



*The Puppy
Who Found
The
Baby Jesus*



By

Edith S. Weigand

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With Illustrations by Deborah Grebenar

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A wonderful thing happened one wintry night long ago. It was cold and crystals of dew covered the ground. The stars shone like sparkling diamonds in the dark clear sky. On a hillside outside the little town of Bethlehem, shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks. The sheep were quiet, except for some soft bleating now and then, and the animals stayed near the shepherds who sat in a circle on the ground.



One of the shepherds had a small puppy wrapped in the corner of his woolen cape to keep it warm.

“This little dog must be lost,” the young shepherd said to his companions. “He’s cold and hungry.”

“We don’t need a stray dog to feed,” said another shepherd. “It doesn’t look like a sheep dog. It won’t be any use to us. Let it go find somewhere else to live.”

“I’ll share my bread and cheese with him,” the kind young shepherd replied. “I’d like to keep him, please.”

Suddenly, a great light shone all around them, and the shepherds were terribly frightened because they didn’t know what the bright light was. As they stood there trembling in fear, an angel spoke to them, and said,

“Do not be afraid. I bring you great and joyful news for all people! Today, in King David’s town of Bethlehem, a Baby has been born, and he is the Saviour of the world. Now this is a sign for you. You will find the Baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.”



After the angel finished speaking, a great many angels appeared and they all sang praises to God in their beautiful voices.

Then the angels went back into heaven, and left the shepherds looking up after them. The shepherds could hardly believe what

they had just seen. Imagine! Seeing and hearing angels!

Still holding the puppy tightly, the young shepherd spoke first.

“Let’s go to Bethlehem and find this newborn Baby the angel told us about.”

“Yes! Yes! Let’s go right now!” another shepherd agreed. “We must go and see this thing that has happened. Leave the puppy here, young’un. You can’t take a dog with you to see the Saviour!”

The young shepherd put the puppy down and patted its head. “You stay here, little one,” he said quietly.



“We’ll be back soon. Please don’t scare the sheep or you won’t get to camp with us ever again!”

The little dog watched the band of shepherds go down the hillside toward Bethlehem. He suddenly decided he would follow them and scampered across the crunchy ground as fast as he could. It wasn’t far to the edge of the town where he caught up with the shepherds.



“Bethlehem has many stables with mangers,” said one of the shepherds. “How shall we know where to

start looking for the Baby?”

The puppy pointed his nose up towards the sky and sniffed the air. His tail began to wag and he set off down the hard dirt-packed street. He headed for an inn that had candle lights burning in the window.



“Oh, there goes your nuisance pup! Going to beg for a meal from the innkeeper now, I suppose,” the grumpy shepherd said. “Let’s get on with our search.”

“Wait a minute!” the young shepherd exclaimed. “The dog is going around to the back of the inn. There’s a stable there, and look! There’s a circle of light all around it! Someone is in there! Maybe it’s the newborn Baby and his parents.”



The shepherds watched the little dog to see what he was going to do next. He entered the stable, and began to make happy whimpering noises like puppies do when they see someone they know and like very much. He laid down flat on his stomach and stretched his front paws toward the manger. A tall man

with a beard bent down and whispered, “Shhhhh!” to the puppy. A lovely young woman sat nearby on the straw. Two cows and a donkey stood in



the other stalls around the family, and were being very quiet.



The shepherds were sure they had found the right place when the father lifted the Baby out of the manger and laid him in his mother's arms. They all knelt down and worshipped the newborn Saviour.



The little dog sat up on his haunches to get a glimpse of the Baby. Oh! What a beautiful child! He knew he would never forget who the Baby was whenever they met again. Then the shepherds got up and left the stable, still amazed at everything that had

happened that night. The young one picked up the puppy on the way out. As they walked back toward the field where they had been keeping their sheep, he said,

“If it hadn’t been for this little stray dog, we might have searched a long time before finding the Baby. I think he deserves a good meal and a warm place to sleep tonight.”

The other shepherds agreed, even the grumpy one.





The Puppy Who Found The Baby Jesus

A little black Scottie dog is in the right place at the right time on the first Christmas Eve. Following the shepherds to Bethlehem is the best decision he has ever made. This may be how Scottie dogs first learned to think for themselves.

Ages 3-6



In a flight of literary fantasy, Edith S. Weigand has enabled a stray Scottish Terrier to help the Bethlehem shepherds find the right stable on a cold winter night. Weigand's real dogs have appeared in two previous books, *The Adventures of Donnechad's Piper*, and *Scottie Robbie, The Story of a True Champion*. She lives in Denver with her two Rescue Scotties, Mandy and Abby. She is a freelance writer for Great Scots Magazine, is a member of the Dog Writers Association of America, and author of a number of other books.


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