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“Easter is Wow”

by
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What This monologue is a reflection on the wonder of Easter through a dad's retelling of a memorable bike ride.

Themes: Easter, Awe, Jesus, Cross, Monologue

Who Jamie, a parent of a 3-year-old (can be played by a man or a woman)

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** No props needed

Why Colossians 2:14

How Tell the story as if speaking to one person. The dialogue is a vivid retelling of an experience he/she has had, so take your time to let your thoughts process throughout the monologue.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Jamie enters and begins his/her story to the audience.

Jamie: A year ago I went for a bike ride. It was at the end of one of those days you think will never end. I just needed to get outside, a breath of fresh air, to leave all the slight and momentary troubles of that day behind me.

I'll be honest. I can't even remember what those troubles were anymore. At the time they seemed to suffocate me. They were so heavy.

And so I rode. And pedaled. And wound through the bike paths near my home.

The trees were turning color. Brilliant oranges and reds. It was a Fall afternoon, but the air was warm, and the grass was still green. And just by being outside in creation, like the leaves all around me, the worries of the day started to shake off and blow away.

And then I was stopped. Dead in my tracks, by what I saw.

I don't want to sound ridiculous, but it was kind of in the same way Saul must have been stopped in his tracks on the way to Damascus.

Ok. I didn't go blind. Or hear a voice. Or change my name.

I squeezed my breaks. My tires skidded. And I came to a stop.

There in front of me was the most brilliant tree. Yellow and orange leaves aflame. The light of the sun was behind it so that it looked like the entire 30-foot tree was on fire. It towered over the path and lit up the sky. I was blinded by its brilliance.

I'm not one of those tree-hugger type people, alright? But I must admit I was overwhelmed.

Have you ever had one of those moments where you're just doing your thing, minding your own business, or trying to figure out your business and God sort of steps into your space and shakes things up?

This was one of those times.

I felt like Moses at the burning bush, like I should take off my sneakers and socks because of the beauty of the moment.

It was like I'd entered a pocket of holiness that God opened up for me—*just me*—to step into.

And so, me, the non-tree-hugger, got off the bike and I just laid down in the grass beside the path. I laced my fingers behind my head. And I looked up at the tree in wonder.

It was all so un-self-conscious that I didn't have time to hide or sit up when a man and a woman came walking toward me on the path. They didn't see me for a few moments from where I was on the ground, but I heard them right away.

I just stayed there, frozen, like a deer not knowing if it will be photographed or shot.

And as they got closer and closer, I just pretended it was totally normal for a grown person like me to be lying on my back staring up at a tree in broad daylight.

The really awkward part was that I could overhear what they were saying. It was an argument. They were angry. I don't remember exactly what it was about, but it was mean and it was personal. And I was ready to sign their divorce papers.

When they saw me, just lying there, they stopped in the middle of their shouting match. I didn't make eye contact, just kept staring at the tree. So, they looked up at the magnificent tree too.

And they both gasped. Out loud. At the beauty. Then they stood there for a while, silent, staring.

It was a pregnant moment.

And then they went on their way. The argument was over. The unexpected beauty itself—beauty they would have missed if they didn't look up—pushed all the ugliness between them away.

As they turned around a bend, I saw the man step closer to the woman and take her hand.

Then I heard a still small voice say, *just look up*.

Jamie looks up for a moment at the imagined tree. Pause a beat. Jamie looks intently at the audience.

The other day my son asked me, "What's Easter?" And I didn't know what to say. He's three. So what do I tell him?

What's he ready to hear or understand?

Do I get into the details of the cross, and describe the blood, the torn skin, the agony of death? Do I walk him through the Apostle's Creed?

And in that split second after his honest question, as I started to spin off into a thousand directions, the still small voice reminded me of the tree.

The argument-stopping, breath-taking, yellow-leaved tree-on-fire tree whose beauty, stopped me in my tracks that Fall day.

And it made me think how much more the shock and the wonder of the tree at Calvary should stop me in my tracks. Stop me from focusing on all the little troubles, like how to describe Easter to a 3-year-old and just put everything down and look in wonder at the Cross.

I think my exact words, that I stuttered to my son in the moment were, "Easter is, well... *Easter is Wow*, son."

And then I sat down with him and looked up to heaven in wonder and talked about the tree that shines with the light of God's Son that has stopped me in my sinful path, that has set me free from all my troubles and set the world ablaze with hope!

Yes. Easter is *Wow*.

Lights fade.