

I am God skits

#1-6



Kevin Lee

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I am God skits

	Page
1. The bouncer	2.
2. Still small voice	5.
3. Day of rest	9.
4. The way God likes it	13.
5. Pay up...or else	17.
6. Brown shoes and litter	20.

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I am God Skit #1

The bouncer

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Woman
Man

(Deacon is standing at the Church door, when a woman walks up and the Deacon steps in front of her blocking the doorway)

Wom. "What's wrong?"

Dea. "You're not coming in Our Church dressed like that!"

Wom. "Like what?"

Dea. "With your dress above your knees."

Wom. "Why not?...Did God say I can't?"

Dea. "I am God around here...and I said you can't."

Wom. "Shall I take it off?"

Dea. "Just go home and come back next Sunday with a longer dress on."

Wom. "This isn't funny!"

Dea. "No...It's God's business and I keep it clean for Him...Now clear off!"

Wom. "I've been wanting to come to Church all week...And now I'm finally here...And I'm happy!"

Dea. "You should have thought of that when you got dressed this morning....You're not coming in here dressed like a Flapper...Now go home!...Shoo!.." (Shooing her away with his hands).

(She leaves)

Man. (Walks up speaking cheerily). "Morning Deacon...Lovely day isn't it?"

Dea. (Blocks the doorway). "Morning Brother."

Man. "What's wrong?"

Dea. "Your hair."

Man. "My hair?"

Dea. "Yes...It's growing over your collar."

Man. "Oh...I didn't realize...I'll get it cut tomorrow." (Going to walk in.)

Dea. "You're not coming in Our Church like that!"

Man. "I'll get it cut in the morning...Promise!"

Dea. "Do that...And come back next Sunday."

Man. "But I've driven an hour to get here."

Dea. "Well...you should've looked in the mirror before you left home."

Man. (Pulling out his wallet and leaning towards the Deacon.) "I'm sure we can just overlook this little misdemeanour?" (Offering money).

Dea. "Trying to bribe me?.....You're banned for two weeks!"

Man. "What?...Here I'll give you a fifty to forget all about it!"

Dea. "Four weeks suspension!...This isn't Parliament mate...You can't buy me!"

Man. "Oh!....I don't know why the **beep** I came here."

Dea. (Pointing to man). "Another week's suspension for swearing."

Man. (Walks away shaking his head).

(Reverend arrives.)

Dea. "Reverend!"

Rev. "Morning Deacon...lovely morning...many here?"

Dea. "Just us...They weren't fit."

Rev. "That's a shame."

(Reverend goes to walk in the Church but Deacon steps in front of him).

Dea. "Hold up!"

Rev. "Pardon?"

Dea. "There's a stain on the back of your pants."

Rev. (Looking behind). "Oh so there is!...I've sat in something...I'll have to get that dry cleaned tomorrow." (Goes to walk in but Deacon blocks the door again).

Dea. "You're not coming in Our Church dressed like that."

Rev. "But it's Our Church?"

Dea. "We run a tight ship here Sir...If you don't have to keep the rules who will?"

Rev. "I'll wash them this afternoon?"

Dea. "Not on your life!"

Rev. "C'mon man?"

Dea. (Firmly) "No!"

Rev. (Tries to quickly duck around the Deacon but the Deacon catches him and pushes him out).

Dea. "Don't try that one on me...I'll see you back here next Sunday...now shoo!"

Rev. "I don't believe this!"

Dea. (Smiling). "Bye!" (He waves).

Dea. (Looking inside). "Well looks like Church has been cancelled this morning...I'll lock up and go home" (Looking at his shoe). "Oh no!" (Wipes dirt off). "Naughty me" (Smacks his behind). "Don't do that again!...Well that was an easy day's work!" (Locks door and walks away).

Nar. "The best place for anyone to be is in Church...No matter how you feel...No matter how you're dressed...No matter how deep in sin you've waded...The one place you should always feel accepted is in Church...because the Church has the Remedy for all of Mankind's illnesses...physical, spiritual and moral.

How can anyone be restored if they aren't even allowed in the door?...I don't believe our Deacon friend would even let God in...so I think we should go looking for another Church to attend."

End.

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I Am God Skit #2

Still small voice

Kevin Lee

Performers x 7

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Johnson
Woman 1
Woman 2
Man
Woman

Props

Chairs

(Reverend and Johnson are sitting in Church leaning toward each other whispering, when the Deacon comes over. He taps Johnson on the shoulder).

Dea. "Excuse me Mr Johnson...You were talking?"

John. "Yes."

Dea. "In Church."

John. "Yes."

Dea. "You have to leave!"

John. "Leave?"

Dea. "You're suspended for two weeks."

John. "Two weeks?...This is preposterous!...I was merely asking the Reverend about something highly important in the Bible."

Dea. "(Firmly) "Out!"

John. "I do hope you're joking?"

Dea. "I don't joke."

John. "Look!...The Reverend was just being as God to me, giving me some much-needed advice."

Dea. "God knows the rules...He wouldn't speak from the floor...or He'd be out too."

John. "This isn't fair!"

Dea. "Out!"

Rev. "Bye Johnson...See you in two weeks."

(Deacon and Reverend look at each other).

Rev. "What?"

Dea. "You too!"

Rev. "Pardon?"

Dea. "I said you too!...Out."

Rev. "You can't kick me out of my own Church man!"

Dea. "Just watch me!"

Rev. (Protesting). "I'm the Reverend man!...You can't just throw me out willy-nilly."

Dea. "You know the rules!...No talking from the floor...Everything gets said from the Pulpit."

Rev. "This is far too legalistic and overbearing man!"

Dea. "We didn't tolerate this sort of insubordination in the Army."

Rev. "I was just giving Johnson some very important advice man."

Dea. "You've got all week to talk with Johnson, Sir."

Rev. "You must be joking?"

Dea. "I don't joke..."

Rev. "Don't I know that!"

Dea. "Up."

Rev. "Surely we can come to some sort of Gentleman's agreement?...I could bump your salary up a tad?" (Raising his eyebrows).

Dea. "I don't take bribes Sir...That's another two weeks suspension for you..."

Rev. "Pardon?...I wasn't trying to bribe you!"

Dea. "You were!"

Rev. "I wasn't."

Dea. "Now you're lying!...That's two more week's suspension."

Rev. "This is stupid."

Dea. "I'll go and get my stick shall I?"

Rev. "Oh...Man!"

Dea. "You've got to the count of ten...One...Two...Three..."

(Reverend leaves muttering.)

Wom 1. (Whispering to Woman 2). "What's going on?"

Wom 2. "I think the Reverend did something wrong?"

Dea. "Were you two talking?"

Wom_1. "I just asked what's going on."

Wom_2. "And I said..."

Dea. "You're both suspended."

Wom 1. "Suspended?"

Dea. "Yes!"

Wom 2. "You must be joking?"

Dea. "No..."

Wom 1. "I've been coming here since before you were born."

Dea. "You should be familiar with the rules then."

Wom 2. (Smiling). "I could bake you a nice choccy cake!"

Dea. "If you don't leave now I'll go and get my stick."

(Both get up quietly and leave, glancing at the Deacon.)

(Deacon looks around at the last Man and Woman left in the Church, they quickly look straight ahead.)

Dea. "Yes!...You'd better!"

(He looks around the Church again.....Satisfied).

Dea. "Ah...A nice clean Church...Just the way God likes it!"

Narrator. "Is Church supposed to be all rules and no fun?...Stop whispering...Sit still...Don't fidget...Listen to what's being said.

David said..."I was happy when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord."...Are we still happy to go there?...Or, has it become, 'Oh no...Sunday again. Grin and bear it. Boring.' Why did we start going?...And has it changed?...If there are interesting things happening in a Church, then people will want to go there...and you won't be able to stop them...But if it's legal and sterile and lifeless, people will only attend because they have to...Or because they feel they are supposed to...We need life in our Churches...And Love...And Joy...And the Presence of God...And to feel free enough there to loosen up and Worship the Lord whole heartedly."

End.

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I Am God Skit #3

Day of rest

Kevin Lee

Performers x 6

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Mr Wilson
Mrs Campbell
Mr Petersen
Mr Walters

(Congregation is milling about in Church after Service).

Dea. "Mister Wilson!"

Wil. "Deacon...How are you?"

Dea. "I'm fine...But you weren't here last Sunday."

Wil. "No, my sister came to visit."

Dea. (Taking out his Infringement Notice book, he writes and hands a Ticket to Wilson). "That'll cost you fifty!"

Wil. "Fifty what?"

Dea. "A fifty-dollar Infringement fee for non-attendance."

Wil. "Fifty-dollars?...It costs me more to stay home than to come to Church?"

Dea. "Just see it doesn't happen again!"

Wil. "But...I haven't seen my sister in ages?"

Dea. "Now you'll wish you hadn't."

Wil. "This isn't right."

Dea. "If you really love God you can't wait for these doors to open."

Wil. "But, I love God!"

Dea. "Doesn't look like it from here!...Mrs Campbell...Ahoy!"

Cam. "Hello Deacon...Good to see you."

Dea. "You too....But...I didn't see you here Tuesday night?"

Cam. "No....I had a sore throat." (Rubbing her throat).

Dea. (Takes Infringement book out and writes). "That's a Fifty-dollar Infringement fee for non-attendance."

Cam. "But, I was sick?"

Dea. "Could you walk?"

Cam. "Yes."

Dea. "Well...You should have been here then...Just don't let it happen again."

Cam. "This isn't fair!"

Dea. (Takes his Infringement book out again, and she quickly walks away). "Mister Petersen!"
(Holding his arm up).

Pet. "Deacon...How are you today?"

Dea. "I'm good Mister Petersen...But you weren't at the Bible Study Friday night?"

Pet. "No...My dreaded car wouldn't start."

Dea. "Do the buses go past your house?"

Pet. "Yes, they do." (Laughing).

Dea. "Well...You should've got one." (Starts writing in the Infringement book).

Pet. "what's that?"

Dea. "A fifty-dollar infringement fee for non-attendance..."

Pet. "Fifty bucks?"

Dea. "Yes."

Pet. "But my car wouldn't start Man!"

Dea. "Did the bus start?"

Pet. "I don't have to come here every time."

Dea. (Looking sternly at him). "Oh yes you do...And don't let it happen again!"

Pet. "This is ludicrous!"

Dea. "Walters!...Walters...Over here!"

Wal. "Hello Deacon."

Dea. "I didn't notice you here last Sunday?"

Wal. "No...I was playing golf."

Dea. "On a Sunday?"

Wal. "Yes...It was the last day of the Tournament."

Dea. (Takes out Infringement book and starts writing).

Wal. "Are you writing me a cheque?...Because I didn't win!" (Laughing).

Dea. (Looking sternly at him). "No...It's a Ticket...A Fifty-dollar Infringement fee for taking your pleasure on a Sunday...And another Fifty for non-attendance."

Wal. "A Hundred dollars?...I'm not paying that!"

Dea. "Oh yes you will, Mister Walters!"

Wal. "I won't come here next week..."

Dea. "That'll cost you another fifty..."

Wal. "You can't make me pay it!"

Dea. (Smugly). "I know where you live!"

Wal. "Reverend!"

Rev. "Mister Walters."

Wal. "Deacon just handed me a Hundred dollar fine for playing golf last Sunday."

Rev. "That's a bit steep isn't it, Deacon?"

Dea. "You can't just come to Church when you feel like it, Mister Walters!"

Rev. "I suppose I get a Hundred dollar fine for not being here on Friday night too?" (Laughing).

Dea. "No."

Rev. "That's a relief."

Dea. "It's Fifty."

Rev. "Fifty bucks?...But I was preparing for today's Service."

Dea. "On Bible Study night?"

Rev. "I had my lawns to mow yesterday!"

Dea. (Writing in Infringement book).

Rev. "You're joking surely?"

Dea. (Looks harshly at him).

Rev. "No, you don't joke...Where did you get that book from?"

Dea. "From God." (Hands the ticket to him and walks away). "Mister Schubert!...Mister Schubert!...Ahoy!"

Rev. (Shaking his head). "Fifty bucks for not being at a Bible Study?...When did we start doing this?"

Narrator. "Church isn't about attendance...It's about Fellowship...It's about wanting to be with others who feel the way you feel about being set free...It's about Life...If you're being coerced or hounded into going, if you're being told you HAVE to go to Church, then there's a wrong spirit behind it...Not all Churches are created equal, and you should attend because you want to, not because you'll get a Fifty-dollar Infringement fee if you don't."

End.

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I Am God Skit # 4

The way God likes it

Kevin Lee

Performers x 7

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Mr Baker
Mr Smeaton
Mrs King
Mr Belmont
Mr Clayton

(Congregation are milling about in Church after the Service is over).

Dea. "Mister Baker?"

Bak. "Hello Deacon."

Dea. "You're new here, aren't you?"

Bak. "Yes. I just started coming last week."

Dea. "Well, you have to wear black shoes to Church."

Bak. "Who says."

Dea. "I says!...I'll just write you out a warning this time...Next time it's a fine." (Writing in Infringement Notice Book, and handing Ticket to Baker).

Bak. "But I always wear brown shoes?"

Dea. "Not anymore you don't...Everyone else wears black here...So you will too."

Bak. "But?...What difference does it make?"

Dea. "Just conform Mister Baker...I'll tell you what you can and can't wear, and you just conform...Because that's the way God likes it...Good day."

Bak. (Looks at his shoes and walks away).

Dea. "Hello Smeaton..."

Sme. "Deacon."

Dea. Your tie's undone?"

Sme. "Yes." (Laughing). "I thought now that Church is over, we can loosen up a little." (Laughing).

Dea. "You thought wrong...Church isn't over 'til you're driving home."

Sme. "I'll remember that." (Starts walking away).

Dea. "Smeaton?"

Sme. "Yes?"

Dea. "Your tie!"

Sme. "Come on Man!"

Dea. (Takes out Infringement Notice Book).

Sme. (Quickly ties knot in tie).

Dea. "That's better...Just the way God likes it!...Mrs King!"

Kin. "Yes...Hello Deacon."

Dea. "Your stockings?"

Kin. "I'm not wearing any."

Dea. "I can see that....But you have to wear stockings to Church."

Kin. "Oh...I'm very sorry Deacon...I do read the Bible, but I must have missed that part."

Dea. (Writing Infringement Notice). "This is just a warning...See it doesn't happen again."

Kin. "Yes Deacon...And I'll read the Ten Commandments again this week...But I'll read them more carefully...Sorry."

Dea. "Belmont!"

Bel. "Deacon...My friend..."

Dea. "You're wearing jeans to Church?"

Bel. "Yes...Rather smart, aren't they?"

Dea. "A dark suit and tie are the proper attire."

Bel. "For a funeral!"

Dea. "Don't be a Smart Alec."

Bel. "I didn't know we wore a uniform."

Dea. "It's not a uniform...It's what's considered *appropriate*."

Bel. "But why can't I wear what I want to wear?"

Dea. "You can...At home....But this is the Church not your home."

Bel. "And what colour underwear can I wear?"

Dea. (Takes out Infringement Notice Book and Belmont scurries away).

Rev. "Hello Deacon...Not harassing the Congregation again I hope?" (Laughing).

Dea. (Looking stern).

Rev. "Only joking!"

Dea. "Your socks Sir?"

Rev. "Oh?...Different colours...I got up at three o'clock to pray for the Service today...And I got dressed in the dark...Silly me."

Dea. "Yes...Silly you...I'll only make it a Twenty..." (Writing in Infringement Notice Book).

Rev. "Oh...Come on Man!...I was praying and asking God's blessing on..."

Dea. "Well...If you were listening to God instead of doing all the talking...He would have told you that you weren't properly dressed!"

Rev. "Come on man!"

Dea. "Is that a button undone on your shirt?"

Rev. (Pulls his jacket together and walks away).

Clay. "Hello Deacon."

Dea. "Hello Mister Clayton....A little birdie told me you don't read your Bible every day?"

Clay. "Did she...The Hag."

Dea. "You must read at least one chapter every morning...And one chapter every night."

Clay. "Every day?"

Dea. "Yes."

Clay. "But I play it on my car stereo on the way to work...About six chapters every day...I thought that would give me a credit for the other days?"

Dea. "Daily."

Clay. "Every day?"

Dea. (Writing in Infringement Notice Book). "Just a warning...I'm starting a Bible Reading Plan for the Church...And we'll have Instant Bible Quizzes...And if you don't pass..." (Waves the Infringement Notice Book in front of Clayton's face).

Clay. "Are we becoming Jehovah's Witnesses?...They have to do so many hours of door-knocking every week."

Dea. "Hmmm...I hadn't thought of that...Good idea Clayton!...Mrs Smith!...Holdup...Mrs Smith...Did you brush your hair properly this morning?...One hundred brush strokes I've told you...Don't pretend you didn't hear me!...Mrs Smith..." (Deacon walks away).

Narrator. "Why did you start attending Church?...Was it to be beaten into submission?...To have your character and individuality stolen from you?...And to be forced into conformity?...The Lord created each one of us individually, and He treats us as individuals, not as a mob of goats all looking exactly the same...If you will just be your unique self, all day every day, in Church and out of Church, you are being the person the Lord created you to be...And that will please Him more than watching you try to be just like everyone else."

End.

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I Am God Skit #5

Pay up...or else

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Johnson

Props

Chair
Infringement Book and pen

(Deacon is standing, looking around, when he notices Johnson).

Dea. "Johnson!...Mister Johnson!...Ahoy!"

Joh. "Deacon...Oh no!...Help me, Lord?"

Dea. "Praying Johnson?"

Joh. "Yes Deacon..."

Dea. "Good man!...But ah...I was looking over the Church accounts this morning...and I noticed you didn't pay your Tithe this week?...Tell me why Johnson?"

Joh. "No I didn't...and I'll tell you why...but you won't believe me!"

Dea. "No, I won't...But humour me anyway!"

Joh. "Well...I put my Tithe in an envelope to bank it...and I put my Grandson's birthday money in an envelope...and when I saw this homeless guy begging, I decided...Good Christian that I am...to give him my Grandson's cash...and I'd get another twenty out for him later..." (Looking hopefully at Deacon).

Dea. (Standing unmoved, looking at Johnson).

Joh. "Well...when I checked later...I'd given the blessed beggar my Tithe...So, what more could I do?"

Dea. (Emphatically). "You could get some more out for your Tithe!"

Joh. "But I'd already taken it out once...so legally I'd paid it..."

Dea. "Did your Grandson receive his birthday money?"

Joh. "Yes...he did..."

Dea. "But God didn't get His?"

Joh. "I inadvertently gave it to the beggar man..."

Dea. (Looking at Johnson). "Tell you what I'll do Johnson..." (Taking out his Infringement Notice Book). "You won't get a fine this time...But you'll have to catch up next week...with thirty percent interest, for good measure..."

Joh. "Thirty percent interest?...You can't do that?"

Dea. "Oh yes, I can!"

Joh. (Holding his arm up). "Reverend...over here!"

Rev. "Johnson...Deacon...Hello!"

Joh. "I inadvertently gave my Tithe to a beggar the other day...and Deacon tells me I have to pay it again next week, with thirty percent interest on top..."

Rev. "What?...You can't do that Deacon?"

Dea. "Oh yes I can...You let him get away with that...and who knows what's next..."

Rev. "That's a bit steep Deacon?"

Dea. "Can't let him get away with it, Sir..."

Rev. (Shaking his head). "I must go talk to Smeaton..." (Starts to walk off).

Dea. "Not so fast Sir!"

Rev. "I paid my Tithe man!"

Dea. (Checking his papers). "Here it is...Twenty dollars and thirty cents Sir..."

Rev. "No...It's two hundred and thirty dollars man..."

Dea. "No...it's twenty dollars and thirty cents...look here..." (Shows papers to Reverend).

Rev. (Looks the papers over). "Oh, silly me...I put the decimal point in the wrong place..."

Dea. (Looking at him). "Yes, silly you!...That's what they all say, Sir..."

Rev. "Don't you believe me?"

Dea. "No..."

Rev. "It was an honest mistake man!"

Dea. "There aren't any honest mistakes Sir...I've heard them all...and believe me...they all stink!...I can't

let you get away with it...or next week it will be twenty cents...as the decimal point slides another point!"

Rev. "No it won't...it was a mistake man!"

Dea. (Takes out his Infringement Notice Book). "Tell you what I'll do...I'll waive the Fine...and the interest..." (Looking at the Reverend). "...this time...And you make it up next week...and be an example to the Congregation!"

Rev. "But I am an example to the Congregation!"

Dea. "That's what they all say, Sir!"

Rev. (Walks off).

Dea. (Loud). "Mrs Bishop!...Mrs Bishop...Hold up there...You didn't pay your Tithe this week?" (Waits a second). "No, I won't believe you...but humour me anyway..." (He walks off).

Nar. "Is this really what Tithing is about?...Pay up or else?...What have we gotten ourselves in to?...Whatever happened to St Paul's words in Second Corinthians Chapter 9, verse 7...'Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, nor of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.'...He still loves a cheerful giver...not grudgingly...nor of necessity...nothing has changed."

End.

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I Am God Skit #6

Brown shoes and litter

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Deacon/Narrator
Reverend
Johnson
Chair
Infringement Book and pen

(Deacon is standing, looking around, when he notices Johnson).

Dea. "Mister Johnson...my friend!"

Joh. "Deacon...my friend too I hope?"

Dea. "Mr Johnson...you're wearing brown shoes?"

Joh. "Yes...rather smart aren't they?...I only bought them yesterday...\$300...This is their maiden voyage..."

Dea. "Black is the regulation shoe colour around here..."

Joh. "But I like brown...and I don't like black at all!"

Dea. "Just stick with the regulations please...Black..."

Joh. "Did God say that?"

Dea. "Yes, He did...I am God around here!"

Joh. "What are you doing?"

Dea. "I'm writing you a ticket...\$50 for not wearing regulation shoes..."

Joh. "Fifty bucks?...I'm not paying that!"

Dea. "Oh yes you are!"

Joh. "Here!" (Screwing the ticket up, and throwing it on the floor). "That's what I think of your fine!"

Dea. "You still have to pay it..."

Joh. "No, I'm not...and what are you doing now?...Writing out another one?"

Dea. "No...This is another \$50 for littering..."

Joh. "I'm not paying that!"

Dea. "Oh yes, you are!"

Joh. "Reverend...over here please..."

Rev. (Comes over).

Joh. "Deacon just gave me a \$50 fine for wearing brown shoes...So I screwed his Ticket up and threw it on the floor...and now, he's given me another \$50 for littering..."

Rev. (Picks the Ticket up off the floor). "There!...There's no litter now...so fifty of it will go away..."

Dea. "Mr Johnson...If you murdered someone...and then repented...would they come back to life?"

Joh. "No, of course not?"

Dea. "No...so even though the litter's been picked up...does the fine go away?...No, of course not!"

Joh. "I'm not paying it..."

Dea. "You have thirty days to settle the account...Then there's a late fee of ten percent..."

Joh. "Ten percent?"

Dea. (Smiling). "Daily..."

Rev. "Come on man...have a heart!"

Dea. "Sir...I'm the Deacon...not the Reverend..."

Joh. "He doesn't have one..."

Dea. (Looks at Johnson and smiles).

Rev. "This isn't the Army man!"

Dea. "It's almost time to start Reverend...don't want to be late, do we?" (Waving the Infringement Notice Book in the Reverend's face).

Rev. "What?...I decide what time the Service starts...not you."

Dea. "Yes...you did...a long time ago...You said ten o'clock...and it hasn't been changed yet...so better not be late...or else!" (Waving the book).

Rev. "Man!..." (Looks at Johnson, and walks away).

Dea. "Well?"

Joh. "Well, what?"

Dea. "Service starts in two minutes...You'd better be seated...or else!"

Joh. "I don't believe you!...You're not giving me a Ticket for not being seated on time?"

Dea. (Smiling). "Just try me?"

Joh. (Stands still, looking at deacon).

Dea. (Gets his pen out). "I hope your watch keeps perfect time, Mr Johnson?"

Joh. (Looks at Deacon, then goes and sits down).

Dea. (Looking up). "It's all yours now, God..."

(He walks off).

Nar. "Church isn't about uniformity...It's made up of individuals who have met Jesus Christ personally...and been empowered by Him to go into all the world, as His Body...continuing His work upon the earth...He doesn't want them to dress alike, and learn what to say...He wants them to be so in touch with Himself, that he can speak through them to each person they meet...at each Divine Appointment He leads them to...***'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself'***...and he continues His work of reconciliation today, through His Church...as long as they are free to be used and led by Him alone...unrestricted by the limitations men place upon them."

End.

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