

My story is not about love between a man and a woman, but about Love.

In one little village lived a family, consisted of the mother and her son Jack. They weren't the rich people, that is why Jack had a great yearn before Christmas because other children had received their presents. His mother worked like a dog but she didn't have an opportunity to buy a gift for her son. Jack didn't mind his mother was tight-fisted but realized she couldn't do more. Jack had an experience instinct that this Christmas would be wonderful. He asked a gift not for himself but for his mother.

An in the Heaven there was an Angel, who had a tiny role. He wanted to make somebody happier and to change other's attitude to him. He did the Wonder deliberately.

And at Christmas morning, when everyone slept, only Jack talked later into night with his mother. Suddenly they saw a light but when they came out, the Angel had disappeared and only a big bright box with a new coat for Mother and beautiful book for Jack was there.

They didn't take it for granted and were thankful for God.

That was the most wonderful Christmas both for them and for Angel because making other people happier is the sovereign good.