



A 2020 Nativity

By Emily

‘It must be this way.’

‘OVER HERE! OVER HERE!’

‘Hey... look, I can see the star!’

The 3 wise men were almost toppling over each other to try get to the stable. They each clutched a carefully handmade face scarf and a gift. Balthazar heaving his block of gold, Gasper carrying a few stones of myrrh, and Melchior smugly holding a light bottle of frankincense, even throwing it onto the air and catching it a couple of times pointedly.

‘How come you get the frankincense?’ complained Balthazar, stopping to rub his aching shoulder. ‘It’s literally liquid! And I’ve got a blooming great stone!’

Gasper nodded grimly in agreement and stared at his bag of rocks.

‘You two are just weak’ laughed Melchior, ‘and -’

He didn’t finish because there was suddenly a blinding light shining right in the men’s eyes. The golden star shimmered down and streaks of light shone everywhere

‘My lord!’ gasped Melchior. ‘We have found Him!’

There was a stable blocking the light, and animals surrounded it. Any animal you could think of: cows and sheep and oxen all come to see the Lord. A small group of shepherds stood to the side, awkwardly distancing with woven masks across their faces. The angels gathered above the building on the sky, laughed and giggled in excitement, chorusing ‘BABY JESUS IS BORN! BABY JESUS IS BORN NOW IN BETHLEHEM!’ Then there was Mary and Joseph, right in the middle, gazing down at the manger in front of them. Balthazar was the first to rush up. He clumsily slid his scarf across his face before kneeling in front of the manger.

‘Gold!’ He exclaimed. ‘Gold for the newborn king!’

Then he backed away, thankful he was no longer carrying the heavy present, and Gasper slowly made his way over. ‘I have brought the gift of myrrh’ he whispered, placing the bag in front of Jesus.

Lastly, Melchior walked up. ‘I praise you, Jesus,’ he smiled. ‘Here is some sweet frankincense’

Mary thanked the men for their kind offerings, and continued to gaze at her child-Jesus Christ who had been born in Bethlehem!

She broke her eyes away from her newborn and stared up at the sky. It was clear-apart from one star. It twinkled at her before disappearing. She then smiled and picked up her silent child and rocked him.

Nothing in the world is powerful enough to stop God from fulfilling his will.

The End