

Grandma's Story

A Christmas Drama

written by Silvia Purdie

The story-teller is an old lady. A head scarf could help her get into role.

Well, I have some news. We have a new baby in the family! Ah, and you didn't even know that any of my lot were with child did you? Who is it? Oh, my brother James' boy – God rest his soul. He moved to Nazareth, remember? His boy, Joseph.

Yes, well they only arrived yesterday, he and his young lady

Well, I wasn't exactly going to bend over backwards to find a nice room for them, not after the rumours I'd been hearing.

Now, you know I'd be the LAST person to gossip, but I had heard that she was already pregnant before they - , well you know what I mean. And Joseph for some bizarre reason is still planning on marrying her, which is not the way we do things in OUR family!

So of course when I heard that he had brought HER with him, here, well ... well of course I would have found them somewhere to sleep eventually but yesterday I sent them a message that they could jolly well camp out the night with the animals, wouldn't do them any harm. I had no idea she was going to have the baby!

First I heard of it was – well, last night, I was finally in bed after an exhausting day when who should burst in the door but young David. "Granma, Granma!" he says,

"Where's the baby, we have got to find the baby!"

Once I came to enough I was most cross with him

"Young man, you are supposed to be up there looking after those sheep of ours, what on earth are you doing waking me up raving about a baby??"

I have never seen him so excited, something had happened. And he told the most incredible story of how he and the other boys were up with the sheep and suddenly there was some kind of bright light in the sky – maybe it was lightning, but it was a clear sky, o I don't know – and then they could hear singing!, and then, oh yes this gets better! – Angels.

Angels? How my boy would know what an angel looked like is beyond me, but he said they were angels, yes, a right crowd of angels, APPARENTLY, singing and praising God and then – but wait, there's more! – then there was a message from God, telling them to go and find the baby in the manger.

And then he stopped talking and stood there waiting for me to tell him where to find the baby in the manger, and of course there's no babies here this week, unless ... OH MY GOD! Joseph! Surely not!

Now it's me in a panic, dragging on my dressing gown and slippers, rushing out the door, down the alley, the shepherd boys running behind me, bursting in to the cow shed ... and there they were.

Joseph, my darling nephew Joseph, holding in his arms the most beautiful baby you ever did see, and his young lady

– Mary is her name – was lying on the straw on the ground, Joseph's cloak for a pillow. She was obviously in pain but she smiled at me. What a darling girl.

I couldn't say a word, I was so ashamed and so overcome with joy both at the same time. I rushed back to the house, woke everyone else, organized hot water and clean blankets, called the midwife, got Sarah to make cakes, tossed cousin Simon out of his bed to make room for them.

So, when you come to visit - you will come wont you - you will find us all 'happy families', delighted with our new great nephew!
tho don't expect much sensible conversation as we didn't get much sleep, and besides, there's an echo of that song of the angels ringing in our hearts.
We didn't have to see the light in the sky,
we see that light glowing from this strange wonderful child. ...
All right, don't believe me, come see for yourself!