

## GRACE AMONG STONES

by TIM BASS

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A woman who once felt “thrown away” experiences God’s grace and a second chance to feel wanted.

**DIRECTOR’S TIP:** A limited set will allow the actress to relive the journey and the audience to fill in the blanks; let her movements be motivated by her inner conflict.

**TIME:** Over 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Grace, Mercy

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 8:2-11

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Worship Service

**CHARACTERS:**

SEAMSTRESS – a woman in her thirty’s

**PROPS:** A basket with old linen, chair

**COSTUMES:** Biblical attire

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** A seamstress’s home

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## GRACE AMONG STONES *by Christina Morales*

*Lights up on the SEAMSTRESS working; she looks up, as if someone entered her shop.*

**SEAMSTRESS:** I had a hole in my heart. A hole as big as the Sea of Kinnereth with walls higher than the walls that surrounded Jericho. It was black as the night and deep as a well. I thought it could never be filled. And I tried.

I don't know how this hole began. It's like a small tear in a garment; it starts out as a small snag and grows bigger and bigger over time until you can't mend it. It just becomes a rag that is used until it is thrown away. That's how my heart felt.

Maybe it began when I was born ... the fourth girl in a family of no sons. The hole grew bigger as my family grew poorer. I was another mouth to feed and I was a reminder of a failure to produce one who would carry on the family name and business. I tried to be good. I did my chores, I tried to not get in the way, and I prayed to the God of Jacob that I would be a blessing so that my family would want me. But it wasn't enough. I would cry myself to sleep until there were no more tears to be had.

Then he came along: Zipha. I was walking along in the marketplace when I felt his stare pulling me in. I had never seen eyes like his—sharp as arrows and as commanding as King David. As he approached, my heart fluttered and my palms became moist. His words were like honey and I melted to his touch. He promised me life, and stole it just as quickly. But his arms were so strong and so warm. I felt ... wanted. Someone wanted me. When he left, the only sign of his existence was a growing hole in my heart. .

I never saw my family again. I couldn't face them. I would wander the streets begging for a scrap of bread, a sip of water from a family well, a look that didn't show despire. My soul reflected my body—desolate, dry, mere dust. Men would come and go. Those moments of warmth and attention were the only reminders that I was still alive.

I'm not sure how long I lived this way. When one lives in pain, time is irrelevant. Every minute feels like an eternity. But one day was different. My hunger was the same. My loneliness was the same. The same type of man came to visit. But in the midst of my shame, I was ripped from the covers and dragged through town to the temple courts. I lived with my shame like a hidden disease. I was fine as long as I could hide in the shadows and people could pretend that I was not there tainting their lives. As I was paraded through the streets with deliberate intent, I had to look my sin in the face and no one could deny my existence. I tried my best to look at the ground and hold on to a sliver of dignity. I could not bear to look into accusing eyes, and I desperately tried to block out the mocking laughter and hurling insults.

Finally, I was tossed like a doll onto the floor of the temple court. I was thrown at the feet of the one they called "Master." I wept. I was condemned. What hope could I cling