

“Voices of Advent: The Man Who Overcame the Wind” Peace

by
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- What** For the man of Gennesaret, the advent of Jesus transformed the howling torment of his life into wholeness and peace. This modern-day monologue can be performed or read in-person or online.
- Part of the Voices of Advent series, the script will help your congregation reimagine a famous passage of the Bible and experience the miracle of Christmas with renewed wonder.
- Themes: Advent, Christmas, Peace, Healing, Monologue, Forgiveness, Evil, Power, Miracles, Grace, Reader’s Theatre
- Who** 1 male actor, late 20s or older
- When** The present moment.
- Costumes and Props** The actor can wear casual clothing. If you want to suggest the first century, the actor can be dressed in a long robe and wear a headscarf.
- Why** Luke 8: 22-39
- How** Think of this character as a combat veteran who’s seen the horrors of battle and yet lives with quiet confidence and humility.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Lights up, Actor addresses the audience.

People ask, "What was it like? To be in that state of mind?"

To be honest, you don't want to know. I'll say this. Go to your darkest moment. Your worst hour. Think of a moment in your life that represents some great despair. The valley of the shadow of death.

The man pauses to let the audience consider.

That was my best day.

Now, add the screaming voice of your accuser, shouting every lie you've ever heard or believed about yourself. Shouting every fear each and every waking moment.

It was like a wind, howling. A wind unleashed within my body. The kind of wind that overturns a fishing boat, like the ones on the sea of Galilee, in the middle of the night. Cold and so loud you have to shout to hear your own voice.

So loud you beg for it to stop. But no one else hears it.

You're willing to do anything to make it stop so you can just think. So your mind, so your body, can finally, for once, just rest.

For a lot of people, the Christmas story begins at the manger and their first glimpse of Jesus is as a sweet little baby.

The first time I encountered Jesus, he terrified me. He wasn't a sweet babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in straw. He was a grown man with eyes that blazed like fire wrapped in the power of God.

I actually screamed out his name. It was my voice, but I wasn't speaking.

It's not something many people are comfortable to talk about, especially today. But the first encounter I had with Jesus he cast an evil spirit out of me. Not just one, *many*.

It had been years. *Years*. Not having a sound mind. I couldn't even remember my own name. Couldn't think my own coherent thoughts. It was like I was trapped in my own body, buried in there somewhere and not myself.

And then those winds would rage. Like a storm that could knock over trees, houses. I was like a hurricane of anger in my community.

It causes me great shame to say it, but I was so dangerous that my family had to put me in chains. Think about that! Can you imagine?

Putting your own boy, the sweet little child you raised, into shackles because he was such a danger to you?

How many years did my own mother pray for me? Have to avoid me just to be safe from me? Fear me?

It's unbelievable to say it now, but the only place I could find solace, to sleep, was in the graveyard. I found rest in tombs. Lived for the night. My only human companions were no longer alive.

And then Jesus arrived on our shores.

At Gennesaret. He came after a night when there was a terrible storm that raged across the sea of Galilee. He calmed that storm and then he commanded Legion out of me.

Jesus was completely unafraid of me. He saw me and had mercy on me.

For the first time in my life, I experienced the quiet that comes after a storm and that quiet remained. For the first time in my life, I felt *whole* and I felt *safe*.

It was shalom.

It was actual *peace*. Body. Soul. Mind. My spirit. Finally, my own spirit too.

That was my first Christmas, right there on those shores. That was the advent of Jesus in my life. He came to my troubled world and he saved me in the midst of it. He calmed the storm.

I was naked, literally naked, and he wrapped me in clothes like you would an infant newly born.

I was hungry. Starving for purpose and peace, and he fed me with the bread of life.

I was shrouded in fear and darkness and Jesus shone the light of truth and cast out all fear.

Oh friends! If you imagined how great my darkness, can you not now imagine how bright and sweet that new light? How purifying. How holy! How so very *real*. In an instant everything changed.

How I longed to stay in that moment with him, right at his feet, forever. If you read the story about it in Luke's account, you'll see that I begged. I really did beg Jesus to stay with him.

But on my first Christmas, Jesus sent me home. He told me to go and share my story, to tell the good news. To share with everyone the good things Jesus had done for me.

I love to tell my story at Christmas. Because at Christmas we stop to remember the advent of the savior of the world who came to bring us peace.

The world needs the transformative peace of God.

My story is extreme, but like me, you may need the peace of Christ to rule in your body today. To command and calm your inner world, the storm inside of you that rages. Like me you need the peace of Christ to quiet your mind, restore your soul and transform your circumstances.

If you are doing a candlelight service, this is the moment to light the candle.

Jesus came into the world to calm the raging storm and to give you peace.

Sisters. Brothers! Let the peace of God clothe and cover you today.

Lights out.