

"A different kind of Christmas"

In the small village in the mountains no one celebrated Christmas. No one was happy that the Lord Jesus was born. It was different with Turea. Secretly that morning, she had told her brother the story of Mary, Joseph and the baby Jesus. She wanted to celebrate Christmas, but she didn't know how.

In the Christian school they had Christmas trees, gifts, lights and songs, but not here. She put on her apron, kneaded the bread dough, drew water from the well, and milked the goats. It made Turea happy to help her tired mother. It was also a way to celebrate Christmas. In the evening, lots of guests came. All the relatives wanted to see Turea again because she was only at home during the school vacation.

They ate roasted rabbit and flatbread. It tasted good to everyone.

After the meal, Hassan said suddenly:

Hassan: "Turea, tell us the story about the baby Jesus in the manger, the one you told me this morning?"

It grew dangerously quiet in the room. The name of Jesus was not welcome here, and for that reason, people stared angrily at Turea. Armeen, her cousin, made fun of her.

Armeen: "Did they teach you that at your school? You never talk about it!"

Turea remained silent. She felt alone and rejected. Just like Jesus had felt so many years before. But whatever happened, she wanted to be faithful to Him. Her father spoke up:

Father: "Of course Turea doesn't believe the stories in the Bible. We have a different religion, she knows that. Right, Turea?"

Turea: "But I do believe in Jesus. He is the only way we can get to heaven. Jesus said: I am the way, the truth and the life; no one comes to the Father but by Me" (John 14:6).

Icy silence and dark glances turned toward the 13-year old. It hurt Turea that the others rejected Jesus. She ran outside and cried. She was the only one who loved the Lord Jesus. Why didn't the others love him? Turea didn't have an answer.

Suddenly her little brother, Hassan, stood next to her.

Hassan: "Turea, I like your stories. I want to be just like you."

Turea smiled. She wasn't afraid anymore. Christmas joy came into her heart. She celebrated Christmas – with Jesus in her heart!

People: Narrator, Hassan, Armeen, Turea, father