

Interactive story

Session Eleven – The Wise Men

Bold text – Narrator

(Bracketed Italics) – everyone to join in.

This interactive story works best with big groups. Start by teaching the group the interactive bits in brackets. When you get to them in the script, repeat them 2 to 3 times.

Have fun and be creative; you may wish to teach some volunteers ahead of time to help you tell the story. It's up to you. You're in charge!

It was a star-filled sky.

(Everyone sing, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are." And do the twinkling finger thing if you like.)

And then, without warning, one of the stars rose and caught the attention of starwatchers who lived in the east.

"It's a sign," they agreed. "A sign that a new king has been born to the Jews."

So, they set off together, travelling west, to find the new king and worship him.

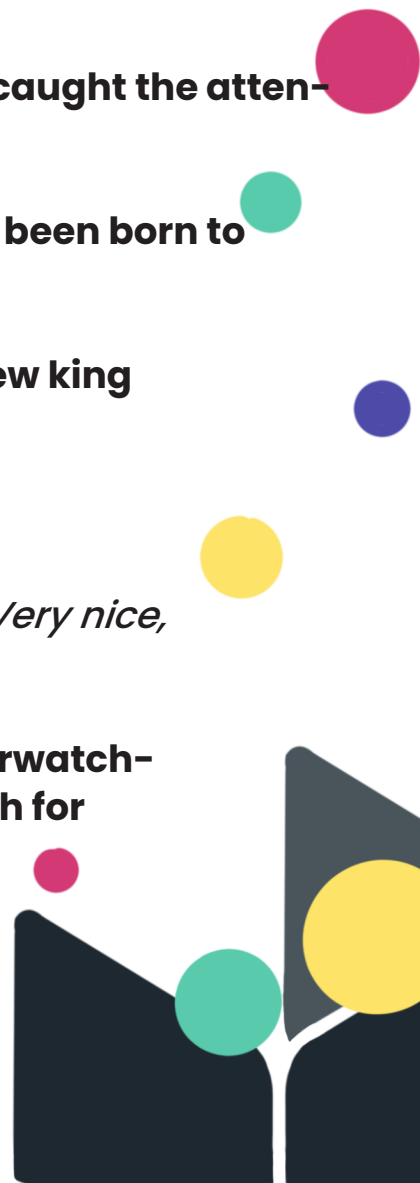
It was a beautiful palace.

(Everyone looks around and nod and say, "Very nice. Very nice, indeed!")

Herod, king of the Jews, lived there. And when the starwatchers arrived, with news of their journey and their search for a new king, he was worried.

So, he called for the chief priests and asked them where God's long-promised Saviour would be born.

"In Bethlehem," they told him.



And that is what he told the starwatchers.

"Find this new king," said Herod. "Then return and tell me exactly where he is, so I can worship him, too."

He meant nothing of the sort, of course. He only wanted to find the child so he could kill him.

It was an ordinary house.

(Everyone looks around and nods and say, "Nothing special, but it'll do.")

The star rested above it. And when the starwatchers knocked, they were greeted by Joseph, and by Mary, who was carrying the child. Into the house the starwatchers went and laid before the child precious gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gifts fit for a king. They had a sleepless night.

(Everyone rub your eyes and stretch and yawn)

And, being warned in a dream not to return to the beautiful palace

(Everyone look around and nod and say, "Very nice. Very nice, indeed!"),

they left the little town

(Everyone sing, "O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie."),

and set off for home, on a dusty road

(Everyone cough)

through the lonely hillsides

(Everyone howl like a wolf),

under a star-filled sky

(Everyone sing, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are." And do the twinkling finger thing if you like.).

Written by Bob Hartman

