“The Simon Peter Chronicles: Introduction”
by
Mitch Teemley

The Simon Peter Chronicles is a collection of six monologues, chronicling Simon Peter’s encounters with Jesus Christ. These “journal entries” can serve as powerful sermon illustrators.

Ways to use the scripts:

- **Individually** – use each monologue independently for its thematic content
- **Peter** – use the first 3 monologues or all 6 for a series on the Apostle Peter
- **Jesus** – do a series on Jesus’ character as seen through the eyes of Peter
- **Lenten Series** – begin early in the season and conclude with #6 at Easter
- **Easter/Holy Week** – use monologues 4 through 6 for Palm Sunday, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday respectively

Story Arc:

Part 1: “The Veil” – Simon’s introduction to Jesus
Part 2: “Follow Me” – Simon and Andrew are called to discipleship
Part 3: “An Ordinary Man” – Simon’s commitment deepens
Part 4: “The Rock” – Simon-Peter rejoices at being used by God
Part 5: “The End of My Self” – Peter despairs over his denial of Jesus
Part 6: “Feed My Sheep” – Peter is restored and called by the risen Christ
“The Simon Peter Chronicles: The Veil”
Part 1 in “The Simon Peter Chronicles”
by
Mitch Teemley

What
Simon (later known as Peter) speaks of the barrier that separates sinful people from a righteous God. Then he meets Jesus, the One who will destroy that barrier!
Themes: Drama, Monologue, Easter, Lent, Simon, Peter, Jesus, Sin, Salvation, Righteousness, Faith, Gospel, Knowing God, Abraham, Atonement, Andrew, John the Baptist

Who
Simon (later known as Peter)

When
When Simon first meets Jesus

Wear
Biblical garment
Scroll
Pen - plant reed or rustic looking metal rod (not a quill)
Inkpot - small pottery cup
Table

Why
John 1:40-41; Exodus 26:31-33; Mark 15:37-38

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.
Note- The name of Peter’s son, and whether he even had a son, is conjecture based on historical research.* Alternate lines are offered in brackets [ ].
*Church father Clement of Alexandria tells us Peter had at least one son. It was extremely rare for married first century Jews not to have multiple children (childlessness was considered a curse).

Time
Approximately 3-4 minutes

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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:**

The only things on my mind yesterday were our two leaking boats and the fact that every fish in Lake Galilee had vanished again, biny, sardines, musht—all of them—where do they go?

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

I was mixing tar for the leaks when Andrew ran up and grabbed my arm and insisted on dragging me to meet this prophet Yeshua, Jesus, at the Jordan River, where crazy John the Baptist was preaching.

“Simon!” Andrew shouted—he shouts everything—“we’ve found him, the Messiah, the one who takes away the sins of the world!”

“Don’t need another prophet,” I told him, “unless he can show me where to find fish!”

I lied. I need more than fish. As long as I can remember, I've longed to be nearer to God. But God is holy, and sin...well, the Torah says that sin creates a barrier between us and God. And that's why we're separated from His presence in the Temple by a great veil that can never be removed. But how can this Jesus...?

When we gave our offering to the priests at the Temple last month, my son Reul [or “a village boy named Reul”] asked, “Why can’t we bring our offering to God ourselves, father? [Alt: delete the word “father”] I want to meet Him!”

“Because of sin,” I answered, “because of the Veil.” But Reul’s words thundered in my heart. I want to meet Him too, Reul!

At synagogue last Shabbat, it was my turn to read from the Scrolls. James and John sat with us, and John smiled that strange, knowing smile of his. I read from Isaiah about Father Abraham. Then Rabbi quoted from the Teachings, saying Abraham was “a friend of God.” I was so jealous! Yet Abraham was a sinful man like me, so how could he be “a friend of God?” “Because,” Rabbi went on, “he had faith in the one who was to come, the one who takes away the sins of the world.”
I want that kind of faith! But I’ve sinned so many times. The Torah shows me that, and so does my heart. I would gut my heart like a fish and carve out the sin and throw it to the dogs, if I could. But I can’t. I can’t make myself clean! Can anyone? Can this Jesus? Is he “the one who takes away the sins of the world?” When I’m near him, I feel closer to God, almost as if Jesus’ words were…God’s words. But how can that be? And how can anyone take away the sins of the world?

We’re going to see him again tomorrow, Andrew and me. If Jesus can tear away that veil…I’ll shout louder than Andrew.

*Lights fade.*
“Follow Me”
Part 2 in "The Simon Peter Chronicles"
by
Mitch Teemley

What
Simon Peter abandons the security of his fishing business to follow Jesus into an unknown future. Discipleship includes uncertainty. But where else can we go? Jesus has “the words of life.” Themes: Drama, Monologue, Easter, Lent, Simon, Peter, Jesus, Discipleship, Trust, Faith, Counting the Cost, Gospel, John the Baptist, Andrew

Who
Simon (later known as Peter)

When
When Simon is called by Jesus to be an Apostle

Wear (Props)
Biblical garment
Scroll
Pen - plant reed or rustic looking metal rod (not a quill)
Inkpot - small pottery cup
Table

Why
Matthew 4:18-20; Mark 1:14-18; John 6:68

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.

Note: The actual name of Peter’s wife is unknown. For this monologue and the monologue entitled An Ordinary Man, alternate lines without names are offered in brackets [ ].

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:**

The first time I heard Jesus speak, my heart leaped like a fish trying to get into a net! When I told my wife Sherah, [Alt. delete “Sherah”] she said I was as crazy as Andrew. I’m not given to following prophets. But this Yeshua, this Jesus, is different, as different as a diamond is from a pool of spit. How can I not follow him? His words spear my heart.

Rising, stepping away from the table, remembering…

At first he held back, letting John the Baptist speak, only praying and watching. But some of us asked Jesus questions, and the things he told us—he knew the mind of God! People kept crowding around John, saying, “We’ve repented of our sins. Now what?”

“Why doesn’t Jesus come forward?” I asked Andrew. “He has the answers to their questions. The Baptist can’t make them whole. But Jesus…”

Then, yesterday John was dragged away by Herod’s guards. The people seemed more lost than ever. “Is this it?” they asked. “Has God abandoned us?” As if in response, Jesus began to gather his disciples.

He came to Andrew and me while we were fishing. It was late in the day, and once again the fish had all but vanished—I’d sent my workers home and was pulling in the last net, when Jesus called out, “Cast it on the other side of the boat!” which any fisherman knows can only produce the same results. But we did it out of respect for the Master. Madness—the net filled so fast—fat silvery sardines and slithering biny in a triple-layered flaxen net—and it yet was bursting! Andrew laughed like a rooster!

Then Jesus looked straight at me as if he’d heard my words when I’d first told Andrew I wasn’t interested in a prophet “unless he could show me where to find fish.” “Simon,” Jesus said, “from now on you’ll catch men.” I fell on my knees. Then he touched my shoulder and whispered, “Follow me.”

So now it’s begun. My heart is torn: I have a business, workers, a family, and I don’t really know what he means when he says, “Follow me.” He
could mean anything. But then I suppose that's the point. Jesus doesn't make deals. So I suppose I'll follow. I can't say no; he has the words of life. *(Smiling)* And I'm caught in his net.
“The Simon Peter Chronicles: Feed My Sheep”
Part 6 in “The Simon Peter Chronicles”
by
Mitch Teemley

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
Biblical garment

Props
Scroll
Pen - plant reed or rustic looking metal rod (not a quill)
Inkpot - small pottery cup
Table

Why

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.