

Altar Frontal from Avià

GOOD NIGHT, JESÚS

11 December 2008



Once upon a time there was a boy who never wanted to go to sleep; it was impossible to convince him. He always wanted to stay up a little longer, no matter how often he was told:

### **“GOOD NIGHT, JESÚS”**

His mother was desperate. She didn't know what to do to make him go to sleep.

She had tried telling him a story every night, the one about “Cinderella”, “The Three Little Pigs”, even “Sleeping Beauty”, to see if he fell asleep, but no, not even that worked; he continued with his eyes wide open, saying, “No, no, I don't want to go to sleep.”

The boy's guardian angels, worried because a child who doesn't rest can't concentrate properly the next day, got cracking giving the mother ideas to solve the problem.

One angel suggested to her: “Three foreign gentlemen arrived at dawn from far, far away. They've come to the village festival and have set up camp in the outskirts. Perhaps they know some infallible

trick from their country to send children who are wide awake to sleep.”

The mother went to see the three gentlemen. She found them dancing. She asked them what to do and they told her, “There’s nothing better than movement; get your son to dance with us a little and that way he’ll get tired and sleep like a baby.”

But it was no use. Mother and son danced for a couple of hours and the boy’s eyes remained open.

Another guardian angel tried too. He urged the mother to consult her neighbour, the naturopathic doctor, who had some great ideas. And so she went to see the neighbour. She recommended laying the boy down to sleep beneath the donkey and the ox, and with the heat she would see him fall fast asleep.

The donkey and the ox blew and blew as hard as they could, to give him their heat, but to no avail. The boy carried on saying, “No, no, I don’t want to go to sleep.”

The people of the village were talking about the matter everywhere.

“The thing is, this boy has cold feet; as he goes barefoot ...”

“Poor mother. I think the only problem is that this boy is too awake...”

And the boy kept on saying: “No, no, I don’t want to go to sleep.”

Nothing was working – until the angels heard some good news and told her:

“We’ve got the answer. Tomorrow at five o’clock in the evening, a famous hypnotist is coming to the village. He is well known for sending even the sheep to sleep ... Take your son to see him and you’ll see...”

The mother did as they said and took her son to see him.

As the hypnotist was staring into the boy’s eyes he said the magic words:

“If you sleep when you have to sleep, you’ll grow up, and when you grow up you’ll be able to decide what time you want to go to sleep.”

When he heard this, the boy threw himself into his mother's arms and told her:

"I'm so tired, I want to go to sleep, I want to grow up, I'm so tired ..."

The mother looked at him tenderly and thought, "He's an angel at heart."

And the child Jesus fell asleep.

Good night.