



King, Peasant, Servant a Christmas fairy tale for adults

Two thousand years ago, in the near of Bethlehem, there lived a king, a peasant and a servant. When the king rode through the streets on his horse, the peasant fell on his knees before him and kissed the hem of his robe. When the peasant rode across the fields on his donkey, the servant bowed down and took his hat off his head. But if the servant met anyone, no one greeted him. Only a small stray dog clung to him one day and would not leave him anymore.

When the king was in a bad mood, he threw the peasant in jail for a day. If the farmer had drunk too much, he called the servant and made him chop wood on holiday. If the servant was unhappy, he whistled at the little stray dog and beat it with a stick. Thus the peasant was afraid of the king, the servant of the peasant and the dog of the servant.

But the king was also afraid. He was afraid of death.

Life was divided into strict social classes. Thus, the king forbade his children to play with the peasant's children. The peasant, in turn, forbade his children to play with the servant's children. And the servant forbade his children to play with the little masterless dog. However, the king's children, the farmer's children, and the servant's children were not afraid of death, not of the king, not of the farmer, and not of the servant. They were afraid of the punishment. The children were sad, because they could not tell the difference between the child of a king, the child of a peasant and the child of a servant.

But one day there was a shining star to see in the sky over Bethlehem. In a stable in the middle of the field Christ was born. The king heard about it from the Wise Men, the farmer from the shepherds and the servant from a shepherd boy. The three Wise Men, the shepherds and the shepherd boy told of their encounters with the child as if they had received a great gift from him. Without knowing about each other, the king, the farmer and the servant set out to look for the child. When they met each other outside the stable in the middle of the field, they were embarrassed. But Mary, who had given birth to the child, smiled at them and asked them to come closer. And when they saw the child in the manger, suddenly a great joy pervaded them. And they did what the Wise Men, the shepherds and the shepherd boy had done. They knelt down and worshiped him.

"Take away my fear of death," the king begged.

"Take away my fear of the king," the peasant begged.

"Take away my fear of the farmer," the servant begged.

Then the child began to cry because he recognized that he would die on the cross one day for the king, the peasant and the servant.

Early in the morning the three men returned home together, the king in his castle, the farmer in his farmhouse and the servant in his hut. After this event one knew about the other's fear then, but faith in the child which grew in the moment they saw him gave them the strength to overcome..

And already on the following day the children of the king, the children of the farmer and the children of the servant played together with the little stray dog. He, too, no longer needed to be afraid, because Christ had given him his smile as a representative of all living creatures.

How much more peaceful and livable our world could be if we only showed more respect, mindfulness, patience and love to each other.



Merry Christmas