

## “Where the Deep Power Rolls”

by  
Don Bosley

**What** In this Readers Theater script, three readers consider the shifting sands of their lives, the wholly temporary castles they’re so busy building, and the beckoning of a frightening, unfathomable, deep power somewhere out there.

**Themes:** Trust, Fear of God, Eternity, Spiritual Realm, Surrender

**Who** Reader 1  
Reader 2  
Reader 3  
\*Ideally, a diversity of ages, ethnicities, genders, size/shapes.

**When** Now

**Wear (Props)** There may be benefit in the characters wearing 3 diverse types of outfits - for example, a business suit, a house dress, and a skateboarder’s look - to reflect the universal nature of the dilemma and invitation.

**Why** Joshua 1:9; Proverbs 3:5-6; Matthew 16:25; John 14:27; 1 Peter 5:6-7

**How** Together, the Readers represent a single collective voice; they are not talking to each other so much as their collective selves. They are desperate to reassure themselves of their okay-ness in the early going, but the nagging call of something deeper both intrigues and scares them. That trepidation and then fear is evident as they finally light out from the beach, and the final ride ultimately delivers them to a tone of great victory.

**Time** Approximately 5 minutes

*Readers enter and address the audience.*

**Reader 1:** I have reached an understanding with the sand, it seems.

**Reader 2:** Though it shifts, I will call it solid.

**Reader 3:** Though it sometimes burns, in boldness I will spread a blanket out...

**Reader 1:** And camp there today.

**Reader 2:** Though each grain is tiny and inanimate...

**Reader 3:** In perseverance and purpose I will gather as many as I can...

**Reader 1:** And build my castles...

**Reader 2:** A safe distance from where the deep power rolls.

**Reader 3:** And it will make me happy.

**Reader 1:** I'm sure it will.

*Beat*

**Reader 2:** There are always too many grains of sand to manage, of course.

**Reader 3:** It is one of the annoying hazards of the beach.

**Reader 1:** But I can live with it.

**Reader 2:** Live happily, too.

**Reader 3:** Sometimes consumed by a single grain...

**Reader 1:** Or sometimes frustrated by an unruly bucketful...

**Reader 2:** I feverishly build ornate towers which will not stand...

**Reader 3:** And in which no one can really live...

**Reader 1:** But which make for splendid selfies...

**Reader 2:** For just an instant.

**Reader 3:** Do you like my castle today?

**Reader 1:** Isn't it clever?

**Reader 2:** And fun?

Reader 3: And better than yours?

Reader 1: And not too close—you'll note—to where the deep power rolls.

*Beat*

Reader 2: I will build another tomorrow...

Reader 3: When today's has been erased...

Reader 1: And another the day after...

Reader 2: And then a better one...

Reader 3: And then a bigger one...

Reader 1: And on and on for a while.

Reader 2: Head down...

Reader 3: Heart vested...

Reader 1: Grandeur seized...

Reader 2: By what I am building...

Reader 3: With *sand*.

Reader 1: And though I am aware of the mysterious depths beyond...

Reader 2: And may even pause to wonder from time to time...

Reader 3: At their power...

Reader 1: And their origin...

Reader 2: I will eventually turn my back on them as I toil away...

Reader 3: As though they were ordinary...

Reader 1: As though they were meant to be mere backdrop...

Reader 2: For my temporary monuments.

Reader 3: And I will constantly be aware of their roar...

Reader 1: But fail to hear their whisper.

*Beat*

Reader 2: But there will come a day...

Reader 3: When my castles will fall again...

Reader 1: Or melt again...

Reader 2: Or are kicked over again...

Reader 3: And I will actually stop a moment...

Reader 1: And consider...

Reader 2: The ripples of power that have been lapping at them all along.

Reader 3: Ripples that I have tried to avoid...

Reader 1: Or hold at bay...

Reader 2: Or incorporate into my own masterpieces...

Reader 3: In some small measure.

Reader 1: Ripples that I have tried to contain...

Reader 2: In a moat roundabout me...

Reader 3: A moat of my own making...

Reader 1: A moat meant to adorn...

Reader 2: The pretty kingdom I've built...

Reader 3: The kingdom of sand.

*Beat*

Reader 1: One day I will actually stop a moment...

Reader 2: And look beyond the ripples...

Reader 3: And beyond the ecstatic wading places...

Reader 1: Beyond, even, the impressive trollers with their commercial nets...

Reader 2: And I will look to the place...

Reader 3: Where the deep power truly rolls...

Reader 1: And I will hear the whispered beckoning...

Reader 2: And be rightly afraid.

*Beat*

Reader 3: There are hard falls awaiting out there...

Reader 1: There are tosses and tumbles...

Reader 2: And gulps of bitter brine.

Reader 3: And there is nothing else to hold onto...

Reader 1: Out there.

Reader 2: It will be just me...

Reader 3: And the rolling power that swells beneath me.

Reader 1: I will be at its mercy.

Reader 2: But after many days of turning my back on it...

Reader 3: There will come a day...

Reader 1: When I will *not*.

*Beat*

Reader 2: But instead...

*Beat*

Reader 3: I will hoist myself up...

*Beat*

Reader 1: Onto a tiny plank of faith...

*Beat*

Reader 2: And begin to paddle...

*Beat*

Reader 3: Toward where the deep power rolls.

*Beat*

Reader 1: I will be in over my head almost immediately...

Reader 2: And there be tempted...

Reader 3: To flee back to the beach...

Reader 1: Where I could tell of my thrilling and harrowing tale...

Reader 2: Of interfacing with you.

Reader 3: It would be such a story.

Reader 1: The grandest sand castle of all.

Reader 2: The grandest selfie of all. Yes.

*Beat)*

Reader 3: But one day...

Reader 1: Instead of retreating...

Reader 2: I will paddle on.

Reader 3: I will paddle on.

Reader 1: I will paddle on...

Reader 2: Becoming more and more aware of my smallness...

Reader 3: With each venturesome stroke.

Reader 1: And when the real power begins to roll beneath me...

Reader 2: How I will squeeze my eyes tight...

Reader 3: And cling for dear life to my tiny plank...

Reader 1: My sliver of faith...

Reader 2: Certain that it will snap...

Reader 3: Like the feeble toothpick that it is.

Reader 1: And I will pray to the God of heaven and earth...

Reader 2: To put me back on the lifeless beach...

Reader 3: The predictable beach...

Reader 1: The familiar beach.

Reader 2: I will be...

Reader 3: Afraid.

Reader 1: Afraid.

Reader 2: *Afraid.*

*Beat*

Reader 3: And then...

Reader 1: With the spray...

Reader 2: And the chaos...

Reader 3: And the helpless smallness...

Reader 1: All at its *screaming peak*...

Reader 2: I will hear you tell me

*Beat*

Reader 3: To *stand*.

Reader 1: To stand.

Reader 2: To stand.

*Beat*

Reader 3: "A sliver of faith is enough,"

Reader 2: You will say.

Reader 3: "Stand upon it and see."

Reader 1: "Lord, I cannot,"

Reader 2: I will say. For my strength and courage will already be fully spent, just in getting there.

Reader 3: "My child,"

Reader 2: You will say.

Reader 3: "There are places I would take you. For I will put a wind at your back that you cannot imagine, and a rise and fall beneath your feet, and I will shoot you airborne in a breathtaking display of my majesty. It is my

power. It is alive, not inanimate. And your role in it all is to paddle out here...and stand when I tell you."

**Reader 2:** Stand when I tell you.

**Reader 1:** Stand when you tell me.

*Beat*

**Reader 3:** And on that day

**Reader 1:** I will no longer regard the beach as my home.

**Reader 2:** But I will grab my little plank over and over...

**Reader 3:** And depart from that beach again and again...

**Reader 1:** Leaving mere sand castles behind...

**Reader 2:** To forever live my days in the place

**Reader 3:** Where the deep power truly rolls.

*Lights out.*