

Colours and Kings

The Message of the Christmas Story

Written by John van de Laar © Sacredise.

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Scene One: Prologue

(Two narrators walk on to the platform. The first is rather nervous, the second is confident.)

Narrator 1: Um, excuse me? If I could just have your attention for a few moments . . .

Narrator 2: Only about an hour actually.

Narrator 1: Don't say that!

Narrator 2: Why?

Narrator 1: *(A bit panicked)* They'll all run away, or fall asleep or worse!

Narrator 2: Oh no, they couldn't possibly do that.

Narrator 1: How can you be so sure?

Narrator 2: *(Looking very smug)* Because the story we have to tell them is far too exciting!

Narrator 1: *(Uncertain)* Really?

Narrator 2: Oh, yes. It's filled with betrayal, and mess and animals and riches . . .

Narrator 1: *(Looking relieved & excited)* Oh! Big Brother!

Narrator 2: *(A little impatient)* Totally No! This is a family service. Our story is mostly about a Baby...

Narrator 1: *(Starting to get it & relax)* A very special Baby. A very important Baby.

Narrator 2: And about three wise rulers – kings we'll call them

Narrator 1: Who came to worship the Baby *(Looks very pleased with him/herself)*

Narrator 2: It's a story filled with colour.

Narrator 1: *(Getting carried away now)* Colours with meaning. Shades with a tale. Hues so true . . .

Narrator 2: OK. That's enough.

Narrator 1: Sorry.

Narrator 2: The colours remind us of the message which this story tells us.

Narrator 1: So, please stay with us, as we bring you the story of *Colours and Kings!*

Wise Men/Kings enter as music for "We Three Kings" begins.

Song: We Three Kings

Scene Two: The Gift of Gold

Narrator 2: Our story begins with a young Jewish girl.

Narrator 1: A very special girl. A very important girl.

Narrator 2: No prizes for guessing that she was pregnant.

Narrator 1: Hold it! I thought this was a family service! Unmarried, pregnant teenagers – this sounds like *The Bold and the Beautiful!*

Narrator 2: No, no. It's okay. Just wait and see.

Narrator 1: *(Uncertain)* Well, if you're sure – I like this church. I want to be invited back.

Narrator 2: To cut a long story short, Mary . . .

Narrator 1: The teenager . . .

Narrator 2: Joseph, her fiance' . . .

Narrator 1: Who decided to marry her anyway. Go figure.

Narrator 2: *(Glaring at Narrator 1)* And the Baby, were visited by these three wise rulers.

Narrator 1: The Kings!

Narrator 2: Who brought gifts to the Baby.

Narrator 1: I love gifts! This is so exciting. What were they? An iPod? Harry Potter books? I bet he got a light-saber!

Narrator 2: Totally No! The first King brought the Gift of Gold *(King holds up Gold)*

Narrator 1: Wait a minute. I get it! Gold – a precious metal, but also a colour. Gold must be the first

colour in the story!

Narrator 2: Right.

Narrator 1: Cool. But, hang on – what's a Baby going to do with gold?

Narrator 2: (*Suddenly caught off guard*) Uh, I'm not sure – it's just in the story. Maybe it's because babies like glittery things, and gold shines so beautifully. Yes, that's it. I'm certain . . . Uh, I think?

King 1: Excuse me. I hope you don't mind me interrupting, but you're basically barking up the wrong tree.

Narrator 2: What?

King 1: You're dead wrong!

Narrator 1: Okay, so tell us. I mean, I don't mean to be rude, but you're obviously not great with kids – I mean, gold? Really!

King 1: (*Ignoring Narrator 1*) Gold is the metal of kings. So, I brought gold, as a gift *from* a king to a king.

Narrator 1: Stop right there. From a king – okay, I get that. You're a king. But, to a king? There you lose me.

King 1: The Baby! Remember what the angel said to Mary? His kingdom will never end. The Baby Jesus, was God's chosen king to rule over the whole universe, forever. That's why I came to worship Him, and to give Him a kingly gift.

Narrator 2: Wow! A king. I wish I could worship Him, and give Him a gift like yours.

King 1: You can! His Kingdom never ends, remember. So right here, right now, you can worship Him.

Narrator 1: And give Him gifts?

King 1: That's correct.

Narrator 2: But, I don't have any gold to give Him.

King 1: Simply letting Him be King in your life is gift enough for this Baby. Do this by giving Him all that you have, and all that you are.

Narrator 1: Hey, let's do it now! Let's worship and bring our gifts to Him. Let's ask Him to be King in us.

Song: Angels From The Realms Of Glory

Scene Three: Herod's Black Heart (And Ours)

Narrator 2: Of course there were other kings in this story as well. With different gifts. We want to tell you about . . .

Narrator 1: (*Interrupting. Sounding like a news reader.*) We interrupt this broadcast to bring you up to date on the latest happenings in Jerusalem.

Narrator 2: What?

Narrator 1: Three strange visitors were seen on their way into secret meetings with King Herod. After they left, Herod was reported to be very angry, but the cause was unknown.

Narrator 2: What are you going on about?

Narrator 1: This just in! King Herod has issued a decree that all male children under the age of two are to be put to death! (*Coming out of the "news reader" voice*) Intrigue and betrayal! Now, this story's getting juicy!

Narrator 2: (*Concerned*) How can you say that?

Narrator 1: What's your problem?

Narrator 2: The three kings from the east made a terrible mistake. They went to King Herod in Jerusalem, and asked where the Baby was.

Narrator 1: Weren't they following a star or something?

Narrator 2: Yes, but they lost it for a while.

Narrator 1: (*Like an action character in a movie*) Follow that star! Oh no, it gave us the slip!

Narrator 2: It's not funny! I guess they thought that a king ought to be in a palace. But, Herod had a black heart! He couldn't handle the thought of a new king being born. He was threatened and dangerous.

Narrator 1: (*Thoughtfully*) Herod had a black heart. That's it.

Narrator 2: What?

Narrator 1: The next colour. Black – Herod's black heart. Wow! Imagine getting death threats as a baby. Just as well Herod didn't succeed – the big bully!

Narrator 2: It wasn't only Herod, though. It seems like Jesus was threatened a lot in His life. And they did kill Him in the end.

Narrator 1: What did He do wrong to upset so many people?

Narrator 2: I guess it's that He showed them how much pain their selfishness and pride were causing. He lived life the way it is supposed to be lived – loving God and all people with everything we have. And He challenged people to do the same.

Narrator 1: That hardly seems to be an offence which needs the death penalty!

Narrator 2: No, but sometimes when you don't want to face the things you do wrong, it's easier to kill the messenger.

Narrator 1: So, Herod isn't the only one with a black heart?

Narrator 2: I guess not. Every time we choose to ignore the life God has shown us in Jesus, every time we hurt others or ourselves, we prove that we are stained.

Narrator 1: Just hold on a second. What's all this "we" business. I'm not like Herod!

Narrator 2: Have you ever chosen to do something to benefit yourself, even when you knew it would hurt others?

Narrator 1: (*Uncomfortable now*) Uh, well, maybe.

Narrator 2: Have you ever wanted harm to come to someone else because they hurt you?

Narrator 1: A little revenge never hurt anyone! (*Narrator 2 looks questioningly over at Narrator 1*) Ummmm. Okay, so maybe it did.

Narrator 2: Have you ever . . .

Narrator 1: Alright! Enough already! I get it. Even my heart has its black spots! But, I can't help it.

Narrator 2: That's just the point. The world and everyone in it is broken. We need a Healer. We need to be saved from the blackness of our own hearts.

Song: It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Scene Four: A Scarlet Shadow

Narrator 1: Let's see now. We've got one king bringing gold to the Baby. And we've got one king trying to kill Him. And I thought Christmas was the season of cheer! This is not a cheery story so far!

Narrator 2: But, it's not over yet.

Narrator 1: Thank goodness! There were other kings, right?

Narrator 2: Right! The second king who came to visit the Baby also brought a gift.

Narrator 1: I hope it was something appropriate.

Narrator 2: It was myrrh.

Narrator 1: Myrrh? What is that.

Narrator 2: Uh, honestly? It's a fluid used for embalming dead bodies just before they are buried.

Narrator 1: Embalming fluid? You're joking right?

Narrator 2: I'm afraid not.

Narrator 1: (*Sarcastically*) Gee, this king was a really friendly person! Jesus' mom must have been thrilled!

Narrator 2: I'm . . . uh . . . sure there was a good reason for this gift. It probably had some meaning – like the gold.

King 2: You're right. There is a very special meaning in this gift.

Narrator 1: I can't wait to hear this. Embalming fluid! Huh!

King 2: You've heard about sacrifices, haven't you?

Narrators: Yes.

King 2: Well, Jesus came to be a sacrifice - to die so the blackness of our hearts would kill *Him*, and not *us*. He was born to die – to shed His scarlet blood to make us clean. It was the only way to break the cycle of sin and evil.

Narrator 2: So, that's the next colour in the story – Scarlet!

King 2: Right! The scarlet blood of the sacrifice dying to save us. My gift of myrrh points to the time when Jesus would die and be buried. It's a special gift to say thank you to Him.

Narrator 1: Wow! So this Baby gave His life to keep our black hearts from destroying us. That's so amazing!

King 2: It certainly is!

Song: Good Christians All Rejoice

Scene Five: White Brightness

Narrator 1: This story is definitely taking a turn for the better, but there's still one thing that I don't understand.

Narrator 2: What's that?

Narrator 1: Well, we've been talking about how Jesus came to die for us – but, why would He do this? I mean, I love you - don't get me wrong - but I don't think I want to die for you!

Narrator 2: Well, thanks a lot!

Narrator 1: No, really. To die for family or even close friends – maybe. But for total strangers? I don't get it.

Narrator 2: Well, the story isn't finished yet, maybe the answer is still to come. There is one king left, after all. Let's see what gift he brought to the Baby.

Narrator 1: Well, judging by the others, I don't have much hope that it was very "baby-friendly".

King 3: My gift was frankincense.

Narrator 1: Frankincense?

Narrator 2: Yes. You know – pure incense. Stuff that smells nice when you burn it.

Narrator 1: Well, not exactly a toy, but I guess with all those nappies, Mary and Joseph were grateful!

Narrator 2: Don't you remember? All the gifts have had a message so far. There must be a message in this one too!

King 3: That's for sure. Incense tells us two things actually!

Narrator 1: Okay, so tell us what it means!

King 3: Well, the smoke of incense rises upwards, so it's a picture of prayer – our conversation with God. My gift of incense tells us that this Baby was not just King of all, or Sacrifice for all, but He was also God of all!

Narrator 1: Wait, a minute! This gurgly, floppy, and . . . uh . . . smelly Baby, was the same God that made the universe? No way!

King 3: Yes, way! Nothing is impossible for God!

Narrator 2: That's why He died – only God would love everyone enough to die for everyone!

King 3: Right again! But, there's more.

Narrator 1: (*Excited*) Tell us! Tell us!

King 3: The white incense tells us about the way God forgives us and washes us clean when we come to Him in prayer.

Narrator 2: That's the next colour! White, sweet-smelling incense, and pure, clean, sweet-smelling people forgiven by God!

Narrator 1: So, it's not just the smell of nappies it covers!

King 3: God loves us so much that He gave us His Son, so that whoever believes in Him can have the best kind of life for ever!

Song: O Little Town of Bethlehem

Scene Six: New Green Growth

Narrator 2: So, this Baby really was very, very special. King, God and Sacrifice – a Baby who makes life everything God meant it to be.

Narrator 1: So, that's the end of the story?

Narrator 2: Not quite. There's a colour we've missed that is everywhere in the Christmas story.

Narrator 1: Let's see, we've had gold, black, red and white. I know – it must be mauve!

Narrator 2: Totally no! It's the colour of the hills the shepherds tended their sheep on. It's the colour of the trees which we decorate every year. It's the colour of growing things.

Narrator 1: Oh, I get it! Green.

Narrator 2: Right. We've spoken a lot about life in this story. But, if we are going to have life, we have to keep growing.

Narrator 1: (*Almost whispering*) Just between you and me, I think I see a few people out there that are a little more on the grey side than green! How do they keep growing?

Narrator 2: They keep growing the same way we all do – by opening ourselves to the One who gives life.

Narrator 1: Okay, so we're back at the Baby, right?

Narrator 2: Right. The most important King in this story, is the Baby. And when He is King in our hearts, we never stop growing.

Narrator 1: Wow! So there's hope even for those who are a little – um – shall we say, un-green?

Narrator 2: That's right – Jesus is the hope of the world. He gives life that keeps on growing for all eternity!

Song: Joy To The World

Scene Seven: The City of Gold

Narrator 1: I always thought there were only three kings in the Christmas story. But, now I find there are five – including Herod and Jesus.

Narrator 2: And those last two are totally different from each other. Isn't it amazing that Herod tried to kill all other kings, while Jesus makes everyone else into kings!

Narrator 1: Hang on a second. Jesus makes everyone into kings? What do you mean?

Narrator 2: This is where we go back to the first Christmas colour . . .

Narrator 1: Gold.

Narrator 2: Right. The Bible tells us about a city of Gold which waits for all who have made Jesus king in their hearts. And in that city everyone is a king – a child of the Great King of kings. (*All the children put on crowns of gold*)

Narrator 1: So, what you're saying is – I'm a king?

Narrator 2: If Jesus is your king, yes.

Narrator 1: (*Trying to look regal – and not really succeeding*) Cool! I'm a king! (*Waving like the Queen*) Make way for the king! Make way for the king!

Narrator 2: Uh, I hate to disappoint you, but in God's kingdom the kings are servants, and the servants are the ones who reign. But, keep following the Baby – you'll learn soon enough.

Song: The Holy City

Scene Eight: Epilogue

Narrator 1: Colours and Kings – I think I'll remember the meaning of the Christmas story now.

Narrator 2: The gift of Gold – the Baby is King of kings

Narrator 1: (*Pulling horror movie faces*) The black heart in Herod is in all of us, destroying our lives.

Narrator 2: But, remember the gift of red Myrrh. The red blood of the Baby was shed as a sacrifice for us all

Narrator 1: And the gift of white Frankincense. The Baby who was God forgives and cleans us.

Narrator 2: Like all green, growing things, the new life Jesus gives us keeps growing for ever.

Narrator 1: So that we can live in the city of Gold and be kings with Him.

Narrator 2: No wonder the angels sang "Glory to the new born King!"

Song: Hark the Herald Angels Sing