

A script from



“The Gift of Expectancy: Hiding Baby Jesus”

by
The Skit Guys

- What** A dad finds a way for his family to keep the main thing, Jesus, the main thing at Christmas. **Themes:** Christmas, Seek, Jesus, Nativity
- Who** Dan
- When** Present; Christmas
- Wear
(Props)** Couch
Coffee table
Nativity set, minus the baby Jesus
Wrapped gift box that's been buried in the yard
Night vision goggles (or something that looks similar, toy goggles can be used)
- Why** Jeremiah 29:13
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational and the pacing up. For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch the video at SkitGuys.com.
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

Dan is sitting on the couch with a gift wrapped box that's just been dug up from the ground outside. There is a nativity scene sitting on the coffee table.

Dan: See this small box? It's a gift for the whole family. Let me back up.

See, we're a "Christmas-decorations-after-Thanksgiving-dinner" kind of family. The second that stuffing hits the Tupperware, it's ornaments and Christmas lights. And truth be told, we don't take them down until mid-January, minimum.

Part of that might be that we just love having the Christmas atmosphere in our house. Or, it could be that we're lazy.

There's a lot of ways to be lazy, you know. Even though we were devoted to the tradition of it all, the routine of it, we were lazy when it came to our hearts.

See, we had this tradition where we would all set out the nativity on the coffee table.

We'd put it out, diligently. Routinely. It was almost like we were trying to get past that hurdle so we could watch our Christmas movies.

So, I had this idea. *(He indicates the nativity scene; baby Jesus is missing)* See anything missing?

That's right.

(Proudly) I stole baby Jesus. I plucked him right out of there. I started doing it 4 years ago because I wanted him being there to mean something. So I kidnapped him. *(Thinks)* Baby-napped him? Messiah-napped him? Regardless, I took him.

You're probably thinking, "What? Why would a sane person hide baby Jesus during Christmas?" And I think therein lies the problem. A- I'm not that sane. And B-For me, Jesus had just become another ornament. Another decoration. Another tradition. And I didn't want him to be that anymore to me...to my family.

I wish you could have seen that first year. It was bedlam.

The mystery of baby Jesus' whereabouts was at the forefront of everyone's mind. Mysterious ransom notes started showing up. We looked for clues, pursued new leads, and every night we came up with new theories at dinner. For three weeks our house was soaked in conspiracy.

Thinks.

I'm not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree. But I do know that there's nothing more important than seeking Christ, especially at Christmas. That's why I hide him every year.

My kids are totally into this. Two years ago, the girls had t-shirts made that said "Keep Calm and Find Jesus". Last year, they set up a Facebook page for it. *(Laughs at the memory and the craziness of the game.)*

You wanna know where baby Jesus was this year? I buried him in our flower bed. The last clue was Ephesians 5:2, "And walk in the way of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God." It took them awhile, but they figured it out.

Pops his knuckles, satisfied.

Still got it.

Thinks. Picks up the gift box again.

Now, I have to go back out and hide him again. He has to stay hidden until Christmas Eve. Because on Christmas Eve we turn off the phones and the TV's and it's just...quiet. He came into the world quietly. I want my family to absorb this moment.

Then, we open this gift. This wonderful, amazing, God-breathed, prophecy-filled gift. We will set him in the manger and we take time to talk about why Jesus was the greatest Christmas present. Ever.

Jeremiah 29:13 states that you will find me when you seek me with all your heart. That's what I want for my family. A simple way to keep the main thing...the main thing. *(Beat)* I want that for me too. People had been waiting hundreds of years for the Messiah. What's 30 days for us? Time to go hide. I love this.

Puts on night goggles and exits.