



# *A Presentation By: Mike Sharobim*

Pictures By:  
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# Little Angels

An adaptation of  
pictures, words and  
sound.

by: Mike Sharobim



**Once  
upon a  
time  
there was  
a child  
ready to  
be born.**



One day  
the child  
asked God,  
"They tell  
me you are  
going to  
send me to  
earth  
tomorrow"





**“but how  
am I going  
to live there  
being so  
small and  
helpless?”**

God replied,  
"Among the  
many angels,  
I have chosen  
one for you."





She will be  
waiting for you  
and will take  
care of you".



**"But" said the child,**

**"here in  
Heaven I  
don't do  
anything  
else but  
sing and  
smile."**





**That's what  
I need to  
be happy!"**

God said,  
"Your angel  
will sing for  
you every day.  
And you will  
feel your  
angel's love  
and be  
happy".



"And, said the child,



**"How am I going  
to be able to  
understand  
when people talk  
to me, if I don't  
know the  
language that  
men talk?"**



**"That's easy", God said  
"Your angel will tell you the  
most beautiful and sweet  
words you will ever hear,**





**and with much  
patience and  
care, your  
angel will teach  
you how to  
speak".**

**The child  
looked up  
at God  
saying,**





**"And what  
am I going  
to do when  
I want to  
talk to  
you?"**

God smiled at the  
child saying,





**"your angel  
will place  
your hands  
together  
and will  
teach you  
how to  
pray".**



**The child said, "I've heard on  
earth there are bad men."**

who will  
protect  
me?"






**God put his arm around the child, saying,**



**"your angel will defend you - even if it  
means risking life!"**



**The child looked sad, saying, "But I will always be sad because I will not see you anymore".**

God hugged  
the child





"Your angel will always talk to you about me and will teach you the way to come back to me, even though I will always be next to you".

At that  
moment  
there was  
much peace  
in Heaven,  
but voices  
from earth  
could already  
be heard.



**The child in a  
hurry, asked  
softly,**



"Oh God,  
if I am  
about to  
leave now  
please  
tell me my  
angel's  
name!"





**God replied,  
"Your angel's  
name is of no  
importance...  
you will  
simply call  
her**



"MOMMY!"

# The End

With compliments: <http://free-self-help.com> and <http://rules-for-ratbags.com>