

THREE PIECES FOR ADVENT  
WAITING - WITH A PURPOSE

by

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WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?  
An Advent Readers' Theater

24 READERS - PLACED ACROSS THE STAGE IN GROUPS

- Child #1: I can't wait until I grow up!
- Child #2: I can't wait until I'm six (or five, whatever the next birthday is)
- Child #3: I can't wait to go to McDonalds.
- Older Child #1: I can't wait until Christmas
- Older Child #2: I can't wait until I get my presents!
- Child #3: I can't wait until I'm in second (or \_\_\_\_ ) grade.
- Older Child #1: No, 5th grade!
- Older Child #2: No, 6th grade!
- Older Child #3: No, Junior High. Really, High school.
- Tween/Teen #1: I can't wait until I get my drivers license.
- Tween/Teen #2: I can't wait until I have my own car.
- Tween/Teen #1: I can't wait to have a job and earn some money!
- Tween/Teen #2: I can't wait til I graduate.
- Tween/Teen #3: I can't wait until I'm in college, and I can finally move out and be away from my parents!
- Teen #1: I can't wait until the semester is over.
- Teen #2: I can't wait until a certain someone asks me out.
- Teens #1,2,3: (TOGETHER)I can't wait until I graduate!
- Young Adult #1: I can't wait until I get a real job, with a real paycheck. Then I can finally move out and be away from my parents!
- Young Adult #2: I can't wait until I get married.
- Young Adult #3: I can't wait until I get a raise.

Young Adult #1: I can't wait to have kids of my own.

Adult #1: I can't wait til the kids are in school.

Adult #2: I can't wait until the holidays are over.

Adult #3: I can't wait until my brothers and sisters (or alternatives, friends, family members) reconcile.

Adult #1: I can't wait until this big project at work is finally over.

Older Adult #1: I can't wait til I have grandkids. That will be fun!

Older Adult #2: I can't wait until we're debt-free. Maybe when the economy improves things will be better.

Adult #1: I can't wait until my friend is saved.

Teen #3: You know, that's a good one. I can't wait until MY friend is saved, too!

Older Adult #3: I can't wait until I retire and can do more for the church.

Older Adult #1: I can't wait until the whole world is saved!

Tween/Teen #1: It seems like people spend a lot of time waiting for things.

Tween/Teen #2: Like waiting in checkout lines...

Tween/Teen #3: And waiting in traffic...

Teen #1: Or waiting for the microwave oven to beep!

Child #3: I don't like waiting.

Older Child #1: Me either. Waiting is boring.

Older Child #2: This whole month, everyone is waiting for Christmas.

Older Child #1: I know I am!

Child #3: Me too!

Young Adult #1: Yes, Christians are waiting for Christmas. Did you know this time of year is called Advent in the church?

Young Adult #2: Advent is a special season, set aside just for waiting.

Older Child #3: Waiting for what? Presents and stuff?

Young Adult #1: Waiting for Jesus to be born.

Tween/Teen #1: But Jesus was born a long time ago.

Tween/Teen #2: Yeah, like 2,000 years ago!

Tween/Teen #3: It seems weird to wait every year for something that already happened.

Adult #1: It's not just waiting. It's a time to get ready.

Young Adult #3: I get that. It takes time to get ready, to do all the decorating, and shopping, and gift wrapping.

Child #2: For presents!

Child #1: Yay, presents!

Adult #1: Not just that. Advent is a time for our hearts and minds to be ready.

Young Adult #3: Ready for what?

Adult #2: Ready for miracles!

Adult #3: Ready to see Jesus.

Older Child #3: To see a baby in a manger?

Adult #1: To see God's salvation at work.

Older Adult #1: To be ready for Jesus to work in each of us.

Older Adult #2: We're waiting for our Savior to come.

Teen #2: I get it. We're waiting for Jesus to come and take us to Heaven!

Teen #3: We're waiting for ALL of God's promises to be fulfilled.

Older Adult #2: Not just waiting for Jesus to be born in a manger, or even to be born in our hearts.

Older Adult #3: We're also waiting for Jesus to come again.

Child #3: That's a long time to wait.  
Older Child #1: And waiting is hard!  
Young Adult #2: That's why we have Advent. To learn how to wait.  
Older Child #2: How do we wait?  
Older Adult #1: We wait with hope.  
Older Adult #2: We wait with peace.  
Older Adult #3: We wait with love.  
Older Adult #1: We wait with joy.  
Adult #1: We wait with expectation!  
ALL: What are YOU waiting for?

AFTER THE WAITING IS OVER  
AN ADVENT MONOLOGUE

SCENE: COULD BE A HOSPITAL ROOM, OR A HOME...OR A BEDROOM...  
OR A LIVING ROOM...

A WOMAN ENTERS, SITS IN A CHAIR OR  
ROCKING CHAIR.

ANNA: I never thought this day would come, although I've dreamed of it all my life.(MAKES A FACE) Well, I suppose it was inevitable, at least for the past several months. And I probably didn't start dreaming of it until I was four or five years old, at least. (SMILES AT HERSELF)But I still can't believe it's finally happened. After all the waiting, the day is finally here.

I'm a mommy. I had a baby! I still can't really believe it! I'm excited. I'm exhilarated. (RUEFULLY) I'm exhausted!

I wonder if every new mom feels this way. I suppose they do — maybe even Mary felt this way, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Excited, exhilarated — and exhausted?

I still can't believe it. (PAUSE) It seems like I've been waiting forever, yet it wasn't all that long ago that it all started. I remember my hands shaking in the drugstore, and waiting in line at the checkout.

Then I got home and locked myself in the bathroom — even though there wasn't anyone else around! (PAUSE)

I waited and waited. (MAKES QUOTES WITH HER FINGERS)  
"Results in less than five minutes," the box said. Yeah, right! It felt like HOURS!

Finally I looked. And there it was. Two little blue lines.

I couldn't believe it. I was so excited! We'd been trying for years, and it finally happened! I thought the waiting was over... But it had just begun.

First, I had to wait till my husband got home from work. I didn't want to tell him over the phone, of course. I wanted to see his face! I wanted to be sure he was as happy about it as I was.

I waited and waited, all afternoon. I cooked a nice dinner — put a fresh tablecloth on the table, set out candles. I had so much extra time, you see!

When he finally came home he knew something was up. Potroast, candles, the good china? Oh yeah, he looked worried.

And so I waited to make it more suspenseful. (GRINS) Mean, aren't I?

I brought him dessert and the little test stick at the same time. He looked puzzled for a few moments. "What's this," he almost said.

But then he figured it out. He jumped out of his chair, grabbed me in a huge hug and, well, the dessert waited for a while!

We had to wait some more but now we were waiting together. Do you know it took almost two weeks to schedule an appointment with the obstetrician? And then, yup, you guessed it. I know why they call it the waiting room — what I'm not so sure of is why we're called Patients. I didn't have any, that's for sure! (LAUGHS)

The doctor examined me, of course, and she ordered tests. It probably only took ten or fifteen minutes before the results were in, but it seemed SO much longer.

And it's surprising. Even though I already was sure I was pregnant, somehow everything changed when the doctor announced it. Like I'd been holding my breath until that moment, when it was "official." "Yes, ma'am, you're going to have a baby in about 7 and a half months!"

It didn't sound like very much time, the way she said it. 7 1/2 months. Just a little more than half a year. It was, maybe, one fiftieth of my life so far. Not so long, I thought.

The first few months went by quickly. I felt pretty good — although I couldn't wait for the morning sickness to be over each day!

We told our parents, we told our friends. But we waited (BEAT)that word again (BEAT) to tell my employer!

Then we had to schedule the sonogram to tell us Boy or Girl. At first the baby didn't cooperate, so we had to wait again, until finally she shifted and showed us - wow. That was an exquisite moment, a moment I'll always remember!

And then the first time I felt the baby kick. It was just a flutter, almost imperceptible. I held my breath - would it happen again? I waited for hours to feel that amazing sensation again! And my poor husband — why it was weeks later when he finally felt my tummy move for the first time! And waiting is NOT one of his strong suits, that's for sure!

By that time, we were busy getting the house ready. Painting, babyproofing, new everything it seemed. My mom came to visit — I could hardly wait till she arrived! But I think my husband was more anxious for her to leave again (SMILES) He told me, "When the baby comes, I'll have to share you. But for now I just want you all to myself."

Every three weeks, another check up. Time seemed to crawl by. I tried keeping a journal, but it seemed like most days nothing really happened.

Oh, my baby bump got bigger — and bigger — but mostly it was wait, wait, wait.

By the time I was seven months along, I was tired of waiting. I hurt. My feet were swollen. I couldn't sleep.

Another month dragged by. I couldn't even see my feet! "Almost," my friends kept saying. "Any day now." But I knew I had a whole month to go!

A whole month of waddling. A whole month of baby kicks and sleepless nights, and hurrying to the ladies room every twenty minutes.

Then there were the braxton hicks and the measurements, appointments every week at that same old Waiting Room, over and over again.

Finally the day came and I went into labor— and still the waiting wasn't over! Every ten minutes — every 8 minutes — every five — until it was impossible to tell.

Even when it was over, I STILL had to wait! Wait while they did the apgar, cleaned her off a little bit. Then they let me hold her — but my husband was waiting to hold her too!

Our waiting was finally over. Our baby had been born. They say it's a miracle - and I know it is! (SMILES)

But the real miracle is how much has changed. In the time I spent — waiting — I wasn't just waiting. I was getting ready.

Reading books — hearing stories — listening to others — watching and observing — learning. Learning to be a mommy. Learning to be different. Learning to be who I am now.

And now I know there's more to wait for. Her first step, her first word. Her first day of school!

But I'm not just waiting for all these things to happen to her. For her to do all these things. I'll be right there with her, helping her. Watching her. Teaching her. Seeing her transform and learn and grow.

Because there's more to waiting than, well, just waiting.

Waiting — the right kind of waiting — changes you.

Ten months ago I wanted desperately to be a mom — but I wasn't ready. Now — I'm exhausted, exhilarated - excited — transformed. The waiting is over. And my life will never be the same!

CURTAIN

HEAVEN'S WAITING ROOM  
A 3-person drama for Advent

SETTING: A WAITING ROOM. COULD BE ANYWHERE BUT WE'LL MAKE IT A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

CHARACTERS:

FEISTY: OLDER GENTLEMAN, OUTGOING, TALKATIVE, SINCERE

JEREMIAH: YOUNGER, BUT MAYBE NOT BY MUCH

NURSE: EFFICIENT, OF COURSE

WOMAN (no lines)

OPENING: FEISTY IS SITTING AT CS. A CHAIR NEXT TO HIM IS EMPTY. IF POSSIBLE, OTHER CHAIRS SHOULD BE OCCUPIED W/ATMOSPHERE ROLES.

JEREMIAH ENTERS, SLUMPED, SHUFFLING.

FEISTY: Hey! Come in, sit down! Beautiful day, isn't it?

JEREMIAH: (NOT SAYING ANYTHING, SITS HEAVILY NEXT TO FEISTY)

FEISTY: Are you okay? Never mind, that's a silly question. You're at the doctor's office, you're probably not feeling well.

JEREMIAH: (GRUNTS, NOT REALLY A RESPONSE)

FEISTY: I'm here because my family insisted. They think the doc needs to check me out.

JEREMIAH: Good idea, I guess.

FEISTY: Nothing wrong with me except old age. And the doc cant do a thing to stop me getting older.

JEREMIAH: Beats the alternative.

FEISTY: Does it?

JEREMIAH: (STARES) Well, sure, I mean (TRAILS OFF) Dying —

FEISTY: So? I die, I walk on streets of gold. I see my Savior face to face, and worship him as best I can. I stay here, I get older every day, walk on ordinary pavement, and serve my Savior as best I can. Win win.

JEREMIAH: (WISHING HE WERE ELSEWHERE) Uh, huh.

FEISTY: So, really either alternative is fine by me. I don't need the doc to see me.

JEREMIAH: Right. (CHECKS HIS WATCH, CHANGES SUBJECT) You been waiting long?

FEISTY: All my life.

JEREMIAH: Huh?

FEISTY: Waiting all my life to see Jesus. (GRINS) But that's probably not what you meant.

JEREMIAH: Uh, not really.

FEISTY: I'm early for my appointment. My daughter dropped me off on her way to work.

JEREMIAH: That's too bad.

FEISTY: Not at all. Lets me come here and meet people.

JEREMIAH: (NOT SURE WHAT TO SAY) Oh.

FEISTY: I'm Fred Price, but my friends call me Feisty.

JEREMIAH: (AUTOMATIC POLITE RESPONSE) Nice to meet you Fred, uh, Feisty.

FEISTY: I'd shake your hand but they say the thing to do is this fist-bump thing. (HOLDS UP HIS HAND, JEREMIAH SLOWLY RECIPROCATES) Germs, you know.

JEREMIAH: I'm, uh, Jerry. Jeremiah Long.

FEISTY: How can I pray for you today, Jerry?

JEREMIAH: What?

FEISTY: Well, you're here waiting for the doctor to see you. So I figure you've got a prayer need, that I can pray for.

JEREMIAH: Pray? Here?

FEISTY: Why not?

JEREMIAH: (LOOKS AROUND) In public?

FEISTY: Bible says, 'Pray without ceasing.'

JEREMIAH: I, uh, I guess it does.

FEISTY: (LEANS OVER) I won't pray out loud if it bothers you. But I do want to pray for you. (PAUSE) If you don't mind.

JEREMIAH: (MUTTERS) Why not. Can't hurt.

FEISTY: Absolutely painless, I promise. And it might — no, correct that - it will definitely do you a heaven of good.

JEREMIAH: A what?

FEISTY: A heaven of good. (CONFIDENTIALLY) I don't think much of a world of good, but a heaven of good makes perfect sense, don't you agree?

JEREMIAH: I guess. (LOOKS AROUND) It's my gut - sorry - stomach - that hurts.

FEISTY: (TUTTING) Tsk, tsk, tsk. Taking on the burdens that God wants to carry, are you?

JEREMIAH: What?

FEISTY: Sure, I can see it. It's got you all tied up in knots. Your poor tumm-tumm can't take it all so it's fighting back, the only way it knows how.

JEREMIAH: (CHECKS HIS WATCH - SOURLY) I think I'll wait for a second opinion for that.

FEISTY: Of course. But you know what I said is the truth of it all. It's okay. I'll pray for you to let those burdens go.

JEREMIAH: (SCOFFS) I wish it were that easy.

FEISTY: It really is. But first you have to trust that the Lord will pick them up.

JEREMIAH: Pick them up?

FEISTY: When you let them go.

JEREMIAH: (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) Right. (IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, THE TENSION STARTS TO DRAIN)

FEISTY: See? God really does answer prayer.

FROM THE DOORWAY, NURSE CALLS

NURSE: Mr. Long? Jeremiah Long?

JERRY STANDS

FEISTY: I'm praying. (HOLDS UP A FIST, JEREMIAH FIST-BUMPS IT)

JEREMIAH: Uh, Thanks.

JEREMIAH CROSSES TO DOOR, TURNS

JEREMIAH: Feisty? I really mean it. Thanks.

FEISTY GIVES A THUMBS-UP, THEN POINTS UPWARD TO GOD

JEREMIAH EXITS, FOLLOWING NURSE

FEISTY: (BOWS HIS HEAD IN QUIET PRAYER)

A FEW SECONDS GO BY. THEN MARTHA ENTERS, SHUFFLING, CLUTCHING HER PURSE AND A KNITTING BAG

FEISTY: Hey, come on in, sit down! Beautiful day for knitting, isn't it?

MARTHA: (NOT SAYING ANYTHING, SITS HEAVILY NEXT TO FEISTY, TAKES OUT HER KNITTING)

FEISTY: Are you okay? Never mind, that's a silly question. You're at the doctor's office, you probably aren't feeling well.

CURTAIN