

youthESource Drama

In Christ Alone Rests Our True Identity

by Sarah R. Larson

Key Scripture: Philippians 1:21 - 26; Luke 6:46 - 49

Pre-Lesson Group Discussion Question:

What aspects of your identity are you trying to keep apart from Christ?

Post-Lesson Group Discussion Questions:

1. Read Luke 6:46 - 49.
2. Predict what will happen to the two builders in the skit.
3. Who do you think defines the Wise Builder's identity? Why do you say this?
4. Who do you think defines the Foolish Builder's identity? Why do you say this?
5. Read Philippians 1:21 - 26. When people look at our lives, listen to our responses, hear the words we say, and watch the things we do...is Jesus Christ glorified? Do they see Him in us?

Final Thought: The Rock, Jesus Christ, promises through His Word and Sacraments to be a voice, a witness, and a testimony unto Himself, even when we fail at representing Him in this world to others. Our identity is found in Christ based *not* on what we've done for Him, but what He has already accomplished through His death and resurrection for us. Praise be to God!

Characters

WISE BUILDER

FOOLISH BUILDER

Lights up.

The WISE BUILDER painfully works on digging into the earth for his/her foundation, hitting hard rock every time. He's/She's exhausted, sore, and bruised. FOOLISH BUILDER sits in a lawn chair sipping a delicious-looking drink that holds a tiny umbrella. He/she wears a pair of sunglasses and relaxes, watching the WISE BUILDER.

WISE BUILDER (*digging, wearily*): "When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace. In every high and stormy gale my anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the solid rock I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

The WISE BUILDER stops, throws his/her shovel (or other tool) to the ground, lifts a large gallon jug of water to his/her mouth, drinks, sighs, wipes his/her forehead, and "toasts" to the FOOLISH BUILDER.

WISE BUILDER (*confident, smiling, proud*): "All other ground is sinking sand."

FOOLISH BUILDER: I should help you.

WISE BUILDER (*rolling eyes*): Don't get up. Please.

The WISE BUILDER sits down to rest, taking a sandwich out of a lunch box.

WISE BUILDER (*shaking head*): Besides, I'm not worried about me.

FOOLISH BUILDER: Hmm?

WISE BUILDER: I'm worried about you.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*laughing*): Why? I'm done. The hole is finished, my foundation is poured. I deserve a little "me" time in the shade. Don't you think?

The FOOLISH BUILDER sits back, relaxed, and wiggles his/her bare toes.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*continued*): Besides...this sand feels great.

WISE BUILDER (*suspicious*): Is it soft?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*pleased, almost giddy*): So soft.

WISE BUILDER (*pointedly*): And easy to move?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*relaxing, falsely content*): Very easy. Kind of like me. I just...go with the flow. Whatever is best, whatever comes first. That's me. Look at the sand, and you'll see me. It's all about the easy way out.

The WISE BUILDER takes another swig of water, raising his/her eyebrows unconvinced.

WISE BUILDER (*with warning*): Friend...I'd advise you *not* to be like sand. You've been too easily swayed into believing that moving and shifting and being flexible with what you put your hope in is the best way to live. It's easy to build a house on sand...right now. But, what happens when the wind starts to blow and it starts to rain and the waters begin to rise? Will you be so dedicated to your *shifting sand* after that?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*raising chin*): Don't you believe in me?

WISE BUILDER (*unconvinced*): Hmm...

FOOLISH BUILDER: Besides, I worry about you. More than you think.

WISE BUILDER: How so?

FOOLISH BUILDER: I see you digging into that Rock every day. You look so tired all the time. You're bruised. You have cuts all the way up and down your arms. Everything is sore, I can tell. And yes, it's because you've been digging into that Rock. You've been doing it so long and hard, as if your life depended on it!

WISE BUILDER: Maybe it does!

FOOLISH BUILDER: Ha. Don't kid yourself. It hurts you too much to be that worried about your future. And that makes me worry about you.

The WISE BUILDER frowns and nods, wearily.

WISE BUILDER: I *am* sore. But what's a little soreness, when in the end I have a house that stands, huh?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*doubtful*): Maybe.

WISE BUILDER: Listen. Sand moves and shifts, even in a good stiff breeze. You know that. Rock stays put... (*stretching, sorely*) and digging holes in them takes a lot of additional muscle I didn't even know I had.

FOOLISH BUILDER: Exactly.

WISE BUILDER: But the *Rock stays put*....that's the point.

FOOLISH BUILDER: But how do you know you're going to absolutely, positively need that kind of foundation? Why are you dead set on believing that these hurricanes will actually come?

WISE BUILDER: Because I don't have any other choice but to believe that they will! Rock hurts sometimes, yes. It's harder and longer and downright slower to build a house this way. And sometimes I do want to do it *your way*. I do. (*BEAT, weary*) But, in the end it's gonna be worth it, because the storms *will come*. And again and again they'll come. And the wind *will rip* at my house and tear it apart...yours just the same as mine. You'll see. Then what?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*confused*): I don't know.

WISE BUILDER: And that's what I'm worried about. It isn't easy doing the wisest thing. In fact, sometimes it would be easier and better to be done with building all together...and just rest for all eternity. Even Scripture says, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. If I am to live in the flesh, that means fruitful labor for me. Yet which I shall choose I cannot tell. I am hard pressed between the two. My desire is to depart and be with Christ for that is far better. But to remain in the flesh is more necessary on *your* account."

FOOLISH BUILDER (*pouting, offended*): My account? Now what?

WISE BUILDER: "Convinced of this, I know that I remain and continue with you...for your progress and joy in the faith...so that in me you may have ample cause to glory in Christ Jesus, because of my coming to you..." (Philippians 1:21 - 26). If building my house on the Rock is a testimony to you, so that you might see how much better it is build your house on the Rock, I will rejoice! And do so gladly! And I give you permission for all eternity to look at me and see that the Rock did what I trusted it to do...to stand firm, immovable, unshakable. The *only* foundation I need. Forever.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*unconvinced*): Well, I love my own foundation built on sand because it's the only foundation that makes a beach house look this amazing.

The WISE BUILDER sighs, then suddenly looks past the FOOLISH BUILDER alarmed.

WISE BUILDER (*continued*): Your foundation of your perfect beach house is caving in.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*alarmed, jumping up*): What?

WISE BUILDER (*jumping up*): It's caving in! Get away from the edge!

FOOLISH BUILDER (*getting too near the "edge"*): No, it's impossible.

WISE BUILDER (*grabbing FOOLISH BUILDER*): Get away from there!

The FOOLISH BUILDER falls back away from the "edge" of the faulty foundation as WISE BUILDER pushes him/her away, standing between him/her and the danger. FOOLISH BUILDER is visibly shaken.

WISE BUILDER (*concerned*): Are you ok?

FOOLISH BUILDER (*shocked*): Yeah.

The WISE BUILDER nods, sighing with relief.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*continued, stunned*): Thank you.

WISE BUILDER: No problem.

The WISE BUILDER and FOOLISH BUILDER look at the "hole" in the ground.

FOOLISH BUILDER: I'll fix it.

The WISE BUILDER is not convinced.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*trying to convince himself/herself*): It'll be great! You'll see...

WISE BUILDER (*determined*): Friend. Let me encourage you to build your house on the Rock. Over *there*. It will not slip away from you, if you listen to what I have to say.

The FOOLISH BUILDER seems to consider it, then shakes head.

FOOLISH BUILDER: No. I appreciate that. I do. (*BEAT*) But, I'm trying to be my own person, and I can't keep listening to what everybody else tells me to do. I can't depend on someone else for the rest of my life. I certainly can't put my hope in a big ol' Rock.

The WISE BUILDER sighs, disappointed.

WISE BUILDER: Then let me say this. Remember my words...sing them, even...in the hour of your greatest need. (*Putting a hand on the FOOLISH BUILDER'S shoulder*) "When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His *unchanging* grace. In every high and stormy gale my anchor holds within the veil. On Christ the solid rock I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

The WISE BUILDER and FOOLISH BUILDER look back at the failed foundation.

WISE BUILDER (*continued*): "All other ground is sinking sand."

The FOOLISH BUILDER sighs, appearing defeated.

Lights down.

youthESource is published on the Web by the LCMS Office of National Mission—Youth Ministry. The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, 1333 South Kirkwood Road, St. Louis, MO 63122-7295; 1-800-248-1930; www.youthesource.com. Editor: Sherrah Holobaugh Behrens. VOL. 13 NO. 7. July 2016.