All Souls Come Clean

Actor #1: For God so

Actor #2: Greatly

Actor #1: Loved the world, that He gave His only

Actor #2: Unique

Actor #1: Begotten Son, that whosoever believes in

Actor #2: Trusts in

Actor #1: Clings to

Actor #2: Relies on

Actors #1 and #2: Him

Actor #1: Shall not perish, but have eternal

Actor #2: Everlasting

Actors #1 and #2: Life . . .for God so greatly loved.

(Person who is not speaking turns back to audience.)

Actor #1: My name is Susan Jones, and I'm sixteen years old. To be honest, my life is just one big mess. About three months ago, I found out that I'm pregnant. I was hoping my parents would be supportive. It took a lot of guts not to have an abortion. Instead, they have hidden me away in disgrace. My friends have deserted me. I feel as if even God has deserted me. I wonder if there even is a God. No one cares about me . . . no one.

Actor #2: My name is Willie Cook, and I'm sixteen. Two years ago my parents were granted a divorce. It certainly wasn't granted by me. Dad used to come home from work when I was just a kid, and we'd toss the ball around for hours. It was so

special, that time that we spent together. I saw him a few weeks ago for the first time in about a year. He reached out his hand to me and said, “How’s it goin’, Son?” I just stared at him. He looked surprised that I didn’t just throw my arms around him and say, “It’s goin’ just great, Dad.” Finally, I said to him, “Who do you think you are? You aren’t my father. You gave up. I hate you.” Why did I say that? I don’t hate my father. I love him.

Actor #1: My name is Barbara Courtney, and I’m seventy-eight years old. My husband died two years ago, just three months after we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. We had a wonderful marriage. Oh, I was far from being the perfect wife, but he loved me, faults and all. We had three beautiful children. Tommy, the oldest, lives in Los Angeles with his family. He has such a nice family and a good job. Our daughter, Angela, is a missionary in Argentina with her husband, Jerry. And our youngest son, Don, was killed in Vietnam while serving his count— (She breaks down.) Oh, Lord, I do love You. It’s just so lonely here. It seems as though most of my friends are with you. The children are so far away. I’m unable to go to Your house these days. I’m so weak—I feel as if even the church has forgotten me. I want to come home.

Actor #2: My name is Corey Wilkes, and I’m thirty-five years old. I found out four months ago that I have a terminal blood disease. I’m not expected to live more than eighteen months. Oh, please, don’t feel sorry for me. I thank God for using this tragedy to wake me up. You see, I’m a hardheaded guy. And yet, through this disease, Jesus has made Himself so real to me. I know now how precious my life has really been. Life as a servant of God is ten times more fulfilling than a life of running away from Him. I know that this disease is far from being terminal in God’s eyes. Everlasting life means . . . forever.

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Actor #2: Wife abuser

Actor #1: Child molester

Actor #2: Midnight cruiser

Actor #1: Stock investor

Actor #2: Honored marine

Actor #1: Associate dean

Actor #2: Chain smoker

Actor #1: Flunkie

Actor #2: Hash toker

Actor #1: Junkie

Actor #2: Ku Klux Klan member

Actor #1: Congressional page

Actor #2: Victim of AIDS

Actor #1: All souls come clean.

Actors #1 and #2: John 3:16.