

Joseph Monologue

Hello, I'm Yeosaif. You probably know me better by my English name, Joseph.

I've got a fascinating story to tell you.
It's about what you call the First Christmas.
Let me tell you my side of the Christmas story.

I have a rich family tree.
You see, my family goes back to Abraham, Issac, and Jacob.
About 28 generations back, I have King David as my many times Great Grandfather.

David was king over God's chosen people, the Israelites.
God made a promise to David and Israel that He would bring forth kings for Israel from David's family.
And He did.
There was Solomon and Jeroboam and Ahab and many more.
Many of the kings were bad, really bad.
They got so bad God eventually took the kingdom of Israel away from them and sent the Israelites into captivity.

But God never forgot His promise to Israel and David.
Even when the Israelites had nothing to do with God, He kept reminding them of His promise.
He used His prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Zachariah, and others to remind the Israelites of His promise.
He told them the next King to come would be the Messiah.
He would be the one who would deliver the Israelites.

When God sent the Israelites into captivity, they were prisoners and slaves to foreign countries.
Life was hard for them.
They kept looking for this promised Messiah.
But he never came.

After many years, some of the Israelites made it back into the Promised Land.

They kept looking for this Messiah to come and deliver them from oppression.

That's where I come into the picture.

I was engaged to be married.

God had brought a beautiful young girl into my life.

Her name was Mary.

She was all a man could want in a future wife.

I loved her so much and looked forward to spending the rest of our lives together.

Like all engaged couples we talked about our future.

We looked forward to a life of love and hope.

I was a carpenter and I would make a decent living for us.

One day we would have children and on and on.

We couldn't wait until we were married and starting our new life together.

I was so happy I had found the one God had for me.

I could not believe how blessed I was to have the girl of my dreams about to become my wife.

But one day I talked to Mary and my world was shattered.

My life stopped dead in its tracks.

The unthinkable happened.

Mary delivered some devastating news.

My Mary was pregnant.

I knew I had never touched Mary.

I knew I was not the father.

Mary tried to explain.

She mentioned God and angels but I was too furious to listen.

I knew what the Law said about women who had babies before they

were married.

I knew the Law said Mary must be stoned.

I couldn't understand how this could have happened.

Mary was engaged to me and I thought she loved me.

How could she do this to me?

How could she do this to herself?

If anyone found out, she would surely be put to death.

I couldn't marry a woman like this, pregnant with someone else's baby.

But I loved Mary too much to see her stoned.

Back in that day, an engagement was as good as married.

You couldn't back out of an engagement.

All I could think of was to break it off privately, without anyone knowing.

This would protect my darling Mary for a few more months anyway.

This was all I knew to do.

I left Mary and decided to sleep on it.

That night I didn't think I would ever get to sleep.

My life had just been turned upside down and sleep didn't come easily.

Sometime that night I must have dozed off.

As I was sleeping, I had a dream.

An angel appeared in my dream and spoke to me.

He told me not to be afraid to take Mary as my wife.

He told me to go ahead and marry her.

He told me the baby Mary was carrying was conceived by the Holy Spirit.

He even told me it was going to be a boy.

Greater still, He told me what to name this baby boy.

He said to name the baby Jesus.

When I woke up, I knew I had had much more than a dream.

I knew I had heard from God Himself.

I knew Mary was not carrying somebody else's baby.

I knew she was carrying the Son of God.

I ran over to Mary's house as soon as morning came and told her what had happened that night.

She smiled and told her story to me again, with me listening this time.

She told me all the angel had told her about this baby.

She was so excited and so was I.

The marriage was on again and it would be something special.

Not long afterward, the Roman rulers decided to take a census.

We lived in the town of Nazareth, in Galilee.

We had to go to the city of David, my family's town, Bethlehem in Judea, 90 miles away.

It was a long way, but we couldn't think of being apart when the baby was born.

Mary was from the family of David, too, so we both went down to Bethlehem together.

It took us a long time to get there.

With every mile, Mary's condition got worse and worse.

I really didn't know if we would make it to Bethlehem before Mary had the baby.

But late that night, we finally made it to Bethlehem.

Mary wasn't going to make it much longer so I tried to find us a place to stay.

I went to an inn in town, but they were full.

The innkeeper did have a barn we could use.

That wasn't my first choice but Mary had to get somewhere soon.

We took the barn as Mary got worse.

Later that night, the time came.

There was nobody in the barn except me, Mary, and the animals.

But in that dark smelly barn God brought forth a miracle.

In that old barn, Mary gave birth to a Son.

We didn't have any blanket or anything for the baby, so we wrapped Him in some old strips of cloth we found.

We remembered the angel and named the baby Jesus.

I held Him and looked into that baby's face.
I loved Him as if He were my own child.
It was the greatest moment in my life.
I just kept looking at Him and saying, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

Not long afterward, a group of shepherds showed up.
They were all excited, telling about angels appearing.
The angels told them not to be afraid, they were there with great news.
They told the shepherds that Christ, the Lord, was born in Bethlehem.
I was amazed and mystified by all this.

Could this baby be the Christ?
Could this baby actually be the Messiah God has promised?

I loved this baby.
I raised Him like I would my own Son.
As He got older, I taught Him my trade.
I saw Him grow in wisdom and in stature.
I knew He had greatness waiting ahead for Him.
He was my pride and joy.

I didn't get to live to see Him reach His greatest hour.
But I do know the rest of the story of His life.

That little baby grew up to be a man.
He began to preach the kingdom of God.
He upset a lot of people with His preaching and claims about Himself.
Finally, the people had enough, and they nailed Jesus to a tree, just like
He said they would.
They thought they had rid themselves of the maniac who claimed to be
the Messiah.
But just three days later, Jesus took life back.
He rose from the grave and proved He was the very Son of God.
He is truly the Messiah.
He is the Deliverer.

That little baby I held in my arms so many years ago.
That little baby was God Himself.
He wasn't my Son, He was God's Son.
That little baby I held in my arms was MY Savior.
He was born on that night so that years later He could die for ME.
He came into this world to deliver ME from MY sins.
He came so that I might have eternal life.
And He lives today.

This Jesus came to be your Savior, too.
He was born to die for you, too.
He wants to give you eternal life, too.

Two thousand years ago I saw God come down to earth.
I wanted to tell you about this baby I saw born.
He lives today.
He can be your Messiah.
He can be your Savior.

You just need to trust and believe.
He can save you today.