

God Will Provide - Exodus 16:1-21

Props (vary according to what you have)

- Arm bands / pool noodle / rubber ring (preferably funny eg flamingo)
- Life jacket / airbed / lilo
- Surfboard / bodyboard / inflatable dinghy / kayak
- Pocket-sized prayer book with collect (large print version below) printed inside
- Story book with Narr scrip inside

Narr: Let me tell you a story [*open book*] This is Chris. Say hello, Chris.

Chris: Hello Chris. [*waves, silly grin*]

Narr: [*sigh, taps head*] A few animals short of an ark, if you know what I mean. One day, Chris went for a sale.

Chris: [*looking at price tag*] Ooh! Ten pounds off. That's a bargain! [*tries on garment*]

Narr: No, no. Went for an S-A-I-L sail. Like with a boat.

Chris: Sorry [*hangs garment up, mimes getting into a boat*]

Narr: But a great storm blew up

Chris: BOOM! [*Narr gives hard stare, Chris looks sheepish then blows hard*]

Narr: Thank you. Like I said, a few commandments short of a tablet. Anyway, a great storm blew up, the boat sank and Chris was adrift in the middle of the sea.

[*Chris mimes treading water*]

Being a good Anglican, Chris pulled out a prayer book and turned to page 597, the Collect for Those Currently Adrift in the Middle of the Sea.

Chris: [*reading from book*]

Almighty God, who hath created all things wet,
we humbly beseech thee to cast thy benevolent gaze
upon those currently adrift in the middle of the sea,
who are, verily, at this moment, most abundantly wet.
In thy boundless grace and providence,
reach down from heaven and pluck them from the depths,
or vouchsafe to send your angels to rescue them, [*speeding up*]
or that fiery chariot thing what you used with Elijah,
or some other means of preventing them from drowning, [*very fast*]
because they only managed the 10m backstroke at school
and that was a long time ago.
[*pause for breath*] Amen.

Narr: Wow! There's a collect for everything.

A few moments later, a *rubber ring* came floating past, [*holds out rubber ring*]

and Chris grabbed hold with grateful thanks. *[Chris bats rubber ring away]*
[stage whisper to Chris] You're supposed to grab hold with grateful thanks. It says so in the script.

Chris I don't need it, thank you. God will provide. *[attitude of pious prayer]*

Narr: Oh, um, OK. Well, the wind grew stronger and the waves grew higher, and still Chris prayed to God.

Chris: *[reading]*
Almighty God, who hath created all things wet,
we humbly beseech thee to, well, same as last time.
Reaching down from heaven, angels, chariot and all that.
Amen.

Narr: A few moments later, a *life jacket* came floating past, *[holds out life jacket]* and Chris ... *[Chris bats it away]* ... Chris didn't want that either.

Chris I don't need it, thank you. God will provide. *[attitude of pious prayer]*

Narr: The sun sank lower, the wind grew wilder, and Chris prayed very, very hard.

Chris: *[reading]*
Almighty God, who hath yada yada yada,
I really do beseech thee quite a lot cos it's flippin' freezing here and my arms are getting very tired. Could you possibly get a move on with the angels and chariots and stuff, if it's not too much to ask?
Amen.

Narr: A few moments later, a *blow up dinghy* came floating past, *[assistant brings on dinghy]* and ... yes? Nice dinghy? It's nearly a chariot. *[Chris shakes head]* No?

Chris I don't need it, thank you. God will provide. *[attitude of pious prayer]*

Narr: Finally, night fell, darkness closed in, and Chris's head dipped below the waves for the final time. *[Chris: glub glub glub]*
Chris awoke at the gates of heaven, wet, cold and not a little cross. *[close book]*

Chris: *[Addressing Narr]* What's this place? Why am I here?

Narr: Hello, I'm St Peter and this is heaven. You died. If you'd like to step this ...

Chris: But, but ... I can't have died. I asked God to save me. I trusted him. I said "God will provide" and I used 'hath' and 'beseech' and 'vouchsafe' and everything!

Narr: Yes, I heard that. God did provide a rubber ring, and a life jacket and a blow up dinghy. What more did you want?

Chris: but ... but ...

Narr: *[herding Chris off stage]* Like I said, a few disciples short of a Last Supper!

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Could you possibly get a move on
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