

I Believed in Him

By

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Theme:

This play shows how a follower of Christ may have felt just after He was crucified.

Biblical Reference:

The story of the death and resurrection of Christ.

Approximate Running Time:

15 minutes

Notes:

It will work well if performed along with the play "Crucify Him." Period costuming will enhance the effect of the play.

Scene:

This monologue takes place on the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

At first I only heard about Him from others in the village. They told me how they had seen Him heal the sick, the blind, and the lepers. They told me of His teachings, and the more I heard of Him, the clearer His teachings became to me. Could He be the person we had long hoped for? Some did say that He was the Messiah, but I wasn't sure. I thought that there were too many rumors surrounding His birth and His childhood; rumors of things that I just couldn't believe. But I found that all that I had heard about Him became easier for me to believe after I saw Him up close and in person.

I thought that I could learn a lot from what He had to say, so I went to hear Him teach one day about a month ago. I got more than I could have ever expected. You see, not only did I learn from what He had to say, but He also did something incredible!

*[ The following story is adapted from Matthew 9:20.]*

My sister has been really sick for the past twelve years. She had been subject to bleeding all that time and she had recently become so sick that we weren't sure if she would live much longer. I took her to hear Him teach because she really wanted to go and I thought that it could do her no harm. I felt that this might be the last chance that she would have to hear Him before she died. After we stood and listened to His teachings we moved towards the street so that we could get a closer look as He walked by. My sister wanted to speak to Him but He couldn't hear her small voice over the noise of the crowd. She pushed her way forward through the group of people until she was at the front of the line. Then she jumped out into the street and came up behind Him, calling out to Him. He still didn't move to answer her pleadings. I had moved out to stop her from causing a scene and I had just placed my hand on her shoulder to turn her back towards me as she reached out to touch Him. I guess that she was trying to gain His attention, but as she reached for His shoulder she was only able to touch the edge of His cloak. I reached her shoulder just as she touched His cloak.

It was then that I felt it. I don't quite know how to explain what it was that I felt, other than saying that it was like a bolt of lightning surging through my body - except that it did me no harm. I wasn't sure what had happened. I was taken back by what I had felt, not knowing the source of the power. As I thought through what had just happened to me I felt this calming feeling come over. I can tell you that it was then that I truly believed in Him. It was as if my eyes had just been opened and I was able to see everything around me for the first time. Suddenly all was clear to me.

He turned and saw her standing there. "Take heart, daughter," He said, "your faith has healed you." Then He turned and continued walking along the road. My sister jumped up as high as she could jump and yelled, "He healed me! Jesus healed me!" Others gathered close to her to hear her story as Jesus made His way father away from the crowd. When I got a good chance to interrupt her story I calmed her down and led her away towards our home.

That was the most incredible experience of my entire life. Not only had I been a witness to the healing of someone close to me, but I too had experienced the power of the Lord. I was excited about this new personal encounter that I had with this great man. I believed in Him. I believed that He had healed my sister. I believed that it was His power that surged through my body as I reached for my sister just as she reached Him. I believed that He was everything that He claimed to be. I believed in Him - until I learned of what happened today.

He was sentenced to die on a cross for crimes He never committed. I heard that He was ridiculed and beaten by the Romans. I heard that He just stood there and let them do whatever they wanted to do to Him without even saying a word of opposition. I don't understand why He would just stand there and let them do that to Him.

I feel sorry for Him, but I know that there was nothing that I could do to help Him. I spoke with others who knew Him. I asked them if they thought that He could possibly be guilty of the things that He was accused of. No one that I talked to could believe that He could possibly be guilty of all that He was blamed for.

I couldn't believe that this was happening to Him. All that I know of Him proves that He was a kind and humble man. He never did anything to hurt anyone. In fact, of all that I know of His doings, all that He ever did was help people. Is the kind of man you condemn to die on a cross? But that's exactly what happened: they crucified Jesus on a cross.

I'm still trying to sort out all that happened yesterday. I know what happened, but I can't rationalize why it happened. I don't know why He was killed. I'm not sure what will happen now. I mean, I don't know what will happen to those who have been following Him. Will they be killed too? Another thing that I have been wondering about is what will happen to my sister now that Jesus is dead? Will she lose her healing? Will the power that removed the disease from her body lose its fervor and cause a weakness within her? Will the disease find a way to plague her again? I just don't know what will happen.

This man had promised me so much. He couldn't possibly give any of it to me now that He was dead. How could He lead us along all this time and then just leave us guessing? He said that He would set up a kingdom, He said that all who believe in Him will be a part of that kingdom, but what happens with that kingdom if the king is dead?

Sometimes I think that there must be more to the story, that this is just a lie, or a false ending. I'm waiting to find out that Pilate crucified another man in His place, someone else pretending to be Jesus, and that Pilate will present Him to us in some sort of great ceremony. I think of how He had brought others back from the dead and I hope that He can do it for Himself as well, but then I feel foolish when I realize that it would be impossible for Him to come back to us. How could He bring Himself back from the dead? No one has ever brought themselves back from the dead. I'm sure He's gone for good, but if He is gone for good then how can He possibly finish all that He started?

Many great people have died without doing all that they had promised to do, so why should this man be any different? But if it's over, why can't I let it all go? If there is hope in this tragedy, why can't I see it? Am I just pondering foolishness? Was this a man who came here to fool us all into believing that He was something special - even though He wasn't? Are we all going to find out that we were fools for believing all that He said?

Today I wonder if I have been had. I wonder if I'm a fool. I wonder if anything He said can be trusted.

I believed in Him. Yes, I believed in Him - yesterday. But that was yesterday and this is today. Today...well...what is left to believe in?

- CURTAIN -



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