

A script from



“The Colored Egg Connection”

by
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- What** A dad is helping his daughter hunt for Easter eggs and wonders how this tradition fits in to the holiday. This script is perfect for your Easter Sunday or to encourage your congregation to reach out to someone who is searching during this time of Christian celebration. **Themes:** Searching, Reaching Out, Easter, Seeking, Finding.
- Who** Dad
- When** Easter Sunday; Present
- Wear (Props)** Dad is dressed for Easter Sunday- suit, tie, etc.
Frou-frou Easter basket, the girlier the better!
- Why** Matthew 7:7-8
- How** Make the dialogue conversational and natural. You can also use a park bench and add in some blocking. Find a focal point for where the daughter is going to be. Also, feel free to add in your own lines as you're speaking to the daughter or other people on the Easter egg hunt.
- Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

Lights up. Dad is onstage and looking out at his "daughter" who is on an Easter egg hunt. He may ad-lib here, "Honey, not too far out" or "Take the basket off of your head and put the eggs in it!"

Dad: On the surface, the Easter and egg connection has always seemed a little bizarre, hasn't it? On one hand, you have Christ's death and resurrection and on the other you have...painted eggs? And a giant rabbit?

If we're being honest, I never really understood where the whole rabbit dynamic entered into the equation. I mean was there a vote among the animals or did a counsel narrow it down? What other animals were nominated? I'm guessing it had to be limited to egg-laying animals so animals like deer and giraffes were probably excluded. Otherwise, I would have so been pro-deer.

But despite all the murkiness, through the memories of my childhood, I'm able to see a deeper connection between the Cross and Easter eggs. Bear with me.

When I was younger, I grew up spending Easter at my grandmother's house. While we never really had any family-sanctioned Easter egg hunts, my sister and I would walk down to the neighboring church and see if we could find any eggs. See, this particular church always had a massive church-wide hunt, with hundreds of eggs being diligently painted and hidden across the church campus. Obviously a hunt on this scale would always result in some eggs being left behind.

I so looked forward to Easter so that I could find these eggs. Understand: the more eggs I found, the more soft-boiled bullets I had to throw at her.

But this was not an easy task. The eggs we found were never in the usual spots. No, much more ambition went into these hiding places, because to be left behind these eggs had to have been placed in very obscure locations. Drain pipes, ditches, and diapers were among the more challenging locales where these rogue eggs found themselves. I can neither confirm nor deny that I was the one who discovered the diaper eggs.

Every Easter, this memory makes the concept of searching resonate with me. Not the diapers. The searching.

Because aren't we all essentially searching during this time of year? It may vary between extremes like searching for what Christ's death essentially means versus where we are at on our journey of faith, but essentially we are all trying to figure out where we stand in terms of reconciling our life within our faith.

But it's about more than that reconciliation. There's a temptation to consider this idea of searching only in terms of ourselves, but that's a selfish tendency and it limits us by considering only how things relate to us specifically.

Stepping outside of ourselves, there are people dying to be found. Just like those eggs my sister and I would find, they've been overlooked or forgotten for any number of reasons. They themselves are searching for hope and for something to fit inside the God-sized hole that exists in all of us.

They're searching for someone to find them.

But it isn't just about finding them. It's about introducing them to Christ. And not in a condescending or vague way. In an immediate and relevant way. In a loving way.

More than likely, you'll attend an Easter service this year. Maybe you're even at one right now. That's a good thing. But after the music and bright colors fade, you can do a better thing.

Search. Seek. Find.

But not for yourself. For one of those left behind eggs.