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**Jesus' Birthday: Sacred Children Series – 2 of 3**

**By Skye Thomas**

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I had visions of my daughter for about five years before she finally showed up. She turned out exactly like the little girl in my dreams who had haunted me all that time. I was so very glad to see that she was alive and real. I always thought she must somehow be more magical and special than other normal kids.

Her older brother had told her about reincarnation when she was only two years old. She would later yell at me during her tantrums, "Next time I'm born, I'm not gonna be your daughter!!!" I'd always laugh at her and say, "Oh yes you will! You have to be my daughter forever and ever!" She'd storm off to her room until she was done being angry about whatever it is that little girls get angry about.

She always acted like an old woman who was wiser than my son and I were. We had just sort of gotten used to the baby in the family behaving as the old one. When she was three she asked me one day, "Do you know why I was late?"

As I continued messing with my makeup and fixing my hair in the bathroom mirror I asked her, "Late for what?"

"For being born."

She had been due on Christmas Eve and instead had decided to show up on New Year's Eve. "Why were you late?"

"Well," She replied quite matter of factly. "It was Jesus' birthday and I didn't want to leave early."

I was a bit taken aback, "Who told you about Jesus?" I'm not a traditional Christian and hadn't told my children anything about the traditional organized religions yet. We didn't have any family or friends around who would have told her of such things. How in the world did she know about Jesus?

"Jesus is my friend. He lives in heaven with Michael and Cracker."

"Who's Michael and Cracker?"

She looked at me like I was silly for not knowing as she said, "Michael's my friend. He's going to help me find my new dad. Cracker is a clown and goes like this." With that she started rolling around and doing somersaults and trying to do cartwheels. Then she stopped and looked up at me and said, "They're still up in heaven playing with Jesus. When I get done with this life, I'm going back up there to play and I'm not coming down again."

"Why? Don't you like it here?"

With a rather bored look on her face she said, "Yeah, but I've already learned all my lessons and I only came because you wanted me to."

"Are you upset that I pulled you away from your friends?"

"No, I love you, so I came back. But I'm just not coming back again after I'm all done helping you this time." With that, we pretty much established that she was indeed the old soul caretaker of the family. We kind of already knew that.

Over the next couple of years, she would prove over and over that Michael was helping her to find her new dad. I was a single parent longing for my soulmate to come find me. In reference to my love life, she knew things she had no business knowing. She was told about things before they happened. Michael was always telling her secrets about the men I was dating. Michael was always right. She seemed a bit bored by the whole thing.

She made me believe that Jesus must have been real. I had never really been quite sure until my three year old talked of him without ever having been taught of him. She seemed so self-assured and at peace with the concept. She never spoke of God, just of her buddies and how they all loved to play together. She missed them dearly and yet she was never really alone. I would find her playing with Cracker and Michael in her room all of the time. It was all very different from her brother who had an imaginary playmate for a short time. She didn't have to sit and think about it. She didn't giggle as she "played" at having conversations with them. She was at peace with the fact that they were as real as her brother and me. Michael was her favorite and he was the one who told her precognitive things on a frequent basis.

I wasn't surprised that a child of mine would have a "friend" named Michael who told her things about the future. He was a member of our family until the ladies at the preschool told her that Michael wasn't real and she believed them. Once they convinced her that he wasn't real, she quit "seeing" him. At this point in time, she's not yet convinced herself that he's real and therefore still doesn't "see" or "hear" him anymore. A side effect they probably didn't consider when telling her that Michael was only make believe, is that she no longer "hears" or "sees" or "remembers" Jesus anymore either. By taking her best friend in the spiritual world away from her, they also took Jesus away from her. It broke my heart

to see her turn away from Michael.

Now that she's older, she's a little bitter about it all. She wants to reconnect with Michael, Cracker, and Jesus, but she just doesn't believe in it all anymore. I tell her that someday, when she's ready, they'll come back to her. They're still here. She hopes I'm right. She's always seemed a bit unsure of herself since losing that deep and amazing spiritual connection with them. She is still a caretaker by nature, but her soul doesn't seem quite so old and wise anymore. She may not remember, but I hold the memories for her. The one thing I've learned about guardian angels is that they always look over us whether we believe in them or not.

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Skye Thomas began writing books and articles with an everyday practical approach to life in 1999 after twenty years of studying spirituality, metaphysics, astrology, personal growth, motivation, and

parenting. After years of high heels and business clothes, she is currently enjoying working from home in her pajamas. Go to

to read more of her articles and to get a free preview

of one of her books.

## **Lisa's Christmas**

**By Bonnie Kettenbach**

Lisa was born into a loving Christian family and went through life knowing of The Lord and his supreme sacrifice. She was accustomed to Amazing Grace each Sunday and saying grace before meals. Lisa knew of the birth of baby Jesus; that worshippers came from far and wide bearing gifts. After all this was no ordinary birth.

One day while in the car with her mother when Lisa was about 8 years old, she saw a sign saying Merry Xmas. "What does that mean?" she asked her mother. "Well" said her mother "I believe it used to be a cross however over the years it has gotten turned". "OK but why a cross" asked Lisa "It is the birth of Christ not X"

Her mother proceeded to explain that people are so hurried now they don't take the time to write out the full word and by not doing so they change the meaning entirely. Well Lisa was determined she was never going to write Christmas that way.

Lisa also knew of gifts at Christmas and again had a question "Why do we give gifts to each other when it is Christ's Birthday not ours?"

"Good Point" replied her mom " Love is a Christian act and giving is too so these are Gods principals

being followed" "OK said Lisa now I understand"

Christmas Morning Lisa came downstairs; in her hand was an envelope. There was a beautiful tree and loads of presents. Lisa did not seem to care. She was anxious about something. "What is wrong?" her mom asked. "Nothing replied Lisa but I have no gifts for you. I have one gift and it is for the one having the birthday."

She opened the envelope and in it was a letter to Jesus Here is what it said

Dear Jesus

Happy Birthday! I love you very much and wanted you to know I remembered. I don't know why so many people lose sight of what this day really means but I promise never to do that. I promise you to try a little harder this year to be nicer to those that are mean to me and to love those that don't love me. I promise to try to talk to you more often not just when things go bad for me. Most of all Jesus I promise to keep Christ in my heart so that those I touch you will touch also.

I hope your birthday is special and at least for one day in honor of it I hope everyone will be nice and loving to each other and help others.

Thank you for everything Lord

Love Lisa

When her parents got done reading the letter they both were in tears. Sometimes the eyes of a child can see things so clearly.

Heres wishing you all a merry Christmas and remember please leave the Christ in Christmas.

Bless You all

Bonnie

Bonnie Kettenbach

Just a person trying to make it on the net.  
owner of 13 safelists and 1 advertising site  
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