Drama Ministry®

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SPECIAL WITNESS

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A man recalls how a disabled person led him to Christ, and tells how that experience helped him to cope with his own child being disabled.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Although designated under the theme of abortion and disabilities, there are a number of ways you can use this monologue for other topics.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Evangelism

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Jeremiah 29:11-13

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Sermon Starter, Illustration

CHARACTERS: A father to be

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Modern dress, nothing special

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Unspecified

FATHER walks on stage.

FATHER: He wasn't much to look at, not the kind of man I'd ever approach on my own. I know it sounds terrible to say, but let's face it. Unless we grew up around it, we all have that sense of discomfort about the disabled. The man was elderly, I presume, with a white-flecked beard and a hunched posture. He leaned slightly to the right, as if he could topple out of the chair at any time.

Co-workers later told me that he frequented the park. I guess in my desire to see only the beautiful things, I'd never taken notice of him before. That day it was he who noticed me. I held a pink slip in my hands as I trudged through the park. Part of me wanted to rip up the pink slip, rush back to the office, fight past the guards who led me out, and tell my former employer what a scoundrel he was. Part of me wanted to go home and sink into my wife's arms. And part of me wanted to sink into the shallow yet deep enough pond at the park, never to rise again.

I stood on the edge of the water, too scared to actually do it, cursing myself for my cowardice. A young woman's voice said, "Excuse me." I turned and looked down into a pair of eyes staring at me with enough intense light to animate a hundred crippled bodies. Behind him stood the young woman, a social worker, who held out a tiny document.

"This is Dale," she told me. "He wants you to have this."

What do you say in a moment like that? I had no use for religion, but conscience – and the desire to see this man go away – led me to take the document with a simple nod. The woman smiled and bid me a good day. She pushed Dale along the path, while Dale followed me with his eyes. Did he know I was set to toss it in the water soon as he turned away?

I thought I could outwit him by opening the document and thumbing through. It was what Christians call a tract. I'd seen a number of these, left in gas station toilet stalls and handed out on the beach by cowardly believers who'd just as soon run as tell you what Jesus had done for them. I saw none of that fear in Dale. Only strength and conviction.

Something happened as I waited to Dale to fade out of sight. I started to read. It was like God had written me a personal note on the worst day of my life. There is no lasting hope in worldly things, but only in Heaven. Trust in the Lord, and you will have new life. Not only in Heaven, but here and now.

Dale may not have saved my life that day, but he saved my soul. And his miracle didn't end there.