

A script from



## **“Notorious to Glorious: Paul”**

Their sin made them notorious. The Son made them glorious.

by  
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- What** The Bible has some “notorious” characters who encounter the truth of Jesus and whose lives show his transforming love in all its glory.  
**Themes:** Blind, Changed, Redeemed, Hypocrisy, Service
- Who** Paul
- When** Back in the (Biblical) Day
- Wear (Props)** Costume should be a modern representation of a Biblical time. PAUL could be wearing jeans and a worn t-shirt with no identifiable writing or symbols on it.
- Why** Acts 9
- How** Speaking to audience monologue. Simple. Pure. You could have a name placard displayed on stage with “SAUL” rubbed out and “Paul” written over it. PAUL should not interact with this prop, it could just be on stage as a visual.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*Paul addresses the audience.*

**Paul:** It still stops me in my tracks. My *spiritual* reflection. When I look in the mirror, it's the same face, the same hands, the same body...but a different man stares back at me.

I met Jesus on the road...to destruction. And since then...I've never been the same. I was...so blind for so long. And then that one day I was blind *for real*.

When you have your sight taken from you it forces you to see the world through different eyes. New eyes. Eyes that can't be blinded by everything that shines. I know God has forgiven me, but I cannot quickly forget those days when I worked to kill off his Son's followers one at a time. (*Remembering*) I was a different man then. I was so blind. So blind to the truth of God's message. His message of love...for *all* people. His promises made for *all* mankind to claim. His love for *all* his children...the chosen and the adopted. God wanted the world to know, he wanted *me* to know that leaving anyone out was *not* an option.

*Pause.*

I lived my life trying to be among the faithful elite. I lived my life trying to be higher and holier than thou. I was blinded by the law. Blinded by my own selfish view of God's grace. I was blind to the white washed walls of my soul. And Jesus took the empty tomb of a man that I *was* and breathed life into a dead faith that was walking around in my skin. A dead lifeless lie that killed innocence and devoured truth and stoned real faith...to death.

*Pause.*

This new faith, this "Christianity" *frightened* me. It scared me into believing that this new would *destroy* the old. I was right to fear, but my fear was misplaced. I didn't fear the end of a faith I believed in. I feared an end to my *lifestyle* and everything I had ever known.

I was a Pharisee. I had it good. I was rich, respected...even if not respectable. I had *the life* before I met Jesus. I didn't know until I was made blind on the road that day how blind I really was. All that stuff. All that prestige, that undue honor, the haughty arrogant faith I lived out loud on street corners...I was so blind.

And then I met Jesus.

And he made me blind and it opened my eyes to my folly, my faithlessness, my fruitless living. How was the God I said I served being served by how I was living? I did not feed the poor or help widows. I did not find shelter for orphans or feel any piece of compassion for lepers. My faith had eyes for me, and others like me, and no one different.

But when Jesus blinded me...I could finally see clearly.

That day I met Jesus my life changed forever. I gave up the pious cloak of hypocrisy. I donned the humble robes of a servant of God. I looked at my own life and it was all so different now. Yes, the same face, the same hands, the same body...but I was not the same. I was so different that I had to have a new name, because Saul...was dead. He always was.

But now *Paul*, no longer blind and finally seeing God clearly, was very much alive and going to live a life rich in faith, truth, and love for *all*.

*Exit.*

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