

# Sam Goes To See Baby Jesus



Hi! My name is Sam and I live in New Zealand. See me in the picture? I'm with my toy dragon. I take him with me wherever I go. He's sort of like a T. Rex dragon. I call him a Firosaurus (Fiery for short) 'cos dragons breathe fire.

Have you heard the story about Jesus being born? I heard it read from the Bible and it seemed pretty amazing to me. I think I might go in my Special Time Machine to see it for myself.

I should tell you that my Special Time Machine—I call it my STM for short—is brilliant; it lets me go to other places and other times. This means I can go and see events that happened in the Bible a long time ago.

Any of you like to come with me and Fiery to Bethlehem more than 2000 years ago? Come on, then. Let's all get in. Now we shut the door—if we don't, someone might fall out and be left behind somewhere in mediaeval times or something.



This is Sam and Fiery.

Sam has a Special Time Machine.

Sam can go back in time.

Look at the dial. We are going backwards in time really, really quickly. Look! We're back 500 years already; now 1000 years. And now look - we've gone back 2000 years - that's back to the time of Jesus - and we are slowing down. Now we've stopped.

It's the middle of the night. I can't see anything. I don't know where we are. I am just a teeny-weeny bit scared.

Now my eyes are getting used to the dark. I can see that there is actually a lamp shining from a sort of hay-barn just over there. I'm going to look. Come on.

Goodness! It's like Open Day at the zoo. There's a cow and a camel, a horse, a little mouse, a lamb, and a swallow on holiday. And as well as all these animals there is a little crowd of people.

But look! There's a tiny baby in a hay-box. Let's try and get past the grown-ups so we can see.



The STM lands and it's dark.

Sam sees a hay-barn. There are animals, people and a baby.

There's only one woman there, just a young woman—and she looks very exhausted. But she is so kind.

When she sees us trying to get close to the hay-box, she looks up and says,

'Here, come round this side so you can see my baby. Isn't he lovely? God's told me he's got to be called *Jesus*.

That's a really special name, 'cos it means *God saves*. Just fancy that! My baby is going to save us.'

When we get close, we see the baby. He's soooo beautiful. Not just ordinary beautiful. There's something special about this Jesus - as if he's beautiful both inside and out, beautiful all the way through. We look and look and look.



The baby's mother is very young.

She tells them the baby's name

is Jesus. He is very, very beautiful.

We don't want to stop looking at him, but eventually we realise that we really must go back to the time machine and get back to our own year.

So we say good-bye to Baby Jesus, and to his mother and to all the other people and animals and we go out into the dark and the Special Time Machine.



The yearometer wobbles, accelerates and races forward - 500, 1000, 1500, 2000... Better slow down or we'll overshoot. We slow down, and - with light bump and a dizzy sort of feeling - we are back.





Sam and Fiery want to stay.

Baby Jesus is so lovely.

But they have to say good-bye.

But for us a very strange thing is happening. Back in the hay-barn we had this very strange feeling when we saw Baby Jesus: the feeling that he was beautiful—special through and through. We expected that when we got back into the time machine we would leave that feeling behind. But we haven't.

Here we are back home and we feel as if this Jesus, this very special person, is still here with us. It's as if it doesn't matter that we saw him all those years ago at the end of our time travels. It's as if this Jesus is right here on Christmas day.

I wonder if Jesus lives in a sort of invisible time machine so people can always see him, no matter where they are or when they live.

That was a great story from the Bible, wasn't it, Fiery?

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(Did you know you can read about it in the Bible?  
It's in Luke 2:1-21.)



At Christmas, Sam remembers  
seeing the real Baby Jesus.

Sam thinks, 'Perhaps people can  
always see Jesus—anywhere.'

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