

UNVEILED HOPE

by Lisa Kay Morton

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A heavily veiled woman reveals her changed life.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: HOPE is not "holier than thou"; she has been battered and bruised in life but she is evidence of God's grace.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Easter

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: 2 Corinthians 3:18

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Easter

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Introduction

CHARACTERS: HOPE

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Woman in bridal gown, hidden under multiple layers of black cloth

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: Spot, if desired

SETTING: Unspecified

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HOPE speaks out of the shadows. She is heavily veiled, with a black robe as well as several sheer layers of dark veils. She speaks slowly. Stilted. Throughout the scene, she unveils herself one piece at a time.

HOPE: I was so alone. I was married, with two small children and still, alone. Desperately so. My husband was never home and my children were always asking, demanding. My job was a dead-end opportunity going nowhere. There was no one around who cared for me, for Hope, no one who valued me for me, for who I was—instead of for what I could give.

So, I started looking. For love, for life, for something to fill the void. At first it was bars, and clubs, and then I found comfort for an hour or two in the arms of strangers. My husband discovered my indiscretions. *(Removes a veil)*

The divorce was quick, and my husband and my children were...gone. I threw myself into a new lifestyle. I'd lost my job—late nights and liquor had made me...unreliable. I couldn't keep a job I didn't want...and couldn't find another one to replace it. So my time was spent buried in a bottle or in a stranger's hotel room.

When I ran out of money and hope it was almost too easy to turn to prostitution. Not much mattered. I didn't matter. It was an existence—barely. When one of the men beat me beyond recognition, I was rushed to the hospital after the hotel maid discovered me the next morning. I almost died. *(Her head falls forward.)* I wished I had. My face was destroyed, and my hope as well. *(Removes a veil)*

I spent weeks in the hospital, only to emerge with no resemblance to the woman I had been before. The hospital referred me to a shelter where I could stay till I got my "feet on the ground." I almost laughed. I hadn't had my feet on the ground for a lifetime—and now a shelter was going to help me? But I went. I didn't have any choice. *(Shrugs)* I just kept on.

I didn't expect things to change, to be better, or even different. But...it was. The director of the shelter invested in me. And she poured out, day after day, her prayers and her hope and her source of strength. You see, she knew Jesus Christ. And Jesus knew her. And Christa wanted this for me. She wanted me to know Jesus. *(Removes a veil)*

There wasn't anyone else in my life to care for me, no one else to turn to, and eventually, with nowhere else to go, I turned to him. Jesus. *(Sob)* Why did I wait so long? You see, this was my new beginning—because God had a plan for me. To restore me. And he did. My face was destroyed. My health. My marriage. My family. My job. My self-esteem. Yet because of an act of passion, of true love, Jesus' death on the cross restored me to a life I would never have imagined. Knowing Jesus Christ and placing my trust and my hope in him...has made me whole.