

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

EULOGY

by GEORGE HALITZKA

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A young man remembers the Christian testimony of his departed friend.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: The key is to keep the tone sober without being melodramatic.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M

THEME: Death, Youth

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: I Thess. 4:13; I Peter 1:3-9

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Youth services; sermon illustration

CHARACTERS:

ROGER

PROPS: Small lectern, podium

COSTUMES: A suit

SOUND: Wireless microphone (optional)

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A memorial service

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EULOGY *by George Halitzka*

ROGER, dressed in a dark suit, walks stiffly to a small lectern. There is a long pause.

ROGER: Tasha's dad asked me to say some things. I'm not used to talking in front of people, so . . . um, bear with me.

The first time I saw Tasha she was with her Mom and Dad at church. I wanted to be friendly to the new people, so I said hi. Okay, truth is, I'm a sucker for redheads. Some guys would've waited till her parents left, but I figured I could score some points.

A bunch of us from youth group went out after church, and me and Tasha talked the whole time. Everybody was giving us these wink-winks, you know like, "I see a couple forming." The next weekend, I dialed and hung up like six times before I asked her out for coffee. She said yes. But when I picked her up, her Dad wanted to talk to me. He talked about purity and curfew and stuff. Finally, real quiet, he goes, "Take care of my little girl. I love her a lot." I said, "I'll try."

We went out for coffee--and then we saw a movie--and then it didn't matter where we went just so we were together. We'd park and talk, but it's not like we were parking. I never did anything but hold her hand. I swear. We just talked about nothing and everything. When I got to know her, and I know this'll sound cheesy, the thing I admired most was how close she was to God.

She did all the good Christian stuff like not drinking and swearing, and she wouldn't let me kiss her "unless we got engaged." That was hard. But she also did the little things like she never fought with her parents. There was a girl named Sue who showed up to church sometimes, and annoyed everybody 'cause she was depressing. Her and Tasha were friends. It wasn't like Tasha felt sorry for her. They were real friends.

Last summer, our youth group went on a mission trip. I was really excited because I'd never been to Chicago before. But I drove Tasha home one night, and she was really quiet. She said she just couldn't believe God was giving her this opportunity to serve Him because she was so unworthy, and she wasn't going for the right reasons, and she hoped she could live up to the trust He put in her. Well, I didn't know what to say. I held her hand and asked God to make me more like that.

Her parents drove us both to church before the trip. Her dad gave me this talk about big cities being dangerous. I said I understood, and I promised I'd walk with Tasha if she had to go anywhere after dark. Finally, he goes, "Take care of my little girl. I love her a lot." I said, "I'll try."

I learned so much on that trip and even saw a guy come to Christ. It was incredible.