

A script from



“Not My Will, Lord, But Yours”

by
Jennifer Graham Jolly

- What** In a series of mini-monologues, several characters wrestle with their current situations before ultimately surrendering to God’s will. The scene ends with Jesus in the garden before His arrest, when He surrenders His will to God’s.
Themes: God’s Sovereignty, Good Friday, Passion Week, Prayer, Redemption, Salvation, Sacrifice, Submission, Suffering, Surrender
- Who** Employee– male or female adult Parent– male or female adult
Mom– female adult Griever– female adult
Spouse– male or female adult Persecuted– male or female teenager or adult
Outcast– male or female teenager Jesus– male adult
Patient– male or female adult
- When** Mostly present day but ending in biblical times
- Wear (Props)** No props or special attire for present day characters; optional biblical dress for Jesus.
- Why** Matthew 16:24-26; Luke 22:42; Romans 5:3-6; Isaiah 55:8-9
- How** Strive for authenticity and emotion, but be careful not to not appear melodramatic or overly bitter. Be creative with staging: a straight line is perfectly acceptable but consider levels if you have them. It’s a little more effective if you give the appearance of a random order rather than have each character following each other in a predictable line. You can choose to spotlight each character as they deliver their lines. A more creative option—especially for a Good Friday service—is to light all the characters from the beginning and then remove the spot one by one after each person delivers their lines until there is only a spotlight on Jesus at the end.
- Time** Time: 4-6 minutes

All characters are in place before the lights or curtain is up. Lights up.

Employee: It's been eleven months already—almost a year—since my company downsized. So, tomorrow will be more resumes, more interviews, more searching and...well...it feels like more rejections. We've already used up our safety net savings and we've cut back where we can. I've worked some odd jobs but I need real employment—a real salary. What if I miss another mortgage payment? And the kids are asking when they can start violin lessons again. Music lessons? I'm wondering how we're going to cover the groceries and keep the lights on! I don't want them to worry, but this is getting harder and harder. I feel like I need a life raft right now. Even so... *(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Mom: Negative...again. I never knew you could grieve the loss of someone you haven't even met yet. When will we be pregnant? How many more baby showers will I attend before it's our turn? How many more Mother's Days do I have to endure without a child of my own? If one more person laughs and says, "Getting pregnant is the easy part," I'm going to scream! This is the hardest thing I've ever been through! "Infertility"—it sounds so stark and clinical for such an emotional condition. The hollowness of the word "barren" seems to fit better. We keep praying and hoping and trying. After four long years, I don't understand why we still don't have a baby, and yet... *(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Spouse: He's gone. Apparently, he never really loved me, or he fell out of love for me or...something. Anyway, he's off pursuing his happiness. Eleven years, two children, multiple jobs, a move far away from my family, and now? He's starting over without me. So? I'm starting over... *(sadly)* without him. I'm not sure how to move forward. How could he do this to us? How did I miss all the signs? Or did I? How do I make sense of what's happening? I didn't choose this. My kids didn't choose this, but still... *(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Outcast: I hate this school. I don't have any friends here. I don't wear the right clothes. I don't walk around staring at my phone all day like everyone else. I feel like I never say the right thing. The cafeteria is the worst. And I'm really struggling with the academic stuff. My mom says that I just learn differently than everyone else. Great. Who wants to be "different" in high school! Maybe, like "standout genius" or "she's got her own sense of style" unique. But not, "outcast" different. I want to have somewhere to go on Friday nights. I want someone at school besides the teachers to even know my last name. I wish I could go back to my old school. I don't want to be "different" ...but... *(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Patient: It's rarely good when the doctor calls you personally at home. I could hardly breathe waiting for him to say the word, "remission." He didn't. Instead, we talked about radiation schedules and chemo side effects. It's all so familiar and yet still so...so devastating. How could this be happening again? How am I going to tell people...again? I was so ready to fight last time! I walked in the marches and wore the "cancer stinks" t-shirt. This time? This time, I already feel defeated. And scared...really, really scared. Why, God? *(Pause; deep breath)* Whatever the answer... *(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Parent: Vacation Bible School, children's choir, family devotions, church every Sunday, youth group. My son knows the truth. We taught him. We loved him. Our church loved him. We prayed with him. We prayed for him. We still do! And yet...he rejects Jesus. He rejects us. It breaks my heart to see him put scars on his life day after day after day with the choices he's making. And now he's moved so far away! I can't even see him regularly. And he's so busy with work, we aren't able to talk to him much at all. Why does he have to be all the way across the country? If he were just closer. Regardless...*(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Griever: My Daddy. He was always there. He taught me to ride a bike. He tucked me in at night. He helped me with my homework. I remember the day he drove me to college and tried not to let me see him tear up. And now, I'm suddenly saying 'goodbye.' No warning. No preparation. He's just...gone. Sometimes, the waves of grief feel like they could literally knock me to the floor. He was supposed to walk me down the aisle at my wedding! He was supposed to wear his stretchy pants to Thanksgiving dinner and make corny turkey jokes. He was supposed to read the Christmas story to my children every year. He was supposed to ...to be here...nevertheless...*(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Persecuted: What do they always say? Avoid the topics of religion, money, and politics at a family reunion? That's an understatement in my family. Three years, I've been a Christian now. It used to only be a problem if I brought it up. Now they bait me before I can even say a word. They mock me openly. I'm the only one in my family who believes in God, much less follows Jesus. Grandpa even jokes that he'll write me out of the will if I keep giving my money to *(air quotes)* "those religious nutjobs." I'm not sure he's actually kidding. And everything—I mean, everything—is an argument. Sometimes, it would be easier if I just joined in to the same conversation and the same behaviors that I used to. But I don't want to be the person I was before Jesus changed me. I love my relationship with God and learning His truth. Still, I miss the acceptance and respect of my family. I just keep praying I can be a witness to them and that one day we'll have an even better relationship based on Christ. Until then...*(kneels)* Not my will, Lord, but Yours.

Jesus: My soul...my soul is deeply grieved, aching even to the point of death. I know what's coming. I've know the plan my Father in heaven has for me since before time began. God the Father longs for all humanity to be reconciled to Himself. I AM the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. My obedience will complete the perfect plan of redemption! Once and for all, my sacrifice will make obsolete the old system and end the tireless striving and imperfect sacrifices of bulls and goats in order to make the unrighteous righteous. It's a good plan! But right now, here in this garden...my knees burrowing in the earth...I...I am in true anguish. It's also...a difficult plan. Oh, how I have labored in prayer. Do you see the sweat pouring from my brow? It's like, like blood drops. I have prayed and prayed and prayed—so earnestly, so fervently that my body is literally drained. And at just the right time, I am to suffer even more—to take on every ugly evil thought or action or attitude that has ever been or ever will be. I am to die for the ungodly. It's almost that right time. My betrayer—whom I love profoundly—is on his way to meet me here, to trade my physical well-being for a few coins. My Father, if possible, let this cup pass from me! Yet not what I will, but what you will. I know I must be tempted in every way so I may empathize with their weaknesses and be their eternal high priest. The hour has come. I am utterly and wholly exhausted...nonetheless...*(raises hands)* Not my will, Father, but yours.

Lights down

Optional ending idea:

After the last line of the script, go dark with only a light on a cross (or project a cross on the screen if you don't have a physical one on your stage) and follow it with an a cappella song about surrender or the cross or with prayers of surrender.