

“Christmas Leads Us Home” Sample Pages #01

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Scene 1: In the Nursing Home.

The first paragraph of narration has no action; the stage is empty as the lights come up or the curtain is drawn back. The music and the narration set up the scene.

Narrator #1 (Grandpa): It's been often said that Christmas is for children. I think, however, it's more accurate to say it's very much *about* children. It's about the child that was born to a virgin in Bethlehem, who grew up to be a sacrificial lamb, offered for the sins of the world. The Heavenly Father delighted in giving us the gift of his son, so that we could also become His children, and be with Him in heaven. Likewise, we delight in giving gifts to our children, and the greatest present we can share with them is Jesus, for we want them to be with us in heaven one day as well. However, the sharing of this gift is not always appreciated by those who need it the most.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The main character Trudy, an elderly lady using a walker, is assisted into the room by another lady; her sister Gladys, who is somewhat younger and in better health. They are followed a few moments later by her sister's husband Joe, who is carrying a shopping bag of wrapped presents which he puts on a table where a very small Christmas tree is set up. After Gladys is finished helping her to her comfortable chair, Joe speaks to his wife a little to the side. Gladys then tells Trudy that they have to go, and invites her to come stay with them over the holidays. She thanks her, but tells them she doesn't want to miss her daughter's visit. After putting on their coats, they give her a hug, then leave her with some regrets; the viewers can tell that they don't want to leave her there, to most likely be disappointed. As Trudy waits, alone, with the radio playing a Christmas song, she begins to recollect in her mind a time when, years ago, she had been waiting on someone else to come home.*

Narrator #1 (Grandpa): As the years roll by, the faith-inspired hope that our children will follow in our footsteps down the path of faith in God becomes increasingly important. That is what occupies the thoughts of Trudy McCloud, as she slowly and painfully makes her way back into her room at the Shady Acres Nursing Home. Helping her walk is her younger sister Gladys, who earlier in the day had taken her to her hairdresser to get her hair done for the home's Christmas party. As her sister's husband Joe enters, bringing her the small presents she had received at the party, she sits down in her comfortable chair to rest after all the excitement. Her sister chided her for not using a wheelchair, but she replied that she hated depending on that thing, and would rather walk while she still could. Trudy is only a few years older than her sister, but poor health has limited her ability to take care of herself, and because of a progressively crippling condition, she has had to go to live in the facility sooner than she might have otherwise. Her mother had passed away from the same condition 15 years ago, and Trudy found herself thinking of that fact more often lately. Gladys had visited with her for most of the afternoon, and her husband reminded her that they had to get home in time for the kids and grandkids to all come over for their own Christmas Eve get-together.

Her sister again sincerely invited her to come home with them for the holidays. Shaking her head, Trudy thanked them for the kind offer; but, she told them, she had to be here for when her daughter Cassie came to visit. With a doubtful look at her husband, her sister said that her daughter would be welcome to come to their house to see her; but Trudy told her that her Cassie was not comfortable around the rest of the family since her troubles, and her stay at the rehab center. It had been a whole year since she had seen her, she explained, and Christmas was about the only time she could count on her coming around. So, hoping she was not disappointed, her sister and brother-in-law give her a hug and wish her a Merry Christmas. Although part of her wishes she could go be with them, and share in a happy traditional family holiday, she has faith that Lord will bring her daughter around, both to her and

to himself; and she must be there for her. After her sister and her husband have left, and she is once again alone in her room as she so often is, Trudy leans back in her chair, her face taking on a faraway look. She begins to reflect on a past event, nearly 20 years ago, when she was disappointed while waiting for someone else to arrive.

(Play Track #2 of the soundtrack: Scene Two: Flashback as Grandpa Prays)

Scene two: flashback to the Christmas at her home nearly 20 years ago.

Actions during the next paragraph: *As the lights come up on the other side of the stage, or the curtain is drawn back, we see an empty living room that is heavily decorated for Christmas. Family members start to come in as Trudy narrates. First, we see the younger Trudy. She is carrying a tray of Christmas treats that she places on the coffee table. She is followed by several others; her husband Jack, who comes in followed by Trudy's her father, which everyone calls Granddaddy. He is carrying several shopping bags full of wrapped presents, which he and Jack begin to place around the bottom of the Christmas tree. As they talk and laugh, a family comes on stage; Trudy's brother Clyde and his wife and three children. The kids all greet Trudy, Jack and Grand-daddy with enthusiastic hugs and chatter, then they run over to the tree to look at the names on the presents. Her sister's four children come in from the kitchen, greeting the other kids excitedly; and then Trudy's teen-aged daughter Cassie comes in last, reluctantly, faking a smile as she is greeting by her relatives. Unenthusiastically, she sits on the sidelines, looking on as if bored.*

Narrator #2: (Trudy's own voice) Christmases at our house were always memorable. One particular one, however, stands out in my mind, linked as it is with the situation today. How clearly I recall in my mind's eye the scene from that particular Christmas Eve over two decades ago, when I was waiting on another of my children to come visit. My mother and younger sister were in the kitchen, working busily on the Christmas dinner that everyone looked forward to so much. I was busy myself, making sure everything was in place as the relatives began to arrive, all laden with presents to put under the tree. My husband Jack, God rest his soul, had just come in from shoveling the still-falling snow from the driveway and walkways. His face was aglow not only from exertion in the cold, but the joy of greeting the guests as they arrived. My father came in and greeted us all; it could hardly have been called a Christmas party without him, as he was the one that led in all of the traditional activities. A bustle in the outside hall announced the arrival of my brother Clyde and his family, which included his wife and their three kids, which judging from the amount of noise, you would have thought to be ten in number. My sister's four children, drawn from licking the cake batter bowls in the kitchen by the tumult, came in also, and greeted their cousins with the usual rough-housing. Finally, in quiet contrast to the noise of the younger relatives, my daughter Cassie came in, more by command from her father than any desire to mingle with the rest of her relatives. Cassie was just a teenager, and, being the only child left at home after her older brother enlisted in the military, she had begun to chafe and squirm under the restrictions that were in place for her protection.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The relatives all chat together after the initial greetings, the adults talking and laughing together, and the kids with each other as well. Trudy seems a bit distracted, as if something was on her mind. She talked and laughed, and listened, but she has a faraway look in her eyes that takes her out of the conversation some.*

Narrator #2: (Trudy) The only person missing from our gathering was my son, who was overseas on duty in the army. I had hoped and prayed that he would be able to have furlough for the holidays, but he was unable to do so this year. That was very disappointing to me, but he had promised to call on Christmas Eve when he knew we were all there, and I was looking forward to that at least. Trent had been a good kid growing up, with no more than the usual troubles, and had gone to church when we took him and his little sister; but he had never shown much interest in knowing God beyond that.