

A script from



“A Christmas Dream”

by
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- What** This Christmas poem calling on Christians to let peace begin with their hearts, is perfect for your Christmas Eve or candlelight service.
Themes: Peace on Earth, Goodwill, Prejudice, Hatred
- Who** 1 Reader to 3 Readers (use variety of ages, genders, races if possible)
- When** Present
- Wear** Black binders for each Reader
(Props)
- Why** Luke 2:14, James 4:2-3, Isaiah 9:6
- How** The dialogue can be divided up however you choose. For interest, place your Readers in different places of your worship center, or across your stage. If your Readers memorize their lines, you can have each one hold a candle or a lantern as the audience holds candles. After the poem is read, have someone sing “Let There Be Peace On Earth” or “I Heard the Bells On Christmas Day”.
- Time** Approximately 2 minutes

Reader(s) enter and address the audience.

Reader: T'was the night before Christmas and all over the earth,
A spark of peace flickers, a sense of new birth.
Could the hope of this season really come true
that love would increase...all the world through?
I had just settled down, drifting into a dream,
visions were flowing, a wonderful stream.

Reader: A canvas of faces...black, yellow, brown, white,
men, women and children, all come into sight.
A symphony of languages creating a song
that sounds like the voice of an angelic throng.
The image unfolds, the dream now seems clear,
what once seemed elusive appears to draw near.

Reader: Brothers and sisters walk hand in hand,
No walls to divide, no hate in the land.
Faces are seen, no prejudices hide
the precious creation that God placed inside.
The color of skin does not frighten or blind,
all see the beauty of heart, soul and mind.

Reader: No child fears abuse, by night or by day,
instead they move freely in streets as they play.
Families grow stronger, forgiveness abounds,
kind words soon outweigh the cruel, harmful sounds.
People see needs of those far and near,
sharing and giving and spreading good cheer.

Reader: Religion no longer is used as a frame
to justify personal power or fame.
The sounds and the anguish of bombs fade away
like snow that soon melts on a bright, sunny day.
And then, all at once, I stirred in my bed,
glimmers of joy and hope filled my head.

Reader: I sat up, reflecting, and hear a voice call,
"Could there be peace on earth now for all?"
"How can this be?" I quickly replied.
"For hate and distrust push all peace aside."
Then suddenly, through tears I clearly see.
For the dream to come true, it must start with me.