

Being specific in prayer skits

#1-9



Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

Being specific in prayer skits

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #1

Shoes

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christian (He or she).

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee shirts? -Recording Angel
 -Prayer Answering Angel
 -Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...so, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor...(who settles disputes between the other two)...are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action...And then!" (Christian goes to his knees).

Sma. "Incoming!. Incoming!"

Nar. "And it's all on!"

Chr. "Dear Jesus, bless Aunty Lil."

Dig. (Writing). "Aunt-ty Lil."

Wor. "Ok...we'll give her loads of dosh."

Dig. "No!...She's already loaded!"

Wor. "Well...we'll make her really healthy then!"

Dig. "No." (Shaking his head) "...she does look a bit rusty...but she's as fit as a fiddle."

Wor. "Well?" (Turning to Mr Smarts). "What about it Boss?"

Sma. "Ahhh?...Give it a question mark and we'll sort it out later."

Dig. (Writing). "Ok...A question mark?"

Chr. "And bless Bob."

Dig. (Writing). "Bob."

Wor. "Ok...that's his brother Bob...I'll give him loads of dosh!"

Dig. "No!...Wait!..." (Flipping back through the pages on his clipboard). "Yes, here it is...Last week he said to Bob with the funny hair, who he works with...And I'll be praying for you on the 16th...which is..." (Turning to the front page again). "...Today!"

Sma. "You've been taking notes!"

Dig. "Ah...yes, I have."

Sma. "Good on you!"

Wor. "So, which one is it Boss?"

Sma. "Ummm?...Give it a question mark and we'll sort it out later."

Dig. (Writing). "A-nother question mark."

Chr. "And I need a pair of shoes Lord."

Wor. "Ok...that's easy enough!"

Chr. "Thank you, Jesus." (He gets up and walks away).

Wor. "Ok..." (Clapping his hands and rubbing them together). "There's work to be done!...What have you got for me?"

Dig. "Aunty Lil."

Wor. "Yes, Aunty Lil."

Dig. "A question mark."

Wor. "Mmm...Ok, what else."

Dig. "Bob."

Wor. "Yes, that's his brother Bob...I'll give him loads of dosh!"

Dig. "No!...It's Bob with the funny hair...He said..." (Turning back the pages). "I'll be praying for you on the 16th...which is today."

Wor. "Nope...He aal-ways prays for his brother Bob on Thursdays...I've probably got notes about that myself somewhere too!"

Dig. "Well...Which one is it Boss?"

Sma. "Ummm....we'll sort it out later."

Dig. (Writing). "Sort-it-out-later."

Wor. "What else?"

Dig. "And I need a pair of shoes Lord."

Wor. "That's easy enough."

Dig. "But, did he say what size and colour?"

Wor. "No...But...Ummm...They all wear the *same* size and colour, don't they?"

Dig. "No...they've all got different sized feet."

Wor. "Oops!"

Sma. (Covering his ears). "I didn't hear that!"

Dig. "I wish these Christians would say what they mean."

Wor. "They do."

Dig. "Yes, they do to you...Mister one-size-fits-all-and give-'em-loads-of-dosh."

Wor. "Well, I haven't had any complaints yet!...And anyway, no-one's ever asked for a size or colour, so how was I to know?"

Dig. "Er...The Training Manual...Page Three-Seventy-Six...Section F for Footwear...Paragraph Thirteen...You didn't read it?"

Wor. "Ah...No, I think that page was missing in my one?"

Dig. "(Shaking his head). "And what about those clowns who say," (Sarcastically). "And God bless the whole world."

Wor. "That's easy enough."

Dig. "Really?...How?...Give 'em loads of dosh?"

Wor. "No....Give 'em all loads of sunshine."

Dig. "But, what if half of them are having a drought?"

Wor. "Then give 'em all loads of rain instead."

Dig. "But, what if half of them are having floods?"

Wor. "Do you *really* need to complicate everything?"

Dig. "No...but I just wish they would say what they mean!"

Wor. "They do!"

Dig. "But what DO...they mean?"

(Pause).

Sma. "Ok, boys...Incoming...Incoming."

Nar. " Prayer isn't meant to be a lucky dip...Jesus said 'Whatsoever things you ask for in prayer, believing, you shall receive.'...So we should be specific in what we ask for...because that's what we will receive...Do you just want any old pair of shoes?...Or a pair of size 8, wide, brown shoes?...Then ask for them...Do you want Aunty Lil to have a healthy and contented life?...Or do you want her to have loads of dosh? Then ask for it...And what about Bob?...You mean there's more than one Bob in the world? . . . S o , let's be specific in prayer, because we are going to receive just what we ask for."

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #2

Marriage

Kevin lee

Performers x 5

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Jim
Judy

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee Shirts (?) - Recording Angel
-Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...So, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor...(who settles disputes between the other two)...are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action, and then!" (Christian goes to his knees).

Sma. "Incoming...Incoming."

Dig. "It's Mister Jim the Butcher." (writing on his clipboard).

Jim. "Dear Jesus, I'm still waiting patiently for a wife, thank you." (Gets up and walks away).

Wor. "Oops!...I meant to do that a long time ago...I'll do it today...I just need to find a lady who's...er...very short and very wide."

Dig. "But he's tall and thin!"

Wor. "Yes, it'll be funny, won't it?"

Dig. "No, it won't!...We aren't allowed to do *funny*...we do *compatible*."

Wor. "*Compatible* doesn't sound like fun...okay, short and wide."

Dig. "You can't do that!"

Wor. "Maybe I'll get some sucker to give me permission?"

Diggers. "No-one will give you permission to do that..."

Wor. "Really?"

Dig. "Yes"

Wor. "Diggers?"

Diggers. "Yes?"

Wor. "Thank you."

Dig. "No, I didn't mean that."

Wor. "Really?...Let's replay it...Diggers?...Yes!...Okay, short and wide."

Sma. "Mm....mm."

Dig. "Ah...Wormole said.." (Wormole kicks his ankle). "Wormole thinks he just found the perfect match for Mister Jim!"

Wor. "Yes...and Diggers said yes to her too."

Sma. "Must be a good choice then."

Wor. "Yes...and it looks like she shops at the Butchers a lot as well."

Sma. "Good...but just make sure she doesn't look like a sausage."

Wor. (To Diggers). "You told him!"

Dig. "No, I didn't...The supervisor lectured us last week about all the odd couples appearing around the world...But, you wouldn't know anything about that would you?"

Wor. "I'm not sure...what were their names?"

Dig. "They were pointing the finger at *our* shift..."

Wor. "I don't know what sort of mischief you gets up to, when I'm not around?"

Dig. (Shaking his head). "And why weren't *you* at the lecture?"

Wor. "Er...I think I was studying the manual...Okay, short and wide..."

Dig. "We can't!"

Wor. "Why?...Did he say 'not-short-and-wide'?"

Dig. "No...He didn't say anything."

Wor. "Then the sky's the limit."

Dig. "If you get busted, you'll be posted to Interplanetary. Counting stars all day," (Pointing). "One, two, three..."

Wor. "At least I'll have a good friend to talk to there."

Dig. "No-one will go out there with you."

Wor. (Smiling at Diggers).

Dig. "What? Me?...I don't think so!"

Wor. "You were in on it too!"

Dig. "I was not!"

Wor. "Let's replay our earlier conversation...Diggers?...Yes"....Mmm, sounds convincing to me."

Dig. "I didn't mean that."

Wor. "Really?...Did you mean No?"

Dig. "Yes."

Wor. "It didn't sound like no to me...And I don't think it will fool the Supervisor either."

Dig. "You tricked me!"

Wor. "No, I just asked you a question...and you answered me...Now, short and wide."

Sma. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Wor. "Oh...They're stacking up fast!"

Dig. "It's Judy..." (Writing on clipboard).

Jud. "Dear Jesus, could you help me to find a good husband please?"

Wor. "Of course we can!"

Jud. "Thank you." (Gets up and walks away).

Wor. (Looking at Diggers). "I'm thinking...bald as a mountain top?"

Dig. "Bald?...She doesn't want bald...she's only twenty."

Wor. "Sorry...But did she specify 'not bald today please?'"

Dig. "No, she didn't specify anything."

Wor. "Then it's settled."

Dig. "You can't!"

Wor. "In the Manual it says, the RA *Records* prayers...And the PA *Answers* prayers...Which one are you today Diggers?...Ah let me check? You're the RA...When you're the PA you can do as you like...But today is *my* time to shine...Oh, this is going to be a good day isn't it Diggers?...Diggers?...Diggers? Aren't you talking to me now?"

Sma. "Incoming, Incoming"

Nar. "So you're looking for a husband or a wife?. . . Do you want to *choose* what they look like?...Or do you want *him* (pointing to Wormole) to choose for you...Would you like tall?...Short?...Blond haired?...Blue eyed?...Brown eyed?...Black haired?...Or do you want the Rock of Gibraltar?" (Patting head). "...Either you choose...or you'll get an arranged marriage...And if you do, I really don't fancy your chances."

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #3

Best wishes

Kevin Lee

Performers x 7

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christians x 3

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee Shirts?-Recording Angel
- Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...So, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor, (who settles disputes between the other two), are having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action...And then!" (Christian goes to her knees).

Sma. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Chr 1. "Dear Jesus...Daddy's sick, and I want him to get well...Thank you." (Gets up and walks away).

Dig. "Okay we can do that for you."

Wor. "Do what?"

Dig. "Make Daddy better!"

Wor. "No, we can't"

Dig. "Why not?"

Wor. "Because that's not a prayer...It's a wish. We aren't Genies...We don't grant wishes...we answer prayers."

Dig. "But surely she wants the same thing as a prayer?"

Wor. "Yes...But until she asks for it, we can't do anything...It's like saying she wants a million dollars..."

Dig. "Well...We can do that too...Can't we?"

Wor. "Diggers, you've got so much to learn...She's just *saying*, she's not *asking*. *Ask* and you shall receive...but she has to *ask* first...whatsoever you *ask* for in prayer believing, you shall receive."

Dig. "Yeah, okay...don't rub it in."

Sma. "Incoming!"

Chr 2. "Dear Jesus...I'd like a new car, Amen."

Dig. "Well?"

Wor. "Well, what?"

Dig. "Is that a prayer or a wish?"

Wor. "Do you listen to a word I say?"

Dig. "No"

Wor. "What do you think?"

Dig. "I'm undecided...I just do what I'm told."

Wor. "It's a wish again...She'd like that, but she isn't asking for it...like if you say, 'Wormole I'd like your piece of chocolate cake'...You're just saying you want it...You aren't actually asking for it."

Dig. "Mmm...Okay...What if I just take it?" (smiling).

Wor. "Then you'd *really* be asking for it!"

Sma. "Incoming!"

Chr 3. "Dear Jesus...I laid my hands upon my Father in the Name of Jesus Christ, and I thank you for healing him."

Wor. "Now, that's a *real* prayer!"

Dig. "Really?"

Wor. "Top notch..."

Dig. "So..." (Sheepishly). "...do we answer that one?"

Wor. "We do indeedy!"

Dig. "Alright then!" (Enthusiastically!). "And can we give her a million dollars too?"

Wor. "Did she ask for a million dollars?"

Dig. "No...but..."

Wor. "Did you listen to a single word I said?"

Dig. "No...of course not!"

Wor. "Ahhh!" (In frustration)

Sma. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Nar. "Well, it's true...Whatsoever you ask for in prayer believing, you shall receive...Ask and it shall be given you!...The Lord Jesus said, 'If you ask *anything* in my Name, I *will* do it...You get the drift?...So *ask* and *believe* and our friend Wormole will see that you receive it.'

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #4

Is better, better?

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christian

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee Shirts?- Recording Angel
-Prayer Answering Angel
- Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...So, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor...(who settles disputes between the other two)...are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action...And then!" (Christian goes to her knees).

Sma. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Nar. "And it's all on!"

Chr. "Dear Jesus...can you please make Aunty Mildred better?"

Wor. "Of course we can!"

Dig. "Yeah?"

Wor. "Yes!"

Dig. "How?...Make her a better person?"

Wor. "Yes!"

Dig. "Or heal her and make her better?"

Wor. "Um...Yes too!"

(Both turn to Mr Smarts).

Wor. "Which one is it Boss?"

Sma. "Um...Give it a question mark."

Dig. (Writing). "A...question...mark."

Chr. "And Uncle Steven needs your help."

Wor. "Okay!"

Dig. "How?"

Wor. "Well?...Um?"

Dig. "Give him loads of dosh?"

Wor. "That works!"

Dig. "But she didn't say...'Needs dosh'...she said, 'Needs your help'...Maybe his car's broken down...or he's lost his job...or he's.."

Wor. "Okay!...Okay!..." (To Mr Smarts). "What do we do Boss?"

Sma. "Um...Give it another question mark."

Dig. (Writing). "A-nother question mark."

Wor. "And then they complain, coz we don't do anything...I wish these Christians would say what they mean?"

Dig. "They do...They mean what they say...I mean what I say, is the same as, I say what I mean."

Wor. "No, it isn't...And who told you that?"

Diggers. "I *read* it!...In a book."

Wor. "You read a *book*!"

Dig. "Yea!"

Wor. "Where did you get it from?"

Dig. "On Assignment, in America..."

Wor. "You *stole* it?"

Dig. "No!...Borrowed it."

Sma. (Covering his ears). "I didn't hear that!"

Wor. "We aren't allowed to touch *anything* on Assignment...You know the rules, It'll have to go back!"

Diggers. "Yes, it will...After I've read it."

Wor. "What's it about?"

Dig. "It's about a girl named Alice...She falls in a hole and meets a Rabbit at a tea party...And this Queen keeps shouting, 'Off with their heads!'" (Waving his arms enthusiastically). "Off with their heads!"

Wor. "Sounds like fun!"

Dig. "Yes....it is."

Wor. "Can I read it after you?"

Dig. "Nope...It has to go back."

Wor. "C'mon...I'll give you my chocolate?"

Dig. "Nope...has to go back...You said so yourself...We aren't allowed to touch anything."

Wor. "Ohh...pleeeese?"

Dig. "And it has this really good bit where these playing cards with axes are chasing the girl, to cut her head off..."

Wor. "Do they catch her?"

Dig. "Can't say...Read the book for yourself..."

Wor. "Ohh...You can't do this to me!"

Dig. "Yes, I can."

Wor. "Ohhh."

Sma. "Okay Ladies...Incoming! Incoming!...Play time's over."

Nar. "So...Is better, better?...Or is it better?...And if someone needs 'help'...Do they need, 'help?'...or 'help?'...or help?"...This guy," (Pointing back with his thumb). "...needs things explained a bit more simply...and clearly...if you want your prayers answered."

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #5

Decisions, decisions.

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christian

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee Shirts? – Recording Angel
- Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. 'It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...So, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor, (who settles disputes between the other two)...are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action.'

Sma. "I'll just er...slip out for a minute." (Races away).

Dig. "Okay Boss."

(Christian goes to his knees).

Chr. "Dear Lord Jesus..."

Dig. "Oops...Incoming!...Incoming!"

Chr. "Lord I have to operate on this patient urgently...and I only get the one shot at it...but I don't know if the problem is his liver or his kidneys...Help me make the right decision Lord!"

Wor. "What should we do Mr Smarts?"

Dig. "He's gone to the 'you-know-what?'"

Wor. "But, he said it's urgent."

Dig. "We'll have to decide then..."

Wor. "How?...Eeny, meeny, miney, mo...catch a Parson by the toe?"

Dig. "No!..." (Holding his fist out). "Paper, scissors, rock...That's how Christians decide everything...I've watched them..."

Wor. "Are you sure?"

Dig. "Yes, of course...Even in their Parliaments...Cross my heart...Paper, scissors, rock...It never fails."

Wor. "Mmm...okay."

Dig. "Best of three...If I win, he keeps his liver."

Wor. "And if I win...he keeps his kidneys."

Dig. "You said it!"

(Wormole and Diggers play paper, scissors, rock and win 1 each).

Wor. "It's a tie...this one decides."

(They play one more round, and Diggers wins).

Dig. "That's three...I win...So he gets to keep his liver...and his kidneys come out."

Chr. "I think I'll take the kidneys out."

Wor. "Good man!"

Dig. "Ah...The joy of getting things done."

Wor. "Yes!...Satisfaction!"

Chr. (steps out). "Oh no, Lord...I've botched it...It wasn't the Kidneys after all...Ah, how was I so stupid?"

(Diggers and Wormole look at each other).

"Oops" (in unison).

Dig. "Well...You can't win 'em all..."

Wor. "Nope...That's for certain..."

(Mr Smarts returns).

Sma. "How's it been Boys?"

Dig. "Been dead quiet."

Wor. "Nothing happening."

Diggers. (Looking at his clipboard). "Not a thing!"

Sma. "That's good...I thought the world would fall over with you two clowns here alone."

Dig. "Nope!"

Wor. "Not likely Boss!"

Sma. "Oops...I have to go again!" (He leaves).

(Christian goes to his knees).

Chr. "Dear Jesus...."

Dig. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Chr. "I don't know what to do...Do I operate or not?"

Wor. "Which one is it, Mr Smarts?"

Dig. "Nah he's gone again...Must be the Curry we had last night."

Wor. "What do we do?"

Dig. (Looking at Wormole, raises his eyebrows). "Mmm!" (Making a fist).

Wor. "Paper, scissors, rock?"

Dig. "It never fails..."

Wor. "Best of three?"

Dig. "You said it..."

Wor. "Old Smarty's job isn't that hard, is it?"

Dig. "Nah!...Things go on perfectly fine when he's not around."

Wor. "Yeah...okay." (Begin P.S.R). "Paper wraps rock...I win!"

Dig. "This is quite a fun job after all, isn't it Wormy?"

Wor. "Never a dull moment!"

Narrator. "Well, that isn't quite how things are normally done at the Prayer Centre...And Christian's don't decide things by paper, scissors, rock...They pray, and seek the mind of the Lord, in all their decisions...with their part in it being...'Not my will but Thine be done'...And they ask for exactly what they want...because they know...according to the promises of God's Word...That's what they will get."

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #6

I can hear music

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christian

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Radio
Tee Shirts? - Recording Angel
-Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...So, Diggers the Recording Angel...Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel...and Mr Smarts the Supervisor...(who settles disputes between the other two)...are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee while they wait for some action."

(Diggers and Wormole are standing near each other).

Wor. "Where's that music coming from?"

Dig. "Oh...that's my radio."

Wor. "Radio?"

Dig. "Yes!...I found it on Assignment."

Wor. "But we aren't allowed to touch *anything* on Assignment."

Dig. "I know that...But I saw someone throw it away...so, technically its nobody's, so, I shot-gunned it."

Wor. "And it plays music?"

Dig. "Yes!...And if you touch *this* button...it plays a different song...And do it *again*...and *again*."

Wor. "Wow!...I like that...It's catchy!" (Tapping his foot).

Dig. "Yeah...that's called Country and Western."

Wor. "Is it?...Gosh...You'll be the envy of the whole squad!"

Sma. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

(Christian goes to his knees).

Chr. "Dear Jesus, I've just found out that I have Cancer...and I've only got..."

Wor. "I like that song too...It goes like, 'boom, boom, boom.'"

Chr. "Two weeks to live, and I need healing urgently, Lord!"

Wor. "It's the kind of thing you could really fly to!"

Dig. "Yeah!"

Wor. "Um...What did he say?"

Dig. "He said..." (singing). "Take-the-road-to-In-di-ana..."

Wor. "No...the Prayer?"

Dig. "Oh...I...um...I missed it."

Wor. "Me too...What do we do?"

Dig. "Give him a million bucks...That keeps everyone happy."

Wor. "Okay...what other music is there?"

Dig. "There's this one here..."

Sma. "What are you two clowns up to?"

Wor. "Listening to some really rad music Boss"

Sma. "What?"

Wor. "We've got all the sounds now...and they're at our fingertips."

Sma. "What are you talking about?...Whatever it is...it sounds like you shouldn't be doing it..."

Wor. "Digs got this Radio..."

Sma. "Hmm...I haven't heard that song before."

Dig. "You touch *this* button and the song changes...see?...And *again*?"

Mr Smarts. "Hey that's clever...So, what other songs are there?"

Dig. "There's *this*...and *this*...and *this*..."

Sma. "Yeah...I like that!"

Dig. "That's called Country and Western...It's everyone's favourite...really gets your feet stomping!"

Sma. "What's stomping?"

Wor. "It's what us Angels do, when we're up with the play."

Sma. "Dunno what you're talking about...but I like the music...So what else is there?"

Dig. "There's..."

Chr. (Goes to his knees). "Dear Jesus..."

Dig. "Incoming!...Incoming!"

Sma. "What?..." (Looking over his shoulder at Christian). "Sorry...we're closed for lunch."

Wor. "But, we don't have lunch!"

Sma. "We do today...Now what else is there?...Any more foot stomping ones?"

Dig. "Yeah lots...try this...."

Sma. "Oh yeah!...That's the beat." (Moving his head). "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!..." (Tapping his foot). "Yeah, that's it alright...Oh yeah!"

Narrator. "The Lord Jesus told a Parable to the end that men should always pray and not faint...Now you know why He said that?...Because when these guys get a new toy...you really need to do that to make sure you get heard...because sometimes they just aren't listening."

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #7

The cross

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Tee Shirts? -Recording Angel
- Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...so, Diggers the Recording Angel...and Wormole, the Prayer Answering Angel...are having a cup of coffee when Mister Smarts returns..."

Sma. "Morning chaps...Have you heard the news?"

Wor. "No...What news?"

Sma. "Some clown was in detention...Polishing stars." (Laughing). "...And he put the Southern Cross back the wrong way...Ha!"

Wor. "Um...Ah...What?...How do you know?"

Sma. "Guys from the Southern Squad told me...It's all over the newspapers down there on earth..."

Wor. "Oh no!"

Sma. "Oh yes!...He'll swing for this...He'll be busted to Interplanetary, Polishing stars for Eternity." (Pretending to breathe on a star and polish it with his sleeve, then another, then another).

Wor. "But isn't it a circle...Clockwise from the bottom?" (Drawing a circle of dots in the air before him with his finger).

Mr Smarts. "Isn't what a circle?"

Wor. "The Southern Cross and the Centaur?...Like Alpha Centauri and Beta Centauri on the left...Then the Cross in the middle...And Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and the others around the Cross?"

Sma. "No...Alpha and Beta are on the bottom left...Even a Human would know that."

Wor. "Oh...Mud!"

Sma. "It wasn't?" (Looking surprised).

Wor. "Wasn't what?...What are you looking at me for?" (Feigning).

Sma. "It was!"

Wor. "What?" (Feigning).

Sma. "It was you!"

Wor. "What?" (Feigning).

Sma. "How could you make such a dumb mistake?"

Wor. "I was bottom of the class in Constellations."

Dig. "He still is!"

Sma. (Shaking his head). "And what did you do to get into Detention anyway?"

Wor. "Pranks!"

Dig. "He put super glue on the toilet seats...One of the Senior's got stuck to it."

Sma. "Haven't you done that before?"

Wor. (Hesitantly). "I...I can't remember?"

Sma. "Oh!" (Shaking his head). "A Senior?"

Dig. "Yeah...And he was really angry too...Said he was going to take the wings off the culprit and make him walk everywhere."

Wor. "Can we just turn the clock back twenty-four hours...and I'll go and straighten them out while no-one's looking?"

Sma. "That complicates things...You know what happened last time?..."

Wor. "No...What happened?"

Sma. "You know!...And wasn't it because of you that time too?"

Wor. (Weak smile).

Sma. "Do you know which Senior it was?"

Wor. "No."

Mr Smarts. "I'll go and see what I can sort out...I hope it wasn't Grumpy...Or you're cooked." (Leaving).

“Super glue!” (Shaking his head).

Dig. “I know who it was!”

Wor. “Who?”

Dig. (Pretending to zip his lips).

Wor. “No...You have to tell me!”

Dig. “No, I don’t”

Wor. (Pleading). “I’ll give you my raisins?”

Dig. “Don’t think so.”

Wor. “You always do this!”

Dig. “Not always.”

Wor. “Ohh...!”

Nar. “Everybody makes mistakes...But the Lord Jesus doesn’t judge us and bust us to Interplanetary for it...He gives us a chance to repent and change our ways...First John 1 verse 9 tells us...‘If we confess our sins...He (The Lord) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins...and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.’...he wants us to make our sin right...and put it in the past...where it won’t interfere with our relationship with Him today.”

End.

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #8

The Poetry

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr. Smarts the Supervisor
Christian.

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Coffee cups x 2
Tee-shirts-Recording Angel
-Prayer Answering Angel
-Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...so Diggers the Recording Angel...and Wormole, the Prayer Answering Angel are sitting quietly...having a cup of coffee...while they wait for some action."

(Wormole is sipping his coffee, Diggers is mouthing some words).

Wor. "What are you muttering?"

Dig. "I'm not muttering, it's a Poetry."

Wor. "A Poetry?"

Dig. "Yes...You speak it, and it rhymes."

Wormole. "Say it then."

Dig. "Hm-hmm" (Clearing his throat). "There was a young man from Rheims...Who married the girl of his dreams...She failed to mention...That he was her pension...Then snuffed him and lived like a Queen."

Wor. "Hey, that's good...Where did you learn that?"

Dig. "I read it in a book, on assignment."

Wor. "What?...You're supposed to be busy doing your job on Assignment?"

Dig. "I was...I was babysitting this old Gander...And he slept most of the time."

Wor. "So you read his books?"

Dig. "Nah...He read this one out loud...Then he fell asleep...So I read it..."

Wor. "Maybe we should make one up?"

Dig. "About Smarties?"

Wor. "Yeah!" (Laughing).

Dig. "There once was an Angel named Smarties....Who never got invites to parties..."

Wor. (Interrupting). "No!"

Dig. "What?"

Wor. "We better not...He's our Supervisor...We'd get busted to detention."

Dig. "Okay...There once was an Angel named Hamster..."

Wor. (Interrupting again). "No!...He's a Senior too."

Chr. (Goes to his knees).

Wor. "Incoming...Incoming..."

Chr. (Speaking with an Australian accent.) "Dear Jesus...My Dahlia is really sick...And we have to leave for the wedding on Tassie in the morning...Can you help us please?"

Dig. "Of course we can...Just leave it to us."

Chr. "Thankyou."

Dig. "Here...You try one..." (Handing the clipboard to Worm).

Wor. "What do I write?"

Dig. "Just take what he said...and make it rhyme..."

Wor. "Okay." (Writing on clipboard).

Sma. (Enters). "Was that an incoming?"

Dig. "Yeah..."

Sma. "Grade One, Two, or Three?"

Dig. "What was it Wormy?"

Wor. "Here, you read it...You do it better than me." (Handing clipboard to Diggers).

Dig. (Reads clipboard...Then looks at Wormole...Then at Mr Smarts...Then at clipboard again).

Sma. "Come on Boy!"

Dig. (Hesitantly). "There once was a man from Australia...Who had a sick girlfriend named Dahlia...Yikes and begorrah...We'll fix her tomorrah...So they can be wed in Tasmania." (Turns to Wormole). "That was good Wormy!"

Wor. "Well...First time."

(Both look at Mr Smarts and shut up).

Sma. "Is that what he said?"

Wor. "Sort of...I made it into a Poetry."

Sma. "What's Apoetry?"

Wor. "Digs read this book on Assignment called Poetry, and..."

Sma. (Grunts).

Dig. "I barely touched it!"

Sma. (Looks at Diggers, then leaves shaking his head).

Wor. "You are so lucky!"

Dig. "I think Dahlia is his horse."

Wor. "Okay...Who had a sick horsey named Dahlia...Still rhymes...Shall we make up another one?"

Diggers. "About Wing and Boot?"

Wor. "Yeah!"

Dig. "Okay...Two Angels named Wingnut and Bootlace...Got something all over their faces..."

Wor. "Doesn't quite rhyme?"

Dig. "No...Okay...I'll try again."

(They turn and walk off, talking together).

Nar. "In some ways it doesn't really matter how we speak when we pray...because the Lord already knows what we have need of before we ask Him...Maybe we *could* sing it...or rhyme it?...But the important thing is, that we always pray...because the Lord told a parable, ***'To the end that men ought always to pray...and not to faint.'***...The Lord longs to hear from us, because that is the reason for creation...He created us for intimate fellowship with Himself...and we mostly express that by what we say to Him."

End

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Being Specific in Prayer Skit #9

Bluetooth

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Diggers the Recording Angel/Narrator
Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel
Mr Smarts the Supervisor
Christian

Props

Clipboard x 1
Chairs x 3
Earphones x 2
Tee shirts? -Recording Angel
 -Prayer Answering Angel
 -Supervisor

Nar. "It's been a quiet morning at the Prayer Centre in Heaven...so Diggers the Recording Angel...and Wormole the Prayer Answering Angel are relaxing...while they wait for some action..."

(Diggers is standing with headphones on, nodding his head).

Wor. "What's that?"

(No response).

Wor. (Louder). "What's that you got?"

(Still no response. He taps Diggers on the shoulder, and Diggers takes earphones off).

Dig. "Yo Dog?"

Wor. "What's that?"

Dig. "Headphones...The ultimate listening experience!"

Wor. "Listening?" (Looking all around.) "To what?"

Dig. "Music"

Wor. (Stands still, concentrating). "I can't hear anything?"

Dig. "No...The headphones...They've got Bluetooth."

Wor. "Bluetooth?...Mister Bluetooth the Senior?"

Dig. "No...They're Bluetooth headphones...They're wireless!"

Wor. "Wireless?...That's good...But what's wireless?"

Dig. "Dunno...But here...Have a listen."

(Worm puts headphones on).

Dig. "What do you think?"

(No response).

Dig. "So...What do you think?"

(Still no response).

Dig. "What do you think?"

(Still no response).

Dig. (Taps Worm on the shoulder). "What do you think?"

Wor. "Yea....Ultimate...Surround sound."

Dig. "You like them?"

Wor. "Of course."

Dig. "Here...I got you a pair too." (Reaches down and picks another pair up).

Wor. "Really?...Oh...That's mint." (Puts them on).

(Mr Smarts arrives).

Sma. "What are you two clowns up to now?"

(No answer).

Sma. "I asked...What are you two clowns up to?"

(No answer, so he taps Worm on the shoulder).

Wor. (Takes headphones off). "Mister Smarts!" (Punches Dig on the arm).

Dig. "Yo...Mister Smarts...What you up to Dog?"

Sma. "Don't call me Dog...I'm your Supervisor."

Wor. "Digs found these on assignment...They've got Bluetooth, and..."

Sma. "Bluetooth?"

Wor. "Yea...Not the Senior...Something else...They play music."

Sma. "Music?"

Wor. "They do!...Here...Try for yourself."

Sma. (Puts headphones on, listening, then takes them off, looking around). "But...Where's the music coming from?"

Wor. "Nobody knows."

Dig. "Trade secret."

Sma. (Puts headphones on again, concentrating).

Wor. (Puts his on).

Chr. (Goes to his (her) knees, praying). "Dear Jesus..."

Dig. "Mister Smarts?"

(No response).

Dig. "Mister Smarts?"

(Still no response).

Dig. (Taps him on the shoulder). "Incoming Sir!"

Sma. "Oh...Um...You deal with it...I'm busy at the moment." (Puts headphones back on).

Dig. "But...Mister Smarts?"

Sma. (Walks away).

Chr. "Dear Jesus...This has got really bad now..."

Dig. "You don't know how bad!!!"

Chr. "I'm desperate."

Dig. "Worm?" (No response, so he waves).

Wor. (Waves back, and smiles at him).

Chr. "It's urgent now!"

Dig. (Mouthing the words slowly). "It's...urgent...now!"

Wor. (Waves and smiles).

Dig. (Louder). "Worm!"

Chr. "Why don't I feel like I'm getting through to God, when I really need to?"

Dig. "Coz they're not listening."

Chr. "They must be busy?"

Dig. (Taps Worms shoulder).

Wor. "What up Dog?"

Dig. "Incoming up Dog." (Pointing to Christian).

Wor. "You deal with it." (Puts headphones back on).

Dig. "Maybe I'll give you a thousand bucks?"

Chr. "I wish a thousand bucks could fix it...Then I wouldn't need to pray!"

Dig. "Maybe a million."

Chr. "I still feel like I'm not getting through?"

Dig. "Because you aren't."

Chr. "Maybe I'm not Spiritual enough today?"

Dig. (Loud). "Mister Smarts?...Worm?"

Chr. "I'll try again later." (Gets up and walks away).

Dig. "Come on guys?"

Nar. "Jesus said, '*Whatsoever you ask for in prayer, believing, you shall receive.*'...He didn't say, 'Whatsoever you ask for when you're feeling Spiritual.'...He said, '*Believing.*'...It doesn't matter how you say it....How loud, or how softly, how well, or how badly, it only matters that you *believe* He will do it...But, if these guys have got their headphones on...then you will have to speak up..." (Yells).
"Worm!"

Wor. "Yes Diggers?"

Nar. "See?...Just like that!"

End

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