

The Miracle at Nain skit with choral reading

CHARACTERS: Widow of Nain, Jesus, son, and chorus of readers

SETTING: Bare stage

RUN TIME: 6-7 minutes

SCRIPTURE/BASED ON: Luke 7, Job 6, Job 14, Psalm 146:5 & 9, Psalm 68:5, Psalm 62:5-6, Deuteronomy 10:17-18

At rise: Widow is right center stage. Son is lying on a pallet.

WIDOW: *(to audience)* 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.

(falling to her knees and crying out to heaven) If only my grief could be weighed and my devastation placed with it in the scales. For then it would outweigh the sand of the seas! Lord, do not let your arrows, the arrows of the Almighty, pierce me; do not let my spirit drink their poison. *(NEIGHBORS enter from stage right; they stand, serious and compassionate)*

In the dim light of a single lamp, my neighbor's faces grew sorrowful, yet they tried to comfort me, tried to fan the flame of hope that was quickly fading.

NEIGHBORS: The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. Happy is the one whose help is the God of Jacob, whose hope is in the Lord his God. The Lord protects foreigners and helps the fatherless and the widow

WIDOW: *(To audience, standing)* 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 breathe, as his breaths became more shallow and fewer.

(To God, kneeling beside her son, holding one of his hands) What strength do I have that I should continue to hope? What is my future, that I should be patient? Is my strength that of stone, or my flesh made of bronze? Since I cannot help myself, the hope for success has been banished from me. *(WIDOW lays son's hand down, she stands and as she prays to God makes her way to center stage)*

There is hope for a tree: If it is cut down, it will sprout again, and its shoots will not die. If its roots grow old in the ground and its stump starts to die in the soil, the smell of water makes it thrive and produce twigs like a sapling. But a man dies and fades away; he breathes his last—where is he?

As water disappears from the sea and a river becomes parched and dry, so man lies down never to rise again. My eyes have grown dim from grief, and my whole body has become but a shadow. Where then is my hope? Who can see any hope for me? *(WIDOW returns stage right to sit beside son)*

NEIGHBORS: God, in His holy dwelling, is a father of the fatherless and a champion of widows. Rest in God alone, anguished soul, for our hope comes from Him. He alone is our rock and our salvation, our stronghold; we will not be shaken.

© 2014 Kathy Applebee May be used freely to teach, preach and glorify God.

More royalty free Christian Drama skits can be found at my Fools for Christ website at foolsforchrist.net. Find interactive Bible games at <http://guest.portaportal.com/applebeebible>

WIDOW: My son's heart beat was a mere flutter. His breaths ragged and uneven. Then finally they ceased altogether. I cried out, 'my God, my God, why have you forsaken me!' Greif wrapped around me like a snake squeezes its prey. I was alone. So alone.

NEIGHBORS: Be strong and courageous, all you who put your hope in the Lord. We put our hope in You, Lord; You will answer, Lord my God.

(Four or six of the NEIGHBORS become pallbearers and lift the son and slowly carry him toward center stage. JESUS, followed by CROWD 2 enters from opposite side, stage left. JESUS stops the procession of softly weeping NEIGHBORS by raising one hand. Once they have stopped, he lays a gentle hand on WIDOW's shoulder. WIDOW comes to JESUS turns her face to cry on his shoulder.)

JESUS: Don't cry. *(JESUS embraces her with one arm and raises his other hand to the coffin.)*
Young man, I tell you, get up! *(SON sits up; pallbearers lower him to the ground)*

SON: My Lord! *(WIDOW looks up in amazement at the sound of her son's voice. SON falls to Jesus' feet in worship. JESUS helps SON to his feet and gives him to his astounded mother who now weeps with happiness and embraces him. The CROWD and NEIGHBORS marvel at the miracle they have just witnessed)*

CROWD 2: A great prophet has risen among us!

NEIGHBORS: God has visited His people!

CROWD 2: For the Lord our God is the God of gods and Lord of lords

NEIGHBORS: the great, mighty, and awesome God, showing no partiality and taking no bribe. He executes justice for the fatherless and the widow. *(ALL exit, rejoicing with Jesus embracing the son, except for WIDOW who moves back to center stage)*

WIDOW: 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. *(WIDOW looks off stage, as if seeing Jesus with her son. WIDOW lowers her head. Pause for three beats, head down, then raise face to audience)*

WIDOW: I could not see in the darkness of my grief and fear, how God's plan would unfold. I could not see that by dying, my son would bring God glory, how that his resurrection would cause word of the Messiah to spread like wildfire. No, I could not see this while he was dying.

Nor could I have ever truly understood what it meant for God to give his only son, to watch him bleed and die on a criminal's cross, unless I had experienced the death of my son. Only because of an amazing love could such a sacrifice be given.

But from the ashes of my pain and grief rise a hope so strong that I can say with confidence that Jesus is the resurrection and the life. I rest assured that all who die in the Lord will rise again to eternal life.

Now these three remain, faith – faith in Jesus; hope – an anchor for the soul in stormy times; and love. But the greatest of these is love – for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whoever believes in him will not perish but have eternal life.

OPTIONAL ending: Have the widow's voice during the final paragraph be joined by the offstage voices of all the others.

OTHER OPTIONS: Using Power Points or handouts, have the audience participate by reading the lines of the NEIGHBORS and CROWD 2.