

A script from



## **“Notorious to Glorious: Zacchaeus”**

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:** Redeemed, Changed, Salvation, Forgiveness,
- Who** Zacchaeus
- When** Back in the (Biblical) Day
- Wear (Props)** Costume should be a modern representation of a Biblical time. ZACCHAEUS was 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 would help *me...* even if it hurt *them*.

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

*(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 crowded 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

see me, but close enough that I could see Jesus as he walked that way. So, I climbed up into that sycamore tree and I waited, and I hid, and finally...he came.

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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