE EYES
OF A YOUNG SHEPHERD

LAURIE CHRISTINE RESSLER

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The Night the Angels Got Lost

by Laurie Christine Ressler

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How To Use This Book

The Night the Angels Got Lost is a captivating, three-part family Christmas devotional for kids ages 6-10. Light a fire in the fireplace, grab a warm blanket, and snuggle up with your family in front of the Christmas tree. Matching jammies are optional, but recommended!

Open with prayer, asking God to speak to your children's hearts with His message. Together, you can read the story in one sitting, or break it up into several, ten-minute readings throughout the week. Discussion questions are included after each section to help your children think more deeply about the meaning of the story, instead of just repeating facts.

Through the first-hand narrative of a young shepherd girl, this story will help to capture your children's attention and connect with their hearts as together you celebrate the arrival of the Promised Child!



*I*ntroduction

The story of Christmas didn't just begin one bright night in Bethlehem. The Baby in the manger is the climax of a story that began before the world was created. God's plan from the beginning was to live among His people. God created us in His image, and our purpose has always been to radiate His glory to all creation. But when Adam and Eve chose to disobey God, they destroyed our ability to reflect God's glory. God could no longer live among the people He created because every person would now be born with a sinful heart—a heart that has fallen short of God's glory.

Continuing to pursue His beloved children, God put a rescue plan in action to restore our broken relationship with Him so that we could once again live as close friends of God. For thousands of years, God's people waited in eager anticipation of the Promised Child: the One who would crush the head of the Evil Serpent, the One who would free them from the oppression of the Romans, the One who would bring peace to the world. The Jewish people were expecting

someone with power and prestige to appear on the scene and save the day. But the unique way God chose to send the Savior into the world took everyone by surprise... especially one group of shepherds, watching their flocks as they always did, on a hillside outside a little town called Bethlehem.

In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be registered, each to his own town. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the town of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be registered with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to give birth. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

That night there were shepherds staying in the fields nearby, guarding their flocks of sheep. Suddenly, an angel of the Lord appeared among them, and the radiance of the Lord's glory surrounded them. They were terrified, but the angel reassured them. "Don't be afraid!" he said. "I bring you good news that will bring great joy to all people. The Savior—yes, the Messiah, the Lord—has been born today in Bethlehem, the city of David! And you will recognize him by this sign: You will find a baby wrapped snugly in strips of cloth, lying in a manger." Suddenly, the angel was joined by a vast host of others—the armies of heaven—praising God and saying, "Glory to God in highest heaven, and peace on earth to those with whom God is pleased.

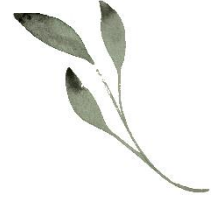
When the angels had returned to heaven, the shepherds said to each other, "Let's go to Bethlehem! Let's see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has told us about." They hurried to the village and found Mary and Joseph. And there was the baby, lying in the manger. After seeing him, the shepherds told everyone what had happened and what the angel had said to them about this child. All who heard the shepherds' story were astonished, but Mary kept all these things in her heart and thought about them often. The shepherds went back to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen. It was just as the angel had told them.

LUKE 2:1-20 (NLT)



DAY ONE

The Life of a Shepherd Girl



My name is Abigail, and I'm a shepherd girl. My dad is a shepherd too, just like my grandfather before him. We live in Bethlehem, a small town in the hills of Judea. My family provides sheep for the temple in nearby Jerusalem, about six miles to our north. Thousands of people travel to Jerusalem every year to offer sacrificial lambs at the temple. It is our job to make sure the lambs are perfect and spotless, without any blemishes or defects at all.

Being a shepherd is hard work because, well—sheep are dumb. They constantly need someone to watch over them. If you're not paying attention, they'll wander off and get lost, or worse, hurt themselves. We all have to take turns guarding the sheep from foxes and lions and other animals that might try to harm our flocks. They can't be left alone, even for a few minutes!

Not only do we shepherds have hard work to do, but we also have a hard life to live. We aren't exactly considered high-class members of society. After long days and nights out in the fields, we are usually pretty

grimy and smelly. The Jewish law states that we are ritually “unclean,” since we have to shovel sheep pooh every day. So gross!

Shepherds used to be important people in our society. Not so much anymore. My dad told me that Abraham, the founder of our Jewish people, was a very rich and respected shepherd. Rachel—the wife of Abraham’s grandson, Jacob—started out as a young shepherdess. And, of course, King David—one of the greatest kings in all of history—was also a shepherd! Dad would often recite to me a song written by King David. It was one of my favorites because it described God as our Shepherd.

“The Lord is my Shepherd. There is nothing I need! He gives me rest and food to eat. He leads me beside quiet waters. He gives life to my soul. He shows me the right way to live—for his glory! Even when I face really difficult and scary times in my life, I don’t need to be afraid because God is still with me. His shepherd tools comfort me. He provides for my needs, even when my enemies surround me. He pours oil on my head. I am overflowing with joy! God will surround me with his goodness and mercy as long as I live, and when I die, I will go to live with him forever!” (*Psalm 23, my paraphrase*)

As I guarded our family’s sheep, I would often repeat that song of David to myself. I felt comforted, knowing that God cares for me in the same way I help care for our flocks. There have definitely been times when I felt scared and alone, like the time a hungry leopard attacked our little flock. I was so terrified I didn’t know what to do! But then I remembered: *I don’t need to be afraid because God is with me!* Grabbing my club, I ran toward the leopard. “Leave my sheep alone!” I screamed. I picked up a large rock at my feet and hurled it at the leopard. The rock missed, but the animal was startled and ran off into the woods, tail between its legs.

I could tell you many stories of my adventures out on the hillside. But one story in particular stands out in my memory. It was a night I will never, ever forget.

A few years back, my dad and I, along with my brothers and uncles and cousins, were guarding the sheep on a rocky hill outside of Bethlehem. The sun was just starting to slip down behind the hills, and the damp, spring air was beginning to get chilly. I pulled my shawl closely around my shoulders to keep warm. My dad had built a fire to cook our dinner—roasted goat meat, dried figs, and barley cakes. The fire would also help to keep wild animals away from the sheep.

I sat down on a flat rock by the fire, stretching my hands toward the flames as I tried to warm my cold, stiff fingers. Next to me, my cousin Hannah was attempting to stay warm as well. She snuggled closer and offered to share her wool blanket with me. Hannah was also learning to care for her family's sheep. Hannah's dad and brothers huddled together around their family fire pit, just a few yards away.

I handed Hannah one of my barley cakes. "It's going to be a long night, isn't it?" I sighed.

"Sure is," Hannah replied. "I wish I were sleeping at home on my straw mat. But Dad says it's important for us to spend the night with the sheep, especially since so many baby lambs are being born this time of year."

"I know!" I replied. "Last night there were six new babies born! They were so cute and wobbly and helpless. Dad let me hold one and dry it off so it wouldn't get too cold. The lambs are so slimy and wet when they're first born."

"Have you ever helped to swaddle one of the lambs?" Hannah asked. "Dad told me it's important to wrap them tightly in strips of cloth to make

sure they don't get bruised or injured. The temple in Jerusalem won't allow any defective lambs to be used for sacrifices."

I didn't like to think about the helpless little lambs being killed as a sacrifice in the temple. But I knew there was no other way. Jewish law stated that the blood of animals had to be offered to God in order for our sins to be forgiven.

I stared at the flickering, red flames as I snuggled closer to Hannah. The fire popped and crackled, filling my nose with the sweet scent of smoldering pine and roasted goat meat. My thoughts drifted back to the song of King David... "God is my shepherd... He will take care of me...." *Just like I am helping to take care of these helpless baby lambs.*

When I was a little girl, I always loved hearing the old stories about God. Dad would go to the synagogue every Sabbath to listen to the Scriptures being read. He would come home and repeat to us the stories from the Torah, our sacred book of laws and history. I had grown to love the stories about Adam and Eve, Abraham, Moses, King David, and the prophet Isaiah. For hundreds of years, God has been so faithful to our people, even though we have often turned away from him. My favorite times were when Dad would tell us about the Promised Child—the Messiah—the One whom God would send to rescue us and fix our broken world. Our people have been waiting for the Promised Child for thousands of years. Sometimes it feels as if we'll be waiting forever.

You see, God had made a promise to Adam and Eve way back in the Garden of Eden. He promised that one day, the Promised Child would come and crush the head of the Serpent, God's most evil enemy. Later, God told Abraham that the Promised Child would come through Abraham's family, the Jewish nation. God then told King David that the Promised

Child would be a King who would reign on David's throne forever! The prophet Isaiah wrote that a baby would be born, and he would be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and Prince of Peace.

Peace. It felt like our land was anything but peaceful at that moment. The Roman ruler, Caesar Augustus, was basically in charge of our whole land. He charged taxes and set up rules for us to follow. Just a few months before, Caesar had declared that all the people in the kingdom, must go back to the city where they were born to register and be counted.

With so many people in town for the census during those days, I was glad for an excuse to escape from the hustle and bustle of the busy streets of Bethlehem. I enjoyed those peaceful evenings out on the hillside. As I watched the wobbly little lambs nuzzling up to their mothers and listened to the bleating of sheep echoing through the valley, a sense of security enveloped my heart. I leaned my head against Hannah's shoulder and drifted off to sleep.

Discussion questions on next page. >>>>>

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION AND IMAGINATION

- Do you think you would have enjoyed being a shepherd in Bethlehem? Why or why not?
- Abigail said her people have been waiting for the Promised Child for thousands of years. What did you learn about this Promised Child and what he was going to do?
- What can we learn about God's character from this story?



DAY TWO

There Must Be Some Mistake



After a short few hours, a bright light startled me awake. The crisp night air crept into my bones, as I pushed myself up off the dewy grass. The last of our fire's smoldering embers were now completely gone. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Had I slept through the night? Was it time to wake up already? I elbowed Hannah, who had also fallen asleep, and shook her awake. "Hannah, wake up... something's happening."

Through my groggy, sleep-filled eyes, I couldn't quite make out what was going on. I could see my dad and brothers, huddled nearby, shielding their eyes from the intense light. Behind us, the stars still twinkled in the dark, night sky. I shivered. *This light was not coming from the rising sun.*

Wide awake now, I grabbed Hannah's arm, anxiously searching the sky for the source of the light. My eyes finally focused as I beheld a creature, dazzling with light and wings and a sword, hovering just above our heads. It looked like a man, but so much larger than any man I had ever seen. Glowing hair floated in spirals around the creature's head, while enormous

golden wings swooped back and forth, scooping gusts of air and sending the light swirling in tiny circles in their wake.

I clung more tightly to Hannah's arm, digging my fingernails into her skin. My heart was pounding so fast I couldn't even count the beats. I glanced over at the group of boys and men—strong men who had killed mountain lions with their bare hands—clinging to each other, just as terrified as I was.

Suddenly, a voice exploded from the cloud of light: "Don't be afraid!"

Don't be afraid? It was a bit late for that! I had never seen an angel before, but from listening to the stories my dad told us from the Scriptures, I assumed this creature was a messenger sent from God.

"No, really, don't be afraid!" the angel exclaimed again. Clearly, he realized we needed some extra encouragement.

"I have good news for you! Great news! The most joyful news you have ever heard!"

Oh, good. At least he was bringing us *good* news. But why on earth would an angel be bringing *any* news to us at all? We were just a group of rag-tag shepherds—unwashed, unkempt, and unclean. Maybe the angel had made a mistake. Maybe he got lost on his way to Herod's palace in Jerusalem.

"This news I have for you," continued the angel, "is the best news you could ever dream of. And my message is for everyone! Yes, even you, shepherds! This very night, a new baby has been born. But, this isn't just any baby. This baby is the Promised Child, the Messiah, the Savior of the world! Just as the Scriptures foretold, the baby has been born in Bethlehem, the City of David."

The Messiah? The Promised Child? The Savior? Could it really be true? I ran over to my dad, who was whispering loudly with my uncles and brothers and cousins. "Dad, is it true? Could this really be the Child that God has promised?"

Dad looked at me, tears glistening in his eyes.

"Abigail, my darling!" He knelt down, pulling me close to his chest in a tight embrace. The scents of sheep, sweat, and olive oil lingered on his heavy wool robe. My heart rate began to slow, as I breathed in the familiar smell.

"My sweet girl." Dad's smile crinkled his tear-filled eyes. "My heart is overwhelmed with joy at this news. After so many years of waiting, it seems too amazing to be true! But, I know in my heart that this baby born in Bethlehem tonight is the Promised Child that we have hoped for all these years. Praise the Lord! He has kept his promise to his people! We have seen the glory of the Lord!"

A surge of joy leapt into my heart and began to seep out the corners of my eyes. I wrapped my arms around Dad's thick, bristly neck and squeezed tightly, not wanting this moment to go away. My chest filled with an overwhelming sense of peace.

One of my uncles bravely spoke up and addressed the angel. "Sir, why are you telling us this? Why have you appeared to us? Surely there must be some mistake. Did you get lost on your way to Jerusalem? We're just poor shepherds. We've been delivering new lambs all night, and we're covered in fluids and blood. We're ceremonially unclean. What does this news have to do with us?"

As if ignoring my uncle's questions, the angel continued, "You will know you have found the baby by this sign: The baby will be wrapped in swaddling clothes and sleeping soundly in a manger."

A manger? Like, a feeding trough for animals? Surely this couldn't be right. Animals are dirty and smelly. A manger is not a place for any baby, let alone *this* baby. Shouldn't he arrive at the temple in Jerusalem? Or, maybe at the high priest's house? A manger just seemed so... so... primitive... so lowly. Just like me. A lowly little shepherd girl.

Suddenly, the sky exploded with more beams of light, and an entire army of angels appeared in the sky! I fell to my knees and gasped. The sky lit up as brightly as the noonday sun! What happened next was something so beautiful, I will never forget it. The angels began to chant, quietly at first, then growing in intensity. First, a chorus of low, rhythmic tones:

"Glory to God... Glory to God... Glory to God..." —they chanted over and over again.

To my left, another group chimed in, at a higher pitch:

"Glory to God in the highest! The highest! Glory to God in the highest! The highest!"

Finally, a group to my right added their melodious song above it all:

"On earth... Peace! God is pleased with you! On earth... Peace! God is pleased with you!"

The rhythm and harmony and melody swelled into a triumphant crescendo that made my arms tingle. I found myself singing along with the angels—"Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest!" Tears were streaming down my cheeks now. The chorus continued. Joy and peace surrounded us like a warm blanket, as we shepherds embraced and clung to each other. For a few glorious minutes, the hillside and all the

troubles of life seemed to fade away, and we were transported into the very presence and glory of God.

Then, just as quickly as they came, the angels were gone. The angels, the lights, the singing, the glory. Gone. The sky was once again dark, and the stars twinkled as if nothing had ever happened. I stood there, linking arms with Hannah on one side, and squeezing my dad's hand on the other, not sure what to do next. I had never felt so happy in all my life. I wanted to savor this moment in my heart forever.

Breaking the silence, my dad blurted out, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

What are we waiting for? I wondered. How could I go back to a night of caring for sheep after what we just saw?

"Let's get going!" Dad shouted. "Who's with me? I'm going to see this new baby with my own eyes!"

I squealed with delight and grabbed Hannah in a tight embrace. Well, of *course*, I wanted to see the baby!

"Hannah, let's go!" I shouted, dragging her down the hill with me as I started to run.

My dad laughed out loud. "Hold up there, little lady. Let us old folks catch up!" One of my older boy cousins stayed behind with our flocks of sheep, and the rest of our tired, dirty, smelly clan headed off down the dusty road toward Bethlehem.

Discussion questions on next page. >>>>>

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION
AND IMAGINATION

- How would you have felt if the angel had appeared to you and your family?
- Why did Abigail think that maybe the angel had gotten lost?
- Why was Abigail surprised that the Promised Child would be lying in a manger?
- Why do you think God chose to send the good news about the Promised Child to a group of shepherds?



DAY THREE

The Promised Child



Hannah and I could barely contain our excitement as we skipped ahead of the men and boys. I'm not sure I fully understood in that moment the significance of *whom* we were going to see—the Promised Child—eagerly anticipated for thousands of years, showing up right here in this little town of Bethlehem. I'm not sure any of us truly understood what it all meant. But none of us could deny what had just happened out on the hillside. And so, we followed our hearts to find this new baby.

When we arrived in the city, it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. We wandered through the ink-dark streets of the small town, looking for a light, a crowd, a cry—something to let us know that we had arrived in the right place.

We finally came across a stone house, where we could see a candle flickering inside the open doorway. We knew we were looking for a baby in a manger. Often, people in Bethlehem would keep their animals in the front room of their houses, while the family members slept in a back room. A white-haired woman had just stepped through the doorway into the

cool, night air, pulling the door closed behind her. A bundle of soft rags and blankets were tucked under one arm, and she carried a flickering oil lamp in the other. I recognized the rags as the same kind we used to swaddle the lambs we prepared for sacrifice.

The woman looked up in surprise as our group of not-so-quiet shepherds descended upon her, all of us chattering at once.

"Excuse me! We're looking for a baby! Have you seen him? He's lying in a manger! A feed trough! Do you know where we can find the baby? There was an angel! An angel told us about the baby! Can we see him? Can we?"

"Hold on now, quiet down!" The woman set down her bundles, placing a finger over her lips. "Shush! All of you! You'll wake the baby!"

So there IS a baby here?!

She continued, "This young couple inside have had a very long night, and they don't need no crazy group of sheep folks barging in on them and disrupting their peace and quiet. They need some time to rest. Y'all run along now, and get outta here."

Our impatient group once again broke out in shouts of protest: "But, the angel told us! We need to see the baby! He is the Promised Child! We will find him in a manger! There were angels! Lots of angels!"

"Now, now, settle down." The white-haired woman shushed us again. "You there," she said, pointing at my dad, "tell me what this is about. What's all this talk about angels?"

As my dad began to recount the events of the evening, the door creaked open and a young man appeared in the doorway behind the woman, his tall form silhouetted against the candlelight from within. Placing his hand

on the arm of the older woman, he stepped forward into the light of her lamp.

"It's okay, Lydia," he said in a tired voice. "Let these folks come in. I want to hear about this angel as well." He had obviously overheard us talking outside the doorway.

With a raised eyebrow, the young man inspected our bedraggled group, curious to know what we were doing here in the middle of the night. "My name is Joseph," he began. "Now, what's this you said about an angel? Start at the beginning. I want to hear the whole story."

Dad retold our story about how an angel had appeared to us with an important message about the Promised Child, how we would find the baby in a manger, and how the first angel was then joined by a whole shining army of angels. As he finished, I saw the young man, Joseph, brush a tear away from his cheek. He had been listening intently to my father's story, and his eyes now glistened with emotion and understanding.

"Please, come in," Joseph said in a quavering voice. "You have come to the right place." He stepped through the open doorway and motioned for us to follow him inside. We quietly followed, all of us squeezing into the first-floor room of the house where the animals were spending the night. The pungently sweet smell of hay, mixed with a stench of damp donkey fur and musty sheep dung, filled my nostrils.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I could see an exhausted young woman reclining in the corner of the room on a pile of straw and blankets. Next to her was a primitive, stone feed trough, filled with freshly cut hay. Atop the hay, wrapped tightly in strips of rags, a tiny baby lay sleeping. I drew in a quick breath and held it in my chest, barely daring to let it out. *The baby.* Just where the angel said he would be, lying in a manger.

Hannah was standing beside me. I grabbed her hand and squeezed it tightly. Joseph knelt down next to the young woman and whispered, "Mary, my love, these shepherds have seen the glory of the Lord revealed to them tonight! An angel appeared to them and told them about our baby!"

Mary's eyes grew wide as she gingerly propped herself up on the mound of blankets. Joseph placed his hand behind her back and carefully helped her sit, stuffing a blanket behind her for support. Mary looked around the room, her gaze shifting to each of us in turn, taking in the scene as if she wanted to record this moment in her heart forever. She gently took Joseph's hand, as a small smile crept to the corners of her mouth.

Joseph stood and addressed the group. "My friends, welcome! We are honored that you have come. We are overwhelmed by the goodness of God and by his faithfulness to us. Blessed be the Name of the Lord! He has kept his promise to our ancestors—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This night, we have seen the glory of the Lord."

A tingle ran up my back and down my arms, out to the tips of my fingers. *The glory of the Lord! The Promised Child!* Could this tiny, helpless baby really be the One promised to our ancestors? The One who would crush the head of the Serpent? The One who would reign as King on David's throne and make everything right again?

Joseph continued, "My wife, Mary, and I were each visited by an angel many months ago. The angel told us that Mary would have a baby, conceived by the Holy Spirit. We have named him Jesus. He is the Son of the Most High God! He will reign on David's throne. He is God-With-Us, and he will save us from our sins!"

It wasn't every day that our group of shepherds was left speechless, but today was one of those days. There we were, standing in the presence of a King! My dad was the first to drop to his knees and bow his head low to the ground — an act of reverence reserved only for the highest of royalty. My uncles followed suit, as well as my cousins. I too, dropped to my knees and bowed low. A piece of straw tickled my nose. *A King! We were in the presence of a King!* Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined I would ever get to meet a king, let alone THIS King! My heart felt as if it would burst. Tears of joy were streaming down my cheeks as I sat up, gazing in wonder at the baby in front of me.

A soft voice broke the silence. Mary was singing: "My soul glorifies the Lord! My spirit rejoices in God my Savior! The Mighty One has done great things. Holy is his name!" She repeated the short chorus again, this time with Joseph's deep voice joining hers. Their eyes met, expressing their love for God, for each other, and for the baby, with each word of the song. Mary reached for the sleeping child, gently lifted him out of the manger, and held him close to her chest. As they started the chorus for the third time, the gruff voice of my father joined in, and we shepherds all sang along with Mary and Joseph: "The Mighty One has done great things! Holy is his name!"

As we left Mary and Joseph early the next morning, our hearts overflowed with joy. The sun was just beginning to peek over the hilltops around Bethlehem, and the sleepy town was waking up. Thinking perhaps, they should assist the town in its waking, my uncles and cousins ran through the streets, laughing and jumping and shouting and singing.

"The Mighty One has done great things. Holy is his name!"

Hannah and I looked at each other and let out a giggle. I took off running after my older cousins, twirling and singing as I ran.

"Glory to God in the highest! God has done great things for us! God has kept his promise! The Promised Child has come to save us!"

We didn't mind the strange looks we got from the sleepy townspeople as they peeked through their windows and emerged from darkened doorways. This news was too good not to share.

I don't think I will ever understand why God chose to send an angel to tell us about the baby Jesus. There was certainly nothing special about our little family of shepherds. We didn't have any royal blood. We didn't belong to any special religious group. We didn't have a lot of money. And yet, for some reason, God wanted to make sure that we knew about the Promised Child he was sending to the world—the new baby who would change the world—forever.

Discussion questions on next page. >>>>>

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION
AND IMAGINATION

- Why do you think God sent Jesus to be born in a manger instead of a palace?
- In what ways is your life different than Abigail's? In what ways is it similar?
- What can we learn about God's character from this story?
- Every story in the Bible has been included by God for a purpose. Why do you think God wanted to make sure that people everywhere, all over the world, heard the story about how the angels appeared to the shepherds?



A Note For Parents

God chose to announce the good news about Jesus to a group of dirty, smelly shepherds—some of the lowliest people in Jewish society at the time. For generations to come, God wanted the world to know that this good news is not just for the rich and powerful. It is not just for the important and elite. This good news about Jesus is for everyone!

God invites even the very lowest members of society—those whom others may consider to be different, strange, unimportant, or unloved—to come to Him and embrace the gift of salvation that comes only through Jesus. Nothing you have ever done and nothing you will ever do can keep you away from God's love that He has given to us through his Son, Jesus.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



LAURIE CHRISTINE RESSLER lives in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with her husband and four young boys. She understands how important it is for parents to connect with their children while communicating the truth of God's Word to them in a way they can understand. With degrees in Creative Writing, Biblical Studies and Education, Laurie has more than twelve years of experience in teaching the Bible to young children as well as writing Sunday School curriculum for her local church. Her passion is to equip parents with the resources they need to create meaningful connections with their children in an atmosphere that cultivates heart-change.

ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

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I Would Love Your Feedback!

Please follow the link below to share your thoughts about this story in a brief questionnaire, and I will send you a free digital copy of

*The Promised Child—25 Days of Scripture Readings
about the Coming of Jesus.*

www.lauriechristine.com/christmas-survey

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