

youthESource Drama

In Christ Alone There is Joy in Community

by Sarah R. Larson

Key Scripture: Philippians 1:3 - 7; Luke 6:46 - 47

Pre-Lesson Group Discussion Questions:

How does community in Christ look different than every other community?

Post-Lesson Group Discussion Questions:

1. Read Luke 6:46 - 47.
2. How does community in Christ look different to those in communities without Christ?
3. In what ways do we depend on our own ways for salvation? Why do you think this is?
4. What did the Apostle Paul have to say to his community, to the people that he loved? See Philippians 1:3 - 7.
5. How is Scripture like the Rock? Why is it important to share Scripture with our community?

Final Thought: The Rock, Jesus Christ, promises through His Word and Sacraments that He is strong enough, big enough, and powerful enough to face any storm. This does not mean that the rain doesn't fall, the wind doesn't blow, and hurricanes don't wreak havoc on and in our hearts. This means that we are able to, in Him *alone*, withstand it all. Praise be to God!

Characters

WISE BUILDER

FOOLISH BUILDER

Lights up.

The WISE BUILDER and FOOLISH BUILDER nail a shingle to their roofs with satisfaction.

WISE BUILDER (*triumphant, as he/she works*): "When He shall come with trumpet sound, oh may I then in Him be found, clothed in His righteousness alone, redeemed to stand before His throne! On Christ the solid rock I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

FOOLISH BUILDER (*proudly*): There. Done!

The FOOLISH BUILDER climbs down from his/her roof.

WISE BUILDER: "All other ground is sinking sand."

The WISE BUILDER pounds the last nail into a shingle and looks at his/her roof proudly.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*calling up*): You finished?

WISE BUILDER: I am! What do you think?

The FOOLISH BUILDER looks at the WISE BUILDER'S house, unsure.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*unimpressed*): It looks...*sturdy* on that Rock.

WISE BUILDER: And yours?

The FOOLISH BUILDER proudly surveys his/her own house.

FOOLISH (*smiling*): Pretty. It looks very, very pretty in the sand.

The WISE BUILDER chuckles and climbs down from the roof.

WISE BUILDER: You did a nice job on the outside. It looks clean, perfect, and full of promise.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*please*): Thank you.

WISE BUILDER (*serious*): But it isn't secure.

The FOOLISH BUILDER sighs dramatically, rolling his/her eyes.

WISE BUILDER (*continued, desperate*): I'm serious. What about the foundation? I worry about you every day! I've been saying that over and over again. That new foundation is still sitting on the sand. It *will* give way.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*impatient*): There is no pleasing you. Do you not see the beautiful structure? It's perfect, just as you said!

WISE BUILDER: Yes! The house is well constructed!

FOOLISH BUILDER: Thank you.

WISE BUILDER: It has good bones!

FOOLISH BUILDER: Like a horse. My house is built like a horse.

The WISE BUILDER hesitates, uncertain about the analogy.

WISE BUILDER: Ok...

FOOLISH BUILDER (*gently*): And I almost quit.

WISE BUILDER (*surprised*): What?

FOOLISH BUILDER: I almost quit building the house. Right in the middle of it. Right at the peak of construction.

WISE BUILDER (*surprised*): Really? I didn't know that.

FOOLISH BUILDER: But you never deserted me. You never made fun of me. (*BEAT*) Not really. So I kept pressing on. Nobody in my old community ever had that much confidence in me.

WISE BUILDER (*uncertain*): Friend...you build a wonderful house. I can see that, and so can everybody else. But, my concern has nothing to do with what it looks like. It has everything to do with what's inside. You are entirely missing the point.

The FOOLISH BUILDER is exasperated and offended.

WISE BUILDER (*continued, insistent*): You need a solid foundation. I do, too. I will keep saying it. I'm your neighbor. I love you. I care about what happens to you. It would be unloving for me *not* to warn you. So, I *must* insist that you listen to me now, before it's too late. We don't make the Rock secure by building a nice house upon it. Your beautiful beach mansion will not save you in the end. We don't make the Rock the one and *only* safe place there is. The Rock *alone* makes it safe for us to build upon it...and *only* there do we build.

The FOOLISH BUILDER looks confused.

WISE BUILDER (*continued, gently*): Friend...the Gospel is that Jesus Christ has promised to be our Rock...in every storm...taking the storms upon Himself...because we cannot save ourselves.

We hear thunder in the distance. Suddenly, the WISE BUILDER and the FOOLISH BUILDER look up at the sky.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*surprised*): Was that...

WISE BUILDER (*worried*): Thunder.

The WISE BUILDER and FOOLISH BUILDER suddenly shield themselves.

FOOLISH BUILDER: Lightning!

WISE BUILDER: It's too dangerous to be out here! Come inside with me!

FOOLISH BUILDER: No! I have my own house and you have yours. I'll see you after the storm!

WISE BUILDER: Wait!

FOOLISH BUILDER: Go inside, or you'll die a bigger fool than me!

Both the WISE BUILDER and the FOOLISH BUILDER enter their respective houses to wait out the storm. The storm rages. Both look very frightened from inside their houses.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*pleading, praying*): Oh Lord, if you're there...hold my house together! *Please!*

WISE BUILDER: Lord! Lord God! "On Christ the solid rock I stand! All other ground is sinking sand!" I believe!

Lighting flashes and thunder booms. The WISE BUILDER panics, looking around frantically.

WISE BUILDER (*continued*): Oh no. The water is rising!

FOOLISH BUILDER (*calling out, frightened*): Friend?

WISE BUILDER: The water is getting higher!

The FOOLISH BUILDER panics, looking around frantically.

FOOLISH BUILDER: My walls are caving in! There's only one thing to do!

The FOOLISH BUILDER and WISE BUILDER look at each other with fear.

FOOLISH and WISE BUILDERS: Get higher!

WISE BUILDER (*shouting*): Get out of there!

The FOOLISH BUILDER exits his/her house and observes the mess. He/she rushes into the WISE BUILDER's house.

WISE BUILDER (*continued*): Quick! Come with me!

FOOLISH BUILDER: This wasn't supposed to happen!

WISE BUILDER: Climb *now*!

The FOOLISH BUILDER scrambles up to the roof in front of the WISE BUILDER.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*astonished*): The water is flooding your house!

WISE BUILDER: I know! Get higher!

FOOLISH BUILDER: But *look at it!* It didn't matter that you built this house on the Rock, we're still gonna die! We're still gonna lose *everything*.

WISE BUILDER: Just hold still! The rock isn't going anywhere, just like I said! Just like He promised! Just be still!

FOOLISH BUILDER (*crying out, lamenting*): Oh, there it goes! There goes my beautiful, wonderful beach house! Gone...way out to sea! With all of the sand I loved!

The storm begins to die down.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*continued, apologetic*): Oh, no. I'm so sorry about that lovely chair.

WISE BUILDER (*apologetic*): I'm sorry about your house.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*defensive*): Why should you be? You were right, and I was horribly, horribly wrong. (*Increasing self-hatred*) Say it. Just say it. Say, "I told you so" and be done with it. I can handle it.

The WISE BUILDER rests a hand on the FOOLISH BUILDER'S shoulder.

WISE BUILDER (*humbled, gently*): Listen. I'm not condemning you. It isn't my job. I too had everything washed out to sea...a very long time ago.

FOOLISH BUILDER (*surprised*): Really?

WISE BUILDER: Yes. I built a house on sand. In fact, many, *many* times...before I finally believed that the Rock is the only foundation to be trusted. And, the Lord washed everything away so that I would be clean. He saved me from drowning. And because of *that* I build *everything* on the Rock. All the time.

The FOOLISH BUILDER'S eyes are being opened, and he/she weeps quietly.

FOOLISH BUILDER: Will I ever *get* it?

WISE BUILDER: I think you just did. Scripture says, "And I am sure of this, that he who began a good work in you, will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ." (Philippians 1:6)

FOOLISH BUILDER: Do you believe He's doing something in me?

WISE BUILDER (*confidant*): Yes. He's been doing something in you for a long time. (*Gently*) "When He shall come with trumpet sound, oh may I then in Him be found...(*with great emphasis, with realization*) clothed in *His* righteousness alone...redeemed to stand before His throne. On Christ, the solid rock, I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

Lighting flashes and thunder booms.

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

Lights down.