

Are You Sure You Can Be Sure?

by Rev. Dean Nadasdy

On the Way to the Chancel

These little dramas are intended for use in the worship service either prior to or following the reading of the Sunday Gospel. Either way, through parable, fantasy or direct reference, they are a way to capture the obvious and the subtle themes in the Gospels for Advent through Epiphany.

The dramas require little rehearsal and few actors. Set furnishings and props are minimal. They are written to be presented primarily by young people for the worshiping congregation.

The "Focus" section introducing the dramas might be proclaimed before the drama is presented or simply printed in the worship folder.

If they enhance a celebration of the comedy of God that culminates in the birth of a baby boy in Bethlehem destined to save His people from their sins, they will have done what they were meant to do.

The Gospel for Advent 4 (Series B)

Based on Luke 1:26-38

FOCUS:

Being caught up in the plan of God means trusting even in the face of dancing doubts. It calls for sensing God's power despite my weakness.

SCENE:

A sort of surrealistic, liturgical confrontation between people called by God for special purposes and their own dancing doubts. The doubts are expressed by a dancing, encircling chorus which moves from person to person, beginning with the Virgin Mary and ending with the congregation. Mary kneels center-stage; Jack and Chris are on either side.

CHARACTERS:

Chorus - Mockingly sing-song; fantasy figures dressed in black in white; at least six people, perhaps masked

Mary - Classically dressed in blue and white for identification; serene but not doubtless

Jack - Hears a call to ministry; timid and unsure

Chris - Feeling unspecial and different, but not unique

Note: Chorus parts may be broken down into individual speaking parts if desired.

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Mary: *(on her knees)* "Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word."

Chorus: *(enters stage left; hands joined and moving slowly in a dance that slithers like a snake; chorus members continue to slither around Mary as she speaks)* Mary, Mary, quite contrary, are you sure you can be sure? Or is it just a show?

Mary: Let it be... Let it be... to me... to me.

Chorus: Is she married? Is she married? No. Not yet. Not yet. What will people say?

Mary: According to Your Word, not theirs! According to Your Word!

Chorus: And what will Joseph say? For shame! So long, Joseph.

Mary: With God nothing will be impossible. That is what He said.

Chorus: But you a sinner for Messianic mother? Mary, really!

Mary: Nothing. That is what the angel said. (*Chorus members move in slithering, encircling style to Jack.*)

Jack: I feel it when I sit in church. I know it in my bones. My soul says yes. My God says yes. I think I can do it. I really do. I think I can preach and teach. I think I can comfort and pray. I think I can lead.

Chorus: Jack, Jack, come on back. Are you sure you can be sure? People laugh at such as you. Think twice before you wear the stole.

Jack: Let it be... Let it be... to me... to me.

Chorus: Preacher boy. Pulpit-pounder. Goody-goody. Where's the money in it, Jack?

Jack: I think I can do it. With God nothing will be impossible. That is what He said.

Chorus: I think I can. I think I can. I think I can. The little engine that could!

Jack: He could, you know. The engine could and did. Nothing. That is what He said. (*Chorus members move on to Chris.*)

Chris: A million Chrises just like me. Just once I would like to feel unique like a baby girl oohed at by a score of dotting faces. Could God, could people, somehow see me once for who I am, this Chris, and no one else?

Chorus: Chris, Chris, what is this? Are you sure you can be sure?

Chris: Let it be... Let it be... to me... to me.

Chorus: Here's a Chris. There's a Chris. Everywhere a Chris, Chris!

Chris: With God nothing will be impossible. That is what he said. According to your word. Unique. Special. Lived for. Died for. By God.

Chorus: You see one Chris, you've seen `em all.

Chris: Until you have seen God. Nothing. That is what He said.

Chorus: (*moves out to slither through congregation*) Church in the lurch of the Christmas rush, are you sure you can be sure? Or is it all a dream? A rainbow with no promise? You see one Christmas, you've seen `em all.

Mary: (*victoriously*) Until you have seen God!

Jack: Nothing will be impossible.

Chris: That is what He said. (*all exit*)

The End.

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