

Three readers are required - *Cloth for the Cradle, Wild Goose Worship Grp, Glasgow 2000*

The Incarnation Christmas script

Narrator A God looked around and saw the world
Which he had made a long time ago.
And what he saw upset him.

In one place
Preachers were talking about peace,
Priests were talking about peace,
Prophets were talking about peace.
So much talking,
But there was no peace.
There was only talking to hide the noises of war.

God sighed a heavy sigh.
(God sighs)

Narrator B In another place
People were building,
Building banks and storehouses,
Building monuments to their own greed.
So much building,
While the poor became poorer
And the scales of justice were biased to the rich.

God sighed a heavy sigh. *(God sighs)*

Narrator A In another place
People were doing their own thing,
Doing their own thing about loving,
Doing their own thing about trusting,
Doing their own thing about healing.
So much doing their own thing,
But the truth was
That nothing was being done,
For all were divided, suspicious and lonely.
God sighed a heavy sigh. *(God sighs)*

Narrator B In another place,
People were worshipping,
Worshipping what their hands had made,
Worshipping what their money had bought,
Worshipping what their fantasies had imagined.
So much worshipping,
But no faith and no hope and no God.
God sighed a heavy sigh.
(God sighs)
Then he stopped sighing and got angry, and said

God I'm fed up.
There's only one answer to this mess-
I'm going to destroy the world!

Narrator A Then God thought for a minute
And he began to cry.
And through the tears he said

God How can I kill those who were born out of my love?
I am God, not a man.
I will not destroy.
I will save the world.
I will let the world know that I love it.

Narrator B So God pondered deeply
To work out the best way to tell his people that he loved them.

Narrator A Through the ages
God sent many sighs and also works through the prophets.
But people didn't listen and if they did they didn't understand.
I know God said, I will go there myself.....but how?

God All the attempts made, have not worked.
So now it is time for the word to become flesh.
So it was that
bone of our bone,
flesh of our flesh,
a baby son was born to Joseph and Mary.