

A script from



## “The Christmas Letter”

by  
Paul Neil

**What** A discouraged believer writes a letter to find encouragement and peace during the Christmas season in a crazy, mixed-up world.

**Themes:** Christmas, Hope, Peace, Miracles

**Who** Writer, male or female

**When** Present

**Wear** Large Santa- optional  
(Props) Manger- optional  
Paper for letter

**Why** Romans 8:28

**How** If possible, stage this with a large Santa on one side of the stage, and a manger on the other. The reader can start near Santa and slowly move toward the manger, ending right beside it.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly, then looks up*

**Writer:** I'll get right to the point.

Lots of people say I'm way too old to believe in you. They might be right. But it's Christmas Eve, and even though I know I might have waited too long, I'm hoping it could be the perfect time to renew my belief.

And so that brings me to why I'm coming to you. There are several reasons, actually.

First, I'm not really *feeling* Christmas, so I was wondering if you could see fit to deliver a little extra Christmas spirit to me this year. My heart just isn't in it. I've listened to the Pandora Christmas station, and I've even helped put up the tree. I thought that would help, but so far it hasn't.

*Pause*

See, it's been a complicated year. I don't know if you get the news up there, but I've always heard you see how everybody acts, so I guess that's better than CNN. I'm sure you know all about the election. It was remarkable how angry and mean people got. They said some things that probably should have gotten their mouths washed out with soap, and did things that should have earned them a time out.

And besides the election, there's all this rioting and terrorism and hatred...and fear.

People are arguing and boycotting and screaming at each other about politics and about people who don't stand for the anthem and about jobs and refugees and sometimes even about what happened on the Walking Dead.

I know this isn't exactly Christmas cheer. But I wonder why we can't just all be nicer to each other. *(Pauses, looks up again)* Can you help with that?

*Pause*

And that's just the stuff going on out there.

*(Gestures to own chest)* In here, well...I need your help. I get scared, and I get worried, and sometimes I get mean and sometimes I'm not very compassionate and sometimes I forget to look at people the way...well, the way YOU look at them.

*Pause*

Now, I am old enough to know you don't just grant wishes, Jesus. It's not like when I was little and sat on Santa's lap to tell him what I wanted.

You're more than that. Way more. More than I can even wrap my brain around. Infinitely more.

You came here and you grew up and lived and worked and taught and did everything right and even gave up your life to show us a better way...the BEST way.

*Pauses, with great emotion.*

So, I know you must love me an awful lot.

*Closes eyes, speaks as a heartfelt prayer.*

Help me, Jesus.

*(Opens eyes)* I think our world might be way messier now than even the stable where you were born.

So, all I want for Christmas this year...is eyes that see what you see. Ears that hear what you hear. A mouth that will speak words from You. Hands that will get dirty helping people who need it. Feet that are willing to go places you send me.

Most of all, Jesus...give me a heart like yours.

*Pause, looks up with a prayerful face.*

It's Christmas. And no matter what anybody says, I believe in You.  
And I believe in miracles. (*Lights fade.*)

PURCHASE

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

WATERMARK

AT

SKITGUYS.COM

