**Our God Makes Things Grow**

*By Meghan Brubaker*

***Synopsis:***

In this skit, we get a chance to listen to some plants talk about the difficulties of growing. As we do, we will see some similarities to growth in our own lives.

***Length:*** 15 minutes

***Cast:***

* 10 actors total
* Could possibly be tweaked to accommodate 6-9 actors by doubling up on parts
* Some roles are gender-specific, but could be adjusted if necessary

***Props:***

* 4 chairs

***Stage Set-Up Suggestion (when looking at the stage)***

* Narrators: far right end of the stage
* Rudy and Daisy: Sitting on chairs just to the left of the narrators
* Azalea and Rhoda: Azalea standing on a chair, Rhoda standing beside her, both to the left of Rudy and Daisy
* Oaken and Hawthorn: Oaken standing on a chair, Hawthorn directly in front of him, both to the left of Azalea and Rhoda
* Laurel: standing to the left of Oaken and Hawthorn

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**NARRATOR 1**: Once upon a time, there was a beautiful sunlit meadow. It was a delightful spot, the sort of place where butterflies loved to come and dance in the gentle breezes, where the birds came often and sang a little more sweetly than usual, and where green things loved to grow.

**NARRATOR 2**: In one corner of the meadow, a little brook hummed softly to itself as it tripped along on its way to the great big sea. Near the brook, a little group of plants were doing their best to push their leaves up to meet the warm hug of the sun. Deep down, all they really wanted was to be able to grow tall and be the best plants they could possibly be.

**NARRATOR 1**: But sometimes, they forgot that, because growing was not always as easy as they hoped it would be. In fact, growing was pretty scary sometimes. There was one little seed who had just nestled down into the dark, comforting dirt. The time had come for her to grow.

**DAISY**: No! I don’t want to grow!

**RUDY**: Shh. Please…I have very sensitive ears. And this ground reverberates with shocking intensity.

**DAISY**: *(Turns towards Rudy*). Rudy, you have to help me! Tell me how to keep from growing!

**RUDY**: How to keep from growing?! That’s like asking the grass to stop being green! It’s like asking the flies to stop flying! It’s like asking the rain to fall upwards! It’s like…

**DAISY**: Okay, okay, you can stop. I get the picture.

**RUDY**: My point is, it’s not going to happen. You have to grow.

**DAISY**: But growing is going to hurt! You see my nice, smooth outside? That’s going to crack, and break apart, and crumble.

**RUDY**: Yes. It will. That’s part of growing. For a little bit, it’s going to feel like your whole world is falling apart.

**DAISY**: How can you be so calm about this? I’m going to die!

**RUDY**: No, you won’t. You’re actually going to live. You need to break in order for you to move towards better things.

**DAISY**: What if I like it the way I am?

**RUDY**: If you don’t let yourself break open, do you know what will happen?

**DAISY**: (*Hopefully*) Uh…I’ll stay happily and safely nestled down here forever?

**RUDY**: Yes, you might be safe, but you won’t be happy. You’ll start to shrivel. You’ll get hard. You’ll die for real. And in the end, that’s even worse than letting yourself be broken. You have to believe that there are better things ahead than the things you leave behind.

**NARRATOR 2**: As Rudy shared his wisdom, he felt a little bit guilty, because he was going through some growing struggles of his own that he didn’t want anyone to know about. He was just starting to send his roots downwards and his sprout upwards. But he wasn’t so sure that he actually wanted to.

**RUDY**: Wow, I can give advice, but I’m not so good at believing it myself. Growing is what you’re supposed to do. I know that. But I’m scared to grow. Down here, below the surface, it’s safe. Comfortable. Familiar. Who knows what I’ll find up there when I let my head break through the surface? There might be a pebble lying right where I want to break through. The rain might be cold on my sensitive tendrils. There might be giant caterpillars with very large teeth! No, I’d better just stop growing right here. It’s safer that way.

**NARRATOR 1**: Rudy was letting his fears become so big that they were all he could see. He forgot that pushing past his fears would bring him to a whole new world of possibilities.

**NARRATOR 2**: One of those possibilities was getting to grow with others. Like those two plants, over there, who had been best friends ever since the day they discovered that they had so much in common. One of their favourite things to do was to talk about all of the beautiful things they could see in the world around them. Their names were Azalea and Rhododendron, or Rhoda for short.

**NARRATOR 1**: Azalea and Rhoda had a little problem, though. You see, as the months had gone on, Azalea had grown just a little faster than Rhoda had. And now, after months of different growing, Azalea was a lot taller than Rhoda. And she was seeing the world a little differently.

**AZALEA**: What game do you want to play today, Rhoda?

**RHODA**: Ooh! Let’s play “I Wonder!”

**AZALEA**: Okay! You may start.

**RHODA**: Let’s look at that maple tree over there. I wonder…I wonder if he likes to tell jokes to the birds that build their nests in his branches.

**AZALEA**: I wonder if he has holes in him from where woodpeckers have attacked him.

**RHODA**: I wonder if it tickles when squirrels run all over him.

**AZALEA**: I wonder if he cries in the fall when his leaves come down.

**RHODA**: (*Gasps*) That’s so sad! Why do you wonder about sad things? It’s not fun that way!

**AZALEA**: Because I wonder about both parts of life, the hard things and the easy things.

**RHODA**: (*Very dejectedly*) I don’t know why you would want to ruin our fun game by talking about hard things.

**AZALEA**: Sorry. I’ll try to stop. Let’s play again.

**RHODA**: (*Less enthusiastically*) You choose something this time.

**AZALEA**: Okay. Uh…let’s look at that moss growing on top of that rock over there.

**RHODA**: (*Looks at Azalea sadly*)

**AZALEA**: What’s wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?

**RHODA**: I can’t see it.

**AZALEA**: (*surprised*) You can’t!?

**RHODA**: (shakes head mournfully) I’m not tall enough.

**AZALEA**: Oh.

**RHODA**: Maybe we shouldn’t play this game anymore.

**AZALEA**: No, we can play! I’ll choose something else!

**RHODA**: What’s the point? We don’t see things the same way anymore. You can see the tippy tops of the ferns and the dew resting on the rose petals. All I can see is grass and bugs and fallen twigs.

**AZALEA**: I wish that you could see these things, too. It’s not as exciting when I have to experience things alone. The wonders I see feel a little less wonderful when I’m the only one who sees them. I wish I hadn’t grown so tall.

**RHODA**: That’s not the problem. It’s that I’ve stayed so small.

**NARRATOR 2**: Azalea and Rhoda were learning that growing can affect relationships. But what they didn’t realize was that it doesn’t have to be a bad thing. If they could learn to see the value in another’s perspective and be willing to learn from each other, they would have felt their world grow so much bigger and so much more wonderful.

**NARRATOR 1**: They weren’t the only ones who were struggling with their size. Over by the brook, there were a few trees growing with strong trunks, solid roots, and hundreds of fluttering leaves. But they wished their growing could be turning out a little differently.

**OAKEN**: (*Stretches*) It sure is a fine morning to be alive! Yes sir, it is going to be a beautiful day.

**LAUREL**: Good morning, Oaken.

**OAKEN**: Good morning, Laurel! Is Hawthorn awake yet?

**HAWTHORN**: (*Grumpily*) I am now.

**OAKEN**: Hey, man! What’s up?

**HAWTHORN**: You are. That’s the problem.

**OAKEN**: Aw, come on! What’s wrong with you?

**HAWTHORN**: You woke me up from a really good dream.

**LAUREL**: Tell us about it.

**HAWTHORN**: Well, I dreamed I was back in the good old days, when I was the tallest tree in this part of the meadow. All of the birds liked to flock to me and sit in me. But now that Oaken got so tall, none of the birds choose me anymore.

**OAKEN**: Now, that ain’t true. Just the other day a flock of sparrows came through here and they took a little breather in your branches. There were like a million of them!

**HAWTHORN**: There were six.

**OAKEN**: Aw, what’s the difference?

**LAUREL**: 999,994, to be exact.

**OAKEN**: Yeah, see, that was not a helpful comment.

**HAWTHORN**: It’s just not fair. You’re closest to the river, so you get all the water first. Your roots suck up so much that there’s hardly any left for me.

**OAKEN**: (*shrugs*) It takes a lot of water to hydrate a guy like me.

**HAWTHORN**: And you just keep growing taller because you have all the resources.

**LAUREL**: Yeah, and no one even notices us.

**HAWTHORN**: (*Looks* *around*) Did someone say something?

**LAUREL**: I did! See? No one even notices me! I’m so tiny compared to Oaken over there. I’ll never be important.

**HAWTHORN**: At least you get some sunshine over there where you are. I have to live in this guy’s shade for half of the day.

**LAUREL**: Yeah, but what’s the point of having lovely green leaves if no one ever sees you?

**NARRATOR 1**: The tree’s conversation was interrupted when a human entered the meadow. She was a very pleasant sort of person, the kind of person who loved to take walks in the woods and admire the beautiful things that God had made. She stopped and looked at the trio of trees. As she did, the trees heard her talking to God.

**HUMAN**: God, thank You for making great big oak trees grow from tiny acorns. Thank You for the way that reminds me that some things take time to grow and change, but that’s okay. I just need to wait patiently for You to work. And thank You for the way this big, strong oak tree reminds me that You are stable and steady.

**NARRATOR 2**: Hawthorn was shaking his branches in annoyance and, though he wouldn’t admit it, jealousy. But then he realized that the lady was starting to talk about him, too.

**HUMAN**: And Father, thank You for creating this beautiful hawthorn tree all covered with blossoms. You bring new life every spring, and that is a miracle. You bring growth, even out of things that seem dead.

**NARRATOR 1**: That was when Hawthorn realized something. No, he hadn’t been given the same sort of gifts that Oaken had. But that didn’t make him less valuable. In fact, he was able to reveal a different part of God’s creativity than Oaken ever could.

**NARRATOR 2**: Laurel was sure that the lady would move on without even noticing her, because it seemed that’s what everyone did. But she was wrong.

**HUMAN**: And God, thank You for creating this delicate tree. It reminds me that you don’t just care about big things, or extravagantly beautiful things. You care about ordinary things, too. And give me the eyes to see how even the ordinary things can be big and beautiful when I see them through Your perspective.

**NARRATOR 1**: The lady moved on, and the trees were humbled by the way they were revealing God to her. They realized that instead of being jealous of each other’s gifts, they should celebrate the way God was showing Himself through their unique traits.

**NARRATOR 2**: It is, after all, God who works in us.

**DAISY**: It is He who comforts us when we are broken and makes us more beautiful because of it.

**RUDY**: It is He who guides us into the unfamiliar and frees us from fear.

**RHODA**: It is He who blesses us with the gift of others—others who can show us things that we can’t see ourselves.

**AZALEA**: It is He who gives us the ability to see new things, and He who calls us to share what we see with humility.

**OAKEN**: It is He who blesses us abundantly, above and beyond measure.

**HAWTHORN**: It is He who places us where we are, with our unique circumstances, giftings, and abilities.

**LAUREL**: And it is He who asks us to be faithful with what He has given us.

**NARRATOR 1**: Yes, both in times of intense suffering and times of glorious wonder, we see that our God makes things grow. Because each of us grows differently, we each show a different way that God is working. And when you put all of those things together, you see that God is painting a picture that is so much more beautiful than any one of us could be on our own.