

# Grumpy in Greccio

Cast:

Salvadore	Matteo	Fillippo	Lord John	Francis
Isabetta	Anzola	Jacomina	Marietta	Brother Giles

*Sung to the melody of "Deck the Halls"*

Men:

Build the fires and feed the cows, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Sweep the barn and clean the hay mow, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
In this season, all annoys, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
And they preach about great joys, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Women:

Mix and roll and make the pies, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Candies, cookies, hear me sigh, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Fire the oven, wash the pans, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
When oh when can I rest these hands, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

All:

Chop a tree and trim it up, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Clean the chimney, shine the cups, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Pay the butcher and wool spinner, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!  
Catch the goose and pluck it for dinner, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, BLAH!

*Salvadore and Isabetta, Matteo and Anzola, Fillippo and Jacomina as well as Lord John and Marietta take up spots in various areas of the stage as couples.*

Isabetta: *Iratly shaking fist at Salvadore*

Aye! Salvadore, how could you be so, so, so....oooooh! For months I have been feeding the best plump corn to that goose so that she would be so delicious for our Christmas dinner. And now...and now?

Salvadore: *dejected with head down*

My Isabetta, my beloved...

Isabetta:

Don't you "my beloved" me! What have you got to say for yourself.

Salvadore: *shuffling his feet*

Isabetta, my lovely turtle dove...

Isabetta:

I am no dove, Salvadore and you will probably be feasting on turtle for your Christmas dinner if you don't find that goose!

Salvadore: *brightening up a bit*

Ah, Isabetta, so gentle, I am a man of action, and so I shall go out this very moment and search for the goose. In fact, I won't return until I've found it. I shall search here and there, up and down, in and out and I won't return without the goose.

Isabetta: *folds arms angrily*

Hmmph! I should hope not!

Salvadore:

That is right! I won't be back...oh probably for many hours, maybe even overnight. I might be gone for a very long time. *Nodding as he edges offstage.*

Sung to: *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*

Oh where could a goose be hiding  
Oh where could a goose be hiding,  
Oh where could a goose be hiding,  
When it should be right here!

A goose on the loose,  
Is not all that bad.  
A goose that's for feasting,  
Should hide if its wise.

I'd best find the goose that's hiding,  
I'd best find the goose that's hiding,  
You'd best find the goose I raised well,  
If you want a feast!

I'm searching without a rest, dear,  
I'm searching without a rest, dear.  
I'm waiting to hear the best, dear.  
I'm waiting right here!

*Matteo and Anzola step forward together.*

Matteo:

So, Anzola...I have peeked in the closets, in the wooden chest, even under the bed. I have not seen any wrapped packages. I have seen no sewing scraps from making the dolls for the girls' gifts. You must have hidden everything very, very well!?

Anzola: *yawning lazily*

Oh no, Matteo. I have hidden nothing.

Matteo:

Well, where are the dolls?

Anzola:

I've just been too tired to get started on them. Now it is rather too late, so I don't think I'll be making dolls. Maybe I'll just wrap up the sewing scraps and let the girls make their own dolls. *Smiles proudly*

Matteo: *grasps head with both hands in frustration*

What? Have them make their own dolls? The girls are not yet 5! How can you think they should make their own gift? This is most cruel!

Anzola:

Well, Matteo, you just have no idea all that I must do every day! I am exhausted!

Matteo:

You are right, Anzola! I don't understand how you can be so tired! I get up and wake the children. I light the fire and start the breakfast. I bring in the water and heat it...all before you get out of bed!

Anzola:

Well, with Christmas coming so near, you forget that I must think about all that needs to be done. Just thinking about sewing dolls is no small thing, Matteo!

Matteo: *both arms reaching to the sky and shaking head vigorously*

Grrrrr!! What is a father to do?

Sung to *Jolly Old St. Nicholas*

Oh my friends a shadow falls  
O'er dear Greccio,  
As the day of joy draws near,  
Spirits seem so low.  
Christmas Eve is coming soon,  
Oh what shall be done?  
Whispers tell the saddest news,  
Gifts are not begun.

Mama's tired and Papa's mad,  
This is not the way,  
Faces should not wear a frown,  
Skies should not look gray.  
All the wishes have been made,  
Many months ago.  
But the time has sped away,  
And now we're filled with woe.

Making dolls seemed easy then,  
But the time has flown.  
How can I make up for it,  
Weary to the bone.  
Others think it just a lark,  
Doing all I do,  
They don't seem to understand,  
Now I ask, "Do you?"

*Fillippo and Jacomina step forward together. Both gaze upward as if examining decorations.*

Fillippo:  
I believe I have outdone myself, Jacomina! Our house is truly beautiful for Christmas!

Jacomina: *looks at Fillippo in a horrified manner*  
Surely you jest, Fillippo!

Fillippo: *looks at Jacomina in shock*  
Jest! Jest! Jest? Certainly not! I have never been more serious!

Jacomina: *pointing*  
Am I missing something here, Fillippo? You say you have outdone yourself? I'm sorry, but what I see is the red candle from last year, half burnt out and stuck on the windowsill. That is what I see! That is ALL I see!

Fillippo: *Gazing at a half burnt candle with pride*  
Absolutely accurate, my beloved Jacomina! A simple, yet elegant statement, wouldn't you agree?

Jacomina: *starting out calmly and ramping up to anger*  
Yes, yes, Fillippo, that is what I see. Yes, I see one old candle. Yes, yes, yes!!! It is not elegant! It is pathetic! YOU are not elegant, but yes, you ARE simple!!

Fillippo:  
Less is best, you must agree Jacomina! I don't want to be one of those villagers who overdo it in trying to show off!

Jacomina:  
Well, what a relief! We will surely never be accused of overdoing it! I do believe you are lazy, Fillippo and not in a simple or elegant way. *She stomps off.*

Sung to *Silver Bells*

In the valleys, up the hillsides, now the great race is on,  
Every housetop and front yard and doorway.  
Fathers climbing, Mothers shining, kids run hither and yon.  
And on every street corner you hear,

Mine's the best, Our's is great,  
You need more lights in your windows.  
Chop more greens, tie more bows,  
If we're to shame all the rest.

Hang the berries, string the popcorn, hurry we must do more,  
Than our neighbors, or cousins, or strangers.  
Check the south streets, east and west streets, look up far to the north.  
Checking others will lead us to say,

Mine's the best, Our's is great,  
You need more lights in your windows.  
Chop more greens, tie more bows,  
If we're to shame all the rest.

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*Lord John and Marietta sing refrain of "O Come, O Come Emmanuel".*

Rejoice! Rejoice!  
Emmanuel shall come to you O Israel!

Marietta:

It is so important to rejoice in our hearts and with our voices at this time of year. Don't you agree, Lord John?

Lord John: *nodding and answering with quiet reverence*

Oh yes, my love. The rejoicing worthy of the Infant of Bethlehem must come from the heart and from nothing else!

Marietta:

And the heart can only express such joy with singing! I do love the music of Christmas.

Lord John:

That shows, Marietta, in the beautiful sounds you lift up to the Baby Jesus with the choir.

Marietta: *shaking head sadly*

I fear that each year that beauty in sound becomes more and more difficult to offer to the Child.

Lord John: *sighing*

I know, my dear. One can truly say that our neighbors' hearts are not in it!

Marietta:

That is precisely the problem. IF I can get them to agree to join the choir for Christmas Mass, and IF I can get them to come to practice, and IF I can get them to sing more than 2 songs, THEN they still do not sing even those two songs with devotion and joy. It is a sad day in Greccio.

Lord John: *shaking his head sadly*

And it is a sad Greccio these days!

Sung to *Hark the Herald Angels Sing*

Hark! The people will not sing,  
Glory to the newborn king.  
They have jobs all stacked and piled,  
What about the precious Child?  
Joyful hearts should burst with song,  
But it seems that all is wrong.  
All this madness we must stow,  
And change our hearts in Greccio.  
All this madness we must stow,  
And change our hearts in Greccio.

Gifts God gives us every day,  
But we lose them in the fray,  
Now he gives us His own Son,  
How this gift we dare to shun?  
Set aside the rush and noise,  
Turn instead to heavenly joys.  
Come and praise our little Lord,  
Open your hearts in one accord.  
Come and praise our little Lord,  
Open your hearts in one accord.

Isabetta: *Paces the floor alone.*

Where is that man? Where are you Salvadore? With all that I have to do and you, gone!

Salvadore: *runs in panting with the bundle under his arm*  
My sweetness, Isabetta...

Isabetta:

Don't you "sweetness" me! Where have you been?

Salvadore:

I have been searching for the goose as you asked me, no, told me, no, shouted at me to do!

Isabetta:

I? I? Shout? You must be thinking of another to whom you give the name "sweetness"!

Salvadore:

No beloved. It is you with your shouting and all that I call "my sweetness".

Isabetta:

Well, what have you to show for all this time gone? Is that the goose?

Salvadore:

Ah, my precious, I have searched long and hard, my sweet pea...

Isabetta:

Salvadore! I feel that you have not found the goose!

Salvadore:

Well, I know that you are the most wonderful cook in all of Italy and I...

Isabetta:

Stop stalling and show me the goose!

Salvadore:

As I was saying, you are the most wonderful cook and *rushing* I am quite sure that you can make most anything taste like a juicy goose!

Isabetta: *angry and suspicious*

Unwrap that parcel...NOW!

Salvadore: *unwraps to show a rabbit*

Perhaps it is not the goose, but...

Isabetta: *furious*

Perhaps?? Perhaps it is not the goose?? IT IS NOT THE GOOSE!!!!

Sung to *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*

We may not have goose this Christmas,

We may not have goose this Christmas,

We will not have goose this Christmas,

But rabbit we have!

A rabbit for Christmas feasting,

A rabbit for Christmas feasting,

A rabbit for Christmas feasting,

No, this will not do!

Anzola: *Yawns and turns to Matte.*

Enough about the dolls! How are you doing with the wooden toys for the boys? I haven't seen you doing much carving. Are you also working in secret?

Matteo:

How am I to have time for carving when I must do all of your work? I am busy from morning till night.

So, no, I have yet to begin work on the toys!

Anzola:

Aha! Now the truth is out! How can you be angry with me for not having the dolls sewn when you have yet to begin work on the toys for the boys?

Matteo:

It's not as if I've done nothing! I drew out the plans for the toys in the ashes on the hearth stone the other night.

Anzola: *sarcastically*

How wonderful! And where are those plans now, Matteo? Now that I have swept the hearth stone clean?

Matteo:

You what? You NEVER sweep the hearth stone! What have you done?

Anzola:

You are always nagging away that I don't do my work, so I thought I'd get ahead of you just this once and have that job done.

Matteo: *groaning*

Now I will have to begin all over again!

Anzola:

That should not prove to be difficult since you had not really begun anyway. Hmph!

*Matteo stomps off*

*Sung to Jolly Old St. Nicholas*

Faces glum on all my boys,  
I so soon shall see,  
When they find no toys at all,  
Underneath the tree.  
Husband you will break their hearts,  
New playthings they need.  
Christmas morn will be a shame,  
No new toys indeed.

You're so busy and so tired,  
Thinking selfishly  
If you'd lend a hand sometimes  
I'd be filled with glee.  
But the children so it seems,  
Will be angry too,  
They expect their gifts galore  
Now the blame's on you.



*Jacomina is busy draping colorful clothing as Fillippo enters and gazes at her work. He shakes his head and covers his eyes.*

Jacomina: *stepping back to admire her work*  
Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it artful, Fillippo?

Fillipo:  
Uh, no!

Jacomina:  
"Uh, no!" What do you mean, "Uh, no"?

Fillipo:  
I mean that it isn't beautiful and it isn't artful!

Jacomina:  
Men just have no appreciation for that which is lovely in life!

Fillipo:  
I do have appreciation for the lovely...and this *gesturing toward her work*...this, is not it!

Jacomina:  
Look, Fillipo! Look around you! Look at the homes of our neighbors! What do you see?

Fillipo:  
I see lots of stuff, that took lots of money to buy and lots of time and work to put up. That's what I see!

Jacomina:  
I see garlands, and branches and candles, and ribbons and carvings. We are to be the laughingstock of our village. *Begins weeping*

Fillippo:  
Awww, Jacomina! What is it about Christmas anyway? We don't decorate for Tuesdays. We don't decorate when the rains fall. We don't decorate for the hunting season. Why must we go through all this foolishness for Christmas? It just isn't healthy, I say!

Sung to *Silver Bells*  
This is trying, oh so trying, to keep up with the rest,  
Who have made their homes so very lovely.  
Golden tinsel, sparkling snowflakes, we have none of the best.  
Oh the shame that I feel in my heart!

Pitiful, pitiful,  
That's what the neighbors are saying.  
Just so sad, feeling bad,  
Can't you do better than that?

All this fussing, all this whining, makes my poor old head ache

It's just so sad and unnecessary.  
Save some money, save some back ache and please for my sake,  
Can't we just put up nothing this year?

Pitiful, pitiful,  
Who cares what neighbors are saying?  
Just so sad, feeling bad,  
Why must we be in this race?  
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*Lord John enters to join Marietta who is humming.*

Lord John:  
Marietta! I have just come from speaking with Brother Francis!

Marietta:  
Then it is no wonder that your face is glowing!

Lord John:  
So true! He has asked me to help him with a project and I, of course, readily agreed.

Marietta:  
As you must! What is this project? Can I be of help as well?

Lord John:  
This project is Christmas come to life in Greccio and yes, you MUST be of help!

Marietta:  
Christmas come to life in Greccio? To paraphrase the words of another famous lady, "How can this be, does he know not Greccio?"

Lord John: *laughing*  
Brother Francis knows Greccio only too well. That is why we do this project!

Marietta:  
How can we make Christmas alive here? No one wants to join in the spirit of the birth of the Christ Child.

Lord John:  
That may change! Here's what we are to do...*they move together whispering.*

Sung to the melody of *The Little Drummer Boy*

Come make ready, pa rum pa pum pum  
Approach on bended knee, pa rum pa pum pum  
Our simple gifts we bring, pa rum pa pum pum  
To lay before the King, pa rum pa pum pum,

rum pa pum pum, rum pa pum pum,

So to bring to life, pa rum pa pum pum,  
And stop the strain and strife, pa rum pum pum pum  
He is the Prince of Peace, pa rum pa pum pum  
So let all quarrels cease, pa rum pa pum pum  
rum pa pum pum, rum pa pum pum,

Let us honor Him, pa rum pa pum pum  
When we come.

*Brother Francis and Brother Giles sit together.*

*Francis rubbing hands together with glee*

Francis:

Oh, my Brother Giles! I have just spoken with our friend Lord John and he is willing to help with my plan for Christmas!

*Giles: jumping up with excitement*

How excellent, Brother Francis! I just knew that he would help! I just knew that your plan would work out! I just knew...*suddenly looking puzzled*...What plan?

Francis: *laughing*

Ah Giles, always a step ahead of yourself! These last many days in the hermitage cave I have been praying and my mind and heart keep returning to the humility of God as he comes to us in a manger. I keep pondering the fact that God is not far away in some mystical place. He is with us. He is here in Greccio right now. He knows what it is to be one of us.

Giles:

You speak an unspeakably beautiful truth, Brother Francis. God delights in us enough to become one of us. In what else can we find such great joy?

Francis:

Ah, I get lost in entering that poor cave in Bethlehem with Mary and Joseph. I cannot tire of considering how cold and dark, how crowded and lowly that place must have been and how the very Lord of Glory came there to begin a life like ours to show us a life like His!

Giles: So what do your reflections have to do with this plan of yours?

Francis:

That is the beauty of these coming days, Brother Giles! Though I love coming here to this quiet cave in Greccio to pray, I have noticed that the people of the village do not have the spirit of this holy season in their hearts or their homes. They gift me with this beautiful place in which to pray. I want to help them welcome the Holy Child right here and right now! I want to take the "grumpy" out of Greccio!

Giles:

Right here and right now? Not over there and back then?

Francis:

No! Right here in this holy cave of Greccio and right now in these, our own times. The little Lord Jesus comes to us no less now than He came then. He comes here, no less than He came there.

Giles:

How can this be?

Francis:

That is my plan and Lord John is helping! We will have a Christmas Mass right here so that Jesus will come to us in the Eucharist.

Giles:

But how will the people come to the idea that Jesus is truly coming to us, to them, right here and right now?

Francis:

Lord John is gathering up a cow, a sheep, an ox, a donkey and some sheep along with hay and a manger. We will find a willing couple to act as Mary and Joseph and the whole story of His coming will suddenly be alive before our very eyes.

Giles:

What a plan! Christmas didn't just happen 1200 years ago in Bethlehem. It is happening with Greccio's ox and donkey and cow and sheep. We won't need to dress up like shepherds of Israel. We will come as people of Italy now and Jesus will come to us just as surely as He came then.

Francis:

I just pray that the people of Greccio will leave their worries and troubles long enough to join us in praising the God that longs to be born among us. We will do our part, and we must leave the rest up to God's plan!

Away in a manger  
No crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus  
Lay down His sweet head  
The stars in the sky  
Look down where He lay  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing  
The poor baby wakes  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying He makes  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus  
Look down from the sky  
And stay by my side  
'Til morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus  
I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever  
And love me I pray  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care  
And take us to heaven  
To live with Thee there

*Isabetta, Salvatore, Anzola, Matteo, Jacomina, and Fillippo, come out on stage all talking noisily at once. Lord John and Marietta enter after the rest and look at each other in confusion.*

Lord John: *shouting above the rest*  
What is going on? Why are you all so upset?

*All erupt in loud talking again.*

Marietta: *sings*  
Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all gracious King...

*All quiet down.*

Lord John:  
Yes! Peace among us! What is going on?

Salvadore:  
Our children have all been coming home from talking with Brother Francis!

Jacomina:  
Yes, and all they can speak of is the big plan for Christmas Eve.

Matteo:  
Some plan! We're all supposed to leave our warm beds and cozy homes on the busiest night of the year and drag our families up the hill to that cold, dark cave. And, for what?

Anzola:  
It makes me tired just to think of it. I see no point in that!

Isabetta:  
Brother Francis is a holy man, there's no doubt about it. But, this seems unreasonable!

Marietta:  
Friends! Isabetta brings up an excellent point! When has Brother Francis ever led us astray? We may not understand his plan at the moment but I think we can trust that He has something wonderful in store. Can we act on that trust?

Lord John:

I, myself, along with Marietta have been helping with this plan and it is worthy of your trust, IF, that is, you wish to celebrate a true Christmas this year.

*All look at each other in puzzlement and ask:*

All:

A TRUE Christmas? What is a TRUE Christmas?

Lord John:

Come at the appointed hour. Wear your best clothes and come.

Marietta:

Yes! Bring your singing voices. Don't worry about cooking the goose, or putting out the toys or decorating the house. Just bring an open heart and come!

*All grudgingly nod and move off in different directions.*

*All enter again and walk in procession with candles singing.*

*Sung to the melody of "O Come All Ye Faithful"*

O come all you people,  
leave your heavy hearts,  
O people of Greccio,  
now come to the cave.  
Come see the God who  
now comes to be one with us.

O come to welcome our God  
O come to welcome our God  
O come to welcome our God. He's here, now with us.

Leave from the darkness,  
lift your torch of light,  
Join now both man and beast  
all formed by our God.  
Forest and boulders,  
echoing our singing.

O come to welcome our God  
O come to welcome our God  
O come to welcome our God He's here, now with us.

*All gather round altar with animals and manger.*

*Francis appears in deacon's vestment.*

Francis:

A reading from the most Holy Gospel according to St. Luke.  
In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus  
that the whole world should be enrolled.  
So Joseph went up from the town of Nazareth  
to the city of David that is called Bethlehem,  
because he was of the house of David,  
to be enrolled with Mary, who was with child.  
While they were there,  
she gave birth to her firstborn son.  
She wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger,  
because there was no room for them in the inn.  
Now there were shepherds in that region  
keeping the night watch over their flock.  
The angel of the Lord appeared to them  
and they were struck with great fear.  
The angel said to them,  
"Do not be afraid;  
for behold, I proclaim to you good news of great joy  
that will be for all the people.  
For today in the city of David  
a savior has been born for you who is Christ and Lord.  
And this will be a sign for you:  
you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes  
and lying in a manger."  
And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host with the angel,  
praising God and saying:  
"Glory to God in the highest  
and on earth peace to those on whom his favor rests."

Francis:

My brothers and sisters! I ask you to look into your own hearts this holy night.  
Is it a God who is asleep or even dead who lives in your heart? Is this because you have forgotten God?  
Is this because you are too busy or feel that God is lost far from your life?  
No, no, my brothers and sisters! This is not so!  
*Francis goes to the empty manger and kneels in prayer. After a moment, he arises and places his hand  
on the altar.*

No, Look! Exult with joy my friends! Our Jesus is here alive and among us in this cave of Greccio. He is  
not a baby, but He will come to each of us on this holy altar. He humbled himself to leave His divinity  
and come among us first as a newborn baby. He humbles himself each time we have the Mass for he  
leaves his heavenly throne and comes in a lowly bit of bread. He comes into our hearts to live with us  
here. Let us rejoice in this, our humble and loving God.  
My brothers and sisters! I ask you to do this each year at the celebration of Christmas so as never to  
forget that this is a time for joyful hearts, for simple souls to rejoice not in things, but in the presence of  
our adorable Jesus among us now!

*All say "Amen" reverently.*

*Couples go back to their original places on stage.*

Isabetta:

Salvadore, I have an idea!

Salvadore:

I know! I have not found the goose, but I will...

Isabetta: *interrupting*

It doesn't matter! I will make bread in the shape of a goose. The children will love it and we can enjoy it with some of last summer's strawberry jam. It will truly be a feast!

Salvadore:

Bread in the shape of a goose? Ingenious, Isabetta! But are you sure? You're not upset?

Isabetta:

No, the goose is not the important thing. We celebrate the humility of our Jesus. He would love the idea of a bread goose! Did he not choose bread as a way to come to us?

Salvadore:

Amen to that! I will fire up the oven!

All sing:

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God He's here, now with us.

Anzola: *sniffling with tears*

I'm so sorry, Matteo. I have been so very lazy and how our little girls have no dolls for Jesus' birthday!

Matteo: *head downcast*

I'm no better, Anzola, for I have not carved toys for our boys.

*Both are silent for a moment. Then Matteo looks at Anzola, brightening up.*

Matteo: *Pops himself on the head*

What are we thinking, my Anzola? What did we just hear up in the cave?

Anzola:

Well, we heard the Gospel and we heard Brother Francis speak and...*fades out in puzzlement*

Matteo:

Exactly! And what did he talk about? He talked about the humility and love of God for us. Shouldn't we teach those same things to our children?

Anzola:

Of course, but I don't see how that connects to having no gifts.



Matteo:

What if we got busy right now and you create one lovely doll and I carve one amazing horse. Then we wrap each gift and in the morning...

Anzola: *excited now that she understands*

We talk to the children about Jesus' teaching that tells us to love one another and that means we should share!

Matteo:

Exactly! What do you think?

Anzola:

I think it's perfect! I think you are perfect! I think we have much to celebrate in our home this year.

Matteo:

Let's get to work then!

All sing:

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God He's here, now with us.

*Jacomina is busy taking down all the draping material and Fillippo picks up the worn candle.*

Fillippo:

We have not done our little Lord Jesus justice with our decorations. We should have honored him in a better way!

Jacomina: *sadly*

It is true my Fillippo. And now it is too late, I fear!

*Both are quiet for a bit*

Fillippo:

Perhaps it is not too late. Do you feel you could do a bit of painting this night?

Jacomina:

You know how I love painting. I'm never too tired for that!

Fillippo:

Then together we shall make the best decoration in the neighborhood. Get your paints and the largest white sheet we own. Paint a picture of what we saw in the cave tonight. Paint it all—the animals, the people and Brother Francis of course!

Jacomina:

That is a wonderful idea, Fillippo, but what will you do?

Fillippo:

I will be busy building a cave and a manger to fit with your painting. We will both use our talents for this project.

Jacomina:

Then we can put it in front of the house every year so that all of our neighbors and ourselves will be reminded of what we learned tonight with Brother Francis.

Fillippo:

So true, my love. Let's get started!

All sing:

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God

O come to welcome our God He's here, now with us.

Lord John:

Ah, but my heart is happy tonight, Marietta!

Marietta:

As is mine. Everyone came together and shone in the light of Jesus as Brother Francis spoke. It has been a most holy night for all of Greccio.

Lord John:

Best of all, I feel in my heart that it will last among our villagers. Perhaps we can recreate the Bethlehem scene every year!

Marietta:

I too have a special feeling in my heart. I can almost see people all over the world making the Bethlehem crèche a part of their celebration. That will bring the true understanding of the Feast to everyone every year.

Brother Francis:

I can almost hear everyone down the ages singing and proclaiming the birth of Jesus, just as it was proclaimed this night in the little cave of Greccio. Can you hear it, Brother Giles?

*Brother Giles leans toward the audience with his hand to his ear.*

*Sung to the melody of "Go Tell It On the Mountain"*

Go, tell it on the mountain,  
Over the hills and everywhere;  
Go, tell it on the mountain,  
That Jesus Christ is born.

1. The people of the village  
Of Greccio that night,  
They came with hearts full heavy,  
But left a-shining bright.\*
  
2. Lord John, he brought the creatures,  
The ox, the cow, the sheep  
And sent them up the mountain,  
Although the dark was deep.\*
  
3. Each one came with their troubles,  
But still they climbed and prayed,  
They heard the holy Gospel  
Yet no child there was laid.\*
  
4. And Francis spoke so gently,  
Of how our Lord was born.  
So humble as a boy-child,  
Still with us every morn.\*
  
5. So now when it is Christmas  
Don't lose your way once more,  
Know that our God is near us  
And let your voices soar.\*

\*all other music is In public domain