

“A Moment’s Peace”

by
Greg Teghtmeyer

What Too often we get caught up in the busyness and consumerism surrounding the Christmas season instead of focusing on Christ and the precious gift He is to us. The result is a lack of peace and purpose. This skit reminds us to stop, pay attention, and enjoy the presence of Jesus and what His coming means for us.

Themes: Christmas, Manger, Jesus, Messiah, Nativity, Consumerism, Busyness, Peace, Grace, Slowing Down, Purpose, Prayer, Our Relationship with God

Who 1 male, 40-65

When Present

Costumes and Props Casual wear for Christmas shopping, perhaps jeans, sneakers or boots, a sweater or sweatshirt, or a flannel with a vest. The actor should carry at least 3 to 4 shopping bags that at least look heavy, and have a Hatchimal, aqua dots, a stuffed dog and a fidget spinner for reference (the fidget spinner is the only item that will actually need to be retrieved as a prop if it is easier to just refer to the other items in the bags).

If the set is being dressed, it should look like a common area in an outdoor mall, with benches. A nativity scene, or at least a manger, should sit just next to the bench the actor will use.

Why Isaiah 9:6, Luke 2:10-11, John 14:27

How This should be an informal piece, funny in nature, but growing in intimacy as the scene progresses. One gets the feeling the character may be a bit awkward when talking about spiritual things, but authentic in his heart’s approach to God.

Time Approximately 5 to 7 minutes

Gary, a middle-aged man enters nativity manger scene in the middle of a common area in an outdoor mall. He is carrying many shopping bags, almost comically overloaded. He's obviously been Christmas shopping. He comes to a bench next to the manger before unburdening his packages to sit for a moment. He looks haggard. Awkward. And Lost.

Gary: *(seeing manger)* There you are. I've been looking all over for you. *(Sets his bags down as if he's unburdening a huge burden)* I know. You've always been there. Here. Well, I mean... you know what I mean. You're not really you. You're just a plastic, wood, thing, version, of you. But I know you're always there.

Except sometimes, a *lot* of the time actually, I don't. I mean I know it in my head. But I still feel like, like I'm looking for you? It's the same feeling I used to get as a kid when I went away, for camp or something, and I would get really homesick. Yeah. I'm homesick. And I feel like I shouldn't be. Like I should know you better. Be more 'in tune' with you. But I'm not.

It isn't that I don't want to be. Lord knows. I mean, *you* know. Sorry. You know, I *want* to be. My intentions, my heart, I *think* they're in the right place, *most* of the time. But I guess you'd know that better than me, wouldn't you. It probably doesn't do much good for me to tell these things to you, when you know already. Does it? I mean, would you *mind*, even though you already know, if I just sat here for a bit, and *talked*? I kinda feel like I need it. Cause I'm tired. And I just need a moment's, peace.

Scoots closer to the manger. Pauses and thinks. There is an underlying weariness and tension in his pondering. He looks pensively awkward, as if he were trying to find words but can't. After a few moments, he turns toward his bags, as if trying to find something to talk about.

Getting some Christmas shopping done *(searches bags)*. Some of these things, I don't know. Makes me feel like I'm getting old. For example, *(Rummages through bags)* We have, a Hatchimal? Whatever that is. We have some Aqua Dots, which I had thought were banned because of the psychotropic ingredients in the liquid. Apparently, I was wrong. And, of course, the classic, brain-dumbing toy, the fidget spinner.

Retrieves fidget spinner from bag, begins spinning it, shaking his head in disgust.

This thing is just about the dumbest thing I've ever seen. You know what I think? I think the cell phone companies are behind these things. They're prepping kids for walking through life with their heads down staring at some stupid object instead of connecting with others or noticing the world around them. Yep. I'm getting old.

Sits staring for a bit, with his elbows on his knees as he continues to play with fidget spinner.

I've been thinking a lot lately about time. About how fast it goes. How easily it's spent and then poof! It's gone. I think in this broken world that time is probably our most precious commodity. We're on the clock! And there are so many things that sneak in and prey on our time.

You know, I think I get less stressed in life over the big things than the little things? The big things like disasters, marriages or families blowing apart, loved ones getting sick or dying. I guess I've come to expect those things, devastating as they can be. Like I said, broken world, right? You know all about that. That's the whole reason you came, isn't it? And I feel like in the midst of those big things in life, I've learned time tends to slow down to a halt. And I notice you, in those moments, more than ever. You actually feel really close. And I know you care. I'm reminded in those times I can trust you with the big things. Thanks for that. Really.

But, when it comes to the little things, the little, every-day things. I am mostly a spun-up mess. *(Holds up fidget spinner)* I feel like this stupid thing. Yep. That's what I am. A 6-foot, 200-pound fidget spinner someone has used as a skipping stone. But, instead of being flung across the water, I feel like most days I'm being flung *underwater*. And, every once in a while, I pop my head up like an idiot just long enough to look around and think to myself "How did I get here?" Before I sink back under and skip on to the next lost decade of my life. And, in those brief moments my head pops up from under water? I think I'm actually looking for you.

More earnestly, searching for the right words.

Do you understand that I don't *want* it to be this way? I don't want to be so busy that I forget I am a human being with an eternal soul that wasn't made to live on the clock, that I forget all that I am and all that I have. So spun up in my every-day life that I miss what's most important, that I miss you. I don't want to wait *until* a grenade goes off in my world to realize what I was meant for. In the midst of grasping at my life and watching it slip through my fingers, I want to learn how to find you better. Can you help me with that?

He's realized he's gotten a bit too real for his comfort level, particularly in public, and relaxes a bit.

This is nice. Just sitting here with you. You're a good listener. I may come back here for a bit tomorrow, or the next day. If I have time. No, you know what? I'm going to make the time *(Sets an appointment on phone)*

calendar) If I have to crawl here on my hands and knees, I'm going to come find you again.

Okay. Gotta go. *(Starts to leave and then turns back)* By the way, just my opinion? Using a fidget spinner as a skipping stone is just about the best thing I could think of doing with it.

Pauses one last time over manger. Looks down then looks out.

Merry Christmas. Thanks for coming down here to save me. And thanks for giving me a moment's peace in this crazy world.

Exits as lights fade.

TO

REMOVE

WATERMARK

AT

SKITGUYS.COM