

The Littlest Handbell

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I have a story today about someone who thought being small was no good.

This story happened a few years ago in a church sort of like this one. This church had a beautiful set of shiny handbells like the ones that are here today. Each week, all the handbells would gather at the long tables to practise for the Sunday church service. They had an important job for they made the music for the congregation to praise God.

Now, there were different sizes of bells, each one with a different name. There was the big C, the big B, the middle F, the middle D and many others. The littlest handbell was the little C (each bell rings as their name is called).

Little C was a very unhappy bell. She didn't like being the tiniest bell in the choir. She wanted to grow up and ring loudly like big C could. It always seemed like the big bells got to do more exciting music and they got to ring more often. Little C felt left out at the choir practice. She only got to ring once or twice and she was very sad.

The next week when it was time to practise, the other bells noticed that little C wasn't there. She had never missed a rehearsal before. Where could she be? Was she sick?

The bells started chattering all at once and making lot of noise. Finally big C spoke up and said, "Let's try rehearsing a little - maybe if she hears us she'll come. "

So they began their warmup scales. (C scale without top note) But it didn't sound right without little C. "We must find her!" said Big C. "We cannot make beautiful music without little C!"

So the handbells began searching all through the church for little C. They searched the nursery but all that they found were some toys. They searched in the kitchen, neither the pots or pans had seen her. They searched in the office but all was quiet there too! Then down the hall they heard something! (C rings) They followed the sound to the choir room and there under the desk was little C. She was looking a bit tarnished and she was crying softly. The other bells gathered around her and gently asked, "What's wrong little C? Why don't you come and make music with us?"

"I'm not an important bell - you don't need me" she said.

"What makes you think that?" said the other bells.

"Well, I am smaller than all of you and I can't ring as loudly" said little C. "God doesn't need me to make music for him. The big bells get to ring all the time. God must love them more. God probably can't even hear my sound in heaven."

"Little C that's not true! God loves all of us big and small. We need to all work together to praise God and make music, even the littlest bells. Please come and practice with us and you'll see how important you are!"

So little C went back to her spot at the practice table. They started to play (C scale) and music sounded just right.

Always try to remember that we are like the bells in the story - some of us are big and some of us are small. But God loves us all the same because we are all important parts of his kingdom.