"Dear Christmas"
by
Sarah Wall

What   Rather than a letter to Santa, in this monologue an adult writes a letter to Christmas expressing love for the holiday carols, gingerbread, and merriment. But, the writer has one request: to keep Jesus as the focus.

Themes: Christmas, Jesus, Nativity, Joy, The Cross

Who   Actor

When   Present; Christmas

Wear
(Props)   You can go as big or as small with this set as you'd like.
Go big- Have a decorated Christmas tree in a living room setting. The actor/actress can be sitting in a big comfy chair with a journal or a computer, while writing. Have a nativity set where the actor can refer to the manger or baby Jesus.
Go small- no set. The actor/actress can even read the script from a notepad or journal.

Why   John 3:16

How   There are a couple of options here. You can either read the script from a laptop or device or even a notepad.

We recommend that you start off reading, but then transition, addressing the audience as if reading from memory. This may engage your audience more.

Time   Approximately 3-4 minutes

Actor reads from his/her notepad, journal, or computer.

Actor: Dear Christmas,

You and I have been on warm terms for quite some time now. How long would you say it's been…39 years? *(Adjust age depending on performer)* Well, let's say 38 and assume I had a tinge less enthusiasm as a baby.

But what's not to love? I mean, look at you! Such a glow you bring! What togetherness! What goodwill you stir up in the chest of mankind. Such moths you make of each of us—attracted to shiny objects, and all.

It's out of the long-standing love I have for you that I write. For all our fa-la-la's and decked halls (HUGE fan, by the way. Longtime admirer and supporter of every sleigh that is both one-horse and open), with every lovely side dish we've added, thankfully, we've not yet overshadowed entirely the centerpiece around which the festive table is set: A long-awaited baby in an unexpected bed.

High fives for that all the way around! Because that baby means something to even the grinchiest scrooge among us. The silent night brings peace to our noise. Those herald angels sing hope over our humdrum. That star…it pierces our darkness.

So, thank you for that.

Pause. She/he thinks for a moment, and then carefully gets to the point.

Perhaps we pin far too much on you already, but would you mind if I make one more request? With all our bells jingling and our snowmen frosty, would you promise me this?

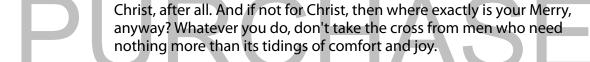Please. Don't compete with the cross.

Because it might be tempting for us, you know? It might be a cinch for us to assume our carols and chimneys are the point. To gaze so intently at gingerbread houses that we can't focus on the Hebrew "House of Bread", aka little town of Bethlehem. It could be tempting to settle for joy to the world…and not to receive our King.

I guess what I'm asking is…will you promise not to do it?

If using a set, she picks up baby Jesus from a nativity set and contemplates her next lines.

Will you promise not to give us a feeding trough without a rugged cross? It is the brutal beams and the borrowed tomb which made Him

Christ, after all. And if not for Christ, then where exactly is your Merry, anyway? Whatever you do, don't take the cross from men who need nothing more than its tidings of comfort and joy.

Pause. Begins writing again.

Hey, thanks for everything. You really are worth keeping all year through.

Love,
~Sarah *(Or use your own name.)*

If using a set, she takes a sip of coffee/tea/cocoa. And then…

P.S. I'm dreaming super hard of a white Christmas over here, but I live in Southtown *(insert your town's name)*. So if you could work out something flaky with the Heat Miser or the Snow Miser or Mrs. Claus, that'd be great.

Or however that works.

ALTERNATIVE:

P.S. I'm dreaming super hard of a white Christmas over here, but I live in Northville *(insert your town's name)*, and we'd love to see it stop on December 26th. So if you could work out something flaky with the Heat Miser or the Snow Miser or Mrs. Claus, that'd be great.

Or however that works.

Starts to close up her journal/notepad/computer, but then has one more thought.

P.P.S We forgive you for fruitcake.

Lights out.