A script from



"Notorious to Glorious: Zacchaeus"

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

Rebecca Wimmer

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**: Redeemed, Changed, Salvation, Forgiveness,

Who Zacchaeus

When Back in the (Biblical) Day

Wear Costume should be a modern representation of a Biblical time. ZACCHAEUS was (Props)

a tax collector...but he's not anymore so maybe jeans and a blazer over a solid

button down or t-shirt.

Why Luke 19:1-10

How Speaking to audience monologue. Simple. Pure. If you want you could set the

stage with a large potted tree or created "sycamore tree".

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Zacchaeus addresses the audience.

Zacchaeus: Have you ever walked into a room and you knew that nobody wanted you there? That you were unwanted. Unworthy. Unliked. Unloved. That...was my everyday life. No one talked to me. They whispered behind me. They never smiled at me and cursed me as I walked away. No surprise. I was public enemy number one. And they were right to hide their lives from me. All I wanted from them was their money. All I wanted from them is whatever I could get that

(Change in tone) But one day that all changed. Forever.

would help *me.,*.even if it hurt *them*.

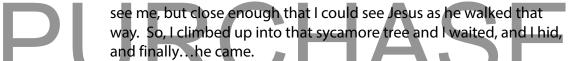
(PAUSE) I had never met him. But I'd heard of him. The streets were buzzing with the news: Jesus was coming to town. I had always heard his name with such wonder that filled my heart. (With reverence) Jesus. He healed the sick, tamed waves, made the dead live. He talked to tax collectors...like me. I knew this. A guy I knew, Matthew, he was a tax collector...like I was...and now he followed him. Jesus let him follow him. (A little shocked) Invited him to follow him! A tax collector...a nobody...an unwanted...just like me.

(Remembering that day) It was hope that took me there that day. Hope that I might just get a chance to see him, catch a glimpse of him. I was hoping to see something in his eye from afar. Or maybe in the way he walked or the way he talked. I was hoping to just get one little look at him. The day he was set to arrive in Jericho I joined the crowds that had gathered in the streets. I thought I could stand among the people and see the man everyone else crowed in and wanted to see, but it was obvious no one was going to help me see Jesus. The crowds were long and wide and high...and I'm short. I couldn't see above the masses and no one let me move to the front. In fact, they pushed me back. Further and further back. Out of sight of anything and anyone. It was impossible.

I should have known. What was I thinking? See Jesus? What right did I have to even *hope* to see Jesus? I could feel the crowd around me thinking the same thing. They didn't want me there. They thought I shouldn't be there. Their disapproving eyes mirrored what was in my own head. I stopped fighting for a place. I moved away from the crowds. Defeated...but still longing to *just see him*.

(Remembering what he did) I looked around and saw a sycamore tree with low branches. I could climb that. I could climb that and see over the crowds and it's far enough away that I could hide, no one would





The people cheered. I kept quiet even though every part of me wanted to shout out loud. I didn't want to be seen. (Remembering that moment Jesus spotted him) But I was seen...by the man himself. He had just reached the spot in the road by my little tree and I thought, "I did it! I saw him!" And just as I thought he was going to pass by he stopped...and looked up at me in the tree. I froze. But it was clear he saw me. I tried to hide. He found me. And he didn't keep walking. He just stood there for a moment, and looking up at me...this man I had never met, never even seen before this day called me...by my name. He knew my name! And I knew if he knew my name...he must know everything about me. Every lie I ever told. Every dollar I ever swindled. Every hope I've ever seen become hopeless.

And he didn't keep walking. He found me and he called me by name. And there, as the crowd around him wondered in awe that he even spoke to me, Jesus said he was coming to my house. My home! He said he was going to stay with me. I had just wanted the honor of seeing him. And he honored me by really seeing me instead.

Change in pace, a new excitement in his voice quickens him.

And that day, that very day I met Jesus, my life changed. How could it not? Jesus never asked me to change. He just saw me and being seen by him made me see myself and how I was living only for myself. Now I would live for others. For him. I gave everything away to the poor. I paid back four times the amount I cheated from my neighbors in the crowd.

Jesus found me when I was lost, he called me *by name*. He called me a son of Abraham. And when he said *that*, he was telling me that I was worthy...I was wanted...I was loved and I didn't have to hide away in some sycamore tree anymore.

Exit.

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