

WISE MEN STILL SEEK HIM

MUSIC

THE GIFT - Theme song Mark Wilson/Jane Foster Knox  
FOR UNTO US - Prophecy Isaiah  
WHEN I SAW MARY'S LITTLE CHILD Personal witness RodneyTurner/JaniceKapp Perry  
ONE SMALL BABY ? Journey LynnS.Lund/Shawn Stringham  
HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM? Child Frances Chesterton  
ONLY A BABY CAME Musings Natalie Sleeth  
GIFTS THAT ARE MINE TO GIVE Mother's Song David Len Allen  
ADORARION OF THE MAGI Arival Miklos Rozsa/HR Wilson  
LULLAY, THOU LITTLE TINY CHILD Herod LaVonne Van Orden  
MARY LET ME HOLD HER BABY(opt) Michael McLean The Forgotten Caroles  
THE GIFT - Theme song  
THREE KINGS +(opt) Michael McLean The Forgotten Caroles  
OUR HANDS For Us

# Wise Men Still Seek Him

written by Marsha Steed

You may not know me, my name is Bethaliel. You may remember my husband though, Balthazar? He is mentioned, although not by name, in the Bible. Of course the Bible doesn't mention my little Jezua either, or myself in the story. But no matter, that is why I am writing this, so that you may know of our thoughts and feelings on that night of nights.

(Music begins)

You know the night I am speaking of, it is the night that . . .

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## THE GIFT

Theme - Choir

One bright star in a desert night;  
Trav'lers led by it's wondrous light;  
Wise men seeking a baby boy  
Cradled in love and joy.

And the gifts they brought to welcome Him  
Incense and gold and myrrh  
were the rarest gifts that men could bring;  
Treasures to honor a newborn King.

Light to brighten the darkest life;  
Prince of Peace in a world of strife;  
Still we seek him,  
Like kings of old,  
led by the star above

And the gifts we bring to welcome Him,  
Music and love and joy,  
are the simple gifts a child might bring;  
Treasures to honor the newborn king.

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One night, as we read the wonderful prophecies in the Scriptures,  
Balthazar was touched by something Isaiah had said.

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(Music begins)

He called me quickly to his room and had me read with him. . .

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## FOR UNTO US - Prophecy - Choir

Behold a virgin shall conceive  
and bear a son, and bear a son.  
Behold a virgin shall conceive  
And shall call his name Immanuel.  
Immanuel. Immanuel.  
And shall call his name Immanuel.

For unto us a child is born,  
and unto us a son is given;  
and the government shall be upon his shoulder!

and the government shall be upon his shoulder!  
And his name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counselor.  
And his name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counselor.  
The mighty God.  
The everlasting Father.  
The prince of Peace. (repeat 1st vs.)

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We were both deeply touched by the words, what was this, why didn't we know of it? Someday there was to be a Father of us ALL? Each child, each mother, man and person were to serve the same KING? We must know more of this happening.

As a young girl, my mother taught me to serve Allah. To love him and to worship at his feet. She always told me, that if I ever had questions, I should trust Him above all, and talk to him in prayer. We knelt together, Balthazar and myself, and asked fervently for the blessing of knowledge concerning this babe.

All of a sudden, a vision opened up to me. It was as clear as the day I first held my sweet Jezua in my arms. I SAW the mother of this prophesied babe, and my heart opened up to her . . .

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**WHEN I SAW MARY'S LITTLE CHILD -**  
Personal witness- duet

When I saw Mary's little child,  
he lay in Mary's arms .  
He rested safely in her warmth  
Secure from all that harms.  
And Mary the handmaid of the Lord,  
rejoiced in what was done.  
Her face aglow with happiness  
her eyes upon her son

How blessed their years in Nazareth  
How dear each passing day  
She watched Him grow  
in wisdom's paths;  
She knelt with Him to pray  
And when he turned from Galilee  
to do His father's will,

With fervent prayer  
she waved farewell,  
her eyes upon him still

When I saw Mary's little child,  
He hung upon a tree.  
He bore the burdens of the world,  
for all the world to see.

And Mary kneeling at His feet,  
her face a mask of pain,  
Reached upward longing in her soul  
to hold Him safe again.  
If she could, Mary would  
have held him safe again.

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As the vision ended, my heart was nearly broken, for I knew the grief and the pain that comes from losing a dearly beloved child. I could barely speak, but just as quickly as the pain came, and unleashed all the feelings of that moment in my own life when I also laid to rest my sweet child, the pain and anguish was replaced by a sweet peace. Something that I had never felt before. That babe was one that was the King to be. I had seen Immanuel.

My husband was a wise and goodly man. We had plenty of life's comforts. He too had had a vision, and was told that when the event occurred, he could know of it, by the new light in the heavens that would appear in the East.

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*(Music begins)*

We waited and watched, until one night in the spring, it happened!

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**ONE SMALL BABE -** Journey - Choir

One small babe in a manger lay  
with heaven's light all around.  
All the earth is holy made  
with baby Jesus' sound.

One still star over Bethlehem.  
Wisemen looked to see  
One bright light in the endless sky.  
Sign of eternity  
One small babe sent from heav'n above.  
Son of God come to earth.  
salvation promised to all men  
At the Savior's birth.

Mother Mary watched him sleep.  
Tonight he was her own.  
Soon he'd leave her loving arms and  
with his life atone.  
Sent from heav'n Son of GOD

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We quickly made the preparations, we were going to find and worship the Son of God. Balthazar would never leave without us, even though it promised to be a long and hard journey, nothing could keep us away. We also went with our dear friends, who we had shared the beautiful message with.

We began our journey with camels and provisions, and tiny Jezua. My own sweet boy, he was such a gift after my loss. I am thankful each night as I kiss his precious cheek, for his birth. Jezua is only a tiny boy, six years has not been long enough to love him and enjoy his precious innocence. When we told him of the great journey we were to take, and the dangers involved, he did not falter. He only said,

" Oh mother, where is this king that I may serve him?"

I told him that the king was only yet a babe, and still had to grow strong and big, and learn just like Jezua himself. He exclaimed,

"Mother, I can help him, I can take his hands and together we can be strong"

Ah, from the mouths of babes. . .

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*(Music begins)*

Jezua was so anxious to be there, he was constantly full of excitement and questions.

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**HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM?**

Children's Choir -

How far is it to Bethlehem?  
Not very far?  
Shall we find the stable room  
lit by a star?  
Can we see the little child, is he within?  
If we lift the wooden latch may we go  
in?  
May we touch the creatures there,  
donkey and sheep?  
May we peep like them  
and see Jesus asleep?  
If we touch his tiny hand,  
will he awake?  
Will he know we've come so far  
just for his sake?

Great kings have precious gifts  
and we have naught,  
Little smiles and little tears  
are all we brought.

For all weary children Mary must weep.  
Here, on his bed of straw,  
sleep children sleep.  
How far is it to Bethlehem?  
Not very far.

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The night was still, we were finally there, we were in Jerusalem. Bethlehem would not be very far at all now. Balthazar, along with others we had met also on the same journey, decided that it would be wise to ask the political king, King Herod, where to find the newest king. We were sure that he would know, an important man like him, where the new world ruler would be.

He didn't know, but he told us to return after we found the babe, and let Herod know, so that he might worship also. I did NOT get a good feeling from that man. There was something in his eyes that belied his fancy words. I didn't trust him.

If the king didn't know, then where could we find the babe? Wasn't he important? Didn't all the country clamor to worship at his cradle? Where was the Prince of Peace to be found?

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**ONLY A BABY CAME**

Musings - Choir

They waited for a King  
with crown of gold,  
to save the world as was foretold,  
a Sov'reign wise, a ruler bold,  
but only a baby came.

They waited for a Prince to gain the  
throne,  
a Savior sent by God alone,  
a Lord with Kingdom yet unknown,  
but only a baby came.

Twas but a babe who came that night,  
the wonder to proclaim;  
with brightest star to shed its light and  
set the world aflame!

They waited for a world of truth divine,  
a heavn'ly Dove, a sacred sign,  
a living branch from Jesse's line,  
but only a baby came.

Only a babe to bear the shame.  
Only a babe with love His name,  
Only a lowly Holy baby came.

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Only a baby? My gifts suddenly paled at the realization that ours would most likely be the only gift that were brought to worship this Savior of the world! How had we been so blessed to know of him? How were we given the knowledge when his own peoples seemed not to even be aware of his existence? What could I give this KING? The soft hand weaved blanket, the tiny clothes, and even the sweet toy lamb, somehow didn't seem like much. The little lamb had been my baby girl's, my own sweet child who had sacrificed so that her brother could live. It was a tiny bit soiled by the tears we had shed, but to me it was only more precious because of them. Could these gifts suit a King?

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*(Music begins)*

It was too late, Balthazar was knocking on the tiny house, and the door was opening, the gifts would have to do . . .

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**GIFTS THAT ARE MINE TO GIVE** Mothers gift - Choir

How precious and mild,  
the little Christ child  
As in the warm cradle He lay!

What gift can I bring that's fit for a  
King, That time will not take away,  
To honor Him Christmas day?  
What treasures have I  
that money can't buy  
That keep giving each day I live?

Two strong hands that are sure  
And a heart that is pure  
(second ending)  
Are the gifts that are mine to give.  
Are the gifts that are mine to give. . . .

*(Music continues and modulates)*

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Mary, sweet Mary, let us in her humble home. as she told us of the birth and the feelings of her heart, I remembered my beautiful vision. As we looked upon the child, our hearts burst, and the room was full of sound.

(Adoration of the Magi - Alternate song )

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**ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH** - Congregation and Choir

Angels we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,  
And the mountains in reply  
Echoing their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
What the galdsome tidings be  
Which in spire your heav'nly song

Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

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"Mary, my sister, do you know how I love you? I don't know you personally, but I have known you in my heart of hearts for a very long time. May we sit for a bit, and may I drink of your purity and learn at your feet?"

(Optional Song, "Mary let me hold her baby" - Michael McLean)

We stayed just a day, when the dear Joseph had a dream. Herod was just exactly as I had feared, an evil man who had no intention of worshiping the true King. He set out an order so vial, I still shudder at the thought . . .

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**LULLAY, THOU LITTLE TINY CHILD** Herod - Four Women Quartet

Lullay, thou little tiny child. by-by lullay, lullay.  
As sisters too, what may we do for to preserve this day,  
This poor young thing for whom we sing, by-by lullay lullay.

Herod, the king, in his raging, A Charge he hath made this day,  
His men of night in our own sight, All young children to slay.

Then woe is me, poor child for thee, and ever moan and say,  
May for thy parting neither say nor sing, By-by lullay, lullay.

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So quickly in the night, the tiny family prepared to go into Egypt. Our companions were going to go a different route, so as not to arouse suspicion. The Holy Family quietly slipped into the night. I was so thankful that we had thought to bring extra provisions and a camel. We

were able to help them in our small way.

As we began our journey home again, my heart was o'er flowing. I had seen the Savior of the world. I had touched his tiny hand and felt his little cheek. What could I do now, to always keep this feeling in my heart?

We had left on a journey to find a king, and I was touched by a baby.

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**OUR HANDS**

For Us - Choir

Our hands must join with his hands  
to do His work today,  
Our feet must follow His feet  
to lead men in His way,  
Our tongues must speak as He speaks  
to tell men that He lives,  
Our lives must join with His life  
to show the peace He gives

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My gift was acceptable to Him, I would forever remember Him and the gift HE was to give. Each child I see, will be happier because I saw a babe. Each woman in pain will be comforted because I saw a tiny child, Each man will be fed, and clothed and blessed, because I saw a baby in Bethlehem. My gift will be forever giving.

*(Music begins)*

Each day from now on must focus on this moment. Each action and each deed must always remind me that WISE men STILL seek the King of King and Lord of Lords, the Savior of us All.

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**THE GIFT - REPRISE**

Light to brighten the darkest life;  
Prince of Peace in a world of strife;  
Still we seek him,  
Like kings of old,  
led by the star above  
And the gifts we bring to welcome Him,  
Music and love and joy,  
are the simple gifts a child might bring;  
Treasures to honor the newborn king.

Narration Written by Marsha Steed  
November 17, 1994  
Dedicated to Cornell A. Grover, my dad  
who always taught me that Love is the  
most important of all.

**Alternate Songs:...**

**Other songs can be used, at the Chorister's discretion that have the same message.**

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**ADORARION OF THE MAGI**

- Arrival - SATB

In a stable bare lay the Little Babe so fair,



Alleluia, alleluia,  
And a shining star let the Wise Men from afar,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
They came bearing gifts to the Heavenly King,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
At His feet they knelt and with praises did sing,  
Alleluia, alleluia,

Let us bring our gifts to the Holy Child  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
We will sing the praise of the Babe so mild  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
And we humbly pray to the Lord, our God, today  
Alleluia, alleluia

**MARY LET ME HOLD HER BABY** - Michael McLean - The Forgotten Caroles

Mary let me hold her baby, her newborn son.  
Though I'd never be a mother, I felt like one.

Mary let me hold her baby, so she could rest.  
And ever since that night I held him,  
My life's been blessed.

Those like me who can't have children,  
still can be mothers.  
Something in His eyes convinced me,  
I could serve so many others.

Mary let me hold her baby. So soft and warm.  
Mary let me hold her baby, and I was re-born.

Something in His eyes convinced me,  
I could serve so many others.  
Mary let me hold her baby.  
So soft and warm.  
Mary let me hold her baby,  
and I was re-born.

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**THREE KINGS** - Michael McLean - The Forgotten Caroles

Somewhere beneath the glitter, that comes that time of winter,  
in many souls there is a cry.  
They may not clearly say it, but in their souls they pray it.  
And you can see it in their eyes.

((I can not find my way, I can not find my way at all.  
There are so many voices, so many different choices,  
I can not find my way at all.))  
There were three kings who followed the star of Bethlehem.  
They came from a far to praise and honor him.  
The light which beckoned them to seek the Lord of men,  
it calls to you, it calls to me.

((We cannot find our way, we can not find our way,  
we can not find our way at all. There are so many choices so many different voices,  
we can not find our way at all. . . ))

We're not alone, we have a star, that shines today.  
The Love that he gave teaches how and shows the way.  
The light is clear to see, if we have faith and believe.  
Three kings found the Lord and so can we.

((we cannot find our way , we can not find our way at all. ))  
Three kings found the Lord and so can we.

((there are so many choices, so many different voices,  
we can not find our way at all ))

Three kings found the Lord and so can we.  
And if you've lost your way.  
That light burns bright today and it will shine eternally.  
Three kings found the Lord and so can we.

((We can not find our way, we can not find our way at all))

Three kings found the Lord and so can we.  
((there are so many choices, so many different voices.  
We can not find our way at all.  
Lord help us find our way, we need to find our way.  
We can not find our way at all.))  
Three kings found the Lord and so can we.

(( Lord help us find our way, we need to find our way. We can not find our way  
at all.))

Three kings found the Lord and so can we.  
(( Lord help us find our way, we need to find our way.  
Lord help us our way at all.))

Three kings found the Lord and so can we.  
(( Lord help us find our way, we need to find our way.  
We can not find our way at all.))