

Mr.Fix-It Mends Christmas

By

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Introductory Skit by children

Cast: Leader, Child with C, Child with H, Child with R, Child with I, Child with S, Child with T, Child with M, Child with A, Child with S - also other children without letters, sitting on the stage floor.

Props: Large Letters spelling out Christmas in red and green and fastened to the front of the children's clothing. Pillows!

Leader: Welcome to our Christmas program entitled, "Mr. Fix-It Mends Christmas." However, before we get started, some of our children want to teach you how to spell Christmas. I invite them to come on stage now.

All children who are part of the program come forward dressed in nightclothes such as pajamas, gowns, robes, etc. and carrying pillows. Nine pre-selected children will be wearing, on the front of their clothing, the letters that spell C, H, R, I, S, T, M, A, S. These nine children will stand in a line facing the audience. (Pillows should be placed behind them on the floor.) The letters should NOT be in order, for example: S, H, A, S, M, R, I, C, T. The remainder of the children should be sitting on the floor with pillows beside them, as they look toward the children with the letters.

Leader: (Facing audience) What a fine looking bunch of young people! Don't you agree? Let's give them a hand. ***(Small pause for affirmation and applause)***

Leader: (Facing children with letters on them?) Are you ready to begin?

Children: (With enthusiasm) Yes!!!

Leader: Great! I have something to ask you!

Children: What?

Leader: How many of you are ready to spell Christmas for this congregation?

Children: (Raising their hands with enthusiasm) I am! I am!

Leader: Good! Will the first letter in Christmas please step forward.

(Child C steps forward.)

Leader: Great! Now, who can tell me what C stands for?

Children: (Loudly) Christ!

Leader: You are absolutely correct!! Now will the next letter in Christmas please step forward.

(Child R and Child H both step forward))

Child H: Hey, wait a minute! It's not your turn! It's my turn! Get back in line!

Child R: (Looking at Child H) Cris—mas! I don't hear any H in the word Christmas. You aren't needed!

Child H: Oh, yes I am! (Looking left and right at other children) What do I stand for?

Children: (Loudly) Happiness! H is for happiness!

Child H: (Looking at Child R) See! Everyone needs happiness! (Pointing at self) And that's me!

(Child R steps back into line)

Leader: Well, now that we've settled that little problem, let's continue! What's the next letter?

Children: (Loudly) R!

(Child R with big smile on face steps forward)

Leader: (Facing children) And what do you think the R stands for?

Children: (Loudly) Reindeer!

Leader: That's a good answer! But I want you to think about Jesus and Christmas and try to come up with a better answer. Okay?

Children: (Whisper among themselves, turn back to leader.) Some of them shout "Risen!"

Leader: I agree! Risen is a much better answer than reindeer! Why? Because Jesus is truly the Son of God and He rose from the grave! He is risen, indeed!

(Child I steps forward)

Child I: I'm next and **I** (points to **I** fastened to his clothes) am the one Jesus came to save! Everyone here could be the letter **I**.

Leader: Amen! Now, where's our next letter?

(Child S steps forward)

Children: (Loudly) **S** is for Santa!

Leader: Yes kids, Santa's special because he brings us gifts. But do you know who brought us the greatest gift of all?

Child S: (Excitedly) I do! God did! He gave us Jesus so we could have salvation! I'm **S** and I stand for salvation!

Leader: Yes! Jesus brought us the gift of eternal life! Let's give this **S** to Him and the next **S** to Santa. Okay?

Children: OKAY!!

Leader: What's the next letter?

(Child T steps forward)

Children: . The **T** stands for tree! Like in Christmas tree!

Child C: Or, it could stand for "Three"—like in the three wise guys!

Child I: (Looking at Child C) **C**—they were not "wise guys"—they were "wise men!"

Child T: Wise guys—wise men—who cares? They brought gifts to Baby Jesus. That means they were very smart.

Leader: Yes, they were. And so are you. We're ready for the next letter.

(Child M steps forward)

Children: **M** is for merry!

Child H: You know--like in Merry Christmas.

Leader: That's right kids! **M** is for Mary but it is spelled **M a r y**, meaning the mother of Jesus

Children: (Shake their heads up and down.) Yes, M AR Y! (They spell it out)

Leader: Great! Now it's time for the next letter.

(When no one steps forward, leader approaches A)

Leader: Have you forgotten what letter you are?

Child A: Yes, am I next?

Child M: (Looks at Child A) You must be next because all that's left is another S.

Leader: Go ahead and step forward.

(Child A steps forward!)

Leader: (Looking at children) What is this letter?

Children: A

Leader: That's right. Now who can tell me what A could mean?

Children: (Shake heads negatively--murmurs of "I don't know.")

Leader: Answer

Children: We can't!

Leader: No! No! You don't understand! I'm trying to tell you that the letter A could stand for the word "answer." Whenever we call on God in Jesus' name, we always receive an answer. Do you agree?

Children: (Loudly) Yes! Jesus is the answer!

(Child S steps forward)

Child S: I'm the second S—so I guess that means I stand for Santa!

Child A: That's right! I may have forgotten what letter I am—but I do remember that we agreed that the second S would be Santa.

(Children in the line turn and whisper excitedly to one another)

Child C: Mr. Leader, we want to give this S to Jesus, too.

Child S: That's right. I learned in Sunday School that Jesus is our Savior. He's my best friend.

Children: Jesus saved us from our sins!

Leader: Yes He did! He was born to do this. Now why don't you line up properly and show the audience how to spell Christmas.

(Children quickly rearrange positions to correctly spell out "Christmas")

Leader: . Wonderful, you have done a great job! And now I'd like to invite the congregation to join in with us in singing "Silent Night."

(During the beginning of the first stanza, Children M, A, S, sit down leaving children C, H, R, I, S, T standing. As the rest of the hymn is sung the remaining children sit down, curling up with their heads on pillows. All the children on stage yawn and appear to slowly fall asleep, with heads on pillows.)

(Lights grow dim as congregation sings "Sleep in Heavenly Peace.")

Act One—Mr. Fix-It Mends Christmas

Leader: And now we proudly present Act I of Mr. Fix-It Mends Christmas. **(Curtains open to described setting.)**

Setting: Living room with two doors—one door leads into kitchen—other door is entrance to home. Mom is sitting on the sofa soaking her feet in a bucket of water. Dad is also sitting on sofa, pen in hand, sorting through a stack of unpaid bills and writing checks. Tim is standing near the sofa holding a tea kettle. Aunt Judy is sitting on the floor, a roll of wrapping paper in hand, wrapping a large stuffed animal. She is surrounded by gift-wrapped boxes. Uncle Bill, also sitting on the floor, is trying to repair a television set. Tools and television parts are scattered all around him. In addition to the sofa, there are two living room chairs, a rocking chair, coffee table, throw rugs, lamps, end tables, etc. on the set.

Jim: *(Pointing at bucket)* Mom, would you like me to warm the water up for you?

Mom: Thanks Jim! I'd really appreciate that. It's sooo soothing to my aching feet.

(Jim walks over, pours water from tea-kettle, takes tea-kettle into kitchen)

Dad: For the life of me, I can't understand why you had to spend all day walking around the mall.

Mom: I really didn't have much choice! Christmas is just days away and I had shopping to do.

(Jim returns from kitchen and sits on floor near Aunt Judy and Uncle Bill)

Dad: So, for presents we don't need, you tired out your feet, made yourself miserable, and spent money we don't have! **(Holds up stack of unpaid bills)** Just look at these bills! I don't know which one to pay first!

Mom: Hey, you don't have to shout! Bill and Judy aren't interested in hearing about our money problems!

Aunt Judy: Sorry Sis, but I understand where he's coming from. . The changing economy is everyone's business. It's ruining our lives and . . . I'm afraid it's ruining Christmas, too!

Jim: (Indignant) Aunt Judy, you're wrong! Nothing can ruin Christmas! It's the best time of year! Right, Uncle Bill?

Uncle Bill: (Picks up beer can, takes a drink, and wipes mouth on shirt sleeve before answering) Well, Tim, it used to be, but things have changed.

Jim: Hey, I don't care what you guys say! It's Jesus' birthday—that can never change!

Aunt Judy: (Holding up large stuffed animal) How do you wrap something this big? It's almost impossible! **(Looks around as if searching for something)** Oh, great! Now, I've lost the scotch tape in all of this mess. Does anyone see it? **(Stands up—entangled in ribbon)** Now, how did I manage to do this? Jim, help me get untangled.

Uncle Bill: (Smiling) Honey, you're wrapped better than that stuffed animal!

Jim: (After helping untangle Aunt Judy sniffs the air) Something's burning!

Mom: (Grabs towel and quickly wipes some of the water from her feet) Oh no! The oven! I completely forgot about the cookies! **(Runs barefoot into kitchen)**

(Singing is heard and there is a knock at the front door)

Jim: I'll get it! **(Goes to front door and opens it)**

(Lead Christmas Caroler and Christmas Carolers

enter singing a Christmas song)

Lead Caroler: Merry Christmas! (Holding out can) We're collecting money for the Children's Hospital—can you spare something to help the little ones?

Dad: (Stands up) Not me! I gave at the office!

Uncle Bill: I would, but I haven't cashed my paycheck yet!

Aunt Judy: Don't look at me! I believe that charity begins at home!

Dad: Everyone has their hand out . . . however, when it comes to my bills . . . no one seems to care.

Lead Caroler: Sir—we care! And, even if you don't contribute, we thank you for inviting us into your home—Merry Christmas!

(Lead Caroler and other Carolers sing as they exit the home.

Mom returns from kitchen) Mom: (Shaking her head) Thank goodness it was only the last batch—they're burned to a crisp . . . ruined! (Sits down on sofa and puts shoes and socks on)

Uncle Bill: So is your picture tube. You're going to need to replace it!

Dad: No big deal! We'll just do without it for a while. We'll live! I sure can't afford any money to pay a "Mr. Fix-It" to repair it!

Mom: Has anyone seen Aunt Bertha's picture? I've looked and looked for it! She'll be here any minute and I need to find it before she comes!

Jim: I haven't seen it. (Small pause) Mom . . . I don't understand . . . why do we only put her picture up at Christmas?

Mom: You just never mind why! (Picks up Christmas card mailing list from coffee table) While I address the rest of these cards, go look and see if it's in the hall closet!

Jim: Okay mom, I'll look!! (Exits through kitchen door)

Aunt Judy: Why are you sending out cards? I didn't bother to send any out this year—it costs too much. By the time you pay a fortune for the cards and then buy the stamps . . . well, I just think it's ridiculous.

Dad: Judy, you're absolutely right! (**Looking at his wife**) Honey, how come your sister knows how to save and you don't?

Mom: I'm a thrifty person . . . but she's cheap!

Aunt Judy: (**With sarcasm**) Well! Aren't we being catty today!

Mom: You're right sis! I don't mean to be catty . . . it's . . .it's just that I'm so tired. There's so much work I have to get done around the holidays.

Aunt Judy: (**Defensively**) I know! But I've tried to help you—at least with the cooking.

Mom: True! And I appreciate it! At least you do more than Aunt Bertha—all she ever does is complain and try to tell everyone else what to do.

Dad: Hey, quit picking on my sister! (**Looks directly at Judy and Bill**) At least "she" brings some groceries when she comes to visit!

Uncle Bill: Now hold on a minute . . . we do our share!

Jim: (**Enters through kitchen door**) Mom, I've looked everywhere for that picture. I give up! If it's in the house, I don't know where. (**Sits down next to Uncle Bill**)

Dad: Don't worry about it! Someone probably threw it away!

(**A scuffling noise is heard outside the front door**)

Grandpa: (**Pounding on door**) Open this door and let us in! It's cold out here!

(**Jim opens front door, Grandpa and Tim enter carrying an ugly Christmas tree with only a few branches on it (fake tree)**)

Tim closes the door behind them)

Aunt Judy: (**After looking at tree, speaks with sarcasm**) Is that the best you could do? What happened? Did you feel sorry for it?

Jim: I agree Aunt Judy, it sure is skinny!

(**Aunt Bertha, Grandpa, and Tim remove boots, coats, and gloves during the following dialogue**)

Grandpa: I don't want to hear any comments! I tried to tell Jim we should cut our own tree instead of buying one, but he wouldn't listen! In my time, we did things for ourselves and didn't rely on others.

Tim: Gramps, you know there's no place around here to chop down a tree. Sure, we could have cut down the one we saw in someone's front yard like you wanted, but we'd both be in jail. Besides, if you didn't have such a stranglehold on your wallet, we could have bought a much nicer tree!

Grandpa: (*With disgust*) Teenagers! You just don't appreciate the value of a dollar. Easy come—easy go! If you had to live through a depression like I did, you would --

Tim: (*Interrupts*) Bit I didn't Grandpa—and it's not my fault that I didn't!

Jim: Will you two quit arguing and give me your things. I'll put them in the hall closet.

Uncle Bill: Here, I'll give you a hand. Tim, why don't you and grandpa start setting up the tree!

(Uncle Bill and Jim take coats, boots, and gloves and exit through kitchen door)

Grandpa: Good idea! C'mon Tim, give me a hand. (*Dad, Tim, and Grandpa start to set up tree.*)

There is a knock at the front door)

Tim: I'll get it! (*Opens door*) Hi! (*Small pause*) Mom, it's our neighbor, Susan.

Mom: Well don't just stand there! Let her in and shut the door before we freeze!

Susan: (*Looking around as she takes off her coat, gloves, and boots*) Looks like your whole family is here. Brrr! It's cold out there! I sure could use a cup of hot coffee! Do you have any made?

(Jim and Uncle Bill return and help set up tree)

Mom: We sure do! And you look like you could use a cup!

(Uncle Bill takes her coat, gloves, and boots and exits through kitchen door)

Susan: Yeah, I'm really beat! (*Sits down in rocking chair*) I worked a double shift today! The hospital was swamped. All kinds of accident cases. You name it and we had it—fires, drunks—car wrecks—it was a nightmare. Sometimes being a nurse is rough.

Tim: Yeah, I'll bet it is. I'll get your coffee for you. What do you want in it?

Susan: Thanks Tim. I'd appreciate that! Cream and two sugars, please!

(Jim exits into kitchen)

Jim: (**Looking through box of Christmas tree ornaments**) Hey, look what I found!
(**Holds up picture of Aunt Bertha**) Aunt Bertha's picture! It must have fallen into this box last year when we took the tree down. No wonder we couldn't find it!

(**Uncle Bill returns**)

Uncle Bill: Oh my!

Aunt Bertha: (**Indignant**) Oh my is right! (**Disappointment**) How could you? My picture—just thrown in a box like an old shoe! (**Dejected**) I'm really hurt!

(**Tim returns with cup of coffee**)

Dad: Sis, don't be upset. I'm sure there's an explanation.

Aunt Bertha: Oh!. . . I'm waiting!

(**Long Pause**)

Aunt Bertha: That's what I thought! (**Small pause**) No Explanation! First you throw away my picture; next it will be me!

Jim: (**Walks over and takes her hand**) Aunt Bertha, forget about it! We love you! The picture isn't that important—but you are—and that's what matters. Come and help us decorate the tree. You know (**Small pause**) I sure wish Jesus would come and mend our tree. He can fix anything—even hurt feelings!

(**Jim, Aunt Bertha, and Susan join others in**
placing ornaments and tinsel on tree)

(**Lights dim to blackout except for light on leader**)

Leader: And now we would like to bring you a word from our sponsor.

Man in Suit: (**Enters carrying Bible,**) This Word comes from the Isaiah 57:15—(**Short pause in case people want to look Scripture up and read along**)

The high and lofty One who inhabits eternity, the Holy One, says this: I live in that high and holy place where those with contrite, humble spirits dwell; and I refresh the humble and give new courage to those with repentant hearts.

Leader: Mr. Fix-It Mends Christmas will continue in fifteen minutes. To avoid any distractions from the performance, we ask that you return to your seats by that time. Thank you!

(It is suggested that the ugly tree be set up on one side of a plywood rotator that has a pretty tree already set up, decorated and out of the view of the audience. Both sides of the rotator should be painted to match the background walls of the set.)

(Man in Suit exits)

Act Two—Mr. Fix-It Mends Christmas

Setting: Mom, Dad, Tim, Grandpa, Jim, Uncle Bill, Aunt Judy, Aunt Bertha and Susan are all in the living room.

Mom: Jim, would you mind going into the kitchen and getting us a plate of cookies?

Jim: Not as long as I can have some! You know how much I love your sugar cookies.

(Jim exits into kitchen. All lights immediately go out and, in total darkness, Mr. Fix-It enters and the rotator is quietly turned around making the ugly tree go out of sight, and the pretty tree is now repositioned facing the audience.)

Grandpa: Looks like we blew a fuse!

Tim: Maybe, but it's my guess that Dad forgot to pay the electric bill.

Dad: (**Indignant**) I did not!

Aunt Bertha: (**Distressed**) I'm afraid of the dark. Please (**Panicky**) Please— won't someone get a flashlight!

Dad: There's one in the kitchen. I'll get it!

(Loud crashing noise as Dad falls over end table)

Dad: Ouch! That really hurt!

Mr. Fix-It: A man who has no light within him stumbles in the darkness.

Susan: Who . . . who said that?

(Silence)

Tim: Something strange is going on. I don't recognize that voice.

Mr. Fix-It: Many who hear My voice do not recognize it.

Grandpa: Don't we have any candles? We need some light!

Mr. Fix-It: I am the Light of the World. He that follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life.

Aunt Bertha: **(Softly)** I'm frightened! Really frightened!

(Lights come on. Dad, rubbing ankle, is on floor beside the tripped over end table. Mr. Fix-It, dressed in a white robe and carrying a tool box, is standing next to the now-beautiful Christmas tree. Tree lights if desired. Everyone in room stares at Mr. Fix-It)

Grandpa: Who . . . who are you?

Mr. Fix-It: **(Smiling)** I'm Mr. Fix-It. Didn't someone here call for a carpenter?

All: **(Shake heads "no" and murmur)** Not me!

Tim: No one asked You to come here and the front door is locked. How did you get in?

Dad: **(Raising his hand and taking a step or two toward Mr. Fix-It)** Mister, I don't know who you are, but you better leave—right now—or I'll call the cops!

Susan: He's probably a thief!

Mr. Fix-It: **(Sets down tool box, faces Susan and gently says)** No! A thief comes to steal, kill, and destroy. I have come that you may have life and have it more abundantly!

Susan: (**Looking at others and shaking head**) This guy must be nuts! He isn't making any sense! And . . . and just look at the way He's dressed!

(Jim returns from kitchen carrying a plate of cookies)

Jim: (**Setting down plate of cookies**) What happened to the lights? Suddenly sees Mr. Fix-It) Who is He?

Mom: We don't know!

(Jim walks toward Mr. Fix-It. As he gets closer, he recognizes Mr. Fix-It as Jesus—he smiles, rushes to Him, and they embrace)

Jim: (**Still hugging Mr. Fix-It—with excitement**) Happy Birthday, Jesus! You did come! And, you fixed our tree! Look at how beautiful it is!

Mr. Fix-It: (**After slight pause, looks at others and audience**) Father, You have revealed these things to little children and hidden them from the wise and learned. (**Moves hands in sweeping motion**) I say to all of you that, unless, you, too, become as this little child, you shall not see the Kingdom of Heaven! (**Slight pause**) Father, I thank You that You receive praise from the lips of children!

Dad: (**Looks at Christmas tree with awe and surprise and then at Mr. Fix-It**) It . . . it really is You! Forgive me—I . . . I didn't know . . .

Mr. Fix-It: You are not alone! Many do not know me—or understand why I came!

Jim: (**Looking at and pointing to tool box**) Jesus, what do You have in there?

Mr. Fix-It: (Smiling and gently patting Tim on the head) Everything that is needed to mend Christmas! Will you help me pass these out?

Jim: (**With excitement**) Yes! Yes! Everyone sit down—he has gifts for us.

(Mr. Fix-It, kneels down, reaches into tool box, takes out a small, wrapped gift and hands it to Tim. This process is repeated for all subsequent gifts.)

Each gift has the person's name on it that is to receive it and contains a written message paraphrased from Scripture. The Scriptures used are "suggestions" only—you may want to substitute other Scriptures)

Jim: Dad! The first gift is for you!

Dad: (Unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, stands and faces audience) Jesus has given me the gift of "Peace." He says that I am to take no thought for my life, or what I shall eat or drink, or even what I will wear. He says that my life is more than meat and that my body is more than clothing. He assures me that if I have faith, even faith as small as a grain of mustard seed, nothing will be impossible. (Small pause) It's so wonderful to have a feeling of peace! Now I can stop worrying about tomorrow. (Looks at Mr. Fix-It) Thank You Jesus! (Sits down)

Jim: (Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label) Mom! This one's for you!

Mom: (Unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, stands and faces Mr. Fix-It) Oh, Jesus, what a wonderful gift! You have filled my heart with "Praise!" (Looks at audience) He has come to give us beauty for ashes, oil of joy for those who mourn, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. If you labor or are laden down with burdens, know that you can go to Him and He will give you rest! (Short pause) What a difference Jesus makes! I will gladly exchange all my burdens for His wonderful gifts! (Sits down)

Jim: (Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label) Here, Uncle Bill!

Uncle Bill: (Stands, unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, faces Mr. Fix-It and smiles) Now this is what I call a gift! Something I've needed for a long time! (Looks at audience) Jesus has given me "Trust" and "Hope." (Reading from paper) It says here that the man who places his hope and trust in the Lord is blessed. (Short pause) I haven't trusted anyone since I was a teenager—not even God. And now . . . now . . . He is my hope and I am His. Because of this gift, I can learn to trust again. (Sits down)

Jim: (Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label) Aunt Judy!

Aunt Judy: (Stands, unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, faces Mr. Fix-It and smiles) Oh, Jesus! How wonderful! (After small pause—looks at audience) Jesus has given me a "Spirit of Giving." He tells me that as I give so shall it be given back to me in good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. For as we give so shall we receive. (Small pause) For years I've been a tightwad—always worried about money—all because I never understood the joy that comes from giving. (Sits down)

Jim: (Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label) Aunt Bertha!

Aunt Bertha: (Stands, unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, faces Mr. Fix-It) Jesus, there's no doubt about it—you sure do know all about me—including my many faults. Thank You for the gift of "Humility." (Small pause—looks at audience) The fear of the Lord is to hate evil—pride, arrogance, the evil way, the unkind word. (Pause—faces Mr. Fix-It) Thank You, Jesus for this gift. I already like myself more! And, I'm sure my family does too! (Sits down)

Tim: (**Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label**) Grandpa! Here, this one's yours!

Grandpa: (**Stands, unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, faces audience**) Hey everyone, listen to this! After all these years I've finally been given some "Wisdom." (**After small pause reads from paper**) Who among you is wise and filled with knowledge? Let that person show out of a good conversation his works with the meekness of wisdom. (**Looks at audience**) You know what? I'm going to use this new wisdom to encourage my children and grandchildren instead of criticizing them! (**Sits down**)

Jim: (**Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label**) Here you go big brother—Jesus didn't forget you!

Tim: (**Stands, unwraps present, takes paper out and, after looking at it, faces audience**) Jesus has given me "Vision" and "Perception" so that, in the days of my youth, I will remember God! (**After small pause—reads from paper**) Blessed are your eyes, for they see and your ears, for they hear. Many a prophet and godly man has longed to see what you have seen and hear what you have heard, but cannot. (**After small pause—looks at Mr. Fix-It**) Thank You Jesus for giving me the opportunity to know You while I am still young—I want my relationship with You to last forever. (**Sits down**)

Jim: (**Takes next present from Mr. Fix-It and looks at label**) Susan!

Susan: (**Stands, unwraps present, takes out paper and, after looking at it, faces audience**) Jesus has given me a powerful gift—the gift of "Prayer." He tells me that a prayer of faith shall save the sick and that He shall raise him up. And, if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven. (**After small pause—looks at Mr. Fix-It**) Thanks Jesus! I'll use this gift to be a better nurse—my prayers of faith will be strong medicine in the healing process.

Mr. Fix-It: Thanks for helping me Jim. (**Reaches into tool box and pulls out a gift**) This one's for you! (**Smiles at Jim**) Use it wisely!

Jim: (**Excitedly rips paper off gift**) At last! It's finally my turn! (**Reads paper**) Hey, this is really cool! (**Looks at audience**) I get the "Desires of my heart." (**Looks at Mr. Fix-It**) Jesus, You sure keep Your promises! Thank You! (**Looks in tool box and takes out another gift**) Look, there's one gift left! Jesus, who is this one for?

Mr. Fix-It: (**Takes present from Jim and looks at name tag**) Jim, this is a very special gift from My Father—it's for you and for every person in the world! (**Opens Gift—takes out Bible—shows it to audience**) This is His Word and is a precious gift; however, it is not the greatest gift of all—He gave you an even more wonderful gift.

(**Opens Bible and reads John 3:16**) For God so loved the world that He gave His only

begotten Son so that whosoever believes in Him in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.

(All lights slowly fade to total darkness except for light on leader)

Leader: We have just watched Jesus bring something special into each of the lives of our make-believe family. But Jesus is not make-believe—He can bring these gifts and even more into the lives of each of us if we allow Him to do so. This concludes our program. May God Bless each and every one of you.

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