

“A Wake Up Call From God”

by

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What: This skit is a girl's revelation that God wants her attention more often than she has ever been aware. (Themes: Listening to God, Unconditional love, Availability, Family)

Who: Female

When: Present day

Why: Psalm 119; Jeremiah 29:11; Colossians 2:6-15

Wear (Props): None

How: The actress playing this should look at this kind of like she is giving a testimony to the audience. Make sure it is as conversational and off-the-cuff feeling (which takes a lot of work) as possible. It will help the audience connect better with the story, and stretch the ability of your actress.

For: High School

Time: Approximately 4-6 minutes



*The skit starts with **Female** addressing the audience.*

Female: Isn't it weird how God gets our attention? It usually isn't through a burning bush, even though that would be really cool, it's usually through the small, everyday things, but we just don't know how to tune in to the right frequency. God's voice sometimes sounds a little fuzzy and then at other times it hits you out of the clear blue... if you're willing to look for it. Like the other day, I was at the store picking up some stuff for Mom, and I was standing behind a lady and her little girl in line to be checked out. The lady was obviously distracted by the piles of groceries, grabbing her coupons, and writing the All Important Check that she hadn't noticed, or had not wanted to notice, her daughter fidgeting behind her continually saying, "Mommy. Mommy. Mommy!" It was driving me crazy, but this little girl became increasingly impatient with her pleas: "Mommy? Mommy! MOMMY!"

Everyone in line seemed to notice her, except the mother. Finally, the little girl grabbed her mom's arm and started to pull on it, which kept her mom from finishing her task. Then, and only then, did the mother reluctantly give in. "WHAT," the mom screamed.

Without hesitating, the little girl looked up and gave her mom a real hard look, smiled, and screamed at the top of her lungs, "I LOVE YOU!"

Needless to say, the mother looked like she got hit by a bus. The rest of us in line didn't look any better. We all looked like a bunch of deer caught in headlights. Couldn't move, motionless. All eyes on this little girl with such... such... heart.

