Many years ago, there lived a greedy and selfish king named Herod. He loved nothing more than being king.

So when Herod heard that a new king was coming, he grew angry.

When he found out the new king was a little baby, he grew even angrier.

This shall not be! thought Herod. Only I am king.

So he gave his soldiers a terrible command, the worst command he’d ever given. The worst command anyone could ever give.

Go! he told his soldiers. Go and kill all the babies! That way, none of them can be king.

Herod’s soldiers obeyed that terrible command.
Warned of Herod’s plans by the angel Gabriel, Joseph, Mary, and little Baby Jesus fled into Egypt, so the soldiers never found the new King they were looking for.

But they found many other baby boys. And it was a dreadful, horrible night.

Years later, on a dark and dreary Friday, the Roman soldiers killed Jesus, the same King that Herod had sought so many years before.

This time, the King was all grown up, and He had a plan.

The next day, right after He died on the Cross, Jesus went down into the place where all the saints before Him were waiting. There He found Moses and Miriam, Noah and Joseph, and a host of other good men and women. He carried them all up to Heaven, where there was great rejoicing!

But the greatest rejoicing of all was for the children … for the little babies who had so long ago been victims of the violence of Herod.

King Herod may have loved his bejeweled crown, but his crown is dust now.

The most beautiful crowns rest on the heads of those children in Heaven, where they reign like kings and queens above.

While the world grows old and grey, they stay always young and pure.

Heaven has always been a merry place, but it is even merrier now because of those children.

We call them the Holy Innocents.
The Holy Innocents

Born in Israel, First Century A.D.
Died in the First Century A.D.

The Holy Innocents were the many babies slaughtered by King Herod in his effort to find and kill the Baby Jesus. We do not know their names. We do not know exactly how many of these babies there were. But we know that they are precious to Jesus. And in their littleness and meekness, they are holy and powerful.