

An Unexpected Christmas

NARRATOR 1: Have you ever wondered what we might see if we could pull back the curtain of time to that very first Christmas? If we could, I imagine the story began in Heaven, something like this...

NARRATOR 2: God was looking over Heaven's balcony one day, shaking his head at all the wrong things people were doing down on Earth.

GOD: Oh man, this isn't quite what I had in mind when I created Earth – I feel so far away from my kids down there.

VIKING & AVIATOR ANGELS: Why?

GOD: It's just hard to be friends with people when you don't like what they're doing. I think it's time.

VIKING: Time for what, Lord?

GOD: Time for us to step in.

WARRIOR ANGEL: Shall we ready the army, Lord? Teach them a lesson?

GOD: No, I don't think we should send an army. Maybe just one person.

ANGEL WARRIORS: One person??

AVIATOR ANGEL: Brilliant!

ALL: They won't be expecting that.

WARRIOR ANGEL: Lord, if you're sending just one person, it'll have to be someone very powerful and very strong, 'cause there's tons of people down there.

GOD: No, they don't have to be strong. They'll be going as a new-born baby.

WARRIOR ANGELS: A new-born baby??

AVIATOR ANGEL: Brilliant!

ALL: They won't be expecting that!

WISE ANGEL: Lord, this plan is rather risky. A new-born human baby is small and weak. This baby must be born to people who will protect him – Maybe a Great Ruler or a Mighty King?

GOD: Actually, I was thinking I could send Him to a peasant girl, whose heart is beautiful and full of courage.

TWO ANGELS: A peasant girl??

VIKING ANGEL: Brilliant!

ALL: They won't be expecting that.

WISE ANGEL: My Lord, I see You are planning to take Earth by surprise. No-one will be expecting a new-born baby born to a humble villager. But what good can a baby do?

GOD: This will not be just any baby; I'm sending in the Prince of Heaven in disguise.

TWO ANGELS: The Prince of Heaven?? Our Prince? Your son?

KING ANGEL: Brilliant!

ALL: They won't be expecting that.

WARRIOR ANGEL: Lord! This is too risky! Sending the Prince in disguise as a tiny baby, born not to kings but to humble villagers? Surely our Prince cannot be born in a cottage. He must be born in a palace!

GOD: You're right, he shouldn't be born in a cottage.

ALL ANGELS: Whew!!

GOD: He'll be born in a stable!

TWO ANGELS: A stable?? Surrounded by animals? Filled with hay? Filled with poop?

KING ANGEL: Brilliant! They won't be expecting that.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing; the poor baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
Close by me forever and love me, I pray
Bless all the dear children in your tender care
And fit us for heaven to live with you there.

ANGEL: Lord? How will all the people know He's there? What if they don't notice?

GOD: Those who are looking will find Him, and His mission will bring all people closer to me, even if they do something really wrong. When the Prince is done, nothing will get between them and my love.

WISE ANGEL: Can we leave some clues for the people looking? Like in the stars?

GOD: Clues in the stars? Sure, why not. We can make one huge one that points to Him.

ANGEL: Can we sing for Him?

TWO ANGELS: Yes, can we sing? Sing to welcome Him? Please say we can sing!

NARRATOR 1: God looked at their hopeful faces and His heart was touched by their love for the Prince.

GOD: All right, you can sing.

ALL: Yay!

GOD: But not in front of the whole world, that would just be weird. And no kings or rulers...

VIKING ANGEL: How about if we sing for some shepherds?

AVIATOR ANGEL: That's a lonely job. Those people could do with some cheering up.

GOD: Brilliant! They won't be expecting that...

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child
Holy Infant, so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night
Shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heav'nly hosts sing, Alleluia!

Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior is born!

NARRATOR 2: You know the rest of the story. An angel visited a humble girl with a courageous heart, and told her the Good News; she would have a baby and He will be the Prince of heaven who would help Earth to be close to God again.

NARRATOR 1: As planned, the baby was born in a stable – about as far from a palace as you could get. A group of Wise Men noticed some strange clues in the stars. They packed their belongings and followed the star, right to a baby.

NARRATOR 2: And, of course, a bunch of lonely shepherds were guarding their sheep when all of a sudden the sky was lit up by a thousand angels singing. Nobody would ever expect that.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and ev'ry where
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

While shepherds kept their watching
O'er silent flocks by night
Behold, throughout the heavens
There shone a holy light.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and ev'ry where
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

The shepherds feared and trembled
When, lo, above the earth
Rang out the angel chorus
That hailed our Savior's birth.

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and ev'ry where
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!

Down in a lonely manger
The humble Christ was born
And God sent us salvation
That blessed Christmas morn.

Go tell it on the mountain

Over the hills and ev'ry where
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born!