



PREVIEW ONLY

The Lord of the Storm

What to do When Your Ship is Sinking

by Paul Ellis

What Far from land, the disciples are caught in a fierce storm. With their boat sinking beneath them, death is imminent. Meanwhile, Jesus sleeps.

Themes: faith, storms, trials

Message Jesus is bigger than your storm

Who Minimum 4 characters with doubling; 7+ characters without

NARRATOR (for table readings; otherwise replace with lines for direction)

JESUS, the Lord of Storms

ANDREW, an experienced sailor

PETER, Andrew's brother

MATTHEW, a disciple

LITTLE JAMES, a disciple

Assorted DISCIPLES

Props A spray bottle for simulating stormy weather

Time 7 minutes

Ages 8+

Source Mark 4:35-41

Bonus Free leader's guide with fun facts, discussion questions, and illustrations.

Narrator Jesus looked tired, thought Andrew, and no wonder. He'd been teaching all day. He was standing in the bow of the boat speaking to hundreds of people on the shore. They were hanging off every word. They always did. But now, Jesus was coming to an end.

Jesus May the Lord bless you and keep you. May he make his face shine upon you, be gracious to you and give you peace.

All Amen.

Jesus Thank you for coming.

Jesus turns away from the crowds.

Jesus They're not leaving, are they.

Andrew shakes his head, impressed at the people.

Andrew No, Master. They're still sitting there. They want more.

Jesus Okay. Let's go.

Narrator Peter wrapped two hands around the anchor line and began pulling.

Peter Sounds good to me. Where are we headed?

Jesus points to the far side of the lake.

Jesus We will go to the other side.

Narrator Jesus sat down under the shelter at the back of the boat. He laid his head on a cushion and closed his eyes.

Andrew takes the lead while Jesus rests.

Andrew Right lads, you heard him. Matthew, Philip, Nathanael, Little James – grab those oars and pull us away from the shore. Big James and John, help Peter set the sail. I've got the tiller.

Narrator With pink clouds above them and the setting sun behind them, the disciples headed out into the silent lake. Silver fish plopped alongside the boat and gulls wheeled above. Andrew smiled. He and Peter had enjoyed many nights like this while fishing on the Sea of Galilee.

Andrew It doesn't get any better than this.

Narrator But not everyone was convinced.

Matthew *(Bites lip)* We're sitting a bit low in the water, aren't we?

Andrew Matthew, you landlubber. They build these boats low to make it easier for us fishermen to pull in the nets.

Peter I wouldn't mind a spot of fishing right now.

Andrew You said it, brother.

Narrator As the evening turned into night, Peter hung a lantern on the mast. The disciples sat quietly with their thoughts while Jesus slept soundly in the stern. Suddenly, the sail began to flap.

Andrew *(Looks up)* Hello. Wind's shifting.

Peter It's from the east

Little James Is that bad?

Peter Only if you are going east. Which we are.

Peter sees Little James' face and laughs.

Peter *(Cont'd)* There's nothing to worry about. It just means we'll get to enjoy a little more of this refreshing sea air.

Narrator The wind began whistling in gusts, and water began splashing over the side of the boat.

Matthew *(Worried)* Hey, I'm getting wet! Are we going to sink?

Andrew *(Shakes head)* Of course not. Peter and I know this lake better than our own homes.

Peter stands on the prow grinning like the king of the lake.

Peter You have nothing to fear because I am here! Now get those oars back in the water and keep us pointing into the wind.

Narrator As always, Peter was full of self-confidence, but Andrew felt a tinge of concern. Something felt different, not right.

Andrew *(Frowns)* Wind's a little cold.

Narrator Andrew and his brother exchanged a look. A cold wind from the mountains was bad news. Very bad news indeed.

Andrew scans the darkness.

Andrew Steady as she goes, lads.

Narrator An unearthly shriek came howling from the eastern shores. Within minutes, the wind had whipped the sea into a seething cauldron.

All *(Adlib sounds of scary howling wind)*

Andrew You men on the oars, row hard!

Narrator Soon the little boat was engulfed in a furious squall. Large waves came crashing over the side, and the men had to shout to be heard.

Loud thunderstorms and wind is heard all around. Now they're all worried for real.

Peter James, John, help me get this sail down!

Matthew Water's coming in everywhere!

Andrew Judas, Philip, grab those buckets and start bailing!

Narrator Andrew wrestled with the tiller, while the others bailed furiously.

The water rises rapidly.

Little James The water is up to my knees!

Andrew We have to lighten the boat!

Narrator The men tossed overboard anything that wasn't nailed down. Buckets, nets, the sail, the oars...

Andrew No, Little James, not the oars!

Too late. Little James throws out the oars.

Narrator But it made little difference.

Matthew *(Shrieks)* We're sinking!

Little James *(Cries)* I want to go home! I want to go home!

Narrator Andrew's heart was pounding. The heavy waves smashing against them would soon break the wooden vessel, and there was nothing he could do. Then his leg bumped against something lying on the bench.

Andrew turns to Jesus, who is still sleeping peacefully.

Andrew Jesus. Jesus? Jesus!

The disciples stare at the sleeping form.

Matthew How can he sleep when we're about to die?

Little James He doesn't even care!

All Wake up, Jesus!

Jesus rises from his cushion and stretches.

Jesus *(Looks around)* Hey. Cool storm.

Narrator Jesus clambered across the bucking boat to the mast.

Jesus *(Grins)* How's this weather!

Narrator A wall of water fell on Jesus.

Jesus *(Punches the air)* Oh, yeah. Bring it on!

Narrator A lightning bolt lit up the mast as thunderbolts exploded around them.

Even louder thunderclaps roar overhead.

Jesus Awesome!

Narrator The frightened disciples couldn't believe their eyes.

The disciples look at Jesus as if he is crazy.

Andrew Master, can't you see we're in trouble!

Peter We're losing the boat!

Matthew And you're not helping!

Narrator Jesus looked at the disciples with compassion. They were trembling like children. As another thunderclap erupted, they cried out in terror.

All *(Cries)* Help us, Jesus!
We're going to die!
Save us!

Narrator Before their quivering forms, Jesus seemed to grow until he towered above the tempest. He was no longer the man they knew; he was the Lord of wind and storms. With a voice that had not been heard since the creation of the world, he uttered his command:

Jesus Quiet! Be still!

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