

*manuscript 5/9*  
*narrative*

INTRODUCTION

Every year, we come at Christmastime to remember together that Jesus, God's Son, became like us and lived with us. He was Emmanuel - "God with us".

When Jesus came, He made it possible for us to know God, as individuals. We celebrate our common love for God when we share our knowledge of Jesus with each other. This we know to be what our church life is all about - sharing our faith.

No one of us can see all of God. No one of us sees Jesus in the same way. We all see differently but we need everyone's vision to see God.

Today, we want to think about how other children, besides ourselves, see Jesus. We want to share our common faith in the Holy Child and join our hands with others who love Him.

Come with us and see how some children see Jesus.

Sing: "Some Children See Him" or have it sung by <sup>all</sup> ~~a few older kids~~

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Isaiah 9: 2-7

PART I: SING 1st 2 lines of Some Children See Him

"The Greatest Gift of All"

It was Christmastime in Manitoba and Angela was really excited. The whole town where she lived was hustling and bustling getting ready for Christmas. People were decorating trees, buying gifts for everyone on their lists, giving parties and preparing great food. But it wasn't all the preparation that was exciting to Angela. She was thrilled about the celebrations of Jesus' birth that were to come. She wanted everyone to know that the Christ Child is the greatest gift of all.

In all the busy times, no one had time to notice a little girl.

Angela tugged at her mother's skirt to tell her about Jesus. But her mother was baking cookies and did not hear Angela say, "Mommy, the Christ Child is the greatest gift of all!" Instead she said, "Not now dear."

Angela saw her neighbour bringing home some gaily wrapped parcels, so she rushed outside to tell him her good news. "Sir," she said politely, "the Christ Child is the greatest gift of all!".

"Run along now, miss," came the gruff reply.

None of the townspeople had time to stop to pay any attention to Angela's good news and Angela was discouraged. No one will listen to me, she thought.

Then, on the day before Christmas, she had an idea! She tied bits of colored yarn on little bells and walked all through her village. As grown-ups paused to chat or as people stopped to look in store windows, or to wait for cars to cross the street, Angela pinned a bell on a cuff or a hem and whispered ever so gently, "The Christ Child is the greatest gift of all!" It was the tiniest of whispers. People hardly even thought about it at the time.

On Christmas Eve, the town gathered around a giant tree in the center of main street. The jingling of bells could be heard everywhere as people walked along.

Angela came dancing along beside her family.

And without ever knowing where the idea came from, when people saw Angela, they smiled because they knew, "THE CHRIST CHILD IS THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL!"

IDEAS

- narrative* *Angela 7/8/19*
- \*\* This can be read and pantomimed or read with only Angela, her mother, the neighbour speaking. Everyone could say together at the end, "the Christ Child is the greatest gift of all". The other kids could be townspeople, etc.
  - \* \*\* The Kindergarten and Nursery kids could wander through the congregation with bells whispering and pinning them on people.
  - \*\* Bells could be handed out by Nursery and Kindergarten kids at the door when people came in & simply go around and whisper during the story.

*Angela ?  
9/16*

*age 3,4  
1st, 2nd  
Angels.  
with new  
children*

PART II: SING: Some Children see Him bronzed and brown  
The Lord of Heaven to earth come down;  
Some Children see Him bronzed and brown  
With dark and heavy hair.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Luke 2: 1-7  
"A Huron Christmas"

Scene: A Native cradle, (board with baby strapped to it) *ms/6*  
Background - some teepees painted on large paper?

Students: dress up as native aboriginal people  
need - Mary, Joseph, some Native "braves"/hunters (shepherds)  
angels...all should be dressed as natives.

Reader - to read dramatically the Huron Carol (#412 red hymnbook)

"Twas in the moon of wintertime, when all the birds had fled,  
that mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead;  
Before their light the stars grew dim, and wondering hunters  
heard the hymn:

Jesus your King is born,  
Jesus is born,  
In excelsis gloria!

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender babe was found,  
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped his beauty round;  
But as the hunter braves drew nigh, the angel song rang loud and  
high:

Jesus your King is born,  
Jesus is born,  
In excelsis gloria!

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,  
the holy child of earth and heaven is born today for you.  
Come kneel before the radiant boy, who brings you beauty, peace  
and joy:

Jesus your King is born,  
Jesus is born,  
In excelsis gloria!

### Ideas

\*\*\*while the reading is being read, have the pianist play the carol  
in the background.

\*\*\*\*the kids could move around quite a lot on the stage, dancing *ms/6*  
around the manger/board (propped up board with doll/furs and bound  
up with ties)...I have an old fur muff that could work?

\*\*\*have the kids do what the reader says...hunters encounter angels,  
go to the broken lodge, kneel before the child.

\*\*\*leave on hymn from stage

PART III: SING: Some children see him almond-eyed  
The Saviour whom we kneel beside,  
Some children see him almond eyed,  
With skin of yellow hue.

"Lucinda's Gift"

Along time ago in a small town in Mexico, there lived a little girl named Lucinda. Her family was small and poor but they were happy being together.

Lucinda loved to take part in the fiestas in her village. Her favorite was Navidad - Christmas. For weeks, all the villagers would prepare - baking delicious breads and cookies, cleaning and painting their houses, readying their church. The Padre would set up the Nativity Scene and the children practised songs to sing at Midnight Mass.

Every Christmas Eve candles were lit around the square and up the pathway to the church. The people would gather and follow the Padre who led the way up the the church. He carried a figure of the Holy Child in his arms. Each villager who followed carried a small gift to place in front of the manger for the child.

Lucinda loved that part the best, only this year she did not have a gift to bring. Her mother was ill and her father had gone away to work. There was not enought money to buy a gift for the Child.

Before nightfall, on Christmas Eve, Lucinda crept to the church and prayed: "I won't be able to come tonight with a gift. We cannot afford to bring one. Please tell your Child why I won't be here! Thank you."

Lucinda watched later as the procession gathered and began to move toward the church. Everything looked so beautiful that Lucinda began to cry. She wished she could be part of it all.

Suddenly, she heard a voice behind her ask, "Why are you crying, little one?" Lucinda turned and saw an old lady.

"I can't be in the procession because I have no beautiful gift for the Holy Child", sobbed Lucinda.

"Ah," said the lady, "Don't you know that a gift is beautiful because it is given? Whatever you give, the Holy Child will love."

Lucinda's heart filled with joy. She looked around and saw a patch of tall green weeds. She rushed over and picked a hugh armload. "Will these do?" Lucinda asked, but the old lady was gone.

Lucinda walked into the church, and went down the aisle with her weeds in her hands. "What is that little girl doing?" whispered a lady. "She's carrying weeds!" whispered another.

Lucinda reached the cradle and placed her weeds around the stable. Then she lowered her head and prayed. A hush fell over the church. Voices began to whisper and buzz, "Look, look...look at the weeds!"

Lucinda looked up. Each branch of the weeds she had brought was tipped with red flaming stars. A miracle had happened.

And outside the church, all through the town, the tall weeds were topped

*Mexican  
Padre  
grades 1*

*9/27/19  
- p 5/10 - 10/10/19*

*9/18/19*

with shining red stars. Lucinda's gift had become beautiful!

Every Christmas, even to this day, the red stars shine on top of the green branches in Mexico. The people call the flowers the flowers of the Holy Night, the poinsetta.

### Ideas

This can be a play or acted out while it is read.

Use the manger, add real life Mary & Joseph around it. (traditional garb)  
Decorate around it with poinsettias that are covered over the red flower parts...use tissue paper? that can easily be lifted off by people close to them. Remove the paper at the right moment.

Leave the manger, poinsettias in background of stage.

Kids could sing an anthem after this sketch?

PART IV: Sing: Some children see Him dark as they  
Sweet Mary's Son to whom we pray,  
Some children see Him dark as they,  
And ah! they love Him too.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Luke 2:8-20

"The Christmas Star"

It was Christmas morning. We had finally locked the store at 11:00p.m. on Christmas Eve. I was tired. Ours was an old general store that sold just about everything. Almost all our toys were gone, the layaways picked up...all but one package. I wished everything had been picked up, but the person who had put the money down on the last package had never come back.

After all the presents were opened at our house and I was cleaning up our breakfast dishes, it seemed so quiet at home. I got the strangest feeling that I should go back to the store. It was the strangest urge and it was most persistent! "Go back to the store." I put on my coat and yelled to the family I was going for a walk.

I had never gone back to the store on Christmas Day ever since we had bought the business.

Ah, there it is, I thought. What in the world?

In front of the store were two little black boys, the younger one's face still wet with tears. He stopped crying when he saw me.

"What are you kids doing out here in this cold?"

No hats, no mitts...Lord, you'll catch your death!"

"We've been waiting for you!" replied the older one. They had come at the time I usually opened the store, so they had been here for 2 hours already.

The older boy touched his brother, "We want to buy some skates. We have these three dollars. See?" He pulled the money out of his pocket.

"I don't think I have any left...I sold everything, except...wait."

I went over to the last layaway parcel. There they were, a pair of skates in the young boy's size. They fit perfectly.

The older boy dug for his money.

"Oh, I don't want anything for the skates," I said. "I will sell you mitts and hats instead and give you the skates."

The faces of the boys shone.

As we went out of the store, I said, "You're lucky I came along. How did you know that I would come?"

The older boy said softly, "I knew you would come, I asked Jesus to send you."

On the way home, I looked up and there in the sky was one lone star. I thought how the angels told some shepherds and they went, to Bethlehem,

*Mitts and hats*

*Seven  
Hats*

not to a store. But, they heard the message to go and they went. They found Jesus and so did I that Christmas!

### IDEAS

\*\*\*a small play for 3 people - work out the lines yourself from the story line.

\*\*\*dress everyone in black make-up to look like American Black People

\*\*\*also, have some shepherds, angels who are "black" too. *2 g's 2, 3/4!*

### FINALE

To Christmas music...eg. Hark the Herald Angels Sing, etc. fill stage with everyone.

- need a variety of nationalities in the parts...eg. native braves, black shepherds, chinese shepherds/angels, black angels, native angels, Mary & Joseph in sombreros, Mary and Joseph with cradle board - Natives, Mary & Joseph and black baby, traditional ones as well.

Have some kids kneel, gather in a semi-circle around the various Marys/josephs/babies.

SING: The children in each different place  
Will see the baby Jesus' face  
Like theirs, but bright with heavenly grace,  
And filled with Holy Light.  
O lay aside each earthly thing,  
And with thy heart as offering,  
Come kneel before the infant King,  
Tis love that's born tonight.

Return to seats while congregation sings "Once in Royal David's City".

# Some Children See Him

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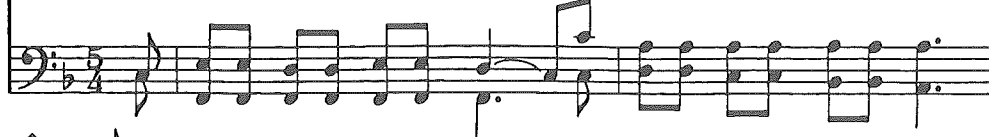
*Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.* — Matthew 5:8

Wihla Hutson

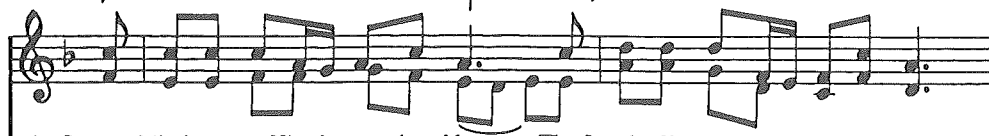
SOME CHILDREN  
Alfred S. Burt



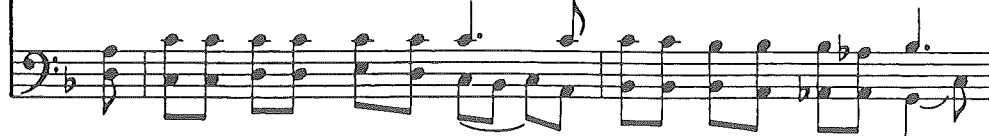
1 Some chil-dren see Him lil - y white, The ba - by Je-sus born this night,  
2 *Some chil-dren see Him al-mond-eyed, This Sav-ior whom we kneel be-side,*  
3 The chil-dren in each dif-ferent place Will see the ba-by Je-sus' face



1 Some chil-dren see Him lil - y white, With tress-es soft and fair.  
2 *Some chil-dren see Him al-mond-eyed, With skin of yel-low hue.*  
3 Like theirs, but bright with heav-en-ly grace, And filled with ho-ly light.



1 Some chil-dren see Him bronzed and brown, The Lord of heaven to earth come down;  
2 *Some chil-dren see Him dark as they, Sweet Ma-ry's Son, to whom we pray;*  
3 O lay a-side each earth-ly thing, And with thy heart as of-fer-ing,



1 Some chil-dren see Him bronzed and brown, With dark and heav-y hair.  
2 *Some chil-dren see Him dark as they, And ah! they love Him, too!*  
3 Come wor-ship now the in-fant King, 'Tis love that's born to-night!



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CHRISTMAS