

## FREIGHT TRAIN PEACE

by ROBYN BERDINO

**GENRE:** Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A woman speaks candidly and from her heart about the struggles she wrestles with regarding fear, trust, and loneliness.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Tone changes are important in order to make the character real. Especially emphasize the emotional up's and down's women struggle with. Laughter, smiles, and dramatic pauses all add tremendously to the monologue.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Faith, Fear

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Proverbs 3:5-6, Romans 8:31

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Worship Service, Seeker Service, Women's Retreat or Women's Event

**CHARACTERS:**

ANNE— female in her 20's or 30's

**PROPS:** This can be as simple as one stool or as complex as a bedroom scene.

**COSTUMES:** Modern dress

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage lighting or spotlight

**SETTING:** General stage or bedroom

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ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of  
**Belden Worship Resources**  
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

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*Lights up.*

**ANNE:** I like to think of myself as tough...thick skinned...able to roll with the punches, and at times, even able to punch back. I do have to admit, though, I am afraid of a few things--really big spiders, driving in the city, sharks in the ocean, bungee jumping, power outages--it just really doesn't matter how many candles you buy, when you can't find them in the dark...it just doesn't do you a lot of good!

My mom used to always say...*(Mimicking mom)* "That girl of mine is so self-sufficient; I don't know what I'll do with her." My friends in college would add *(Mimicking friends)* "Oh, she'll try anything; she's always ready for something new and exciting!" And my husband, well, let's just put it rather nicely and say I've been a bit of a challenge. *(Smiling)* A cause for growth in his life...that's how I'd rather put it!

But any way you look at it...I'm just a regular person. I wake up each morning and have to brush my teeth just like the next person. I smile and sometimes I cry. Some days I'm so confident it would take a freight train to stop me, and other days...fear seems to hold on so tight, I'm not sure which end is up.

Don't get me wrong...I'm not afraid of that natural disaster stuff or anything. You know the way I figure, my days are numbered, and when it's time to go, well, why not from a tidal wave or something. It'd make a great headline for the local newspaper!

But some nights when my husband is on the road, I worry about an accident that would keep him from walking through that front door. I even let my mind wander to the point of wondering how and if the children and I could make it without him. I'm afraid of my kids growing and leaving. I'm afraid of an illness that could separate me from the ones I love, an illness that God might choose not to heal. Things like that.

I guess it all boils down to this...I'm afraid of being alone. Completely alone. Now I know with all these kids running around my feet, I've come to appreciate time to myself. That's not where I'm heading. You and I both know that there's not much better than shopping at Target by yourself, where you can actually look at things without having to constantly deflect all of those little arms, and being able to only pay for the items you bought rather than the two extra things they broke along the way!

But that fear of going to bed alone and waking up alone. Walking through tough situations alone and not able to find someone who truly understands.

Sometimes, through this tough exterior, I wonder what God is thinking. Don't you wish he really would drop a banner from heaven? *(Waving arm over head like a banner, and using a deep voice like God)* "Anne, you can trust me...I know what I'm doing up here." Or maybe he could have written a book, just especially for you or me. And maybe he