

# ***FOUR Christmas Monologues***

*By Franklin Kincaid*

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Four Christmas Monologues

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**FOUR CHRISTMAS  
MONOLOGUES**

Add something special to your holiday service with one of these beautiful monologues. Each has a heartfelt message and is effective even with little rehearsal.

SILENT NIGHT, HEAVENLY NIGHT.....

*A new minister helps a bitter old man find peace.*

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.....

*A lonely old lady has a guest who leaves no footprints leaving her home.*

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR.....

*A little shepherd boy experiences the first Christmas Eve.*

OLD OTTO'S SONG.....

*A young boy receives an old man's gift of song.*

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### SILENT NIGHT, HEAVENLY NIGHT

The old man walked along the village street in the deepening snow. At times he felt he might slip and fall and never get up again. Who would care, he asked himself.

Nearing a street corner, he heard a voice cry out: "Merry Christmas!"

The old man grumbled under his breath, as he glanced over his shoulder. He had no time for strangers, not even a well-dressed young man with a friendly smile and handshake.

"Merry Christmas, indeed!" the old man replied. "I hate Christmas! My worst troubles began on a Christmas Day. And why should I celebrate the birth of Jesus? God forgot about me long ago. At the moment I'm freezing cold and I have nothing at all but the clothes on my back. Is that worth praising? Go away! Leave me and my aching bones alone!"

It was obvious that the old man was down to his last penny, and it bothered the young stranger. No one should be so troubled on Christmas Eve, he thought. The young man started to walk beside the old man. At length, the young man asked, "Are you lost? Can I help you find your way?"

"Lost?" came the angry reply. "Young man, I've been lost for forty years. But not in the way you think. I was born in this little town. I know every street, every tree."

"It's Christmas Eve," said the young stranger. "You could use a hot meal, shelter ... a friend."

The old man stopped in his tracks. Grabbing the young man by the arm, he began to pull him along the quiet street. "Come," he said. "I want to show you something." With his free hand the old man turned up the collar of his ragged coat and proceeded, rather shakily, to guide the stranger along the street to an old, long forgotten cemetery at the edge of town.

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The old man fell to his knees and pointed to a small headstone, barely visible in the drifted snow. He brushed away the snow and kissed the stone like a child would a baby's cheek. He then pointed to the stone's inscription: BELOVED MARY. The wording further stated that the child had died at the tender age of six years, on a Christmas Day long, long ago.

The old man's eyes were moist as he lovingly caressed the faded headstone. Then he spoke directly to the stone as if it were a person. "My precious, precious baby. Please forgive Daddy. I'm sorry, so sorry."

The shivering old man wiped his eyes. Still on his knees, he spoke to the young stranger without looking up. "I loved my little girl, even though she was retarded. I was all Mary had after her dear mother died. I tried to be a good father, but every time I drank, I would take out my anger and disappointments on my little girl. And each time, with tear-filled eyes, little Mary would look up at me and say, 'I still love you, Daddy, and Jesus loves you too!' Something broke in my heart every time I was mean to Mary ... but I just couldn't control my craving for demon rum!

"Then one Christmas morning, I heard my beautiful little girl singing 'Silent Night.' She could sing like an angel, my Mary could. How she favored that particular old hymn.

"I went into her room to kiss her and say 'Merry Christmas' to her. I wasn't drinking that day. I wanted to give her her presents. Oh, they weren't much, you see, just a small bag of candy and a second-hand rag doll. How she hugged that old doll! Then Mary gave me such a nice warm hug. Suddenly I felt her tiny body shudder. She was gasping for air. But she managed to kiss me and say, 'Daddy, I love you, and Jesus loves you too. Will you please come and live with Mommy and me in heaven?' "

The old man caught his breath and then continued, "With those last words, Mary's frail body relaxed in my arms and she went to sleep with Jesus. I blamed myself that she was taken from me; still do. But maybe God decided it was time, that my baby not suffer any more because of me ... "

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The young man, listening quietly, laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. "Why don't you ask God for His forgiveness?" the young man asked. "God is always ready and willing to cleanse us from our sins."

"It's too late for prayer," the old man replied. "My sins are too many ... too great. I've been coming to this cemetery every year at Christmas, begging my baby to forgive me. But I know she can't hear me. If only she could."  
"

The old man fell silent for a moment, then turned his head and saw that the young man had slipped away.

Who was he, the old man wondered. Why was he so kind? No one in forty years had been so concerned about me.

The old man got to his feet and started back toward the little village. He had not known the weather to be so cold and snowy in December in these parts. If only he could find a warm place to rest for a while. The young man had been right, the old man thought suddenly. I could use a little food and shelter ... and a friend. He walked on. Darkness was coming.

He could not explain it ... it seemed so unlikely that he should come within sight of the only church in town. He could still recall attending this very church on Sundays and holidays, when little Mary would sing in the children's choir, and go around telling everyone just how much she loved Jesus!

It would be warm inside the church, he told himself as he drew near. And even a person as wicked as himself would be welcome, he knew. Suddenly, he saw with alarm that no light shone in the church windows, and that was unusual. The old man had no way of knowing, since he came to town only once a year, that the church had been without a pastor for several months and was now closed. But now, as he stood there looking on, numb with cold, the little church came alive with light. It burst forth from every window! He would go inside to get warm, he told himself ... and nothing more. He struggled up the steps to the door and entered into the quiet sanctuary. He sat in a back pew.

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Almost immediately his conscience began to bother him. It gnawed at him, tugged at him. Go forward, it urged, to the altar. The old man ignored his inner self for a while, but it wasn't easy. In a moment, he stood up and walked with surprising swiftness to the altar. He glanced about; he was alone. Good! No one would see or hear him pray. The only sound he heard was the pounding of his heart. He fell to his knees.

When the tears finally stopped falling, the old man began to pray, his first time in many years. He opened his heart to God, asking that he might be cleansed from so many sins.

In a moment he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, and he jumped at the touch. He had thought he was alone in the church. When he stood up, he came face-to-face with the same young man who had wished him a Merry Christmas in the street.

"Who are you?" the old man asked. "Have you come to pray too?"

"I am Peter Martin, the new pastor of this church. And, yes, I have been praying ... for you. Somehow I knew you would come. That's why I opened the church tonight instead of tomorrow morning. Oh, but you must be hungry. My dear wife, Joan, has supper waiting in the parsonage. Please come, and join us."

The old man accepted the invitation to eat at the pastor's table. And the food proved to be the very best he had eaten in years. After the meal, the old man and the pastor talked a while about God's redeeming grace to anyone who would accept it.

Soon the old man returned to the streets, a different person. He had found a friend in the young pastor, if only for a brief time. But in Jesus, Lord and Savior, he had discovered a very special friend ... forever. The old man went on his way.

The next morning, the pastor of the little church could not forget the small grave he had visited the day before with the sad old man. Today was Christmas Day, a

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time of joy and hope, and the pastor decided that he would place a flower on the dead child's grave in the cemetery. He asked his wife to come along, and together they started out in the bitter cold day.

Somehow it came as no surprise to the pastor at what he might find at little Mary's grave. For in his heart the pastor knew that the old man had found, in God, the peace he so long had waited for. The old man's body lay in the snow next to Mary's grave.

While the pastor placed the lovely poinsettia on the grave, his heart grew light, his imagination took over. Suddenly he was sure that he heard a tiny voice whispering,

"Daddy, I love you, and Jesus loves you too." Then another voice was responding, "Yes, my precious, precious child. I know. At last I know."

The dreamy look on the pastor's face caught his wife's eye. Pulling him close, she said, "Are you all right, dear?"

Then both pastor and wife heard a sound. Or perhaps both of them wanted so desperately to hear such a beautiful sound on Christmas Day; The joyful voice of a tiny girl singing across the years:

"SILENT NIGHT,  
HOLY NIGHT.  
ALL IS CALM,  
ALL IS BRIGHT ... "

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