

Gloria in excelsis Deo – A song for black ears

„Quiet! Listen!“, said Ramy cautiously to the other sheep there in the meadow near Bethlehem. “Don’t you hear anything?” But the other sheep lifted their heads just only for one short moment and then they quickly went on searching for young grass. They looked after their little ones, were cautious enough not to come too near to Checky, the shepherd’s hound, and didn’t matter Ramy standing alone in the midst of the green pasture.



“Do you really hear nothing?”, Ramy went on without harm. But there was no answer. Once again he was to mention, that nobody liked him over there in the flock around Bethlehem. But it was not, because of he was ram, and that with pretty twisted horns. It was because of his colour: Unfortunately he was all over black.

In no moment he didn’t feel this more serious than just now, that he meant to hear in the hindmost ear an enjoying little melody. And with manly curiousness he was due to find out, what that meant.

Surely he found it evil by his fellows, that he always was put on the left hand side. He had never done so much bad things, as they always said,. Well, he had never been the calmest all the time they were together there behind Bethlehem. But there really were some worse guys. In the time running he had managed to live with the black colour and he did things his own way. But he hadn’t really put up with it.

It was obvious, that the others really hadn’t heard anything. So he decided against normal use to go up to Checky. The hound stood there with his ears straight standing upwards. Quickly he further went searching the shepherds. And it was just as he had expected: There was some important thing going to happen. The shepherds were mentioning something up in the highest, and they were speaking wildly gesticulating to one another. It was such as someone was speaking to them. Two minutes later everything was over. Only his little fine melody was going on sounding softly in his ear. The shepherds started moving towards the stable. But it was not yet the time to go homewards! What had happened? And the nearer they came to the stable, the better he could follow the melody in his ear. And then they all saw, where the shepherds had been going up to.

They were to stay long with Mary and Josef. They had to tell it three times, why they all had come. And by the way they were going back to their fields, Ramy went on thinking: “Why was it, that I had mentioned the singing so much earlier than the other sheep?” Normally he was the last one to get to know what was just going on.

The babe in the manger had looked upon him in some special way, so as if it was already waiting for him for a long time. And at the moment they had decided to leave the stable it had just a little bit lifted his right hand, only for him. Well, they had all been busy to have a deep look into the manger. But the babe hadn’t looked upon anyone more kindly and need than up to him. He had surely mentioned that! He had grown warm in his cheeks. And he was still thinking about all that, when they had already been back over there to their pastures.

And then Ramy thought back to the song. Only over there in the stable he had recognized the words, which were sung: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” He had become more patient. And peaceful. Really content. For the first time in his life he had meant to have the feeling, that this little child was really fond more of the black than of the white sheep. It seemed to him, that all the shepherds, the sheep and Checky, the hound, were not so important to this child than him. Could that be so? He couldn’t have failed to understand it right! He was meant! Only him!

And then he felt, that he had to go back quickly. He was rushing and nearly galloping on his way to the stable. Camels were standing there now. Cautiously he opened the door and took a short view around the corner. More people had come. A black man was there also. They were happily talking with one another just like on a party. But just the moment he looked around, the babe turned his head towards the door and beckoned him to come near. And at the moment he was near the manger, the babe seemed to be speaking. Obviously he understood it far in his hindmost ear. It was as if the babe was saying: “I have not come for all the ninety nine, but only for the one sheep, that is going to be lost!” And from that time Ramy, the black sheep, was right up proud, not to be white ...