

A script from



“THE Story”

by
Rebecca Wimmer

What Christianity 101. It’s the basics of what we believe as Christians starting from Creation and God’s existence, then focusing on the Bible and its import and validity. This script then moves into describing the Messiah and the life that Jesus lived and why that is important to us as we learn to live out God’s love in the world as the Followers of the Way, Christians, the Church.

Themes: Bible, Church, Christianity, Truth

Who Narrator 1 Male
Narrator 2 Female
(can be both Male or both Female)

When Present Day

Wear (Props) Neutral business coordinating casual or all black or combination black/white/gray. Nothing flashy. You want the words to stand out...not the Narrators.

Why The Bible

How This can be memorized or read off a music stand while the Narrators sit on stools stage Left and Right. Casual but strong presentation.

Time SET 1 5 minutes
SET 2 6 minutes
SET 3 4 minutes
SET 4 3 minutes
*All times are approximate.

SET 1

Narrator 1: *(Sits down on a stool, opens the Bible and reads...)* In the beginning. *(PAUSE and looking up and speaking now)* You can't get much sooner than that. *(PAUSE)* Or can you? Before "the beginning" there was God. God was. God is. God...will forever be. It's the story that begins with God speaking it into existence. And it will know no end. God needs nothing. And yet, our Lord created stars and moons, oceans and earth, animals and sustenance. God created life! And then he created humanity. And the plot would thicken.

(Holding up the Bible. Flipping through some of the pages as speaking) This book. So ancient. So old. So...that makes it irrelevant, right? I mean, what do robe-wearing, thou-art-this-and-thateth-speaking, manna-eating, sacrifice offering, Jewish people of this historic artifact have to do with me? Absolutely...everything.

(Holding up the Bible) This...is God's love story. And it paints time and time again, story after story, generation upon generation a portrait of a jealous God, rightfully pursuing his creation through their own selfish missteps, misjudgments, misunderstandings of his relentless love. Through years, through decades, through centuries. Through the men and women who faithfully and faithlessly lived out their lives and are printed here *(raising Bible)* God shouts his love, he screams out his unbridled affection, he chisels in the hardest stone the pattern of his infinite persistence to restore to himself what is rightfully his.

God's story is in their stories. And their stories...just may be our story. Adam and Eve. Noah and Abraham. Sarah. Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Esther, Ruth, Isaiah, Daniel, David. The cutesy Bible stories we teach our children about in song and on felt boards. The whale of the tale of a giant fish swallowing a man and boats filled with animals; of donkeys speaking and lions mouths wired shut; of a sea parting in two. Their relevance lost in an ocean of primary colors that fail to paint the layer upon layer of their stories, God's love story. Our story.

God. Yahweh. Adonai. Elshaddai. Jehovah. The God of Abraham. The God of Isaac. The God of Jacob. The God...of you. Not some heavenly chaperone smiling politely down uninvolved until someone needs to get reprimanded. Nor some viciously wrathful deity just looking for heathens to smite with thunderbolts from some distant skyward perch. No. We have a God intent on calling his people his people and guiding his people into better understanding of what it means to be his people. God leads them with holy audacity out of their slavery in Egypt and out of the slavery from sinful disobedience into what he

promises, what he promises, what he promises is fuller life. A life with God.

And yet the creator of all that was and would ever be found His loving addresses fall on deaf ears, deaf lives. People continued their attempts to dismiss God and picked sticks up off the ground and put stones on pedestals and they melted metal into ugly forms and they bowed down to them worshipping the creation rather than the Creator.

But there were a faithful few who through thick and the oh so thin believed and lived like they believed. And they lived in the belief that one day their God, the one true God, unchallenged by the sticks and stones that the rest of the world chose to worship, would give them his love incarnate. They believed in the coming of the one known to them as Messiah.

SET 2

Narrator 2: *(Reading in a Bible)* In the beginning. *(Looking up)* There it is again. *(Reading again)* In the beginning...was the Word. And the Word was with God. And the word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through him all things were made. Without him, nothing was made that has been made. *(Pause)* What is this word that was there before time began? Who is this that existed with God and was not created, not made, but played the role of Creator? I'll tell you who this was. I'll take you there. An infant is crying in a little town called Bethlehem. The sky his mobile, a feeding trough his crib. His mother, one of those faithful, believed when God told her she would conceive, by the Holy Spirit...Himself. Love incarnate. And in this lowly manger scene a mother kisses the fully human fully God brow of the promised one. God's covenant with his creation designed since before the beginning, before that fateful bite was bitten, spoken through the prophets, believed by the faithful, heralded by angels, followed by generations, and feared by many had finally come to dwell among us. To live with us. To walk beside us.

Jesus. Born to be a carpenter's son but oh so much more. I suppose you may have heard of him. *(Holding up Bible)* His story is written in this ancient book. These antiquated pages. Those archaic principles of loving, peace, caring for the poor, embracing children, turning the other cheek, not murdering on the street or in the mind...he may have mentioned such things. He certainly lived out such things. In Jesus, God's love story now lived and pierced through the souls of man in one on one, face to face, flesh on flesh, eye to eye encounters with deity come down. He wasn't much to look at, so this book says,

but he was certainly someone to reckon with. Jesus threw down lightning bolts of love wherever he walked. He loved and he adored humanity. He was loved and he was adored. He hated injustice and despised hypocrisy. He was hated unjustly and despised by hypocrites.

You see, Jesus, God in human form, walked into what the religious hierarchy of the day, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, had winnowed down into a list of do's and an even longer list of do nots. Those "holier-than-thous" taught religion above faith, rules above relationship, law above love. They were lawmen trying to maintain order...and power. And this Jesus messed with the order they had so diligently committed their pious lives to.

Jesus healed the lame, gave sight to the blind, made lepers clean. He ate with "sinners", he loved the culturally unlovable and sought out the reprehensible. We see God's love story through Jesus' story of love as he dares to speak with the woman at the well, enters the house of Matthew the loathed tax collector, invites Zaccheus to lunch, saves the life of a woman caught in adultery, turns the tables in the temple, forgives his executioners while hanging on the cross they nailed him to. Jesus lived with fishermen, he praised a generous poor widow, he gave food to the hungry and nourishment to the spiritually famished. The way Jesus lived his life shows a God willing and ready to meet and love his people wherever they are.

But his claim that he was the long awaited Messiah ruffled feathers among the pompous flock of the high religious order and the threat to their power and their way of life must be squelched quickly...and viciously.

Jesus was dragged from his holy, sinless life and dropped at the feet of the corrupt powers that be. This man, this Jesus, friend to the fallen, lover of the despised, the Prince of peace...he confused and angered them. And they had had enough. They tortured him. They beat him. They whipped the flesh off his body and fashioned a thorny crown for this so called king. And they said he was guilty...and they marched him to Calvary where they nailed him to a cross and watched him die in agony and pain.

Guilty? Guilty of what? Of loving? Of loving...everyone? Even as he hung on that tree he said, "Father, forgive them...for they don't know what they are doing." Guilty of bringing justice to those treated so unjustly? He was guilty of loving where religion had deemed love unworthy. He was guilty of holding up the mirror of truth to the

hypocritical religious leaders who had bred and breathed into His people that God was a bully, a smiter, a cosmic killjoy, an impersonal deity.

But Jesus called God, "Abba". Jesus called him Father, he called him Daddy. And he taught us that we could do the same. He taught us that our God is a personal God. And that loving us is God's aim. And that our aim should be the same. We should love the unlovable, touch the untouchable, forgive the unforgivable, love God by loving our neighbor as we love ourselves.

But the grave could not contain him. Crucifixion could not refrain him. And after his Jesus broke through the barrier of sin that separated humanity from the eternity it once had in Eden with his resurrection from death. The veil torn. The temple destroyed and rebuilt. And his people would take up the charge of the resurrected Jesus and go into their homes, and into their neighborhoods, into their towns and counties, countries and the world and preach about this man, this God of theirs who loved unabashedly, who lived irreprehensible, who reached out compassionately, who died willingly so that others may live. So that we may live. And these followers of the Way, they would make up what we have made into structures and buildings. We put steeples on top of stacked bricks and call it our church and show up on Sundays. But they knew worship as a lifestyle. The Way was the Church.

SET 3

Narrator 1: In the beginning was the Church. In that divinely inspired book, the Bible, when it says "the Church" it is calling for the building up of a beautiful people, not a beautiful building. No, not a lifeless place...but a living people. God's people. Holy and consecrated for his great and victorious purpose. The Church was now the love of God incarnate in the world. And the Church...they lived and they loved as believers in a loving God. They learned the names of poor and provided for them, they adopted the orphans and raised them to love their God. They cared for the widows drawing them out of their desolation and loneliness into their community. They gave away and shared their possessions to care for one another. They prayed together. They fasted together. They cried and laughed and ate together. They raised their children together and cared for their weak together. They were strong together. Together they battled the temptations of the world, the temptations to be powerful and possessing and prestigious.

Narrator 2: Together they sought out how to live as patient, peaceful, faithful, gentle, self-controlled disciples of Christ. The Church preached in word and action the life that Jesus lived. The very full purposeful life that God desired for them and designed them for. The Church preached in word and action the heart of God. The Almighty one and only who loved with lightning bolts of love. And together, the Church loved each other and with God's help...they loved their enemies.

Narrator 1: And they had enemies. Just as Jesus had been unpopular with the ruling class so the Church would be. How is it that love can be so threatening? The power of this people, this culture of such solidarity threatened the solidarity and power of Rome and its cronies. Their numbers grew as their faith spread. Their resolve to live out the love of God strengthened through the persecutions. Through the threats of tossing these now called, Christians, to the lions, and tigers and bears! Oh my how the Church grew as people lived in faith with their loving God.

Narrator 2: And their story is now your story. Our story. Are we not the very same Church? Is not their faith in the very same God? Perhaps you've never known the threat of being thrown to lions for the faith you possess. Or have you? The lions roar in the modern day traffic jams of our lives. The tigers threaten to beat down the doors of our resistance and challenge our persistence to call ourselves Followers of the Way. The bears threaten to bully us into submitting to our culture that picks sticks up off the ground and puts stones on pedestals and melts metal into ugly forms and bows down to them worshipping the creation rather than our Creator.

Narrator 1: You are the Church. You are the love of God incarnate. In a world that's sick for love and drowning in loveless facades that dare to imitate something that only God can fulfill, you are the faith, the hope and the love of our loving Lord. You are the lightning bolts of love, the givers of his unconditional love in a stormy, self-possessed world. You are God's people living out your lives like God's people to a people that need to know they are God's people too. You are the face of Jesus until he comes again. And believe me when I tell you this...

Both: ...he will come again.

SET 4

Narrator 1: *(Holding a Bible and looking in the front)* In the beginning it started in a garden.

Narrator 2: *(Now looking at the very back of the Bible in Revelation)* And here...I can't say it ends. Because God has no end.

Narrator 1: *(Flipping through the Bible)* And since God's story is their story and their story is our story then our story is His story.

Narrator 2: THE Story.

Narrator 1: And so...we will know no end either.

Narrator 2: God's grace will bring us home. That's always been His plan.

Narrator 1: Since before the forbidden bite was bitten God knew he would do whatever it took to break the bonds of sin on our lives and make his people his people once again.

Narrator 2: And there will be a day when Jesus will return.

Narrator 1: There will be a day when this culture of anger and hate will cease.

Narrator 2: Every knee will bow.

Narrator 1: Every tongue confess.

Narrator 2: That Jesus Christ is Lord!

Narrator 1: What a day that will be!

Narrator 2: But...until that day...

Narrator 1: Until that glorious day...

Narrator 2: Until then...what shall we do?

Narrator 1: We are the love of God incarnate.

Narrator 2: We are God's people.

Narrator 1: We are the Church. The light in this dark world.

Narrator 2: Thy kingdom come

Narrator 1: Thy will be done NOW. Not just when we get to heaven.

Narrator 2: And as we live, we live not forgetting what God has done for us and hide our light under rocks and bushels.

Narrator 1: As we live we live as people gifted a life from God to live with God every day.

Narrator 2: We live as people with a story to tell.

Narrator 1: THE Story to tell.

Narrator 2: Now the question is... how will we let our story be defined?

Narrator 1: *(Opening the Bible)* We see these stories captured in here of seemingly great people, appearing to be larger than life people, an almost untouchable people.

Narrator 2: When they were really just people... people like you and like me who let this loving God change them from the inside out.

Narrator 1: We can let our story be defined by our fears, our failures, our shoulda coulda wouldas, our regrets, our dreams unreached or our love unspent.

Narrator 2: Or we can allow God to be our definition. Let him draw us into this portrait of endless love, sculpt us into this scene of unconditional love, weave you into the tapestry of his intentional love to this world.

Narrator 1: Allow God to reform and redefine our stories as part of His story.

Narrator 2: *(Holding up Bible)* This story.

Both: THE story.

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