

## A MISERABLE MAN

by JOHN COSPER

**GENRE:** Drama

**SYNOPSIS:** A man describes the funeral of a “miserable” man, who died wealthy but realized too late the value of investing in God’s kingdom; in the end he reveals himself to be the deceased.

**DIRECTOR’S TIP:** The actor must sound completely detached from the man in question in the story, in order to withhold the surprise ending from the audience.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Christian Living

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Matthew 16:26

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Illustration

**CHARACTERS:**

A successful businessman

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** A tailored suit

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified; perhaps a funeral home lobby

### Drama Ministry

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*A MAN in a business suit walks on stage.*

**MAN:** I went to a funeral today for a miserable man. Not that anyone who attended would have known, but the man in the casket was the most unhappy person on Earth.

It wasn't because the man didn't have a good life. As long as I've known him, he's been a motivated learner, and a hard worker. He excelled in school, and finished his master's in the time most people take to get a bachelor's degree. He was very successful in his chosen field of real estate. And as for investing, well, he was a genius. He read constantly, and was always ahead of the trend. Even when the Internet bust hit a few years back, he was prepared and came out on top. The man had plenty of money, and consequently, plenty of luxury. But he was still a miserable man.

It wasn't because he lacked in the family department. He had a great family, with parents who raised him to love the Lord. In fact, he was one of four siblings who grew up with faith in God. One brother and one sister even went into full-time ministry. He knew the love of a family, and the love of the Lord. Even knowing that, he was a miserable man.

It wasn't because he didn't have friends either. The man had so many people who admired him, and most of those were in attendance. I saw his first boss, Lionel Jacoby, who described him as being too intelligent for the real estate business. His college roommate was there, Brent Edwards. Brent credits his old friend with getting him to stop partying and make something of his own life.

Then there was Kurt Robinson ... the best friend since, well, since forever ago. Kurt was there in the backyard when the man learned to throw a football. He was there with his best friend in the dark movie theater, 1977, to experience Star Wars together. He was at the altar of the church, on his knees, accepting Christ the same time as his friend.

And yet, with all the experiences they shared, Kurt was so vastly different from his friend. Kurt didn't have a college degree. He didn't have the six-figure paycheck. In fact, he barely made five digits a year working in a factory. Kurt's life wasn't focused on earning money; it was focused on giving to the Lord. Kurt gave with his time, with his prayers, and especially with his money. Granted, the money he gave didn't equal what his friend gave in raw numbers ... but Kurt gave way above the 10 percent tithe.

Kurt will never live in a big house. He doesn't have a nice car. He doesn't have cable, or even a DVD player. But this evening, Kurt sits at home in his apartment, reading his Bible, preparing to give even more eternal investment to the Lord. While all of my possessions sit in a warehouse, tagged for auction, destined to be sold to the highest bidder.