

A script from



“The Simon Peter Chronicles: Feed My Sheep”

Part 6 in "The Simon Peter Chronicles"

by

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- What** The risen Christ appears to his disciples, but Peter’s joy is shadowed by guilt. Jesus’ assurance of love and forgiveness comes with a command: pass it on!
Themes: Drama, Monologue, Easter, Lent, Peter, Jesus, Forgiveness, Calling, Testing, God’s Love, Gospel
- Who** Peter (formerly called Simon)
- When** Easter morning and a short time later
- Wear (Props)** Biblical garment
Scroll
Pen - plant reed or rustic looking metal rod (not a quill)
Inkpot - small pottery cup
Table
- Why** Luke 24:36-48; John 21:1-18; Matthew 10:7-8
- How** When Simon Peter speaks, this is a dramatization of what is, in reality, going on inside his head, an *inner monologue*. The audience is his alter ego, his listening self. The tone is earnest and confessional.
- Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

Simon Peter sits at a table or writing stand, rolls open his scroll, dips his calamus (pen) into the inkpot, and begins writing.

Introduction *(spoken or printed on-screen):*

We meet the Apostle Peter as a *public* figure in the New Testament. But what would he have written if he'd kept a *personal* journal, a record of his own life-changing encounters with Jesus Christ?

Simon Peter:

It couldn't have happened. But it did. Jesus' tomb—it was empty. I thought all the light had gone out of the world forever, but then some of the women were saying they'd seen him...alive. I ran to the tomb and found the spiced linens, but no body. Later we gathered at the Disciples' House, and suddenly he was there, standing before us! He showed us the wounds in his hands and feet, and then ate with us to prove he was really alive. I kept staring at his feet, at the wounds, remembering... And then he vanished, but just before he did, he looked at me.

Rising, stepping away from the table, remembering...

We went back to Galilee, and a couple days later James and John and Nathaniel and Thomas and I went fishing. We were out all night. It felt so good to be back on the water, but we didn't catch anything.

Then the next morning a man called out from the shore, "Do you have any fish?"

"No!" we shouted back.

He told us to cast our net on the other side of the boat...and that was when I knew. The net almost exploded with squirming silver! John screamed, "It's the Master!" And without even thinking, I threw myself into the water and swam ashore.

When I got there, Jesus was fixing breakfast. I helped, but didn't say a word. When the others arrived we started eating and joking and laughing, and I almost forgot...almost. I kept glancing over at him.

When we finished, Jesus suddenly turned to me and said, "Simon"—that's my old name—"Simon, do you love me?"

I said, "Yes, Lord. You know I do," and hoped it would be enough, would make things better, fix everything with a few words. Sure.

"Feed my lambs," he said. And then he asked, "Do you truly love me?"

"Yes, Lord."

"Take care of my sheep," he said. Then, "Simon, *do you love me?*"

I couldn't say anything. He'd asked me if I loved him the same number of times I'd denied him. But I finally got out the words, "Lord, you know everything. You know that I love you."

Then his eyes filled with tears and he put his arms around me, and light came rushing back into the world. Light is most beautiful when it makes a path in the darkness.

After a few minutes he said one last time, "Feed my sheep."

I just nodded. I knew I could die a thousand times for him and it wouldn't be enough. But I also knew it wouldn't be necessary because he'd already done it. And he still loved me. And that was all that mattered.

PREVIEW