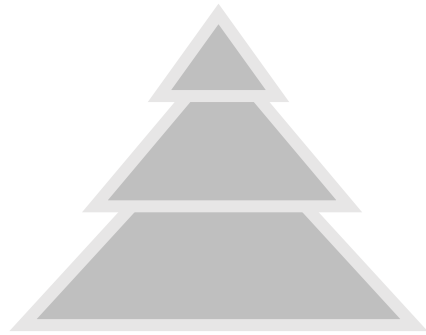




**A**  
**Family Nativity**  
**Celebration**  
**Of A**  
**Merry Christmas!**



Story by  
**Carol Lee Brunk**

Enjoy the Holiday!  
Fun with family.



Story by Carol Lee Brunk

Educational Website:

[www.sightwordsataglance.com](http://www.sightwordsataglance.com)

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Card

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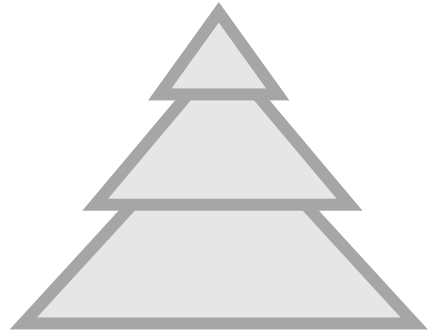
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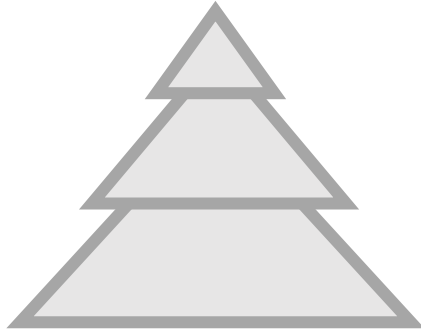
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**S**now, always snow, drifted from the eastern sky. The grey canceled the blue for the day. Mittens that were in the closet were mis-happently placed on and about the brick laid hearth of the fire place.





*Was it on that day?*



“They’re still wet,” the oldest son said. “The fires been fueled with cinnamon scented cones.” “They smell good but the mittens are still wet.”

“Where did you get the cinnamon coated pine cones?” the next to the oldest son asked

“Not at the bakery?” Mom stated.

“No bakery?” “Funny.” “Ha!” “Not funny,” the middle daughter said.

“Baking apple pie today?” the next to the oldest son asked.

“No, inside camp fire this afternoon?” questioned the oldest daughter.



“SMORES out of the fire place.”  
“The sticks are over there brought in from the garage,” Father commented.

“Pumpkin carving in the morning...though it’s not Halloween, I’m going for the Christmas flair.” “You’ll see,” the youngest daughter said.

By afternoon, the marshmallows were stacked. The chocolate bars and graham crackers lay in a basket on a small table waiting for the guests to arrive. The pumpkin with Halloween carving tools and Christmas holiday food laid next to each other nearby.

“No Halloween scare,” the Father said.



*'Picking of the symbols'...* tagged with post it's the bible laid nearby with marked passages carefully out-lined in the New Testament. Mom's Memo laid on the table of holiday food.

Participation was at the top of the list along with a check mark that marked each first name in the typed row. All were to arrive. Funny on the list were the usual names that did not have to be written down and nobody had to arrive. They all lived there.

Mom stood near the hearth fire. "So let it be written was the Old Testament saying in Micah 5. The Savior to be born in Bethlehem."



The manger cloths laid upon the chairs. Baby Jesus was yet to be pronounced and announced for his star entrance. The parakeet squawked waiting the anticipation of the actor's reproduction of the yearly family nativity play.

“I won the mop head.” “Clean mop head this time,” the next to the oldest daughter said as she buttoned the large bath robe and draped the belt around her waist. “The shepherd wig looks good on me this year,” she smiled with a giggle as she adjusted the mop top.

“What's the parakeet?” the next to the oldest son asked.



“Jesus,” the middle son said.

“No, Jesus can’t be the parakeet,” the Father stated.

“Why not?” the youngest son asked.

“No pirate shepherd this year either!” Mom stated. “Don’t be tempted.” “I’ve got a scarf for you,” stated Mom as she nudged the middle daughter’s arm that was transfixed on playing a small video game.

“Not Mary again,” the youngest daughter said.

“Okay, trade with someone else,” Mom offered looking around the



room then smiled at the partial lit hearth fire place. The warmth radiated.

“Thy rod and thy staff comfort me,” the middle daughter thought in passing on Psalms 23. The thought passed through as the empty mop stick was grabbed for the shepherd’s dress delivery.

“No donkey this year?” the Father asked and laughed.

“The dog’s at the vets,” the youngest daughter commented, ”getting groomed.”

“Puddles, the cat is the sheep this year,” the middle son



commented and mom handed the cat to the fully dressed shepherd that was not the middle son in cotton make-shift costume.

“Dressed, Mom,” middle daughter stated. “Hey, the little waited white cloud pounces.” *Puddles the cat was what she was watching.*

“I can’t say that I should take a glance at you.” “The scarf’s not pinned correctly.” As long as it doesn’t fall or slips down its ok,” Mom commented towards the middle daughter.

“Can you pick another sheet to wrap yourself in?” “Sponge Bob Square Pants on Mary doesn’t look to good,” Mom commented towards the oldest daughter.



“Not funny?” the middle daughter commented as she shrugged her shoulders and smiled over towards the oldest daughter.

“Not funny,” mom stated looking at the middle daughter and not the oldest daughter.

The oldest daughter exited towards the linen closet while mom waited for the others to emerge into the room.

“Music,” Mom said as she turned the CD player on loud and started *Silent Night*.

“They ...can I dress... never mind,” the youngest daughter said.



The parakeet squawked and flew to the top of the door frame near the fire place. Canned goods were stored in the space behind the door. The weighted cloud was put down and ran out of the room.

“Can I have the mop?” mom asked.

“I could trade... I don't wanna trade and don't want to play Mary in the play,” her middle son commented.

Mom smiled. “Joseph!” she called out. “Where's your costume?”

“No costume,” a voice from the other room called back.



“SMORES!” “Let’s make SMORES!” the middle son yelled.

“Chocolate!” the youngest daughter yelled.

“Marshmallows in the bag!” the middle daughter told.

“Rather dress as a SMORE,” the oldest son commented.

“Snore?” the Father asked.

“Not snore,” the middle son commented.

“SMORES,” the youngest daughter stated.



“Just eat a little something,”  
Father commented handing the  
middle son a graham cracker.

“Ready for my grand entrance,”  
a yell from the other room was  
voiced.

“I’m all decked out,” the oldest  
son entered bells ringing.

“Santa suit is not a Joseph suit  
up,” Father looked discouraged.

“Hey, just let him wear the hat,  
dad,” the middle son  
commented.

“The hat or...”The Father  
started to say but didn’t finish.

“Great! Joseph! Got a Santa hat  
on,” Mom laughed as she exited  
the room.



“Father...never mind...,” and the oldest daughter exited the room.

The middle son poked the fire and placed the logs on the open fire so the fire flamed. Melted marshmallows were being squished together between graham cracker and chocolate. The popcorn contained in a large plastic red bowl was placed near the SMORES baskets.

“Lemonade?” Mom yelled from the kitchen.

“Not Summer Mom!” the middle daughter stated.

“I’ll take lemonade and eggnog,” the oldest daughter grabbed the



lemonade glass and added  
eggnog to another glass. Mom  
shook her head.

“Mmm..Mmm...good!” the  
youngest daughter laughed.  
“Put them together in one  
glass.”

“Eggnog and lemonade.” “Not a  
combination I’d like to drink  
together,” the middle son  
commented.

“You don’t drink it together.” “I  
was just thirsty,” the oldest  
daughter commented.

“I’ve added peppermint to my  
eggnog and stirred it with the  
candy cane...and it taste



gooooood!” the middle son commented.

“Ok, time for the nativity!” Mom yelled from the other room.

Mom restarted Silent night music. Father took his seat on the couch. The parakeet squawked. Then she entered, his oldest daughter, dressed as a Shephard smiling. She must have got her way in changing her costume. She jiggled the mop head and the small weighted cloud dressed as a sheep meowed, then it purred as she held “Puddles” the cat. The Santa Joseph entered.

“Auuhh...sorry dad,” the oldest son turned and exited out of the room.



The shepherd held up the weighted cloud purred called Puddles and pointed the costumed cat toward the sky. “I’m making this up as I go mom and dad bear with me.”

Mom nodded and gestured to keep going.

“Do I start over?” Mom shook her head “NO” and gestured with her arm to go on.

“Star of David so bright... and angel visited me to...” There was a silent pause as the Silent Night music played in the background. Mom gestured to go without a word being spoken.

“I’m nervous...”



Mom gestured with her arm to go on without speaking a word. Father watched on nodded his head coaxed her on to continue.

“Star of David so bright ... and angel visited me.” “Please guide me on my journey to see the Savior tonight,” she said. Then she took her place over on the overstuffed couch with Puddles that meowed and let a small fart. Her nose crinkled up. “Mom, Puddles farted.”

“Sssshhh,” Mom said.

The music continued to play Silent Night. Joseph entered in a stroll with a very pillowed sister at his arm.



“Aaah,” Father paused then pointed at Mary. “The pillow?” he said and shook his head. A voice yelled from the other room, “If there’s a star Joseph and Mary, the baby’s been born!”

Both Joseph and Mary turned and exited the room. Father shook his head trying not to laugh. Mom was not happy. Puddles farted again and Father suggested, “I think the little cloud needs to be let down.” “Not a cloud sheep day.”

She let Puddles go and Puddles pounced out of the room. Puddles immediately ran back in the room attacked the couch and chased the parakeet. Mom



grabbed Puddles. Father grabbed the parakeet and placed him back on top of the cage. “It’s Christmas ...I left the cage door open so the parakeet can climb in and out,” Father stated.

Mom restarted the CD playing Silent Night.

“Ok, Joseph and Mary,” Mom and Father announced as they sat on the couch. The Santa hat almost got tossed when the pillow got tossed from the bath robe. Joseph and Mary entered again this time they took their places in front of the decorated pine Christmas tree.



Mary sat and grabbed a small Christmas gift and wrapped a towel around it. She cradled it. “This is Jesus this year,” she said.

Mom and Father smiled. In unison they said, “The best present under the tree.”

The Shephard got up to grab Puddles and Mom motioned that she sit down.

“Oh,” she said as she took her place on the couch.

“Ok, three kings please enter,” Mom yelled.

Entered the first king dressed in



a sheet with homemade construction paper hat placed upon his head, it flopped onto his eyes. Nudging it up off his eyes he said, "If he did not have such a big head it would of fit perfect." He adjusted it holding it with two fingers pinched.

Mom got up and put her hand over her eyes and did not say anything. Father gestured for him to go on.

"I traded with..."the youngest son said.

"Just push it up," Father said.

Mom grabbed the tape and taped the crown where he pinched his fingers.



Then Mom pointed for him to exit. Mom restarted the Silent Night music.

“Silent night, holy night..” the music played. The first king entered his crown fit and still he pushed it a bit up on top of his head. Puddles ran in and jumped on the baby gifted Jesus. Mary shook the precious package up and down to get Puddles off. Mom put her finger to her lips to hush everybody. They nodded as the first king knelt before Mary and Joseph in front of the tree. The youngest daughter dressed as the second King entered just behind while Mary tried to push Puddles



away. The second king wore a popcorn bucket on her head nicely decorated. With her plain bath robe of Christmas red and green, she gently knelt beside the first king in front of Mary in front of the tree.

“Oh...next king...the last king may enter,” the Father called.

“Round yon virgin Mother and child holy infant so tender and mild....”the song replayed as the last and third king entered wearing a sauce pan as his crown.

“Auuh...the sauce pan third king?” Father questioned and shook his head.



“Got a handle on it, Dad” the middle son said.

Father got up and stopped the CD player. “I’ll be right back,” Father said. With his index finger up he said, “Don’t move anybody...I’ll be right back!” Father left the room.

Mom grabbed some popcorn. The parakeet decided to sit on the shepherds shoulder. The bird walked and paced back and forth then jumped on top of the Shephard’s head.

“Walking the plank?” the second king laughed looking over at the parakeet on the Shephard’s head that dashed back and forth.



Then the parakeet decided to peer over the top and at the Shephard's face.

“What's he doing?” the Shephard asked.

“Walking the plank,” the third king said and laughed.

Puddles meowed and got off the gifted Jesus wrapped in Mary's lap. Mary look relieved.

“Father what's going on?” Mom yelled. “Should I restart the Silent Night?”

“Yes!” the voice called from the other room.



“The sauce pan’s out son but the stew pots in,” and Father clunked it gently on his head and ran over sat on the couch and started to laugh.

“Don’t stew about it...Put the Silent Night music back on,” Father commented with a grin.

The shepherd pushed the button on the CD player. Dad started to laugh.

“Okay, everybody out!” “One more time!” “This time...let’s run through it smooth,” Father laughed. “Rehearsals done!”

All filed out into the other room. Mom stopped the CD player and restarted the Silent Night again.



Father and Mom took their seats on the couch. This time the shepherd filed through with the parakeet on her head, Mary and Joseph walked in took their place in front of the tree. Jesus was still gift wrapped in swaddling towel and the three kings filed in with all the appropriate crowns on. Puddles lasted only a few moments as the sheep before they watched Puddles lay down, turn upside down, stretch looking to disrobe from his costume and became Puddles the cat. As promised, there was NO pirate parakeet Jesus.

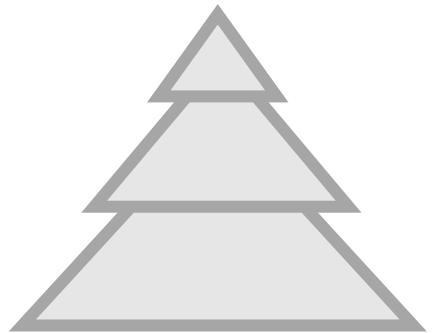


“Silent Night” played on.





The End.





Merry Christmas  
and Happy Holiday!





