

# A Ring of Angels

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**Imprint**

A Ring of Angels  
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Thousands of little candles, all trying to outshine one another, sparkled on the branches of the tree – perhaps there were only a hundred. The candles shone so brightly it seemed as if the tree was completely covered with tiny little stars. Emily sat on the carpet in the living room and gazed in awe at the masterpiece. Amongst the candles dangled red glittering baubles, little straw figures and shimmering tinsel. The Christmas tree was especially beautiful this year.

“Emily, would you come back to the breakfast table, please?” her mother called from the dining room. “Your cocoa is getting cold.” Emily scrambled up and walked back to the table. “I can’t wait for this evening,” she said with shining eyes and sipped her cocoa.

Her mother stroked her hair gently. “Neither can I. Daddy will be home soon. Then we can get everything ready and this evening we can sing Christmas carols together. “

Emily’s mother had braided her brown hair. The dimples that appeared when she laughed were the same as Emily’s. They were so looking forward to Christmas. Every Christmas Eve the family sang carols and celebrated Christmas and Emily couldn’t imagine anything she would rather do than sit around the Christmas tree with her parents and sing carols.

Emily’s blonde curls danced around her delicate face. She had shoulder-long hair that was difficult to comb. She was wearing a blue hairband that she had been given two months ago on her fifth birthday. After she had finished eating breakfast with her mother, Emily went back into her room.

Her three angels were waiting for her on the bed. Emily sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at them. “Merry Christmas, my little friends,” she cried out cheerfully. “What are we going to do until it’s time to open the presents?”

“We could play in the snow,” suggested Angelo. It had snowed overnight and there was enough snow to go sledging or build a snowman.

“That’s a good idea,” Emily said happily. The other angels nodded avidly in agreement.

Emily’s angels had always been with her – as long as she could remember. Their names were Angelo, Melek and Noel. The angels were not much larger than Playmobil figures. Their delicate wings glistened in the light and were almost transparent; three little angels who always helped and protected Emily. She told them everything and the angels always found a way to help her.

Unfortunately, her parents could neither hear nor see the angels and so they didn’t believe all the wonderful things they could do. Emily always shared her dreams and wishes with her angels and they were happy to help her make them come true – not only at Christmas.

“What are you waiting for?” said Noel when he noticed that the others were hesitating.

Emily pulled up the zip on her anorak right up to the tip of her nose; her blonde curls peeking out from under her woolly bobble hat. “Well, just look at the weather out there. A bit of sunshine would be much nicer than this thick pea-soup fog, don’t you think?” said Emily and grinned.

“I can only agree with you, my dear. I shall take care of it immediately,” said Melek and closed his eyes for a moment. “The fog will clear in less than hour,” he proudly announced with the authority of a weather expert.

Emily glanced out of the window and looked up at the sky where the first rays of sun were breaking through the grey clouds. “Then off we go into the snow,” she cried and ran down the hall.

Her mother called out from the kitchen door as her daughter dashed by, her blonde curls flying. With an earnest voice she said: “Emily, please stay in the garden and take good care.”

“Yes, Mum. OK.” Emily skipped out into the front garden and promptly threw herself into a big pile of snow.

Her angels laughed and fluttered around her. A band of blue sky was beginning to appear amongst the clouds. Emily was so happy to have the help and protection of her three angels. When she heard sad stories in kindergarten she shared her thoughts and feelings with her angels. This made it easier for Emily to really enjoy the good times.

Once, Paul from kindergarten had told her that his budgerigar had died. Emily felt so sorry for Paul that she had begun to feel bad herself. Emily had felt much better after she had shared her feelings with her angels. With their help she had been even happier when, on the following day, she heard that Paul had been given a new budgerigar.

But today’s feelings were only good. Emily played all afternoon with her little friends in the garden until she was tired. The sky above her was meanwhile deep blue and the last rays of sun glittered like a rainbow in the snow. “I am completely out of breath,” Emily panted and laughed. “Shall we go back into the house? I’m sure Mummy has baked some Christmas biscuits for us.”

She opened the front door and quietly slipped into the hallway. She hung up her anorak on the coat rack and sat down on the mat to take off her wet shoes.

Emily could hear her mother talking on the phone in the kitchen. She quietly moved a little closer. The angels had flown ahead and were waiting for her in her room.

“Oh no, Christian, but that’s awful!” Emily heard her mother cry. She was talking to Emily’s father. He was on a business trip and had planned to be home in the evening. “But we wanted to celebrate

Christmas Eve together and sing carols. Without the singing and an evening together it won't feel like Christmas at all." Her mother sighed deeply. "What a vicious circle ..."

Emily went to her room where the angels were eating the freshly baked special Christmas biscuits. Emily plopped down onto the soft carpet and leaned against her wardrobe. "What's a vicious circle?" she asked gloomily.

"Ah, that's something that adults came up with," said Noel and rolled his eyes.

"It's the opposite of a virtuous circle that brings only good to people. They call it a vicious circle when one bad thing leads to other bad things. Originally, this didn't exist. Mostly, it's the adults who believe this so firmly that it becomes true."

"Why do you want to know?" Angelo asked.

"I heard Mummy saying it on the phone," said Emily.

Just that moment Emily's mother appeared in the doorway of her room. She looked anxious and said: "Emily, I need to talk to you." She shuffled over to Emily's bed; her head hanging down deeply and perched on the edge of the bed. The angels fluttered up and settled down on the window sill. Emily went over to her mother. To make her feel better she sat on her lap and gave her a big hug.

"Daddy has just called," mother said. "He's stuck in a snow storm. The car is snowed under and won't start. We are going to have to celebrate Christmas Eve without him." A tear of disappointment ran down her cheek.

Emily couldn't see what the problem was. "Why doesn't he just ask his angels to help him out of there? Then he can come home and spend Christmas Eve with us."

"Oh, sweetheart, unfortunately there are no angels. I know that you believe there are but in real life angels just can't help," said Emily's mother.

Emily glanced over to the window sill where the three angels were all fiercely shaking their heads. Noel rolled his eyes and Melek called out: “Emily, don’t believe a word of it.” Mother, of course, couldn’t hear him.

“Mummy, I know that everything will be OK,” she assured her. Her mother smiled weakly and went back into the kitchen.

When they were alone Angelo, Melek and Noel all began to talk at the same time. Emily couldn’t understand what they were talking about. “Please don’t all talk at the same time,” she laughed. “Would you please get Daddy out of the snow storm so that he can come home for Christmas Eve?”

“I am so sorry, but unfortunately, we can’t,” Angelo said quietly.

Astonished, Emily asked “You can’t? Why not? You always help me.”

“We can only help because we are *your* angels,” Noel added.

“Everyone has a ring of angels from the moment they are born and they give the person everything they need and protect them.” He pointed to Angelo, Melek and himself. “At some point in the past the adults seem to have decided not to believe in angels anymore. That’s why they can’t see them either.”

“Is that why my mother always says that the angels don’t exist?” Emily asked.

“Yes, she simply cannot remember. And the minute you believe that angels don’t exist you won’t see us anymore either,” said Melek sadly.

“Never!” Emily cried out. “I shall always believe in you.”

“Good,” said Melek relieved. “Now, let’s see what we can do to bring your father home.”

“I thought you couldn’t help him,” said Emily surprised.

“No, we can’t. His angels will have to help. Unfortunately, they have been out of work for years.”

“Out of work?” asked Emily and giggled. It was a funny idea to think that angels could be out of work.

“Well, since he doesn’t see them anymore he also doesn’t confide any of his wishes to them,” said Melek.

“So, where are the angels?” asked Emily. “Wait, I’ll call them,” said Angelo and disappeared.

A short while later he appeared again in Emily’s room. Behind him there were three little angels Emily had never seen before. Two of them were yawning. Obviously, Angelo had woken them up. They sat down wearily on Emily’s bed. “What’s going on?” one of the angels asked.

“My Dad is stuck in a snowstorm and won’t be home in time for the Christmas celebrations. Do you think you could help him?” Emily asked.

“No,” said the angel. “Why should we help him? He has ignored us for years.”

“Please!” begged Emily. “You’re his angels.”

The angel looked into Emily’s big, hopeful eyes and realised that he couldn’t refuse her request. “OK, we’ll help him.”

Less than an hour later, Emily heard the front door open and her father stepped into the hallway.

“Christian! I’m so glad you’re home,” cried Emily’s mother cheerfully and hugged her husband. Emily flew down the stairs and into her father’s strong arms. He was tall and had the same blonde curls as his daughter but his hair was much shorter. Just behind him Emily could see her father’s angels.

“Now we can celebrate Christmas Eve together,” she said happily and winked at the angels gratefully.

Her father followed her gaze. With a grin he asked: “Are you winking at my angels?”

“You can see them, can’t you?” Emily asked excitedly.

“What can you see?” her mother asked somewhat confused.



“It was unbelievable,” said Emily’s father with radiant eyes. He laid his arm around Emily’s shoulder and the other arm around his wife’s shoulders. Together they went into the living room and they sat down next to the Christmas tree.

Emily’s father told them the whole story. He had been sitting in the car while the snow storm raged around him as it slowly became darker and darker. Just as he had given up all hope of driving home before the break of dawn he caught sight of something glittering in the gloom.

“At first, I thought I was imagining things,” he said. “But around me it became lighter and lighter and finally I was able to see where the light was coming from. It was coming from my angels.” He grinned and looked proudly over to his angels who were sitting together with Angelo, Noel and Melek in the branches of the Christmas tree.

“Your angels?” mother asked dubiously looking between her husband and her daughter. “You mean you have angels too? Just like Emily?”

“Everyone has angels. Unfortunately, I forgot I had them,” he said and glanced over to the Christmas tree with a remorseful look on his face. But the angels had already forgiven him. Emily’s mother looked around her but it was quite obvious that she couldn’t see the angels. Nevertheless, she was overjoyed that they were celebrating Christmas together.

They sang and danced merrily around the Christmas tree; the angels fluttering and dancing over their heads. It was a wonderful Christmas Eve with Christmas biscuits, hot sweet tea and lots of great presents. When everybody had eaten and a content and peaceful silence had fallen around them Emily looked up to the Christmas tree where the angels had gathered on the branches of the tree.

“That was a wonderful evening,” Emily said with a big smile. “Thank you all for helping Daddy. It really is a shame that Mummy can’t see her angels but I am so happy that Daddy was able to remember his.”

Noel winked at Emily and whistled quietly. The whistle sounded almost like a tune.

A few moments later Emily saw three unfamiliar angels flutter in the doorway. Her mother remained standing as if rooted to the spot. It was quite clear that she could see them.

“My angels,” she muttered and tears of joy ran down her face. “Now I can remember.”