

“Easter is That Kid in the Choir”

by
Rebecca Wimmer

What This Easter monologue applauds the kid in the choir who sings louder than everyone else, without abandon. The actor aspires to be more like that kid, radiating joy, hope, light, and delight as he worships.

Themes: Easter, Praise, Worship, Joy, Celebration

Who Actor- male or female

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** No props needed

Why Psalm 100:1-2; Psalm 95:1-2; Isaiah 12:5

How This script should be performed by someone who is confident on stage. It won't work well if the actor is unable to really "sell" the kid in the choir who sings with all his/her heart and with wild abandonment.

While we recommend this script be performed from memory, it is possible to read from the script. If that is the case, you should use a black binder or folder.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Actor enters and addresses the audience.

Actor: You can take away the white lilies. You can take away the pastel colored eggs. Take away the cute little yellow spring chicks and the tiny fluffy rabbits with their pink wiggly noses. Take the cream-filled eggs, the chocolate bunnies, the marshmallow peeps. You can take away the songs about Peter Cottontail and his adventures down the bunny trail.

You can take away the festive banners that paint the sanctuary walls and passion plays. You can take it all, but whatever you do...don't take away...that kid in the choir.

(pause) You know the one I'm talking about. The kid who obviously knows all the words...but not necessarily all the notes. *(pause)* Yeah... *that* kid. The one who, like the other kids beside him, is dressed in his Easter Sunday best. But despite that, perhaps he still doesn't quite fit in. And I thank God for that.

The masses swarm into that Easter service and sit in the pew beside me trying to fit in, we're all just trying to fit in, and here he is, clearly born to stand out. Because while the children beside him are neatly tucked into their belted pants and frilly flowery frocks and singing *(singing quietly, evenly, clearly, child-like)* "Jesus Christ is risen today"

(not singing) that kid in the choir is singing *(loudly, boisterously, joyfully smiling, exuberant...* "JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY!!!"

(not singing) While the other children have their eyes fixed firmly on their director, hands neatly tucked calmly by their sides, *(singing calmly, clearly again)* "Aaaaaahleeehluuia."

... *that* kid clearly has a fire beneath him. *(loudly!)* "AAAAAAHLEEEHUUUUIAAAH!"

Looking around the room at the men and women, young and old near me, they're looking for direction, we're all searching for meaning in this season, these festivities, this holiday called Easter. Is the answer in the straightened laces and neckties around us? Is it in the neatly decorated sanctuary or the polite "Happy Easters" we smile and speak to one another during the passing of the peace?

You want to know what Easter is? *(pause)* Easter is that kid in the choir. While the congregation sings *(demurely, purely, almost haughty)* "Our triumphant, holy day." *(not singing)* Our hands quietly by our sides, our shoes and souls shined for the occasion. We fall in line.

But that kid in the choir... *(singing louder yet)* AAAAAHLEEEHUUUUIAAAH!"

(not singing) That kid in the choir isn't trying to *outshine*...but he can't help that he just shines! He radiates light! Hope! Promise! Faith! Joy! Delight! And watching him, I squirm in my Easter Sunday best, feeling the threads of those garments groaning and wanting to snap and snap me out of it as we sing *(singing...still not exuberant, but with a desire to "burst" evident)* "Who did once upon the cross!"

(not singing) And I catch the eye of that kid in the choir. *(Singing loudly like the child... "AAAAAAHLEEEHUUUUUAAAAH!"*

(not singing) And the light that dances in his eyes, that unkempt yet compelling countenance...his exuberance...his complete submersion in the moment he is in...his conviction *(singing a little louder and more confidently, with a smile and determination)* "Suuuuuffer to redeem our looooooss!" I want my eyes to dance like that. I want what that kid in the choir seems to understand. I want Easter in all its unabashed miraculous and life-changing glory! I want to be like that kid in the choir.

So sure. So bold. So joy-filled with truth. *(singing loudly like that kid in the choir)* "AAAAAAHLEEEH-LUU-UU-IAAAH!"

Exit

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