

A script from



“What Child is This: Whose is He?”

by
Skit Guys Studios

What	Joseph reflects on becoming the father of Jesus. As he talks about how he wrestled with the idea that the baby would not be his own son, he beams with pride at the man Jesus was becoming. (Part of the <i>What Child Is This?</i> Christmas bundle) Themes: Christmas, God with Us, Emmanuel, Birth of Jesus
Who	Joseph
When	Bible times
Wear (Props)	It's not necessary for Joseph to wear biblical robes. He can wear simple, neutral or earth tone colors. Small stool for Joseph to sit on Wood carved angel Whittling knife
Why	Matthew 1:19-25
How	Take your time. Don't feel as if you have to rush through the dialogue. Joseph is being thoughtful, so give him time to process thoughts. It isn't necessary to speak with a southern accent. *For performance and costuming ideas, watch the video "What Child is This: Whose is He?" at SkitGuys.com.
Time	Approximately 3 minutes

Joseph sits on a stool, whittling at a piece of wood.

Joseph: Yeah, I reckon I've made at least a dozen of these or so. Made my first one for my baby boy.

He answers the question, "what is it?"

What is it? It's gonna be an angel...at least the way I remember it. It was a long time ago.

He very seriously begins his story.

My boy...before he got born...I really didn't know what He was going to look like. That worried me.

After a beat.

See, His mama, she found out she was pregnant...well...I didn't want to embarrass her because it turned out the baby wasn't mine. I just thought I was gonna let it go without makin' a fuss, you know?

He looks at the angel then continues.

But then one night I had this dream and there was an angel there. And that angel, he told me I shouldn't be scared to marry that woman because it was God's baby that Mary was having.

You know, around here we got a custom that when a child is born, the daddy places the baby across his knees and that's his way of tellin' everybody that that baby is his.

Well, it took a while for my heart to get used to the idea that that baby was just on loan to me. That He was special. But...well, I made room for Him.

So the day that he was born, I did what any other daddy would do...I put that boy on my knee, I gave him a name, and I called him mine.

Speaks, with simple conviction.

He grew up to be a fine boy. Now all these years later...well, you've probably heard about Him. He's grown into a fine man.

With pride.

Again, transfixed by the wooden angel.

"What Child is This: Whose is He?"

Whenever I carve these, I remember what that angel told me in the dream. That Mary's boy...my boy...that we're supposed to call Him "God with us."

He looks at the angel again, as if the angel just told him a secret, and is settled with the answer.

"God with us." Yeah. I reckon that's all I've ever really needed to know.

So you ask me who my boy looks like, I'll tell ya. He looks like God.

Lights fade.

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