

“The Way We Pray”

by

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What: This skit is shows there is no specified formula for praying and that God desires a two-way conversation with us. (Themes: Prayer, Listening to God, Worship)

Who:

God	List Guy
Confused Girl	Alcoholic Guy
Sign Girl	Shakespearean Girl (S.G.)
Listening Girl	Business Woman (B.W.)
Upset Little Boy	Valley Girl
Doubtful Girl	Busy Girl
Sign Guy	

When: Present day

Why: Matthew 6:9-13, 25-34; Luke 11:5-13;
John 17:11-19

Wear (Props): This skit looks best when each character is costumed and is carrying appropriate props. Small creative touches will go a long way.

How: This skit consists of a large cast, but with creative casting (i.e. have actors play more than one character) it can be adapted to fit a smaller group.



*The skit starts with **God** and **Confused Girl** talking. The other characters are positioned around the stage.*

Confused Girl: God, why is there so much confusion in the world?

God: What do you mean?

Confused Girl: It's just I see so many people praying, but there's nothing happening in their lives. There seems to be so many problems.

God: Prayer is a two-way street.

Confused Girl: What do you mean?

God: Just watch.

***God** and **Confused Girl** step off to the side. **List Guy** goes downstage center in front of others and looks up.*

List Guy: Hey God? I've got a lot of needs in my life. (*He pulls out a scroll of paper and reads from it*) Let's see, number twenty-four: I saw this cherry red Mustang today. You know my birthday is coming up, and my garage is looking a little empty. So can you arrange something? Yellow is okay with me if it's okay with you. (*Checks list*) Ah, yes, number six: There's this girl, and, uh, well, you've seen her God... (*Thumbs up to God*) You did real good with her. Anyway, I'd kinda like to take her to homecoming, but then there's number seven: my grades. See, I can't go to homecoming unless I have the grades, so if you could sneak into the computer and rearrange some things that'll be great. (*Checks the list*) What am I thinking? You can read. (*Holds up list so God can read list. After a moment flip list*) You're



List Guy: probably a speed-reader. (*Puts list away*) Thanks God – check you later.

List Guy exits.

B.W.: (*Carries a briefcase*) God, I know I haven't spent a lot of time with you lately; it's just that I have a lot of things on my mind with work and everything. I promise I'll start making time for you. (*Looks at watch*) Listen, I have a presentation to give in half an hour. It's really important, and my job depends on it. I've gotta go. Later, I promise. Amen. (*Exits*)

Small Boy: God, for a long time now my parents have been fighting. Well, when I come home tonight, can you have them stop fighting, just for once? (*getting angry*) Do you even care? Never mind. (*Sarcastically*) Oh, yeah, amen.

Valley Girl: (*Speaks very fast, and kind of "blond"*) Okay, God! Like, I have this huge problem. Like, today my friend Stacey was, like, going all ballistic on me. She said that she, like, saw me flirting with her boyfriend, Jason. And I was, like, "Me and your boyfriend, Jason? I don't think so. Talk about a LOSER!" (*Makes "L" with her hand*) And then, like, she, like, spit all over my face. I mean it was, like, dripping down my face. And I was, like, gross, and she was, like, yelling at me and junk. And God, I really need help in this situation because she's like my best friend and all... (*She has been using her hands to talk this whole time and suddenly realizes...*) O – Mah – Gosh! God, I just broke a nail. I can't do this right now. I gotta go. Oh, yeah, like, amen! (*Exits*)

Doubtful Girl: (*Sad*) God, I'm not sure if I want to be a part of this Christian life anymore. I see the other Christians talking about your love and stuff, but



Doubtful Girl: they don't show me any love. I just don't get it. Amen. (*Exits*)

Busy Girl: Hey, God! I have so much to tell you. There's so much that has been going on in my life. I don't know where to start. (*Her cell phone starts to ring. She answers it. To God.*) Hold on. (*To phone*) Oh, hi! I've been waiting for you to call. Hold on. (*To God*) Hey, listen, I'll just catch you later, bye. (*To phone*) No, not you. (*Covers phone and whispers to God*) Amen. (*Exits*)

Alcoholic Guy comes forward. He should not be played to be comical, but someone who is trying to pass himself off as being sober and failing.

Alcoholic Guy: Hey, God! Hey, God? I'd like to pray for my friends. As you know, they've been going to these parties and getting drink, drunk, hold on. (*He holds his stomach as if he were to puke. He instead, exhales a noiseless burp. The taste is nauseous*) I think I swallowed it. Anyway, God, I've been going with them. To witness to them like you and I worked out that one time. Funny thing is, I've been getting drunk, too. In my defense I was just trying to be all things to all people. And if you know all things, you knew this would happen when we worked out our little arrangement, so it's not really my fault, now is it? Uh, yeah, I don't feel so good. Anyway, my mom's on my back telling me to be a leader not a follower. So, God, could you just make her mute for a while. She has no concept how hard this ministry is on me. (*Holds head*) Which reminds me, I've got a wicked migraine. If you could do anything about that that would be great. Well, amen. (*Exit*)

Sign Girl: Hey, God! All these other people are seeing signs of you, and I just don't see it. So I was

