

"THE TESTIMONY FROM THE TREE"
(An Easter Monologue)

By
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Synopsis

A tree shares the story of its existence; how it became the cross upon which Jesus was crucified, and how it witnessed the moment Jesus rose from the dead.

Scripture

The crucifixion - Luke 23:33-48

Ministry Lesson

We have all heard about the crucifixion of Jesus from different perspectives; his followers, the soldiers, the religious rulers, but you have never heard the story from the perspective of the tree which became the cross. This fictional story provides a unique perspective on the most important event in human history.

Ministry Focus

Salvation

Genre:

Dramatic Monologue

Cast

Tree - Adult Male - 30+

Props

1 large beam of wood (e.g., 6ft 4x4)

Costume

Male wears all black

Time: ~4 mins.

**The Testimony from the Tree
(An Easter Monologue)**

(Man enters stand carrying a large (6 foot 4x4) beam of wood. He stands, holding it vertically)

I grew up a few miles outside of the city. I often provided shade to travelers on the road to and from Jericho. I wasn't the tallest tree, but I could still see the city of Jerusalem in the distance.

(With Pride) I was proud to be a tree, the giants of nature; with strong branches overflowing with leaves. All of the other plants envied us. I lived for nearly a hundred years; but as the years passed my leaves began to wither and I didn't stand as tall as I use to. Time has finally taken its toll.

I'm not sure how old was I when they came to cut me down, but I was ready...I knew it was just a matter of time. Most of the other trees my age had already gone. Many trees were used to build houses or furniture, or carts; and some were cut and carved into souvenirs and sold in the market. (Hopeful) I was sure that would be my lot...that someone would find a useful purpose for my body.

(Horror-struck) So I was shocked when they shaped me into a crucifixion cross. *(Switches the cross to hold in both hands-horizontally)* More than shocked, I was mortified! Why me!? Why was I chosen for this cursed job; to be the instrument of pain and torture; to be the death-bed of the hated and scorned? My life amounted to nothing; no one would want me.

(As if the tree is being killed) Finally, the day of death had come. I was positioned between two other crosses. They laid a brutally beaten man down on me. His face and eyes were bruised and swollen and his back was scared and burned. They did not tie his arms to me like the men on other crosses; rather they hammered nails into me through his hands and feet. I felt the

warmth of his blood flow down on me. Then the Roman soldiers put a sign on top of me that read, "This is Jesus, The King of the Jews" and then they lifted me up. (Mystified) Who was this man that the crowd despised, the leaders detested, and the women cried for? What crime had he done to deserve such a horrible death? For 3 hours I held him in my arms; writhing in pain. And when he finally...

- End of Preview -

The tree continues to share his unique perspective of Jesus' crucifixion and glorious resurrection. It's a powerful and emotional testimony.
