

The Christmas of the Warblers



The warblers, from the family of perchers, were softly whistling at the top of the ever-greens. A sparrow, passing by, came to inform them of the imminent birth of the Little King, foretold by the prophets for thousands of years. They were immediately on the watch. Soon, there appeared on the horizon, a couple wearily walking slowly. They were going to Bethlehem to register in the census decreed by the Emperor. However, the couple came up against closed doors. The affluence had taken all hotels by storm. And in this bustle, there was no room for the poor.

Attracted by the aura of holiness emanating from this couple, the warblers decided to discreetly escort it. The couple found a refuge in an timeworn stable and took shelter in it for the night because the Lady, obviously, was going to give birth to a Child. In this sweet night which, centuries later, would be known as “the most wonderful night of the world”, the most beautiful Child on earth was born.

The warblers had nothing to offer the Babe except the timid beauty of their song, since their warbling did not have the range of that of the blackbirds or the chaffinches. But it was pleasing to Mary.

The ornithologists of the future will be able to translate the warblers’ song with the words: “Am I little? Am I little?” Already, at the first light of dawn, the choir of warblers had taken up its position on the beams of the stable. Along the way, the rising sun conspired with the birds by fixing what was like golden shavings on the warblers’ breasts, stamped like as many little monstres on their beautiful feathers.

Charmed by their presence, Mary took pleasure in listening to their song which echoed: “Am I little? Am I little?” On this Christmas night, maybe she saw herself a little bit in these words sung by the warblers, she who made herself very humble on earth, to then become the greatest in Heaven.

Jeannine Thiffault Blanchette

From Christmas to the Epiphany

Christmas always returns, with its peace, its hope and its joy, even when the world is caught up in thousands of problems. Similarly, two thousand years ago, everything began with the rejection by men and the bareness of the stable, before ending with the adoration of the three kings, three Magi who had seen in the sky the sign of the incomparable event which had occurred on Earth.

In this regard, we read in *The Poem of the Man-God* by Maria Valtorta, the account of this, from which only the main sentences have been taken up here:

“A star of such an unusual size [like a small moon] is moving forward in the sky of Bethlehem.... From the sphere, which looks like a huge pale sapphire lit up internally by a sun, a trail [of light] departs.. All the precious stones on earth are in the trail that sweeps the sky with a fast undulating movement as if it were alive....

“And with a brighter radiation of light the star stops over the little house on the narrowest side of the square... [Then] the star quickens its shining pulsations and the trail vibrates and wavers faster and faster, drawing a kind of semicircle in the sky. And the sky lights up..

“But the Virgin does not know [anything of this spectacle]. She is awake near her Son’s cradle and is praying. There are splendours in her soul which outdo the splendour with which the star is decorating material things.” (The Poem of the Man-God, vol. 1, pp. 168-169)



*Thus, in union with all the Officers
of the Lady’s Work*

*and to all our readers, big and little, near and far,
we wish the most holy and most joyous Christmas,
the most serene and most encouraging New Year,
and a wonderful feast of the Epiphany lived with the Magi
at the feet of Mary Queen and the King of king.*

Editorial Staff