

The Widow of Nain monologue

CHARACTERS: 1, widow of Nain

SETTING: bare stage

RUN TIME: 2 minutes

SCRIPTURE/BASED ON: Luke 7

It was a long night, sitting beside my only son's bed, praying that God would spare his life. He was my only son, and being a widow, my only hope for my old age. Without him, I would have no means of support. I would be vulnerable, a target to those who preyed upon the defenseless.

I prayed that God would spare my only son, the way he had spared Sarah when Abram in obedience to God's commands prepared to sacrifice him. I listened in the darkness as my son struggled to breath, as his breaths became more shallow, fewer, then ceased.

I called out, 'my God, my God, why have you forsaken me!' My cries pierced the night and brought my neighbors. By dawn's light, the entire town knew. I had become like Naomi, a childless widow. Unlike her, I had no daughter-in-law who would care for me. I was alone. So alone.

As six strong men carried my son's body through the gates of Nain, a man named Jesus stopped the procession. "Don't cry", he said, gently touching my shoulder with one hand as he reached out to the coffin with his other.

(in a commanding Jesus voice) "Young man, I tell you, get up!"

Hope flared to life. My son sat up and began to speak. "His power is made perfect in weakness." The pallbearers set the coffin down and Jesus helped my son rise. As our arms wrapped around each other, the mourning of the crowd turned to joy. They glorified God, saying, "A great prophet has risen among us," and "God has visited His people."

My son, who was dead, was now alive! I wept tears of joy. I poured out my thanks to God. Truly, our God is a God of power and compassion. Those who hope in him will never be ashamed.