



Santa Quits Christmas

*Santa teaches children about
the true meaning of Christmas*

*Written by Christopher Shunn
In Memory of Collin Robert Shunn*

Santa Quits Christmas

Announcer

'Twas the night before Christmas... and Santa is on strike!
And it's all because of a boy named Mike...
And others named Gary, Steve, and Lou,
And little girls named Sally, Mary, and Sue.

Santa

I'm tired of the letters from the children of greed,
Who already have much more than they need.
The greed and the selfishness just make me ill,
I will show them... I will quit being Santa... yes I will!

Mrs. Claus

What's all the racket? Why all the noise?
Shouldn't you be loading the sleigh with the toys?

Santa

I'll tell you what's wrong and why all the fuss,
Why I am so mad that I could just cuss.

Just listen to these letters and I'm sure you'll agree,
These children don't deserve anything from me.
These letters are not from the poor or the needy,
They are from the spoiled, the rotten, and the greedy!

This one is from Nancy,
Who doesn't want anything fancy...
Just a cat and a dog...
And half of the stuff in the Sears catalog!

And then there is Tommy,
Who won't mind his mommy,
And Jeremy and Chad,
Who won't mind their dad.

And Bobby, Susan, Randy, and Louise...
All have little brothers and sisters they tease.

These little ingrates really have quite the nerve.
I'd like to give them just what they deserve.
I should take each one and turn them over my knee,
Then what rosy red cheeks you would see.

These kids are spoiled, ungrateful, selfish, and rotten.
The true meaning of Christmas giving has long been forgotten.
Christmas giving should remind us of the gift that God gave...
That Jesus Christ was born and all mankind would be saved.

But these children think more of me and the presents that I bring,
Than they do of our dear Savior, our Lord, and our King.
I've had it, I'm fed up, I can't take it my dear,
These spoiled children will have to do without Santa this year.

Mrs. Claus

Now my dear Santa, don't be so mad,
Not all of the children are greedy or bad.
The spirit of Christmas is alive I can tell,
Millions of children know Christ quite well.

Santa

I wish it were true, I wish you were right,
But look at these letters I was reading tonight.

This letter is from Hank
Who never says thanks
Then then there is Mike
Who just wants a bike...
And a train, and a plane, and a mitt with a ball...
And just a few more things on this list... That is as long as I am tall.

Karen wrote a letter that sounds sweet as honey
She says please give me a purse...but fill it with money!
Money for her purse!
Why have you ever heard that little girl curse?

Just listen to this one my dear,
It is from Ricky,
That boy is so picky...
He doesn't like anything that I brought him last year.

But I'll fix his wagon,
And I'm not just braggin'...

You mark the words that I say,
I'll take all his toys away!

Keri wants a little dollhouse and a new doll too,
Or she will hold their breath until she turns blue!
What she really needs is a dustpan and broom...
'Cause she can't even clean up her room!

And on and on this list of greed increases
But no one ever stops to think of Lord Jesus.

The greed and the selfishness just makes me ill,
I'll play a little trick,
I'll call in sick,
I'll quit being Santa Claus... yes I will!

Or maybe better yet,
I know what they should get...
The perfect gift will I choose...
A lump of coal to fill their shoes!

Mrs. Claus

Now Santa don't get yourself up in a dander,
Let me give those letters a gander,
There must be some kind of mistake my dear.
I was sure that the children were much better this year.

Something is wrong, there must be a reason,
Those can't be the letters for this Christmas season.

Santa

Oh they are this year's letters in deed,
And each one of them is filled with greed.

Want some more proof? I'll read some more if you like.
Little Johnny wants another brand new bike.
But he will get nothing from me my dear,
'Cause he can't take care of the one I gave him last year!

Mrs. Claus

Hold it dear Santa, stop your ranting and raving,
Those aren't this year's letters that you have been waving.

Just look at this postmark, for heaven's sake.
You've been reading last year's letters by mistake.

Here are the letters from this year.
I think you will notice a change my dear.
These children are asking for gifts to bless others,
And they are minding their fathers and their mothers.

Here is a thank you note from Tommy and Sue.
And even ungrateful Hank says thank you too!
They want to thank you for all that you've done.
And they thank The Father for the gift of his Son.

Santa

It's hard to admit it, I guess I was wrong,
It seems they understood the true meaning of Christmas all along.

Listen my dear, why would you believe,
But some of these children would rather give than receive!

My dear, the light is so poor, do me a favor please,
Be so kind and read the rest of these.

Mrs. Claus

What's the matter, Santa dear?
And don't tell me a lie.
Is it the light that is not clear?
Or are these letters making you cry?

Santa

Go on with the letters now and don't be so daft,
This jolly St. Nicholas still knows how to laugh.

Mrs. Claus

This letter is from Hank...
He offers his thanks,

This one is from Sue,
She says thank you too.

And Sally and Randy are thinking of others,
Their requests are for their sisters and brothers.

And even that foul-mouthed little Karen
Has promised that she will give up her swearin’

And on and on the letters go...
I think you are the one that deserves a lump of coal.

And here is one more...it's one of the best,
It seems to sum up all of the rest.

Dear Santa,

Forgive me for being so selfish in the past,
But I understand the true meaning of Christmas at last.
When I lost my little brother, you see,
I started to see what really matters to me.

Christmas is not about presents and such,
But about giving to those who need us so much.
God has taken my little brother away,
But I know that I will see him again someday.

Because of God's gift when he sent Christ to Earth,
Through him all mankind will have a rebirth.
Keep spreading your message of love and caring,
So that children can learn the joy of sharing.

I'm closing my letter,
I can't say it better,
Christ is the reason...
For the Holiday Season.

Love, Julie

Santa

I can't listen anymore,
Please save them all,
If I hear any more I'm afraid I might...

Mrs. Claus

Bawl?

Santa

No. I'm afraid I might be late.

Help me load the sleigh,
And don't take all night!
I must be on my way,
On this joyous Christmas flight.

And as he flew off to spread Christmas cheer,
He yelled...

Santa

Merry Christmas to all,
And let's remember our Savior this year.

The End.

A very short Christmas Play by Christopher Shunn
Dedicated to the memory of Collin Robert Shunn

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