

The Kindness Star

A Christmas Fantasy

William Loader



“What do think it was like when Jesus was born?” asked Matthew.
“I don’t know,” said Rachel. “Just like with anyone else, I suppose.”
“But suppose it was something very special,” said Matthew.
“We’ll never know,” said Rachel.
“Then I will imagine what it was like,” said Matthew.



So Matthew turned over in bed, said “Good night” to his sister and fell fast asleep.

In the middle of the night he had a dream. Was it a dream? He dreamt he saw a star. The star did not stand still. It kept moving about in the sky. “What’s the matter?” he asked the star. “Are you lost?”

“No,” said the star. “I’m looking for kindness.”

“You’re looking for what?” asked Matthew.

“Kindness,” repeated the star. “Kindness makes you well and makes others well. I can’t find it,” said the star. “I looked down on the city of Jerusalem and all I saw was a greedy king, Herod, who just wanted all the power for himself and wanted to kill anyone who could take it away from him.”

“Really?” said Matthew.

“Yes, he even killed his wife and some of his children and now he’s wanting to kill all little boys who might grow up to be kings.”

“That’s terrible,” said Matthew.

“Yes,” said the star, “so terrible I rushed over to the other side of the sky where the sun comes up.”

“What did you see there?” asked Matthew.

“I saw three men on camels travelling through the desert.”

“Is that all?” remarked Matthew. “What’s so remarkable about that?”

“Well,” said the star, “they were carrying presents.”

“Where are they now?” asked Matthew.

“They’re on their way across many countries and they are heading west.”

“So you did find some kindness?” said Matthew.

“Well, yes, I did,” said the star, “because as they went into new countries people welcomed them and helped them find something to eat and gave them shelter when they were cold. They spoke a different language, so people tried to help them find what they needed.”

“Where are they now?” asked Matthew.

“That’s the trouble,” said the star. “They have disappeared. They came as far as Jerusalem and I think Herod must have captured them and he is far from kind. He’ll want to kill them, too”.

The star became so sad at this point that it shed some tears and it started to rain. It rained and rained and in his dream Matthew found himself floating down a stream, all the way to a little town called Bethlehem. He just managed to grab hold of a tree on the banks of the river and pull himself out. Then he noticed that there were others in the stream, too, who were in real danger. He reached a hand to them too and dragged them ashore. He was exhausted, as were those whom he rescued, and fell fast asleep in his dream.

Sleep, when you dream, does not last long and soon he woke up along with all the others whom he had rescued. There was a loud noise which probably woke them up. It was the noise of three camels trudging down the road and as he looked up he saw a star. It was the star that had been speaking with him.



“Found it! Found it!” cried the star and became so excited that it burned more brightly than ever. “Come with me!” So Matthew and his rescued friends rubbed their eyes, stretched their legs, and hobbled along behind the camels. Soon they all arrived to see a family camped on the side of the road. There was a mum and dad and a baby they had put in a feeding box usually used for animals which they found near a paddock.

It was still night but the star’s light was so bright that Matthew could see everything. The three men on the camels gave presents to the mum and dad and said: “This baby is going to be the king of kindness. One day he will help to spread kindness across the whole wide world.”

The star seemed to smile as if it knew and grew brighter.

Then it shone its light directly on Matthew.

“Found it! Found it!” it cried.

Matthew was sure the star had heard what the three men said.

“Found it! Found it!” it cried again, this time hovering directly over

Matthew. This made Matthew confused. Had the star not understood? Then in the quietist whisper the star came right down to Matthew’s ear and said. “He’s going to be the king of kindness, but I also found the kindness in you when you helped rescue those men who were drowning.”

Matthew felt very warm and so happy that he suddenly awoke from his dream. His mum had come in and turned the light on. It was a winter morning and he would need to get up to go to school. Half asleep from his dream, he blurted out: “I won’t let him do it! I won’t. I want the king of kindness to live!” His mum was puzzled. “Herod! No!”

When he finally woke up properly, he forgot most of his dream as people do sometimes when they become wide awake, but one thing kept going through his mind: “I’ll follow the star. I’ll follow the king of kindness. And one day I may tell people my story and I won’t let Herod and hate ever win.”

And he did, but then Herod had some very nasty friends. There will always be kindness and there will always be people who want to kill kindness.

