



## **Opening Slide – Countdown Video**

*Read by RevMel:*

Tonight, we have lined up a Christmassy treat,  
A twist on the usual, more fun and up-beat!

Ours is quite novel; we'll tell it in rhyme  
Different people will jump up from time to time.

Of course, there'll be carols for you to sing  
And bells to rattle, ding-a-ling-ling!

So, let's get started with a song  
It's one we know well, and it's not very long.

*Song: O Come all ye faithful (Verses 1 and 2)*

O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.  
Come and behold Him, Born the King of Angels;  
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



O Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,  
Sing all that hear in heaven above.  
Give to our Father glory in the Highest;  
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



*Read by Lesley Bracey*

Let's start for the moment in Luke, Chapter two,  
That tells us what Caesar decided to do.

He gathered together with soldiers of Rome  
And made a decree that all should go home.

(The census he'd take from the place of their birth  
Would help him to know what his empire was worth.)

The soldiers unfolded a long, legal scroll  
Dictated by Caesar, a man in control.

They spoke that all needed to register, each at his own  
Original birthplace ... they were told to go home.

Now one man, called Joseph, this man was a gem  
He needed to travel to down to Bethlehem.

He went with his wife, who was gentle and mild  
But heavily laden, as she was 'with child'.

Though terrible in timing, they had to endeavour  
To get to Bethlehem, both travelling together.

There is more to this story than a trip into town.  
In fact it's quite miraculous what really went down.

An angel came to Mary one ordinary day  
"You'll have a baby" she was to hear him say.

Though not even married at that present time,  
'Whatever' she said, "That'll be just fine."

Of course, she was alarmed, as one would expect.  
Let's face it; her engagement could have been totally wrecked!

But thankfully Joseph heard the message as well  
So he had a chance to get over the bombshell!

He stood by young Mary, knowing that God had picked her  
If he broke the engagement, he'd cause quite a stir.

Amazing, just imagine; What would you have done  
If you'd been selected to raise God's own son?

Now before we go further, let's sing another song,  
It's about Bethlehem, and its not very long.

*Song: O Little Town of Bethlehem (verses 1 and 2)*

O little town of Bethlehem  
How still we see you lie  
Above your deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by  
Yet in your dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in you tonight

For Christ is born of Mary  
And gathered all above  
While humans sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love  
O morning stars together  
Proclaim the holy birth  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to all on earth.



*Read by Pam Johnson*

Now back to the story we had at hand  
Where Mary and Joseph had reached his homeland,

Mary was worried, expecting so soon  
Her child could be born, beneath that full moon.

They obviously needed a safe place to stay,  
Hours on a donkey made it a very long day.

First up, they needed somewhere to sleep  
But that took some looking with the crowd so deep.

All he could do was knock on the first door he found.  
Hurrah! It opened and a head popped around.

Now rather than I tell you what they did say  
I'll let them speak of that special day.

### **A Video is now played of Colin & Patricia as Innkeepers**

The following is the script:

Patricia: Hello! I'm Patricia, the innkeeper's wife  
*(Innkeeper does a little topple as she points to him)*

I'm married to him; I'm pledged for life  
*(She shakes her head with a hemmed-in feeling)*

Now running an inn, I think you'll agree,  
Means many a strange thing, you often will see!

I'll tell you what happened, one interesting night,  
When above our stable, a star shone so bright

I'll just look in my diary, it's all written down.  
"Ah! The day that Jesus was born, right here in our town."

Colin: I was on the desk, that particular night, When they  
both turned up, they were quite a sight.

You see, the man said, 'We need somewhere to stay  
She's due to give birth, it could be this very day.'

I answered, 'This is indeed really good news!  
But the town is a buzz, especially with Jews!

So, I'm sorry to say we're completely filled up  
My wife's running ragged, and the bell's not let-up.

The only solution, cause you're in a bind  
Is to stay in our stable, that's all I can find.

Patricia: Of course,  
if we'd have known God's son was on his way  
We never would have sent him to a stable full of hay!

Well, let's face it! It's not what you'd expect!  
And there's more strange things, I haven't told yet!

I was there, too, when her heart burst with joy,  
As she gazed into the eyes of her precious baby boy.

Colin: Yes, so now you know how it all came to be  
God's own son was born in a stable, owned by me!

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*Read by Pam Johnson*

Let's return to our story, of the couple in the shed  
Now that the innkeeper and wife are comfy in bed.

The night was quiet, the goats were asleep  
The cows dozed gently, with not a peep.

There's a song we can sing which speaks of that night  
When holy things were happening by bright candlelight.

*Song: Silent Night, Holy Night (All verses)*

Silent night, Holy night  
All is calm, all is bright  
Round young 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  
Heavenly, hosts sing Hallelujah.  
Christ the Saviour is born,  
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, Holy night  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from your holy face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth



*Read by Lisa and/or John Needs*

Yes, their child had been born in a place we find odd  
The one we call Saviour, the begotten Son of God

Now holding him closely and safe in her hands  
Mary wrapped him gently in clean swaddling bands

Then laid him to sleep in a manger bed  
Where cattle and other animals were usually fed.

There's a song we know about where Jesus slept  
In a dirty, smelly stable that had never been swept.

*Song: Away in a Manger (Verses 1 and 2)*

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

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.

I love you, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my side until 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.



Now up in the hills, far away from the town  
Some shepherds were trying hard not to bed down

You see, there's not much to do when your flocks are asleep  
Staying awake is a problem so you don't lose one sheep.

Let's sing a song about these faithful guys  
And what they saw, that took them by surprise.

*Song: While shepherds watched their flocks (all verses)*

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around

"Fear not!" said he; for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled minds  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and humankind



To you in David's house this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord  
And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands  
And in a manger laid"

"All glory be to God on high  
And to the earth be peace  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to earth  
Begin and never cease."



*Read by Liz Lazzaroni*

Now while they were sitting on that fabulous night,  
They looked up and saw a very bright light

And one of them said, as he looked to the skies:  
"The light! It's blinding me! Cover your eyes!"

They huddled together, puzzled and afraid  
If they lost a sheep, they'd not be paid!

Then suddenly, way up in the sky,  
An angel made an announcement from on high:

"I bring you good tidings, so do not fear  
God's Son has been born! The Messiah is here!"

Joy to the world! Our Saviour has come!  
You shepherds, rejoice! No need to be glum!

Then a thousand more angels appeared in the sky  
Singing praises to God in the heavens so high!





What a huge celebration of joy filled the earth  
As the shepherds were told of their dear Saviour's birth.

Let's sing with the angels their carols of joy  
'Cause this one we know and really enjoy.

*Song: Hark the Herald Angels Sing*

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyful, all ye nations rise;  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord!  
Long desired, behold Him come,  
Finding here His humble home.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail th' incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King."

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings,  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,



Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the newborn King."

Read by Liz Lazzaroni

When the angels had left them alone with their sheep  
There was no way those shepherds could fall back to sleep!

"Let's go to the town," the shepherds all said,  
"Let's see if a manger was really the bed!"

Let's check if a king was born there tonight!"  
So, the shepherds ran to town, bursting with delight.

Now, for just a moment, we'll pause our nativity jingle,  
'cause I'm beginning to hear the sound of a tingle.

### **Christmas Skit with Derek Partridge and RevMel**

*(Derek (Narrator) moves and sits in the comfortable armchair on stage. On his side table next to his chair there is a brightly coloured present and a lump of coal. The Narrator looks at these as RevMel walks in happily humming and dressed in elf costume, carrying a can of Fanta.*

ELF: Hey there, Happy Christmas to you, Derek!

NARRATOR: Well hello elf! Don't you think these carols are terrific?

ELF: I sure do. 'Cause I love Christmas time.  
the tinsel, and singing, and speaking in rhyme!

NARRATOR: Is there a particular carol, that you like the best?

ELF: *(excitedly)* Absolutely, there is, can you have a guess?

NARRATOR: *(thinks)* Hmm. There's so many to choose from, they sure do abound.

ELF: Well, let me tell you "Its' "Santa Claus is Coming to Town".

NARRATOR: *(awkwardly)*

Ah ... Yes, it is, I agree, a popular one.

ELF: Do you know the words? They're really quite fun

ELF: *(sings with passion and no accompaniment)*

Ohhh, you better watch out! You better not cry!

You better not pout! I'm tellin' you why...

*(if appropriate for your event, she points to the crowd to finish the verse)* ... come on join in ...

"Santa Claus is comin' to town!"

He's making a list, and checkin' it twice.

He's gonna find out who's naughty and nice...

*(points to the crowd again)*

Santa Claus is comin' to town!

*(points to Narrator)* Okay, now your turn!

NARRATOR: Oh, Alright...

*(clears throat and sits in a dramatic pose. He then doesn't sing, but speaks the words in a theatrical and increasingly ominous tone)*

He sees you when you're sleeping...

He knows when you're awake...

He knows if you've been bad... or good.

So be good!... For goodness sake!

ELF: Yikes. when *you* say it, it sounds creepy and fake.

NARRATOR: *(shrugs)*

Well, I'm more of a storyteller than a singer, you see.

ELF: Fair enough. Have you got a story for me?

NARRATOR: What sort of story would you like to hear?

ELF: *(grabs the brightly coloured present from the side table)* A story about presents, and Santa and Christmas cheer!

NARRATOR: Hey any story about Christmas, has to have Jesus!

ELF: Oh course! Any story he's not in, would be really sus'

NARRATOR: *(smiles)* Well, how 'bout a story that's about both Jesus AND Santa?

ELF: *(interested)* Well, that sounds neat.  
I'll get started on my Fanta!

Hey is the story, you'll tell, actually true?

NARRATOR: The best parts sure are, we call it the 'gospel'

ELF: You'd better explain, cause I haven't a clue.

NARRATOR:

The gospel's the most wonderful thing you could hear.  
It's the good news about Jesus – and makes Christmas clear!

NARRATOR: The story is called "When Santa learned the gospel", by Tony Camillire

*(The Narrator picks up a copy of "When Santa Learned the Gospel" from the side table and begin reading)*

When Santa learned the gospel, he first heard it from an elf.

*(Elf moves to a table where there is a bible along with other papers, scissors and sticky tape. She sits and finishes putting the bible together.)*

This tiny Santa's helper had just learned of it herself.

A child had asked for Christmas to receive a Bible book.  
*(Elf finishes making the bible)*

This elf had made one in the shop, then paused to have a look.  
*(Elf curiously opens up the bible and reads with growing fascination)*

She read all about Jesus and the call to follow him.  
She learned how Jesus lived and taught and died to pay for sin.

She learned how Jesus rose again and how he will return...  
*(Elf stops reading and looks quite reflective and convicted)*

And then this elf read how she should respond to all she'd learned.  
*(As Narrator reads the next lines, Elf does what they're describing)*

She shut the book, put down her tools  
then closed her eyes and prayed.  
Right then and there this little elf trusted in Christ that day.

*(Elf looks up from her prayer and smiles gratefully for her newfound forgiveness.)*

*She picks up the bible and realises she needs to pluck up the courage to share the good news with Santa.)*

*(Meanwhile, Narrator puts down the book and pulls out a Santa hat and fake beard if necessary. He stands up, puts them on and steps away from his chair. The putting on of the costume elements should be done quite openly to show that he is getting dressed up into the character of Santa. Elf then takes on the role of narrating the story.)*

ELF: The next day I told Santa. It was awkward, unprepared.  
*(walks up to Santa nervously, holding the bible. She taps him on the arm to get his attention)*

I knew I didn't know that much, but what I knew I shared.

*(offers the bible to Narrator to look at. He takes it and has a look through it curiously)*

I told Santa the gospel. It was simple. It was short.

But a seed was sown in Santa's heart, which grew into a thought.

NARRATOR: *(slowly walks back to his chair as he looks through the bible. He then says the following lines to the audience as he is thinking it through).*

Santa reflected on his life and the message he supported,  
Then compared it to the gospel that the elf had just reported.  
*(sits down and picks up the coal and the present)*

He'd always thought that everyone was naughty or was nice.  
He had them all on two big lists. He even checked it twice.

*(referring to the present)*

He'd always thought you only got a gift if you'd been good.

*(referring to the coal)*

The naughty kids got lumps of coal. That's what he understood.

*(Narrator puts down the coal and the present as Elf changes into the character of a little girl. She takes off the elf hat, grabs a folded up Kmart/Target catalogue and puts on a wig that has pigtails to make her look like a little kid. She then skips over to Narrator and sits on the arm of the chair he is sitting on.)*

ELF: They'd all line up in shopping malls and sit upon his knee  
And claim that they were always nice.

*(smiles right in Narrator's face, trying to impress him with her niceness)*

As nice as nice can be.

*(As Narrator says the next two lines, Elf turns away ignoring him. If you want to be a bit gross, she could pick her nose like a little kid and even pretend to flick it at the crowd)*

NARRATOR: Of course, he saw them when they slept and knew when they awoke.

He also knew their nice attempts were pretty much a joke.

*(Elf pulls out the Kmart catalogue and thumbs through the images of toys. She could even grab a red marker and circle a few that she wants)*

Their heads weren't filled with thoughts  
as nice as kindness, peace and joy,  
But with the never-ending list of their desired toys.

*(Elf enthusiastically points to the catalogue to show what presents she wants)*

He knew their hearts, but he had thought, "They're trying to be good. That's good enough to make the list. Otherwise no one would!"

*(picks up the present and gives it to Elf)*  
So every year their "good enough" with toys would be rewarded.  
*(Elf excitedly takes the present and gets up off the chair)*  
And every year, he realised, this message he supported...

ELF: *(Holding the present proudly, she declares the message she has learned)*

THE "GOOD" WILL GET THE PRESENTS.  
THE "BAD" WILL GET THE COAL.  
AND TRYING TO BE GOOD ENOUGH  
IS GOOD ENOUGH A GOAL.

*(Elf transitions out of the character of the little girl by taking off the wig. As she speaks, she walks over the table and puts her elf hat on again)*

That was the message that he knew, but now he knew another.  
*(Narrator picks up the bible and begins reading it again)*  
He had just learned the gospel. So he compared them to each other.

The message of the gospel turned his message upside down.  
The good, the bad, naughty and nice, it switched it all around.

NARRATOR: *(reading from the bible, pointing at each word as he reads the quote)*

“There’s no one good but God alone”,  
he’d heard Jesus concluded.  
And those who claim they’re “good enough”  
are simply just deluded.

If there’s a list of who is “good”, that standard we’ve all missed.  
*(realises something and closes the bible)*

ELF: And Santa saw that even *he* was on the naughty list.

That shook his world. That rocked his boat.  
That gripped him in his soul.

NARRATOR: *(Narrator picks up the lump of coal and looks at it)*  
To think that even Santa Claus deserved a lump of coal.

*(One hand still holding the coal, he buries his face in his other hand in despair, realising his guilt before God)*

ELF: *(After a pause, she picks up the present and starts walking over to Narrator)*

But that was only half of what the gospel message said.  
It also flipped what happened to the naughty on its head.

*(Elf places a comforting hand on his shoulder)*

Instead of being written off as just not good enough.  
The message to the naughty list was one of grace and love.

*(Narrator looks up and Elf holds out her hand for him to give her the coal)*

The gospel offered mercy to all those deserving coal.  
*(Narrator reluctantly gives her the coal)*  
The gospel offered forgiveness and cleansing of the soul.



*(Elf refers to the coal as a representation of the death and judgement Jesus took for us)*

The gospel told how Jesus died our death to pay the price.  
To reconcile us all to God – both naughty and the nice.

This offer was a real gift, unlike presents 'neath the tree.  
It was not earned by being good...

*(Elf offers the present to Narrator)* God offered it for free.

NARRATOR: *(after a pause, he takes the present and looks at it amazed. He stands from the chair and steps forward)*

Santa compared his message with this new one he had learned.  
His message said you get the presents your good deeds had earned.

The message of the gospel offered something so much greater...  
Jesus had come to reconcile the world to their Creator!

*(smiles and closes his eyes, amazed at God's mercy)*

When Santa grasped the gospel, *(opens his eyes)*  
he did not know what to do.

ELF: And so the elf said nervously, "Ah... How 'bout I pray with you?"

*(Narrator nods and sits back down on his armchair and Elf stands next to him, with her hand on his shoulder)*

NARRATOR: So that night at the North Pole,  
by the fire in his den,  
With a simple prayer led by an elf, Santa... was born again.

ELF: And now, in Christ, forgiven, free – his new life had begun.

NARRATOR: *(picks up the bible)*

And Santa had a new message to share with everyone.

ELF: What a great Christmas story we've just been told.

NARRATOR: It sure is the kind of news that really never gets old. *(while Elf hands out gift packs)*  
We love the story Oh, so very much,  
we wanted to give you a copy you could touch.

You can take it home with a little gift.  
Inside is some craft, to give your Chrissy tree a lift.

NARRATOR: *Liz Lazzaroni:*

And that's the true story of how Christ Jesus was born.  
We have so much to celebrate, especially tomorrow morn.

If you go to your bible, to John three, verse sixteen  
And think about what Christmas really does mean.

Oh! I'll open my bible and read it here  
You'll find that his purpose is perfectly clear.

For God loved the world so much that He gave  
His only dear Son, for each person to save.

By trusting in Jesus, our sins are forgiven.  
We have life eternal, the promise of heaven.

And all because Jesus was born on that night.  
The High King of Heaven came to make all things right.

Well, let's finish the evening with a favourite tune  
Jingling the bells and shouting, "Jesus, come soon!"

**BAND:**

*Play and sing Christian version of "Jingle Bells"*



CHORUS: Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Oh what fun to sing and praise  
Our Savior's alive today-ay!



Jingle bells, Jingle bells,  
Listen while we say,  
Jesus came into my heart  
And washed my sins away!

1. To shepherds in the field,  
An angel came to say,  
That Jesus Christ is born,  
In Bethlehem today!

The shepherds ran to town,  
They hurried down the street,  
And when they found the Son of God  
They worshipped at his feet!

Oh ' ... CHORUS

2. There came the wise men three,  
A following a star,  
On camel back they rode,  
A trav'lin from afar,

The baby king was found,  
Just like the Bible told,  
And bowing down they gave him myrrh  
And frankin'cence and gold!

Oh ' ... CHORUS

