

A script from



“Freestyle Offertory”

by
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- What** When we think of the word "offertory", the images of a plate being passed in church while a song plays is what typically pops into our minds. But should an offertory be limited to a two minute time slot during Sunday morning church?
Themes: Giving, Serving, Offering, Gifts, Talents
- Who** Actor (or actress)
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Sunday morning church clothes
- Why** Romans 12:1
- How** The actor/actress speaks directly to the audience, as if to one person. He or she speaks simply, with a dry delivery, almost self-effacing, definitely without “preaching”.
- Time** Approximately 3 minutes

Actor/actress walks onstage, perhaps to musical accompaniment, as if to sing the offertory for the church service. He or she arrives center stage, listens to the opening measures of the accompaniment, and then, instead of singing, motions for the accompanist to stop playing.

Actor: I know this is the slot in the service where somebody is supposed to sing something, hopefully timing perfectly, so that the song ends right after the collection plates have just finished the final pass down the last aisle.

Wish I could do that. Sorry. I can't. See, we usually call this part of the service "The Offertory" which implies...you know...an offering. And, if I was to offer to *sing*, well, I'm not so sure any of you would want to...to take me up on that. *(Pause)*

I'm not much of a singer. I'm more of a...a talker. A "noticer". I guess that's what you could call me. A "noticer". A "bring-stuff-to-the-surfacer". I've been that way since I was a kid. It used to get me in trouble at family reunions. I'd notice things. You know...about the family. And then I'd talk. Bring what I noticed to the surface. And then my mom would give me that *look*, and I'd be excused to go play outside. Awkward. Well, you know how it is with kids. Not much of a filter there.

It got better as I got older. The filter part. Well, also, I began to realize that that notice-talk combo could be good for something more than just awkwardness. It could actually be...helpful. Something that I could offer to others, that they could actually use. *And*, it turned out, that it was something I could actually offer to God.

It's funny, isn't it? Usually, when we think of "offering" and "church" in the same sentence we think of that plate going by. *(He/she notices where in the auditorium the collection plates are now being passed)* More than half-way there. *(To the ushers, gives them a thumbs up)* Good job. I think you might be a little ahead of schedule.

Watches the plates being passed, then, after a beat-

You know what I notice? About myself, I mean. When that plate goes by, and I drop in whatever it is that I drop in, most of the time, there's a little...rush, and I think to myself, "Okay, that's it. I'm done". Like it's a one-time deal, you know? Ten seconds and I'm done offering.

It seems like I'm better off when I realize that it's an all-the-time deal. You know? I get to just...just offer it all, with or without a plate. All my stuff. All my quirky, weird stuff, that maybe only God notices. All the ways God's wired me. All the situations I find myself in. Heck, even all my

bad stuff. I get to just...offer it. And God sorts it out and turns it into something. I like it when I realize that. It's like an all-week rush, instead of a ten second thing as that plate goes by.

(After a beat) Well, I notice that the ushers are just about done. I'm glad I didn't have to sing. Trust me. You're' glad too.

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