

A Chocolate Christmas

A creative retelling of the Christmas story using 35 chocolates or lollies commonly found in New Zealand

Today we're going to be checking out the Christmas Story, but this story combines two of my favourite things – Jesus and chocolate.

There once was a girl called Mary who lived in Nazareth, and she was just an ordinary girl. But God had something extra ordinary planned for her. When God sent Mary an angel, she was **KINDER SURPRISE**d because she had never seen an angel before, and the angel told her that God had a special plan for her. “Don't be afraid”, he said “you are very special. You are going to become pregnant and have God's son. You must name him Jesus”.

Mary loved Joseph and they were soon to be married. Joseph wasn't a (chocolate) **FISH**erman like his friends, he was a carpenter. When Joseph heard Mary's news, he got a (pinapple) **LUMP** in his throat, because this was a pretty unusual situation he found himself in. An angel appeared to him in a **DREAM** and reassured him of God's plan. What a **CREAM EGG**! This was the **BOOST** he needed, and Joseph continued to love Mary and trust God. The ruler of the land, Ceasar, '**ECLAIR**ed that a census would be taken to count up everyone in the country.

Mary and Joseph had to travel along a **ROCKY ROAD** to Bethlehem to where Joseph's family lived. It was a **CURLY WURLY** journey, so they would often stop to have a **PICNIC** to keep up their **ENERGY**.

When they arrived in Bethlehem, it was **AFTER EIGHT**, and the only place to stay was a stable, which was normally home to ox and other animals. That night Jesus was born.

That night some shepherds were watching their sheep. It was dark, cold and the grass was crisp and **CRUNCHIE**, like **PEBBLES**. Suddenly an angel appeared and God's light shone all around. The angel said “Don't be afraid, I bring joyful news to all people. Today in the town of Bethlehem, a Saviour of the world has been born!” Then a choir of angels appeared singing “Glory to God in the highest”. The shepherds didn't wait til **toMORO**, they were on such a **BUZZ** and ran as fast as they could to Bethlehem, arriving a little **PINKY** to see the newborn king.

Sometime later in the East, there were some **SMARTIES**, or some wise men who were studying the stars of the **MILKYWAY**, when they saw a huge star in the sky. They first thought it might have been the planet **MARS** or a **STARBURST**, but it wasn't. They **CHEW**ed it over some more, and realised it could only mean one thing. They knew it was a sign from God that a new King had been born.

They followed the star and stopped off in Jerusalem to see King Herod. Now Herod was a mean king who **REVE**led all the attention. He thought that they were very **ODD**

FELLOWS to think that a King had been born, but was very interested and wanted to know more, so he told the Wise men to report back to him after they had found the baby. After they left, he **SNICKER**ed and conjured up plans to kill any threat to his throne.

The star led them to Bethlehem where they found Jesus and worshipped him. They gave him gifts fit for a king – and no, it wasn't a bottle of **BUBBLY**. They presented their **BOUNTY** of **GOLD** (coins, or Moro Gold), frankincense and Myrrh. That night the wise men had a dream and God told them that King Herod was up to his old **TWIX** so they went home a different way.

You see, Christmas is so much more than Santa, reindeer, snow **FLAKES** (or pretend ones in NZ) and **CHOMP**ing on lots of food. We can get in such a **TWIRL** trying to organize everything that we forget what its all about.

This Christmas, let's take some **TIME OUT** to take (Turkish) **DELIGHT** in the best thing about Christmas. That God loved us so much that he sent his **MARVELLOUS CREATION**, his only son to live on earth as a human – to live and breath and walk among us, so that he truly would be “God with us” – and he still is, now and forever.