

## **“The Stone We Carry”**

by  
Dave Tippet

- What** In this short and easy to stage monologue, a man carries a burden of regret until he encounters Jesus, offering grace and freedom in a village square, and ultimately, on the cross.
- Themes: Easter, Sin, Grace, Forgiveness
- Who** Man- middle aged
- When** Bible times
- Costumes and Props** Biblical era clothes  
A fist sized stone
- Why** John 8: 1-11
- How** Consider using various digital images on your screen to enhance the dialogue. Suggestions: A mob that looks like it's from Biblical times; a finger drawing in the dirt; stones laying on the ground; the cross; the empty tomb/large entrance stone set aside; two empty hands raised in the air.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

At curtain, **Man** comes out and stands center stage. He is holding the stone.

**Man:** *(thinking back)* It was...bedlam. The word of a woman who had sinned spread like wildfire. Several local Pharisees formed a group, gathering stones as they went. Stones, to deliver what the law demanded. A price to be paid for sin. Her sin.

I was on the outside of the group...a mob, actually...and wondered what to do. My friends yelled for me to follow them, as they started to chase the woman. I found a stone thrust in my hand and I reluctantly followed, not sure what to do.

Finally, she was cornered, and she fell to the ground in front of a man who was there. I recognized the man. Jesus, they called Him, a teacher. Stones started to be raised. Stones of justice. I held back, still holding my stone but not raising it. Yet.

Then, the Pharisees addressed Jesus. Challenging him to decide the fate of the woman. I think they were trying to trick him, but he ignored them at first. He actually bent down and drew something in the dirt. The Pharisees and the mob instantly grew more vocal, continuing to pepper him with questions.

Jesus finally answered. An answer that I will never forget. Upon hearing it, we all froze, even the teachers of the law. Then the sounds started. The thump, thump, thump of released stones hitting the ground. Mine included. *(he drops the stone)* The mob disbanded, and as I started to walk away, I looked back and heard Jesus ask the woman who was left to condemn her. I hear him say neither did he condemn her, and to go and sin no more.

I stopped and looked at the stone I had dropped. I realized my stone was not one of justice, but one of regret, and not easily tossed away. *(he picks up the stone)* I felt its weight. It was the weight of my sin. Sin never acknowledged. Always hidden away. I stared at the stone, and then back at Jesus. *(he now thinks back on what Jesus had said, quoting him)*. "Those without sin, cast the first stone."

*(pause)* I've been fooling myself, thinking I was clean. That my own *(air quotes)* stone *(closed air quotes)* would never be revealed. Until then.

I carried my stone from that day forward. Wondering if I could truly cast it away. If I could be forgiven as powerfully as her.

I started following Jesus' ministry, albeit from a distance. Watching the crowds. Witnessing miracles. Listening to His words. And finally, bearing witness to his trial and death. *(pause)* I— *(takes a breath)* heard his words of forgiveness, redemption, even then, on the cross.

A few days later, rumors started. Something about Jesus coming back to life. That the grave they had prepared for him was torn open. How could that be, I wondered? Those tombs were covered by a stone, massive in size and weight.

I then realized my stone had grown, in its own way, massive in size and weight, too. And I asked myself, could this Jesus...the one who gave that woman such freedom through forgiveness...the one who overcame death itself, roll my own stone away?"

In that moment, I took the stone I had held for so long and lifted it up *(he lifts his stone)*, showing Him I was done carrying this burden, because He had finally released it. *(he releases the stone)* I relished the finality of the sound of it hitting the ground, where it belonged. *(pause)* For good.

*He reflects, for a beat, on the stone laying on the floor, then exits.*