



drama by george

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Eulogy

Synopsis: Roger remembers his girlfriend Tasha at her funeral. In a touching conclusion, he challenges the audience to follow her example of faith.

Themes: Heaven, death, salvation.

Characters: 1 male (Roger).

Running Time: 5 minutes.

Staging Needs: Bare stage with a music stand or lecturn in the center. No special lighting or sound effects. No props.

Acting Difficulty: Difficult.

Tone: Dramatic monologue.

Can It Stand Alone?: No.

Author's Comments: I wrote *Eulogy* in college, shortly after an acquaintance named Rebekah and my Grandfather both passed on to heaven. I don't know how those who mourn without Jesus go on living after a loss. But Christians can cling to the hope that every good-bye is temporary.

Performance Tips: This one doesn't rely on props or laugh lines; all of the power lies in the actor's performance. You need a gifted actor who can be very authentic to pull this off. Don't let him cry--the power for the audience is in watching the character hold back his feelings. This can either be nothing more than a sob story, or it can be a picture of hope in the midst of mourning.

Eulogy

By George Halitzka

In memory of Rebekah and Grandpa

(ROGER, dressed in a dark suit, walks stiffly to a small lecturn. There is a long pause.)

ROGER

Tasha's dad asked me to say some things. I'm not used to talking in front of people, so . . . um, bear with me.

The first time I saw Tasha, she was with her Mom and Dad at church. I wanted to be friendly to the new people, so I said hi. Okay, truth is, I'm a sucker for redheads. Some guys would've waited till her parents left, but I figured I could score some points.

So a bunch of us from youth group went out after church, and me and Tasha talked the whole time. Everybody was giving us these wink-winks--you know, like, "I see a couple forming." The next weekend, I dialed and hung up like six times before I asked her out for coffee. She said yes. But when I picked her up, her Dad wanted to talk to me. He talked about purity and curfew and stuff. Finally, real quiet, he goes, "Take care of my little girl. I love her a lot." I said, "I'll try."

We went out for coffee--and then we saw a movie--and then it didn't matter where we went, just so we were together. We'd park and talk, but it's not like we were *parking*--I never did anything but hold her hand. Just talked, about nothing and everything. When I got to know her--and I know this'll sound cheesy--the thing I admired most was how close she was to God.

She did all the good Christian stuff like not drinking and swearing, and she wouldn't let me kiss her "unless we got engaged." That was hard. But she also did the little things--like, I never saw her fight with her parents. There was a girl named Sue who showed up to church sometimes, and annoyed everybody 'cause she was depressing. Her and Tasha were friends--and not like Tasha felt sorry for her. Real friends.

Last summer, our youth group went on a missions trip, where you fix up a building and witness to people on the streets. I was really excited, because I'd never been to Chicago before. But I

ROGER (*cont'd*)

drove Tasha home one night, and she was really quiet. She said she just couldn't believe God was giving her this opportunity to serve Him, because she was so unworthy, and she wasn't going for the right reasons, and she hoped she could live up to the trust He put in her. Well, I didn't know what to say. I held her hand--and asked God to make me more like that.

Her parents drove us both to church before the trip. Her dad gave me this talk about big cities being dangerous. I said I understood, and I promised I'd walk with Tasha if she had to go anywhere after dark. Finally, he goes, "Take care of my little girl. I love her a lot." I said, "I'll try."

I learned so much on that trip and even saw a guy come to Christ. It was incredible. And me and Tasha, all this past year, we've been inseparable. I guess we were lovey-dovey, but it's only because I loved her. I loved her . . .

Around March, we were getting senioritis--wishing we would hurry up and graduate and not studying much. Then Tasha started losing weight. There was a lot of pressure, but she didn't have much to lose. She said she was tired whenever we went out. At first I thought she was sick of me. I--I wish she was. She kept saying everything was okay, but when she finally went to the doctor . . .

(A pause.)

You know the rest of the story. How we kept hoping and praying even when they said she'd be lucky to live a month. How she kept going to school, right up till the last week. How she told people about heaven and seeing Jesus. Someday, I'm going to see her again up there.

But let me tell you something. Tasha isn't going to heaven because she didn't drink or swear. It isn't because she was went to church or was the sweetest girl I ever met. I'll see Tasha again because she believed in Jesus as her Forgiver from sin and Leader of her life.

She died at one o'clock in the morning. Her Dad and Mom and sister and me were standing around her bed. She kind of smiled, and said really soft, "I love you guys. I'll see you soon." Then she closed her eyes . . .

ROGER (*cont'd*)

Her Dad whispered, "Take care of my little girl. I love her a lot." And I know Jesus said, "I will."

(Blackout.)

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