

A script from



“First Christmas: Mary”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** Mary discovers that Christ really will change everything.
Themes: Christmas, Jesus, Mary, Birth, Savior
- Who** Mary
- When** After Jesus' birth
- Wear
(Props)** A smattering of toys
Kitchen table
Cup of coffee
Basket
Casual clothes for a mom—nothing fancy. She's married to a blue collar husband.
- Why** Luke 1:26-28; Matthew 1:18-25
- How** Mary is a mom. She's seen a lot, and has stored it all in her heart. She never set out to be the mother of the Messiah, but when God asked, she said yes. She's reflecting on the night her son was born, and it brings out some humor and great memories. For more ideas on how to perform this script, visit www.skitguys.com and watch "First Christmas: Mary".
- Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

Mary is picking up toys and putting them in a basket, trying to clean up. She sits down at the table with a tired, but happy sigh.

Mary: As long as I could remember, we'd been waiting for the Messiah to come for us. . .my family, our tribe, the whole nation. I always knew He'd come but...well, let's be honest, it's not like I'm from Jerusalem or someplace special. I'm just a girl from Nazareth. Everyone knows not much good comes out of Nazareth. Never has. I thought for SURE that angel had come to the wrong house with his announcement. But if this was what God wanted, then who was I to tell Him He's wrong?

And Joseph...oh, God, bless that wonderful man. He could have joined in with everyone else...sent me away...even had me killed. But he never broke his promise to marry me. So when he went to Bethlehem for the census, I was honored to ride at his side...even with heartburn, bloated cankles, and 9 months of pregnancy behind me.

You know those pregnant women who try different things to induce labor? Like taking frequent walks or eating spicy food? What they SHOULD do is set out on a bumpy, 70-mile trip to Bethlehem. Because not long after we arrived...well, I had never done this myself before but ...I knew it was time. With each wave of pain, I tried to ignore the fact that I'd be having this baby without my family to help me...without the familiarity of home. *(Reflective pause)* When Jesus was finally born, I forgot all that, though. I wrapped Him in cloths and made the most comfortable bed I could with the only thing we had...an animal's feeding trough.

Joseph said I should've been sleeping then, but I couldn't stop staring at Him. There He was. The one the angel told me about. My heart was so full, but none of my words were big enough to express it.

I wasn't the first young mother to bring a child into the world. It's always been that way. But as I looked down at my son...my Redeemer, I knew He was the one who would change everything *(pause)*...because he had already changed me.