



“That’s Not the Gift I Wanted”

Production Notes

One of a series of four skits about gifts, used during an event entitled “Good and Perfect Gifts.”

SUMMARY: In the first act, we see two young sisters discussing the gifts they got for Christmas. One got every toy she wanted; the other got piano lessons. In the second act, we see that those piano lessons turned out to be a huge blessing.

THEME: God gives only good and perfect gifts. Suffering and trials may not seem to be gifts, but the end result can be a blessing in our lives.

CHARACTERS:

Narrator
Girl #1
Girl #2

SETTING AND PROPS

Act I: Two girls, dressed as 8-year-olds, sit discussing what they got for Christmas
Act II: Same two girls, 25 years later. One sister is bringing roses to her sister who just performed on the piano (performer is dressed formally)

TIMING: Approximately 10 to 12 minutes

SCRIPT:

(Act I)

Narrator: We peek in on Holly and Polly, ten-year-old twin sisters, just hours after the long-anticipated Christmas gift opening extravaganza. All the gifts are opened, bows and papers strewn about...and the girls are discussing their loot.

Girl #1 (Holly): Mom and Dad hate me.

Girl #2 (Polly): No, they don’t hate you

Girl #1 Yeah they do. They love you more. It’s so obvious. Look at these gifts. Who got the bike with the shiny banana seat and streamers on the handlebars? Who got the Barbie dream house, with car and van and all the accessories? Who got the Chatty Cathy with two extra outfits--exactly what you asked for? Huh? Who?

Girl #2 Well...I have to admit...I did get what I wanted. (*bragging*) I must have been really good this year.

Girl #1 (gasp!) I was good too. Certainly as good as you.

Girl #2 No way. Remember you got into mom's jewelry box, and then lost her earring down the sink. And then you didn't even tell her--you lied and said you didn't know what happened to it.

Girl #1 Oh, yeah? Well, how about when you broke mom's vase and tried to glue it back together? And how about the time you snooped in Mom's closet and found your birthday gift? And what about your visit to the principal's office, chatty cathy??

Girl #2 You would bring that up! And just because I'm not bringing up more of your bad stuff doesn't mean I don't remember it. I'm just being nice because you got such a lousy gift.

Girl #1: (*very dramatic gestures*) Ah-ha! I knew you thought it was a lousy gift too! Why are they punishing me? Why else would they give me piano lessons for Christmas? I hate piano! They know I'll hate practicing. I will never play real music--only noise. I'll hate every minute of it. I may as well be in jail--they're sentencing me to prison. That's what it is: PRISON.

Girl #2: Oh, brother. It's not that bad! You're such a drama queen! They should have given you acting lessons.

Girl #1: Not that bad, Dork? While you're out riding your bike, guess what I'll be doing? Practicing? When you're done riding your bike and you decide to play with your Barbie dream house or Chatty Cathy, guess where you'll find me? On that hard bench, waiting for my imprisonment to be over...

Girl #2 Maybe not. Maybe you'll learn. Maybe you'll be famous and you'll play concerts all over the world and wear beautiful sequined dresses...

Girl #1 Yeah, right. I don't want to play the piano. I wanted the Barbie dream house. I wanted a bike or a new doll. It's not fair.

Girl #2 I don't know why they gave you the lessons. It's not my fault. I'll share my stuff with you. But don't you think that those lessons cost more than all my gifts combined?

Girl #1 I don't know....maybe. But why would they do this to me? Wanna trade?

Girl #2 We can't trade--you know that. That would make mom and dad sad. Don't worry, it'll work out. Maybe it won't be so bad. I'll listen to your noise...

(Act II)

Narrator: Now we meet up with Holly and Polly, a quick 25 years later.

Girl #2 (*with flowers*) Look at you! Look at you! Can you believe you played that gorgeous Steinway grand piano with the Philharmonic Orchestra--and you got a standing ovation? How many encores did you give tonight?

Girl #1 I don't know--maybe four!

Girl #2 You know what I was thinking while I was listening to your beautiful music? I was thinking about that Christmas when we were ten? Do you remember it?

Girl #1 I'll never forget it. I thought I had been given the most awful gift a girl could receive. I had no idea how I would ever use it. But Mom and Dad knew me better than I knew myself. I had no idea that I would ever love music and the piano like I do now. It did take a while for me to see what they saw, though. But I see their wisdom now. I'm glad they didn't give up on me when I was complaining week after week about all the practice. The first three years, I complained every day. I figured if I had to suffer, they had better suffer too.

Girl #2: I remember a lot of door slamming and tears during that time.

Girl #1: I'm glad our parents stuck to their guns and didn't relent, even through all my begging and tears. I'd never be where I am now.

Girl #2 Boy, I remember all the whining and complaining about practices and recitals and music teachers...but here we sit in this concert hall. And where is my Barbie dream house?

Girl #1 Hey, I still want that Barbie dream house...but one with a tiny, little grand piano in it. (both laugh)

Girl #1 It was a hard lesson to learn. It wasn't a gift I wanted at the time, but those piano lessons were the instrument used to shape and direct my life.

Narrator: Our sisters can now see, from their vantage point 25 years later, that those despised piano lessons, once considered an awful gift that caused one sister so much suffering over the years, were actually a turning point in her life. The lessons were a good and perfect gift, tailor-made for her. That unwanted gift shaped her character. As she finally accepted and submitted to the demands of the lessons, she developed discipline and perseverance in her life. More often than not, we don't know what God is doing in us through our trials. But as we accept them from His hand, and submit to our loving Father, He is free to work in our lives. Because we know He is working everything, somehow, to our good, we can count it all joy as we encounter various trials.