



# The United Parish in Brookline

American Baptist • United Church of Christ • United Methodist

*Rooted in the past, Reaching into our future*

*Celebrating United Parish's 50th Anniversary*



*Amahl & The Night Visitors, created by member Katie Lee, for December 2018*

January 3, 2021

Second Sunday after Christmas

Celebrating the Feast of Epiphany

**PRELUDE**

*We transition into  
our sacred time as our music  
invokes the spirit of God.*

*Carol of the Bells*

by Mykola Leontovych and Peter J. Wilhousky  
arranged by Eric Haas

Kate Hendrix, recorders

**GREETINGS**

*We warmly welcome all into our midst.*

Kent French  
Senior Pastor

**CENTERING PRAYER**

*Together, we re-center ourselves in the Love of God.*

**READING FROM THE GOSPEL**

*We reflect together on this story  
from the early days of the life of  
Jesus of Nazareth.*

Matthew 2:1-12

The Reed Family  
James, Myers, Emily and Stefan  
*as prepared for Christmas Eve*

*Amahl and the Night Visitors*  
by Gian Carlo Menotti  
complete libretto below

from a live performance  
at United Parish  
December 7, 2018

Cast in Order of Appearance

Amahl	Amalia Rodine
His Mother	Helen Hassinger
King Kaspar	Josaphat Contreras
King Melchior	Leroy Davis
King Balthazar	Brett Bode
The Page	Martín Pizarro
Female Shepherd Dancer	Bethany Lynch
Male Shepherd Dancer	Tim McGowan

Shepherd Chorus

*Children:* Penelope DeSelms, Cy Perkins, Theodora Rodine  
*Sopranos:* Julie Anderson, Debra Hall, Ann-Marie Lacoviello, Lisa Wong,  
*Altos:* Pat Howkinson, Amanda Contreras, Patty Sullivan,  
Meagan McKinstry  
*Tenors:* Tim McGowan, Jim DeSelms  
*Basses:* Doug Creed, Micah DeSelms, David Lewis, Peter  
Rempelakis, David Rockwell, Paul Rodine

Director	Sharon Daniels
Music Director, Piano Primo	Susan DeSelms
Piano Secondo	Brynna Freitag
Oboe	Jared Walter Chapman
Costume Designer	Susannah Davis
Choreographer	Bethany Lynch
Stage Lighting Assistants	Wilson Hood, David Flanagan
Graphic Designer	Katie Lee
Videography	Bill Gasperini
Technical Help	Paul Rodine

**PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE**

*We pray together for our congregation,  
our surrounding community, the nation and the world.*

One: O God, hear our prayer,  
All: And guide us in your love.

**LORD'S PRAYER** *We pray together as Jesus taught us.*

*We invite you to use your chosen words for God: Father, Mother, Abba, Allah or ...*

Our Creator, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name  
Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done,  
On Earth as it is in Heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive those  
who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
and the power and the glory  
forever and ever. Amen.

**HOLY BUSINESS**

*We share news of God's work in our community's activities.*

**BENEDICTION**

*We receive a blessing as we prepare to depart this sacred gathering.*

**POSTLUDE**

*We transition out of our  
sacred time together.*

*Fantasia on Greensleeves*  
by Ralph Vaughn Williams

Joe Robinson, *oboe*  
Mary Kay Robinson, *violin*  
Joey Falla, *organ*  
University Presbyterian Church  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Many thanks to Jason Yu, our Multimedia Producer.

Please join us immediately after worship for Virtual Coffee Hour on Zoom.

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89230311301?pwd=SXk3d2dKSTNlNmRwbGZ4aW1meDJsQT09>

Meeting ID: 892 3031 1301

Passcode: 340421

Or call 646-558-8656

# Amahl and the Night Visitors Libretto

## ONE ACT

*(A child sits outside a poor shack of a house gazing earnestly at the sky)*

### HIS MOTHER

*(calls from within:)*

Amahl! Amahl!

### THE SON

*(replies absently)*

Oh!

### HIS MOTHER

*(again comes from somewhere inside)*

Time to go to bed.

### HER SON

*(answers)*

coming...

*(however his words belie his actions. He gazes all the more quizzically at the stars above him)*

### THE MOTHER

*(A third time, calls, her voice a bit terser)*

Amahl!

### HER SON

*(Again, the boy replies)*

Coming...

*(but otherwise he seems not to have heard)*

### THE MOTHER

*(storms out of the house)*

How long must I shout  
to make you obey?

### SON:

I'm sorry, Mother.

### MOTHER

Hurry in! It's time to go to bed.

### AMAHL

*(pleads with his mother)*

But Mother –

let me stay a little longer.

### MOTHER

The wind is cold.

### SON

But my cloak is warm;

let me stay a little longer!

### MOTHER

The night is dark.

### SON

But the sky is light,

let me stay a little longer!

### MOTHER

The time is late.

### SON

But the moon hasn't risen yet,

let me stay a little...

### HIS MOTHER

*(cuts him off curtly)*

There won't be any moon tonight.

But there will be a weeping child very soon,  
if he doesn't hurry up and obey his mother.

### AMAHL

*(sighs and gives in)*

...oh very well...

**MOTHER**

What was keeping you outside?

**THE SON**

*(replies excitedly)*

Oh mother! You should go out and see!

There's never been such a sky.

Damp clouds have shined it,

and soft winds have swept it,

as if to make it ready for a king's ball.

All its lanterns are lit,

all its torches are burning,

and its dark floor is shining like crystal.

Hanging over our roof,

there is a star as large as a window;

and the star has a tail, and it moves

across the sky like a chariot on fire.

**MOTHER**

Oh Amahl!

When will you stop telling lies?

All day long you wander about in a dream.

Here we are with nothing to eat –

not a stick of wood on the fire,

not a drop of oil in the jug,

and all you do is to worry your mother

with fairy tales.

Oh Amahl... have you forgotten your promise

never,

never to lie to your mother again?

**SON**

Mother darling, I'm not lying.

Please do believe me... please do believe me.

Come outside and let me show you.

See for yourself... see for yourself.

**THE MOTHER**

*(bursts into poetry, despite herself, as she reprimands Amahl)*

Stop bothering me!

Why should I believe you?

You come with a new one every day!

First it was a leopard with a woman's head.

Then it was a tree branch that shrieked and bled.

Then it was a fish as big as a boat,

with whiskers like a cat, and wings like a bat,

and horns like a goat

and now it is a star as big

as a window (or was it a carriage)?

And if that weren't enough,

the star has a tail and the tail is of fire...

**SON**

But there is a star... and it has a tail...

*this* long. Well, maybe only *this* long...

But it's there!

**MOTHER**

Amahl!

**AMAHL**

*(insists)*

Cross my heart and hope to die...

**THE MOTHER**

*(throws up her hands)*

Hunger has gone to your head.

Dear God, what is a poor widow to do,

when her cupboards

and pockets are empty

and everything sold?

Unless we go begging

how shall we live through tomorrow?

My little son, a beggar!

**AMAHL**

*(hating to see his mother distressed, has a story he is used to telling for this occasion)*

Don't cry mother dear;

don't worry for me.

If we must go begging,

a good beggar I'll be.

I know sweet tunes to set people dancing.

We'll walk and walk from village to town –

you dressed as a gypsy,

and I as a clown.

We'll walk and walk from village to town.

At noon, we shall eat roast goose  
and sweet almonds.  
At night we shall sleep with the sheep  
and the stars.  
I'll play my pipes, you'll sing and you'll shout.  
The windows will open and people lean out.  
The king will ride by  
and hear your loud voice  
and throw us some gold to stop all the noise.  
At noon we shall eat roast goose and sweet  
almonds;  
at night we shall sleep with the sheep  
and the stars.

**MOTHER**

Kiss me good night.

**MOTHER, SON**

*(to each other)*

Good night.

*(They turn in to bed)*

*(Three kings stroll through the shadows of the night,  
and as they go they comfort themselves with a  
quiet  
song)*

**THREE KINGS**

From far away we come and farther we must go.  
How far... how far...  
my crystal star?  
The shepherd dreams inside the fold.  
Cold are the sands by the silent sea.  
Frozen the incense in our frozen hands,  
heavy the gold.  
How far... how far...  
my crystal star?  
By silence-sunken lakes,  
the antelope leaps.  
In paper-painted oasis,  
the drunken gypsy weeps.  
The hungry lion wanders,  
the cobra sleeps.

How far... how far...  
my crystal star?

*(the kings knock at the door)*

**MOTHER**

Amahl!

**SON**

Yes, mother?

**MOTHER**

Go and see who's knocking at the door.

*(Amahl goes over to the door)*

**AMAHL**

*(returns excited)*

Mother... mother... come with me!

I want to be sure that you see what I see.

**THE MOTHER**

*(has no patience for his son's energy this late at  
night)*

What is the matter with you now?

What is all this fuss about?

Who is it then?

**AMAHL**

*(is unsure how to report the events, and so he  
hesitates)*

Mother.. outside the door... there is...

there is a king with a crown!

**MOTHER**

*(is exasperated)*

What shall I do with this boy?

What shall I do... what shall I do?

If you don't learn to tell the truth,  
I'll have to spank you!

Go back and see who it is  
and ask them what they want...

*(After checking the door again, Amahl  
returns, insistent)*

**AM AHL**

Mother! Mother! Mother, come with me!  
I want to be sure that you see what I see.

**MOTHER**

What is the matter with you now  
what is all this fuss about?

**AM AHL**

*(hangs his head quietly)*

Mother, I didn't tell the truth before.

**MOTHER**

That's a good boy.

**SON**

There is not a king outside.

**MOTHER**

I should say not.

**SON**

There are *two* kings.

**MOTHER**

*(is about to lose her patience altogether)*

What shall I do with this boy?

What shall I do? What shall I do?

*(She admonishes her son)*

Hurry back and see who it is,  
and don't you dare make up tales...

**AM AHL**

*(returns to his mother from the door...*

*but this time he is worried)*

Mother! Mother! Mother come with me;

if I tell you the truth,

I know you won't believe me...

**MOTHER**

Try it for a change.

**SON**

But you won't believe me.

**MOTHER**

I'll believe you, if you tell me the truth...

**SON**

Sure enough, there are not two kings outside.

**MOTHER**

That is surprising.

**SON**

The kings are three, and one of them is black.

**MOTHER**

*(Now mother is angry)*

Oh what shall I do with this boy.

If you were stronger I'd like to whip you.

**SON**

I knew it.

**MOTHER**

*(pulls herself out of bed)*

I'm going to the door myself.

And then young man,  
you'll have to reckon with me!

**THE KINGS AND THEIR PAGE**

*(greet the woman when she opens the door)*

Good evening.. good evening...

*(The mother gasps quietly)*

**AM AHL**

*(behind her, feels a need to remind her)*

What did I tell you?

**MOTHER**

*(pushes her son back)*

Shhhh...!



*(and then addresses these apparent nobles  
who are at her doorstep)*

Noble sires...

*(She is bemused, however, and not sure exactly  
what to say)*

**THE KINGS**

*(rescue her from the awkward silence)*

May we rest awhile in your house  
and warm ourselves by your fireplace?

**THE MOTHER**

I am a poor widow.  
A cold fireplace and  
a bed straw are all I have to offer you.  
To these, you are welcome.

**KASPAR**

What did she say?

**BALTHAZAR**

That we are welcome.

**KASPAR**

Oh thank, you thank, you thank you!

**THE MOTHER**

Come in... come in...

*(Everybody traipses into the small house)*

**MELCHIOR**

It is nice, here.

**THE MOTHER**

I shall go and gather wood for the fire.  
I've nothing in the house.

**KINGS**

We can only stay a little while.  
We must not lose sight of our star.

**THE MOTHER**

...your star?

**AMAHL**

*(Again, feels obliged to remind her)*

What did I tell you?

*(But his mother shushes him)*

**KINGS**

We still have a long way to go.

**MOTHER**

*(announces that she will be going  
out to gather some firewood)*

I shall be right back..  
and Amahl... don't be a nuisance.

**AMAHL**

No, mother...

**AMAHL**

Are you a real king?

**BALTHAZAR**

yes.

**AMAHL**

Have you regal blood?

**BALTHAZAR**

Yes.

**AMAHL**

Can I see it?

**BALTHAZAR***(sighs, and says)*

it is just like yours.

**AMAHL**

What's the use of having it then?

**BALTHAZAR**

*(looks at Amahl quizzically and says simply)*

No use.

**AMAHL**

Where is your house?

**BALTHAZAR**

I live in a black marble palace  
full of black panthers and white doves.  
And you little boy, what do you do?

**AMAHL**

I had a flock of sheep.  
But my mother sold them... sold them!  
Now there are no sheep left.  
I had a black goat who gave me warm sweet  
milk.  
But she died of old age... old age.  
Now there is no goat left.  
But Mother says that now we shall both go  
begging from door to door.  
Won't it be fun?

**BALTHAZAR**

*(eyeing the boy closely, says)*

It has its points.

**AMAHL**

*(turns his attention to Kaspar)*

Are you a real king, too?

*(Kaspar, being hard of hearing, has to ask Amahl  
to repeat himself, and Amahl obliges in a loud  
voice.*

*Finally hearing the boy)*

**KASPAR**

*(says jovially)*

Oh truly truly... truly...

yes I am a real king...

*(He then turns to his friend for assurance, and asks)*

Am I not?

**BALTHAZAR**

Yes, Kaspar.

**AMAHL**

*(spots a small animal which Kaspar is carrying  
in a cage. He asks)*

What is that?

**KASPAR**

*(as he is wont to do, asks the boy to speak up)*

Eh?

*(Amahl repeats his question, and in response,  
Kaspar lets him know it's a parrot)*

**AMAHL**

Does it talk?

*(This question somehow takes Kaspar by surprise)*

**KASPAR**

How do I know?

*(But there is one last thing which Amahl has to  
know)*

**AMAHL**

Does it bite?

**KASPAR**

Yes.

*(Amahl points to a decorated wooden box which  
Kaspar is carrying)*

**AM AHL**

And what is this?

**KASPAR**

This is my box, this is my box...

I never travel without my box.

In the first drawer I keep my magic stones.

One carnelian against all evil and envy.

One moonstone to make you sleep.

One red coral to heal your wounds.

One lapis lazuli against quartern fever.

One small jasper to help you find water.

One small topaz to soothe your eyes.

One red ruby to protect you from lightning.

This is my box. This is my box

I never travel without my box

In the second drawer, I keep all my beads.

Oh! How I love to play with beads...

all kinds of beads!

This is my box... this is my box...

I never travel without my box.

In the third drawer... in the third drawer...

*(Kaspar looks at Amahl with a gleam in his eye)*

Oh little boy... oh little boy...

*(He then looks around at his friends a bit sheepishly)*

In the third drawer I keep...

*(Although he himself isn't aware of it, Amahl's mouth*

*has dropped open in anticipation about this surprise*

*which Kaspar is going to reveal to him. The old king finally blurts it out)*

Licorice! Licorice!

Black sweet licorice... black sweet licorice!

Have some.

*(A draft fills the house as Amahl's mother opens the*

*door. She has found what she needed outside.*

*Seeing how Amahl has become the center of attention, she admonishes him)*

**MOTHER**

Amahl, I told you not to be a nuisance!

**AM AHL**

*(replies plaintively)*

But it isn't my fault;

they kept asking me questions.

**MOTHER**

*(announces that she has a mission for Amahl)*

I want you to go and call the other shepherds.

Tell them about our visitors,

and ask them to bring whatever they have

in the house, as we have nothing to offer them.

Hurry on!

**AM AHL**

*(decides to cooperate, and heads for the door)*

Yes, mother.

**THE MOTHER**

*(remarks on the packages the kings have been carrying)*

Oh these beautiful things, and all that gold!

**MELCHIOR**

These are the gifts to the child.

**THE MOTHER**

Hmmm the child... which child?

**MELCHIOR**

We don't know. But the star will guide us to him.

## THE MOTHER

But perhaps I know him...  
what does he look like?

## MELCHIOR

Have you seen a child the color of wheat...  
the color of dawn?  
His eyes are mild; his hands are those of a king  
– as king he was born.  
Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side;  
and the eastern star is our guide.

## THE MOTHER

Yes, I know a child the color of wheat...  
the color of dawn.  
His eyes are mild;  
his hands are those of a king as king he was  
born.  
But no one will bring him incense or gold...  
though sick and poor and hungry and cold.  
He is my child my son, my darling my own.

## MELCHIOR

Have you seen a child the color of earth...  
the color of thorn?  
His eyes are sad; his hands are those of the poor  
as poor he was born.  
Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side,  
and the eastern star is our guide.

## THE MOTHER

Yes, I know a child the color of earth... the color  
of thorn.  
His eyes are sad;  
his hands are those of the poor,  
as poor he was born.  
But no one will bring him incense or gold...  
though sick and poor and and hungry and cold.  
He is my child, my son, my darling... my own.

## MELCHIOR

The child we seek holds the seas  
and the winds on his palm.  
The child we seek has the moon

and the stars at his feet.

Before him, the eagle is gentle the lion is meek.

## ALL THE KINGS

*(join in a chorus)*

Choirs of angels hover over his roof  
and sing him to sleep.  
He's warmed by breath.  
He's fed by mother who is both virgin and  
queen.  
Incense, myrrh, and gold we bring to his side,  
and the eastern star is our guide.

## THE MOTHER

*(And at the same time, the mother sings about  
her own son)*

The child I know  
on his palm holds my heart.  
The child I know at his feet has my life.  
He is my child, my son, my darling, my own...  
And his name is Amahl.

*(peers out the door)*

The shepherds are coming...

## MELCHIOR

Wake up, Kaspar.

## THE SHEPHERDS

*(greet each other as they stroll towards each other  
on the prairie)*

Emily... Emily, Michael, Bartholomew –  
how are your children and how are your sheep?  
Dorothy... Dorothy, Peter, Evangeline –  
give me your hand, come along with me.

All the children have mumps.  
All the flocks are asleep.  
We are going with Amahl...  
bringing gifts to the kings.

Benjamin... Benjamin, Lucas, Elizabeth –  
how are your children and how are your sheep?

Carolyn, Carolyn, Mathew, Veronica,  
give me your hand come along with me.

Brrr... how cold is the night!  
Brr... how icy the wind!  
Hold me very very very tight.  
Oh how warm is your cloak!

Katherine... Katherine, Christopher, Babila –  
how are your children and how are your sheep?  
Josephine... Josephine, Angela, Jeremy –  
come along with me!

*(The shepherds arrive at the door of the cottage.  
They peer inside, being struck with awe)*

Oh look, oh look!

### **THE MOTHER**

Come in, come in... what are you afraid of?  
Don't be bashful silly girl,  
don't be bashful silly boy. They won't eat you.  
Show what you brought them.

### **THE SHEPHERDS**

*(stumble over each other, as they try to force their  
way in the door all at once)*  
Go on...! No, you go on!

*(The shepherds tell of what they've brought)*

Olives and quinces, apples and raisins,  
nutmeg and myrtle, medlars and chestnuts.  
This is all we shepherds  
can offer you.

Citrons and lemon, musk and pomegranates,  
goat cheese and walnuts, figs and cucumbers.  
This is all we shepherds  
can offer you.

Azelnuts and camomile,  
mignonettes and laurel, honeycombs  
and cinnamon, thyme, mint and garlic.

This is all we shepherds  
can offer you.

*(The kings express earnest appreciation as  
the shepherds recite the list of their gifts)*

### **THE SHEPHERDS**

*(eagerly press the gifts into the kings' arms)*  
Take them, take them... you are welcome.  
Take them... eat them... you are welcome, too.

*(All of a sudden, a squirrely little girl makes a break  
for the door... and a little boy gets up, also thinking  
through how he will negotiate his way through the  
mass of bodies. Some of the young men pull the  
two  
children back. After much nudging, the children  
return  
into the middle of the one-room cottage,  
somewhat red  
faced and embarrassed)*

### **THE SHEPHERDS**

*(scold the children using the same words with which  
the householder mother scolded them earlier)*  
Don't be bashful silly girl  
Don't be bashful silly boy!  
They won't eat you.

*(After an interlude of dancing, Balthazar  
announces)*

### **BALTHAZAR**

Thank you good friends,  
for your dances and your gifts.  
But now, we must bid you good night.  
We have little time for sleep,  
and a long journey ahead.

## THE SHEPHERDS

*(agree, and move towards the door)*

Good night, my good Kings,  
good night and farewell.  
The pale stars foretell  
that dawn is in sight.  
Good night, my good kings.  
Good night and farewell.  
The night wind foretells  
the day will be bright.

*(As the shepherds exeunt, Amahl seizes the opportunity in the shuffle to ask Kaspar a question)*

## AM AHL

Excuse me, sir...  
amongst your magic stones, is there...  
is there one that could cure  
a crippled boy?

*(Unfortunately, again, Kaspar's hearing fails him)*

## KASPAR

Eh?

## AM AHL

*(Amahl looks down dejectedly)*  
Never mind.. good night.

*(and shuffles off to his corner of the room to his bed)*

## THE SHEPHERDS

*(Outside, can still be heard as they disperse to their own houses and fields)*

Good night, good night...  
the dawn is in sight... good night, farewell...  
good night... good night...

*(Amahl listens intently as these folks bid each other good night throughout the small streets of his village. After the mother tucks her son into bed... she turns to see that the kings have ceased their bedtime mumbling, and at least one has begun to snore)*

## THE MOTHER

*(thinks to herself)*

All that gold! All that gold!  
I wonder if rich people know  
what to do with their gold?  
Do they know how a child could be fed?  
Do rich people know?  
Do they know that a house can be kept warm  
all day with burning logs?  
Do rich people know?  
Do they know how to roast sweet corn on the  
fire?  
Do they know do they know how to fill  
a courtyard with doves?  
Do they know... do they know?  
Do they know how to milk a clover fed goat?  
Do they know?  
Do they know how to spice hot wine  
on cold winter nights?  
Do they know... do they know?  
All that gold... all that gold!  
Oh what I could do  
for my child with that gold!  
Why should it all go to a child they don't even  
know?  
They are asleep.  
Do I dare? If I take some,  
they'll never miss it...

*(She prods herself on as her hand moves towards the boxes of gold... she thinks)*

...for my child for my child...  
for my child... for my child...

**THE PAGE**

*(stirs, because he has seen a shadow moving over the pile of gifts)*

Thief! Thief!

*(One of the kings stirs)*

**KING**

What is it?

**THE PAGE**

*(shouts)*

I've seen her steal some of the gold.

She's a thief! Don't let her go!

She's stolen the gold.

**THE KINGS**

*(join the hubbub with loud voices)*

Shame shame!

**PAGE**

Give it back, or I'll tear it out of you!

Give it back, or I'll tear it out of you.

Give it back...give it back.

**AMAHL**

*(He has, by this time, been awoken by the ruckus and*

*is peering over towards the argument in the center of the room. Then, seeing his mother involved in a struggle, he leaps out of bed and tries to intervene.*

*This is a side of Amahl the kings haven't seen yet)*

Don't you dare, ugly man

hurt my mother!

I'll smash in your face; I'll knock out your teeth.

I you dare! Don't you dare!

Don't you dare... ugly man...

hurt my mother!

Oh Mr. king,

don't let him hurt my mother.

My mother is good.

She cannot do anything wrong.

I'm the one who lies; I'm the one who steals.

Don't you dare...

I'll break all your bones;

I'll bash in your head.

Don't you dare... ugly man...

hurt my mother.

**MELCHIOR**

*(seeing what has erupted)*

Oh woman, you may keep the gold.

The child we seek

doesn't need our gold.

On love, on love alone he will build his kingdom.

His pierced hand will hold no scepter.

His haloed head will wear no crown.

His might will not be built on your toil.

Swifter than lightning,

he will soon walk among us.

He will bring us new life,

and receive our death,

and the keys to his city belong to the poor.

Let us leave, my friends.

**THE MOTHER**

Oh no wait! Take back your gold!

For such a king I've waited all my life...

and if I weren't so poor

I would send a gift of my own to such a child.

**AMAHL**

*(pipes up)*

But mother, let me send him my crutch.

Who knows, he may need one,

and this, I made myself.

**HIS MOTHER**

*(draws in a breath sharply)*

But that you can't, you can't!

*(But then a wondrous thing happens)*

**AMAHL**

*(announces)*

I walk, mother. I walk mother.

**KINGS**

He walks! It is a sign from the holy child.  
 We must give praise to the newborn king.  
 We must praise him.  
 This is a sign from God.  
 Truly he can dance, he can jump,  
 he can run! Ah!

**THE MOTHER**

*(admonishes Amahl)*

Please my darling, be careful now.  
 You must take care not to hurt yourself.

*(Something has crystallized in the kings' minds as they have watched this whole event play out. They realize that they must admonish the mother to treat her child differently)*

**THE KINGS**

Oh good woman,  
 you must not be afraid,  
 for he is loved by the son of God.

*(Playing along with the boy's ruse, the kings ask)*

Oh blessed child, may I touch you?

**AMAHL**

*(seems betwixt and between. Peering over at Melchior with a sharp gaze)*

Well, I don't know if I'm going to let you touch me...

**HIS MOTHER**

*(says sharply)*

Amahl!

*(And so Amahl thinks better of his reticence)*

**AMAHL**

Oh all right... but just once.

**AMAHL**

*(goes on to announce in song)*

Look mother, I can fight,  
 I can work, I can play.  
 Oh mother, let me go with the kings.  
 I want to take the crutch to the child, myself.

**THE KINGS**

*(eagerly entreat the mother)*

Yes, good woman let him come with us.  
 We'll take good care of him.  
 We'll bring him back on a camel's back.

**THE MOTHER**

Do you really want to go?

**AMAHL**

Yes, mother.

**MOTHER**

Are you sure sure sure?

**SON**

I'm sure.

**THE MOTHER**

*(pauses a moment, reflecting. Then she concedes)*

Yes, I think you should go...  
 and bring thanks to the child yourself.

**AMAHL**

*(parrots her query)*

Are you sure sure sure?

**MOTHER**

Go on... get ready.

**KASPAR**

*(wanting to be kept abreast of all the events, asks)*

What did she say?



**BALTHAZAR**

*(bends over and speaks loudly in Kaspar's ear)*

She said he can come.

**KASPAR**

*(can't contain his enthusiasm)*

Oh lovely lovely lo...

**BALTHAZAR**

*(cuts him off, curtly)*

Kaspar!

**MOTHER**

*(and son prepare Amahl for his journey. She asks)*

What to do with your crutch?

**AMAHL**

*(suggests)*

You can tie it to my back.

*(Amahl and his mother then say their goodbyes to each other)*

**MOTHER**

Don't forget to wear your hat!

**SON**

I shall always wear my hat.

**TOGETHER**

So, my darling goodbye!

I shall miss you very much.

**MOTHER**

Wash your ears.

**SON**

Yes, I promise.

**MOTHER**

Don't tell lies.

**SON**

No, I promise.

**TOGETHER**

I shall miss you very much.

**SON**

Feed my bird.

**MOTHER**

Yes, I promise.

**SON**

Watch the cat.

**MOTHER**

Yes I promise.

**TOGETHER**

I shall miss you very much.

*(Amahl finishes his preparations)*

**MELCHIOR**

*(asks Amahl)*

Are you ready?

**AMAHL**

Yes, I'm ready.

**MELCHIOR**

Let's go then.

*(Amahl and his newfound friends set out across the darkened prairies. And as they trek, they hear the sounds of the shepherds singing the songs of the morning in their fields and homes)*

**THE SHEPHERDS**

Shepherds arise!

Come, oh shepherds, come outside!

All the stars have left the sky.

Sweet dawn – oh dawn of peace.

# WELCOME

We at the United Parish in Brookline believe that all people are made in the image of God and embrace and cherish every person and every kind of family. Jesus Christ welcomed everyone; we seek to follow his example in our own life and worship, by extending God's love and grace abundantly and equally to everyone. We affirm and welcome all people to share in worship, fellowship and leadership with us, to join us in a diversity of race, gender, sexual identity, physical and mental ability, ethnicity and economic means.

We have joined with other Open and Affirming (United Church of Christ) and Welcoming and Affirming (American Baptist Churches USA), as well as with the Reconciling Ministries Network (United Methodist Churches) to declare that we are and will remain open to all people.

We invite you to consider becoming a member of the United Parish family. You may become a member by transferring membership or by a statement of faith. If you desire to retain ties with a former church, we invite you to become an associate or affiliate member for the time you are with us.

## Ministers

Senior Pastor  
Associate Pastor  
Seminarian  
Minister of Music  
Parish Administrator  
Facilities Manager  
Multimedia Producer  
Building Usage Coordinator  
Accounting Administrator  
Nursery Supervisor  
Pastor Emerita

## The People of the United Parish

Kent French  
Amy Norton  
Katharine H. Henry  
Susan DeSelms  
Sarah Fitzpatrick  
David Dunphy  
Jason Yu  
Helen Hassinger  
Donald Firth  
Jenna Bergquist  
Patricia Coughlin



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