

*The Play*

# MICHAEL, THE UNIMPORTANT ANGEL

*Feast*

29th Sunday / Year B

*Characters*

Narrator  
Michael, an unimportant angel  
Gabriella, Michael's friend



*Props*

A feather duster.  
An apron worn by Michael.  
A jacket and tie for Michael to "change into."  
Several stars somehow hung overhead.  
A ladder.

*Also needed*

Someone offstage to make the stars fall.

*Suggestions*

This story involves a small bit of audience participation at the end. It also requires some "special effects." The stars must be rigged so that some of them can fall from the sky. Two strings can be strung clothesline-like with stars on them. Someone on the side can cut one side of the strings from "offstage." You can also use slip knots with one end held by someone offstage. At the appropriate time, a tug on the string causes the stars to fall.

Michael begins offstage in a button shirt without the tie. His jacket and tie wait "offstage." The ladder can be in place under the stars or carried out by Michael on his entrance. Of course, Michael can be Michelle, and Gabriella can be Gabriel.

*Running Time*

15 minutes.

NARRATOR

*Michael enters,  
climbs his ladder  
and begins dusting.*

You've all heard stories about Michael, the Archangel. The first, the best, the leader of the angels. The prince of the angels. But, have you ever heard about the other Michael—Michael, the unimportant angel? While all of the other angels were out being guardians, watching out for people on the earth, or fighting cosmic battles, Michael's job was to guard the stars. Well, really, he was a star duster. The stars didn't need guarding; they just needed to be kept clean. He had to dust the stars so they would shine brightly on earth, so when children looked up into the sky on clear nights, they would see the stars shimmering. The problem was Michael didn't much like his job.

MICHAEL

This job is so boring. I'm such a loser. All I ever get to do is dust these silly stars. I don't even know why I'm doing it! I'd rather be doing some important job . . .  
(*pouting*) like all of the other angels! Who cares about what I do!

NARRATOR

Right then and there Michael decided he would leave his place in the sky and go and find adventure in some other galaxy.

MICHAEL

*Michael puts down  
the duster in disgust  
and removes  
his apron.  
He exits.*

I'm outta here. I'm tired of being an unimportant angel. I want to be a . . . a chief executive angel! Yes, a CEA. Even being an associate assistant vice president angel would be better than this! I don't want to care for the stars. I want to *be* a star!

NARRATOR

*Offstage, Michael  
puts on his jacket  
and tie.  
The stars begin  
to fall, and,  
if possible, the  
lights in the church  
dim or go out.*

Do you know what happened then? Since the stars had no one to care for them, they began to lose their shine. People on the earth looked up into the sky and they could barely see the stars. And then a horrible thing began to happen. The stars became so heavy with dust that one by one they began to fall from the sky. Now the sky was dark every night. Even the moon lost its glow because she missed her friends, the stars.

**NARRATOR**

*Michael returns in  
jacket and tie,  
very stressed.*

**MICHAEL**

*He sees the stars  
on the ground.  
He picks one up.  
He sits sadly  
on the ladder.*

**NARRATOR**

*Gabriella enters.*

**GABRIELLA**

Meanwhile, back in another galaxy far, far away, Michael had found that the angel corporate life was too stressful. His new business had gone wings down (that's "belly up" to you and me). He longed for the simple life, just caring for the stars, so he decided to return, but when he arrived home, he couldn't believe his eyes.

O my heavens, my stars have fallen from the sky. What am I going to do? I'm such a failure. The one thing in life that I was asked to do and I have failed.

Michael began to cry. He felt so alone. What he didn't know was that he had a friend, another angel whose name was Gabriella. I bet you didn't know that angels had guardian angels. Gabriella heard Michael crying and came to comfort him.

Michael, don't cry. I know how you feel. All is not lost. Perhaps we can find some children to gather the falling stars . . . children with helping hands. If they can help us, the stars will again shine brightly.

**NARRATOR**

*Michael and  
Gabriella have  
children help them  
pick up the stars  
and hold them high  
over head. They  
should ad lib lines  
of request: "Will  
you help us?" etc.*

*The lights come  
back on as  
the children hold  
the stars.*

So Michael and Gabriella enlisted the helping hands of children to gather the stars. All of a sudden, Michael realized what he had never known before.

MICHAEL

What I do is important; it makes a difference. If I care for these stars with love, then children on earth will be happy when they look up in the sky. They can dream and they can wish. They can imagine lyres and lions and ladles. I'm doing this for them and not for myself.

GABRIELLA

Yes, Michael, even the least significant thing done out of love and with helping hands makes a difference.

NARRATOR

*Michael begins  
dusting again,  
dusting noses  
as well as stars.*

Jesus tells us that one day the earth as we know it will pass, but it is love that is the heart of the matter. It is love expressed in deeds that will always remain.

