



Illustrated by Beth Dunnett

Here is Mary, doing her chores,
Washing the plates and sweeping the floors.
This is when things begin to go strange.
Her whole life is about to change.



An angel arrives, 'You're the chosen one!

You're going to have a baby, a son!'

Mary's confused 'But how can this be?'

The angel replies 'It's God's plan. You'll see.'



The angel tells Joseph the news in a dream, 'Things aren't always what they seem. Mary's baby is God's child! Stick with her,' and then he smiled.



But there's no room to stay, no cosy bed.

Nowhere for Mary to rest her head.

'Don't worry Mary, you'll be alright.'

But the back of an inn is all they have for the night.





There in the straw in that dark stable,
An animal's trough instead of a cradle,
Mary gives birth to a baby boy.
Jesus, his name, bringing them joy.



The shepherds go as fast as they're able

And find the baby in the stable.

They worship him and when they're done

Run into the streets to tell everyone.



A while later from afar

Some wise men see a shining star.

They find the boy, now a few years old

And give gifts of Frankincense, Myrrh and Gold.



So who is this child, sent from above,
Bringing us hope and peace and love?
He's the King of Kings, the Promised One,
Light of the World - God's own Son.







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