

## A Parable of Christmas

**Reader 5** A certain father had a son. These two were very devoted to each other and lived as one.

**Reader 2** The time came that the Son had a birthday. As the great day approached, he received an invitation to a birthday party. The invitation read as follows.

**Reader 4** Rising Dear Sir. In anticipating the birthday of your Son, I cordially invite him to join us in celebration. We have spent a month in preparation and hope he will be delighted in all the festivities. There will be many gifts, songs will be sung, and much feasting and decorating will be done in his honour. The evening program is set aside for a program that has been prepared especially for him. Hoping you will accept this invitation. Cordially, yours.

**Reader 2** The invitation sounded so good that the Son left at the appointed time to enjoy all the good things prepared for him.

**Reader 5** The Father anxiously awaited his return. As his footsteps were heard on the doorstep, he ran to open the door.

**Reader 1** Welcome Son

**Reader 2** Greeted the Father warmly.

**Reader 3** Thank you Father

**Reader 4** And the tired Son sank into a chair.

**Reader 1** You look tired. Let me make you comfortable and then you may tell me what a wonderful time you enjoyed.

**Reader 5** The Father moved to minister to his Son and brought a chair close. He sat down and began to question him.

**Reader 1** Tell me all about the festivities. Did they give you a place of honour the whole time?

**Reader 3** No, they were so busy getting ready they hardly noticed my presence.

**Reader 4** replied the Son.

**Reader 1** O come now, weren't the songs to be sung for you?

**Reader 3** There was a lot of music, and the songs had my name in them, but they never seemed to pay any attention to me. I tried to make myself known, but the crowds were pushing and shoving so I found a quiet corner.

**Reader 2** The surprised Father continued to question.

**Reader 1** But the feasting, was that not also for you?

**Reader 3** There was much eating, lots of delicious food, but here my name was never mentioned among the jolly banter of conversation. I felt rather out of place and wondered if I should have come.

**Reader 5** The Father then noticed the empty hands of his son.

**Reader 1** Were there not to be gifts? Where have you left them?

**Reader 3** There were many lovely gifts, all done up in shinny paper and bows. Everyone got some except me. They were so happy for them. The children clapped and shouted so loudly, no one noticed that I didn't get any.

**Reader 4** The Father rose and got the invitation. He read it over and asked.

**Reader 1** A program was to be done in your honour. Surely you were given a honoured seat.

**Reader 3** Oh, a lot of children dressed in pretty clothes sang and spoke about me. But they did it for their audience of mothers, fathers and friends. They really appreciated it and gave the children a lot of praise for it. They had done a good job.

**Reader 1** What about the festivities that were done. Did they not recognize you then?

**Reader 3** Some looked longingly in my direction. But everyone was so tired amidst the disarray of paper, ribbons, peanut shells and pine needles. I too was tired, so I came back home.

**Reader 4** The Son closed his eyes and fell asleep.

**Reader 2** The Father rose and got a blanket to cover him. His heart ached for his Son, and for the things he had to suffer.