

A script from



## **“The Gift of Adoption: Strange Miracles”**

by  
The Skit Guys

- What** A new mom reflects on the journey she and her husband have been on to becoming parents and how God has not forgotten us.  
**Themes:** Christmas, Adoption, God's Presence, Miracles
- Who** Noel- early-mid 30's  
Baby
- When** Present, Christmastime
- Wear  
(Props)** Christmas Tree with presents underneath  
Gift wrapped box  
Sound effect- baby cooing
- Why** Isaiah 61:1
- How** Keep the dialogue very conversational and do not over-act. Be prepared for the baby to tune up and start crying, in which case you may have to improvise. Try not to get distracted by the baby (if you use a real one) and stay on top of your dialogue, careful not to let it drag. For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch the video at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com).
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

*Noel sits next to a Christmas tree in her living room. She finishes wrapping a gift and places it under the tree. In doing so, she picks up a gift to make room for the new one. She addresses the audience.*

**Noel:** It's from my husband, and I know what it is!

Okay, to be honest, I don't know exactly what it looks like or what color it is. But I know what it is. I know because he told me, after we were first married, what he was going to get me on THIS Christmas. And I never thought THIS Christmas would get here.

So I know what it is...AND...I know it won't work. But it's the thought that counts right? *(Chuckles)*

Let me back up a little. I always knew I was meant to be a mother. I knew my husband was supposed to be a dad. I was sure of it.

Until I wasn't.

It happened slowly. I didn't notice at first. But after awhile, the cute little jokes made by our friends stopped being funny. And the pep talks by our families reminding us that "it just takes time" became more defeating than encouraging.

Each fertility test seemed to be another accusation that somehow, for some reason, I was not meant to be a mother. But I knew I was.

I remember thinking one day, "God sure has a strange way of doling out kids."

It's actually a little frightening how many dark places my mind went to during those years. I wondered what I'd done wrong. Was I being punished? I'd even convinced myself that somehow God had abandoned us in our pursuit...our dream to be parents.

I thought maybe if I prayed more, and trusted more, and believed more. But after all those years of praying, trusting, and believing I still had nothing to show for it but a broken heart and empty tissue boxes.

I...we...had learned to live with our broken hearts. It was just the way it would be.

Until it wasn't.

It was December 21, two years ago. I remember because I opened my advent calendar and there was an extra chocolate in there. I love when that happens! But that wasn't the best part. The best part was the scripture passage that came with the chocolates.

*She lifts up wrinkled piece of paper and reads.*

Isaiah 61:1 "The spirit of the sovereign LORD is upon me, because the LORD has chosen me. He has commissioned me to encourage the poor, to help the brokenhearted."

In this prophecy about the coming Messiah, God assured me that not only had He not forgotten us, but that He wanted to help us.

Well that seed of hope found its way into my heart. And yes, God does seem to have a strange way of doling out kids. And...I realized that we didn't have to experience the miracle of childbirth to experience the miracle of a child.

So while our friends went to Lamaze classes, we met with social workers, lawyers, and notaries. It took a lot longer than nine months for us to become parents, but this little miracle...he was worth the wait.

*SFX- A baby coos. Noel picks up the Baby.*

In my wildest of dreams, I could not imagine how God could orchestrate this for us. But He did.

You know, just the other day, God reminded me that on that very first Christmas he provided the baby Jesus in a strange way. Not like everyone thought He would show up. *(Pause)* Then He reminded me that because of that baby Jesus, I am His adopted child. And if He loves me as much as I love this little guy...then I don't ever have to question His presence in my life.

Oh...and this present...it's a jersey from my husband's favorite football team for our son. But like I said, it won't work...because his favorite team is not my favorite team! *(Looking at Baby)* And it's not your favorite team either...is it.

*The end.*