Jesus Christ was born . . .
Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

I don't know that I'll sing that familiar carol again without picturing the adorable angels, donkeys and sheep who bellowed out the message with all they had.

It was the church Christmas program and it warmed my heart in great measure to feel the enthusiasm of the bright-eyed three, four and five year olds. The week prior, I asked them to sing as loud as possible the next time through because we weren't getting much sound.

And LOUD they were. I loved their response but made an attempt to remind them to use their loud "singing" voices rather than "shouting" voices. Well some were already hooked on shouting the message. The louder they shouted, the louder others sang. They were so excited and what more could you ask of them?

Turns out that one of the loudest little sheep got sick and couldn't be there, but her brother shouted out for both of them with great gusto.

I really don't know how anyone could have listened and watched the little choir without having a boost of happy Christmas spirit. Two of the sweet angels chose not to sing at all. They stood up on cue with each song but uttered not a word. Singing in front of a crowd just wasn't in their plan.

They were certainly eager and proud to wave to their grandparents, however. It takes all personalities to make for an interesting world.

I wonder if there was some magic in the angel costumes as everyone was so quiet and patient throughout the whole program. Maybe the halos shouldn't be packed away too deep so we can see if the angelic magic works in Sunday school as well.

Yes, another year has quickly passed since that special night in Bethlehem. There's reason to restage the birth and celebrate the whole miracle again and again.

Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born!!