

"Trusting Jesus"  
By Mark Engelhardt

Originally written for and performed at the 2009 Missouri District Sr. High Youth Gathering.

Three monologues by three separate people. The first monologue is on trusting Jesus even when we have doubts. The second monologue is on trusting Jesus in times of indecision. The third monologue is on trusting Jesus when our lives are filled with anxiety.

***Monologue # 1A--Focus is on doubt--we are not really sure that God could really help, or that He is really there for us, or that faith really works.***

1 (a male): *(Spotlight on actor)* This is unbelievable! My dad up and decides he doesn't want the responsibility of being a husband and father. He wants to go "find" himself. He quits his job, empties the bank account, and takes off. No good-bye, no nothing. And now, because of the stupid choices that someone else made, I've got to move into a crummy, little, hole-in-the-wall apartment with my mom and I have to share a room with my little sister. I'm a senior in high school and I have to share a room with my sister in the fifth grade! What in the world was my idiot father thinking? *(pause, take a breath)* And then, just when it seems that life can't get any worse, I get fired from my job.

I am really getting tired of this stuff! I work hard at school, I'm a good son, I help out when I'm asked, I willingly volunteer for stuff--not like all those kids at school who only help out to get their community service hours--I do it because I like to do it. But then *this* kind of stuff happens!

My friends keep telling me I need to pray about it. Well I'm tired of praying! I have been praying! I've got holes in my jeans I've been on my knees so much! God is not answering my prayers!

I'm beginning to question if God really even exists. If He did, why would He be making me go through all of this! What possible good could come out of any of this?!

You know what? Maybe my idiot father was right. Maybe the easiest thing to do is to just run away from it all, and look out for myself. Nobody else seems to be. *(pause)* God sure doesn't seem to be.

*(actor freezes, spotlight goes out)*

**Monologue # 2A**--Focus is on indecision--we don't know where to turn, we don't know how to stand up for Christian principles when faced with the pressures of today's world, there is confusion on how take a stand.

2 (a female): (*Spotlight on actress, she appears to be a little nervous, not over anxious, just uncertain.*) Okay, so I've been invited to this party. I know most of the people who are going to be there, but I also know there aren't going to be any parents there.

I've heard talk about some alcohol, and I'm not too worried about that. I've never been into the whole drinking scene anyway. I just figure I won't get involved, and I'm not going to be judgmental if other people want to have a few drinks.

But what worries me the most is that my boyfriend wants me to go and, you know...show him how much I love him. I do love him, but I just get so confused about it all. I mean, I was taught that we are only supposed to do that kind of stuff with our husbands.

The thing is, I trust him, and I really think that he could be the one that I spend the rest of my life with. I mean it's not like I'm as bad as some of those party crowd regulars who are just into hooking up with as many people as they can.

The truth is I'm a "good girl." I go to church and youth group and stuff.

Besides, it's not like the Bible was even written for people today; it was written for people 2,000 years ago, right? Times have changed.

Take my older sister for example. She just finished college, she's a good person, and she's living with her boyfriend and she's doing fine. They talk all the time about getting married. Although they haven't made it official yet, and she still doesn't have an engagement ring.

And what about all the TV shows and movies that we watch? They make it seem like it's no big deal anyway.

I just don't know. I feel like I've got no one to talk to about this. If I bring it up to my friends I'm afraid they'll just laugh at me, and if I bring it up to my parents...oh wow, I can't believe I even said that!

I just don't know. I want to do what's right, but I also don't want to let anyone down. With so many different messages, it's hard to know what's right anymore. I just wish I knew what to do.

*(Actress freezes, spotlight goes out)*

**Monologue # 3A**--Focus is on anxiety--we try to fix things by ourselves, or don't know how to get out of a big mess, or get anxious about what will happen in the future.

3 (a male): *(Spotlight on actor, he has just been pulled over by a police officer and is getting a little panicky.)* Oh man, I can't believe this. What did I do? I wasn't even speeding! This was SO not in the plans! I can't afford another ticket! If I get another ticket I'm going to lose my license, and then what will I do? I'll have to walk to work. I'll have to borrow my brother's bike! I'll have to get a ride from...my mother! This can't be happening!

I have to get out of this. Think!

Maybe I should take off as soon as he gets out of the car. Yeah, that's all I need, a high-speed chase all over town! Hey! Wait a minute. Aren't the cops supposed to avoid high speed chases, 'cause they don't want anyone to get hurt?

They'd probably send up a newscopter to follow the chase. I'd be all over the TV! That would be so cool! Except, I don't think I've ever seen one of those end where the driver got away.

Oh man, bad idea! I'd be in serious trouble then; as if I'm not in enough trouble already! What am I going to tell my dad? *(Realizing the true gravity of the situation with his dad)* My DAD! Oh no! What AM I going to tell my dad?! If this guy gives me a ticket, they could take my license. If they take my license I won't be able to drive the car home. Then they'll have to impound the car. My DAD'S car! I'm not even supposed to be driving my dad's car! I lied to my mom, told her Dad said it was okay, and that I needed it to go to Bible study. I even brought along my Bible to fake her out!

Come on, man, stop it. Think of something. Fast. Don't be stupid. Oh no, he's getting out of his car!

This is so messed up! AAARGH! Alright, he's almost here, just calm down, and don't do anything stupid!

Okay, say a quick, prayer. Oh man! I don't even know what to pray. Oh, no. *(Sighs heavily)*.

*(turns to his left and up as if looking out the car window and very calmly says)*

Good evening, officer...

*(Actor freezes, spotlight goes out)*

**Monologue # 1B**--Resolving of monologue # 1A.

1: *(holding up cell phone, spotlight comes up. He is in a more somber mood, yet still very emotional, perhaps even a bit teary.)* So I just got off the phone with, of all people, my pastor.

I haven't been to church, or even Sunday school, in probably four or five months, but that's not why he called. Apparently it's my baptismal birthday today, and he was just calling to wish me a happy birthday. He also told me he heard about what my idiot father...*(stops)*, I mean, "my father," did and, *(shaking head in disbelief)* and he prayed with me. Just now, right over the phone.

You know, I'd forgotten all about it. My baptismal birthday, I mean. Shoot, who am I kidding? I had forgotten about my baptism. Here I am ranting on about *(pauses)* my father, and all the other problems I have, I question the existence of God, complain that He never answers my prayer, and He, *(pause, look to cross)* He hears me crying out in pain. So what does He do? He sends me an audible message through a friend to gently remind me that He is indeed real; reminding me of the promise that He willingly gives me through my baptism. The promise of forgiveness. I'm sorry Lord. The promise of deliverance. I know you'll see me through this. The promise of eternal life.

I don't know what to say. It's just unbelievable. *(Actor crosses to cross at up, center stage, kneels at cross and prays.)* Oh Lord I'm sorry. Thank you for your grace and mercy.

*Soloist sings "I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus" verse 2: "I am trusting Thee for pardon, At Thy feet I bow. For Thy grace and tender mercy Trusting now."*

**Monologue # 2B**--Resolving of monologue # 2A.

2: (*Spotlight comes up; actress is holding jewelry box, calmly, no longer nervous*) I almost did it. I almost went to the party tonight with the intention of giving away something very special to someone I loved. Or at least thought I loved. Now, I'm not so sure.

See, I was getting ready to go to the party, which by the way, ended up getting busted, and everyone there, including my boyfriend, were given tickets for minors in possession and their parents had to come and get them.

Anyway, like I was saying, I was getting ready to go to the party, actually, getting ready for...him, and I was looking through my jewelry box to find something really special to wear for the occasion. That's when I came across this (*grasps at cross necklace that she is wearing around her neck*). This is the cross necklace that my dad gave me at my confirmation. I've always thought it was very pretty. It's kind of simple, but it's got a special beauty about it that I've always liked. It's like the beauty doesn't come from the cross itself, but from the one who died on it. And it reminds me that that beauty is given to me, and that I'm made beautiful not because I'm wearing this cross, but because of Christ who gave up His life for me on the cross; because He loves me. That's what real love is.

I suppose the truth is I do know better. I know that if my boyfriend really loved me he'd be willing to wait. Even if it means waiting who knows how long until we're married. I know what my sister and her boyfriend are doing is wrong. I know that getting involved in that kind of behavior is not part of God's plan for me. I know what the world is telling me. But I also know what God is telling me. And for too long I've been ignoring what He has been telling me. (*Actress crosses to cross at up, center stage, kneels at cross and prays.*) Oh Lord, I'm sorry. I'm ready to listen. I'm ready to let you lead me once again.

*Soloist sings "I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus" verse 4: "I am trusting Thee to guide me, Thou alone shall lead. Everyday and hour supplying All my need."*

**Monologue # 3B**--Resolving of monologue # 3aA

3: (*spotlight comes up, waving license toward imaginary officer, again very calmly*)  
...Thank you officer, I will. Don't you worry.

(*Now more excited than he was in the first half of the monologue.*) Wow! That was amazing! I've never had an encounter with a police officer that ended like that before. The guy actually seemed, like a guy. He was nice and everything. He didn't give me a speeding ticket, even though I was going almost 10 over. He just gave me a fix-it ticket because my left taillight was out. I tell you what, my dad is gonna hear about that!

Anyway, he made a big deal about how responsible I was being because I was wearing my seat belt, and I signaled to pull over. That was kind of weird.

(*Grabs Bible and flips to Romans 8:26*) I just thought of something. This is so cool. Check this out. This is Romans 8:26: "In the same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groans that words cannot express." That's just what happened to me! I was freaking OUT in the car; I didn't know WHAT to pray. Right before the officer walks up to me, all I can do is let out this big sigh. *I didn't know what to pray, but the Holy Spirit, in His mighty power, knew exactly what I needed.* The whole time I was talking to that officer, I was calm, I was polite, and I was patient. That stuff is so not me! I was anxious, trying to figure out how I was going to manipulate my way out of another ticket and hide it all from my folks.

Oh, I just thought of another one. (*turns in Bible to Philippians 4:6*) Philippians 4:6 says, "Do not be anxious, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God." I think I know now what my prayer should be. (*Actor crosses to cross at up, center stage, kneels at cross and prays.*) Thank you, Father, for sending your powerful Holy Spirit to intercede for me, to take away my anxiety.

*Soloist sings "I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus" verse 5: "I am trusting Thee for power; Thine can never fail. Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me Must prevail."*

*All three actors are seen kneeling at the cross with spotlight on them. Fade to black.*