



Resource Centre

# From our Churches

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## The Stewart Girls Do Christmas

*A skit for worship services in the spirit of a Buy Nothing Christmas  
Based on Luke 10:38-42*

**CAST:** Narrator, Martha Stewart, Mary Stewart, Jesus

**SETTING:** Martha's house, living room, at least one comfortable chair, a chaos of Christmas decorations littered about

**TIME:** The day before Christmas

*[MARTHA is onstage, vigorously vacuuming. NARRATOR starts to speak several times, cannot be heard, goes over and unplugs vacuum and returns to lectern/pulpit and begins:]*

**NARRATOR:** Now as they went on their way, Jesus entered a certain village, where a woman named Martha welcomed him into her home.

**MARTHA:** Eeek! (Frantically and fruitlessly tries to hide vacuum, as MARY and JESUS enter). You're early! (to the audience) I don't have his gift yet! (pulls Mary aside, stage whisper) Go up to the third floor and bring down one of those generic gifts for Jesus. Oh, and bring the foot spa down while you're up there. I've got some frankincense and myrrh here somewhere we can toss in the water for his poor, dusty feet. (Mary exits, rolling her eyes.) Now, Jesus you just set yourself down here. I'll have Mary bring you some of my infamous mulled wine. I've just got a few little things left on my Christmas To Do list that I simply must get done. (unrolls yards of a list, a great, long scroll. Mary returns with 2 goblets and gives one to Jesus, takes a healthy swig out of her own).

**NARRATOR:** She had a sister named Mary who sat at the Lord's feet...

**MARY:** (doesn't sit, says, to Jesus): Make her stop! She's been at Christmas preparations since August. Her shopping was done by September 15<sup>th</sup>, everything was wrapped by the 20<sup>th</sup>, she had her cards in the mail by November 15<sup>th</sup> and I happen to know that she paid her Vista bill with her Master Card. Jesus, where will it end?

**JESUS:** Hmmmm. As I said in Matthew 6, do not worry about your life. Consider the lilies.

**MARTHA:** (spotting something undone on her list): Yikes! I'll be right back! (dashes out purposefully)

*Mary sits at Jesus' feet.*

**MARY:** I can't stand to see my sister put herself through this every Christmas. It's like she's lost the true meaning of Christmas—it's all about buy, spend, buy – and presents, presents, presents.

**JESUS:** But I like presents.

**MARY:** Just wait 'til you see what she got for you this year.

**JESUS:** I hope it's not another seasonal tie.

**MARY:** It's worse.

*Jesus hangs his head in his hands.*

**NARRATOR:** But Martha was distracted by her many tasks:

*Martha strides in with a glue gun in one hand and a rolling pin in another. Mary and Jesus watch in stunned disbelief, as Martha runs around throughout the following. Depending on your space, she could run into the audience as well as on stage)*

**MARTHA:** Good gravy, I'm going to have to work like a maniac to get all this done! I have to see the fruit monger. I simply must have fresh figs to make our centrepiece wreath! And I haven't even begun to stuff the olives—green olives with red pimentos, so Christmassy in colour, don't you think? Maybe I could make Mary do that, it's a simple enough task that even SHE could manage it, if she doesn't wander off into cuckoo-cloud land, as usual. Honestly, I'm the only one who does anything around here! Why, I'm a one-woman Christmas machine, and (bellowing to Mary) I could use a little help here. Oh, where'd I put those envelopes? I have to give a Christmas tip to the paperboy, and Postie, the turkey farmer. And I still haven't finished buying the presents for those helpful professionals in my life—my chiropractor, my beautician, AND my stockbroker—all those helpful tips! (glowering) I've come to expect Mary to show up whenever the wind changes, but I can't believe Jesus just dropping in like this. He's going to ruin my Christmas! I'm a busy woman! I have things to do! Those two think Christmas just happens! Ha! It doesn't happen without a heck of a lot of work, believe you me! A lot of work! A lot of elegant-design-with-a-good-glue-gun kind of work! It's not magic, you know. It's work. Work, WORK, WORK! (she suddenly notices Mary, sitting at Jesus' feet, doing nothing. It is a terrible moment)

**NARRATOR:** So she came to him and asked:

**MARTHA:** (at the top of her lungs) Lord! Do you not care! That my sister has left me to do the work all by myself? Tell her then to help me.

*Stunned silence. Give it a good pause.*

**JESUS:** (ignores the tone) Funny, we were just talking about that.

**MARTHA:** Talking won't heat up this glue gun! Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. And that's another thing, every time you come over, that's all she does is talk. AND moon around.

**MARY:** (somewhat embarrassed by her sister) Martha, your manners are slipping...

**JESUS:** What we were talking about was the present you got me for my birthday.

**MARTHA:** (horrified look on her face) Your birthday? Oh my stars! (Annoyance overcomes her) Look, why does your birthday have to fall on Christmas anyway? There's already too much to do. Especially when your own sister won't even help.

**MARY:** (getting hooked by her sister) For your information, Christmas is more about—

**MARTHA:** (interrupting) Please, Mary, you're preaching to the choir. Nobody knows more about what Christmas is about than me. You're probably not even thinking about all the school concerts, office parties—mine and my husband's-, ballet recitals, potluck suppers for every committee under the sun, bake sales, craft sales – ooo, I like those – and then there's all the neighbourhood parties, and family parties – both sides, and if there's a blended family, there's more than two to go to – and don't forget the church women's. Christmas Tea.

**JESUS:** (exhausted by this) Well, what's left?

**MARY:** Uh, your birthday.

**JESUS:** (excited as a child) Oh, yeah, my present!

**MARTHA:** This isn't about you!

**MARY:** (earnestly) Oh, yes, it is.

**JESUS:** (earnestly) Oh, yes, it is.

**MARTHA:** Of course. I know that. But what's Christmas without plum pudding, presents, (triumphantly) and perfection?

**NARRATOR:** But the Lord answered her:

**JESUS:** Martha, Martha, you are worried and distracted about many things

**MARTHA:** I know that! Of course I'm distracted! Of course I'm worried! Christmas is 12 hours, 5 minutes, and 37 seconds away and I'm not ready! And to top it off, I have to go to church.

*(Pause)*

**MARY:** (gently, as if talking down a terrorist) Martha? Honey? Take a deep breath, okay? Breathe with me, that's it, in, out. Now listen closely, I have to remind you of something. Are you listening? Christmas is a religious holiday, okay? Christmas is a religious holiday (losing her gentleness), not some kind of consumer frenzy on steroids! Christmas isn't about buying things, and, now I know this will be hard for you to hear, but Christmas isn't even about making things pretty. Let me remind you, the word "holiday" comes from the word "holy day"...

**JESUS:** Um....do I still get my present?

**MARTHA:** If it were up to Mary, all you'd be getting is a coupon for a hug (glares at Mary)

**MARY:** (losing it) At least it wouldn't be one more thing that I don't need and have to dust.

**MARTHA:** I don't have time for this. Mary, in the kitchen—now! (brandishes her glue gun)

**JESUS:** (slight pause) Um, Martha, what would Christmas be like if you did nothing?

**MARTHA:** (horrified look—gasping for air)

**MARY:** Or bought nothing?

**MARTHA:** (little voice) Nothing?

**MARY:** Let's just say nothing more than \$100 worth.

**MARTHA:** (hopeful voice) Each?

**MARY:** Total.

**MARTHA:** A day?

**MARY:** Total.

**MARTHA:** Including food?

**MARY:** Total.

**MARTHA:** (pause) Does that include my offering to the church?

**JESUS:** Not so fast!

**MARY:** Total.

**MARTHA:** Total, total? But we'd end up with nothing!

**JESUS:** Martha, Martha, there is need of only ONE thing.

**MARY:** And that's a good thing. (gently takes Martha's glue gun away from her, sets it aside. Mary takes one of Martha's hands, Jesus takes the other, and they exit. If you're feeling adventurous, they could exit la-la-la-ing the Beatles' song, All You Need Is Love)

**NARRATOR:** Right. As Jesus said in Matthew 6, "Do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, or about what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Strive first for the kingdom of God".

**THE END**