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"Hello Abby," he said.
"Why do you look so sad?"

"Hello Santa," she replied.
"I wanted to be a guardian angel,
but I broke my wing, so now I can't.
Everyone wants a guardian angel
to watch over them, but no one
would want me."



"Don't say that Abby," said Santa. "You're a wonderful little angel.
I know right now you are sad, but try not to focus on the things you
cannot do. Always seek to find the things you can do."

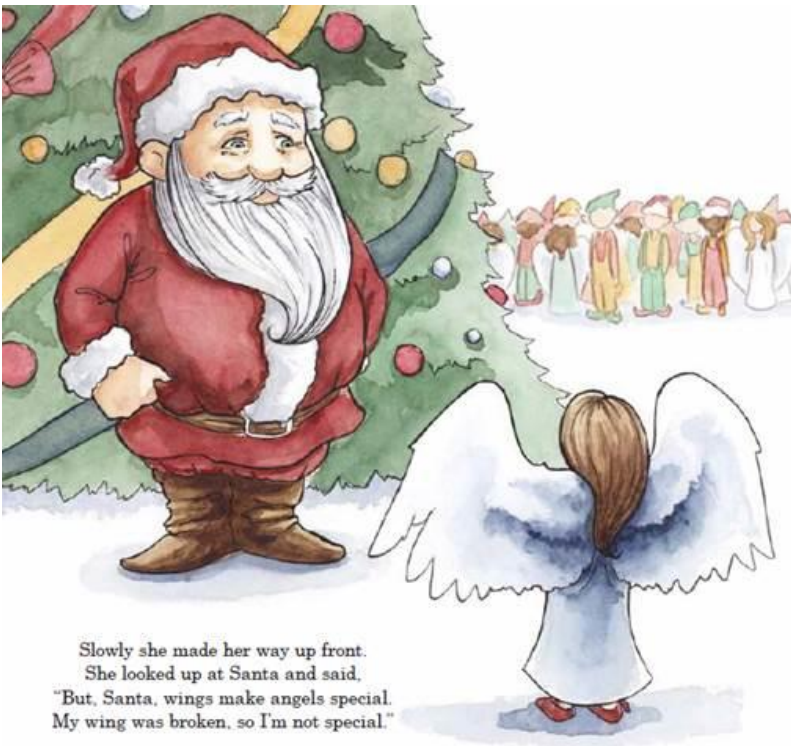
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One day, Santa had an important announcement to make to all of the angels. He told them Miss Beth, the angel on top of his Christmas tree, would like to retire.

"She has watched over the elves in my workshop for many years," he said.
"I need to find an angel to take her place."

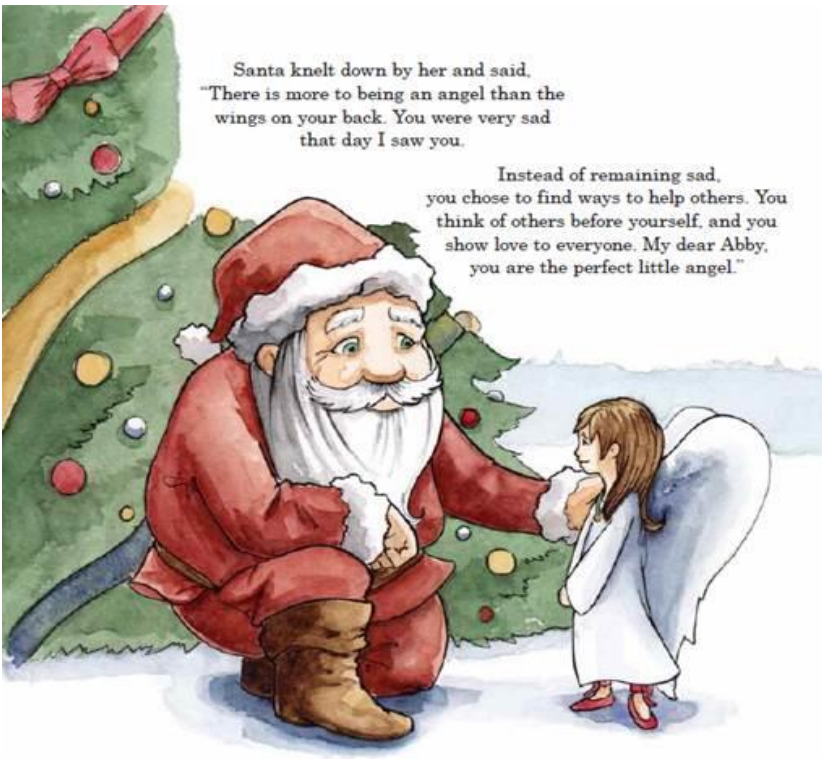
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Slowly she made her way up front.
She looked up at Santa and said,
"But, Santa, wings make angels special.
My wing was broken, so I'm not special."

Santa knelt down by her and said,
"There is more to being an angel than the
wings on your back. You were very sad
that day I saw you.

Instead of remaining sad,
you chose to find ways to help others. You
think of others before yourself, and you
show love to everyone. My dear Abby,
you are the perfect little angel."



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As the others cheered, she flew up and took her place.
Abby knew she now had the best job of all.
She was Santa's little angel.

