



REST AREA

- Sign:** Rest Area
- Characters:** Narrator
Bubba and Junior (*brothers; Junior is the "smarter" one*), country bumpkins
Cynthia, a southern belle
- Props/Costumes:** Bubba and Junior - overalls, straw hats; Junior is "driving"
Cynthia - briefcase or large make-up bag and umbrella or large hat
Props: "car" - two chairs set together, a third chair in the back; map; Bible
- Theme:** Making our time with God a priority
- Verse:** Acts 3:19b "...so that times of refreshing might come from the presence of the Lord."

Script

Narrator: We are on a journey--the journey of the Christian life. Bubba and Junior are travelers on that same road. Bubba and Junior may come from the hills of Arkansas, but they are learning lessons with us on that road to Eternal Life.

(Bubba is looking at a map, Junior is driving)

Bubba: Junior, this highway to Eternal Life goes on forever!

Junior: Duh, Bubba. Eternal....forever....get it? That's the point!

Bubba: But the road goes thru some scary-soundin' places, Junior. Listen to this: Valley of the Shadow, Tribulation Turnpike, Sufferin' Swamp...

Junior: Bubba, nobody never said it was gonna be easy.

Bubba: Yep, I know...At least we knows where we is going now. Before, we was just driving in circles, lost-like.

Junior: We was dizzier than two 'coon dogs chasing their tails!

Bubba: *(laughing and slapping his knees)* That we were, Junior, that we were! We was lost all the time...til that Jesus stopped us in our tracks, and put us on this road!

Junior: I guess this here road trip is meant to prepare us for living in Eternal Life.

Bubba: Well, we two need a lot of preparin'—so this here is gonna be one long road trip.

Junior: Well, lookee here at this sign *(reading it laboriously)* "Next Rest Area—10 miles". Now, Bubba, jest what do you suppose that is a-talkin' about?

Bubba: Well, I don't see nuthin' about it on this here map. Maybe I'd better get out that manual they gave us. Lemme see, *(Gets Bible, opens it) (mispronouncing)* Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus...

Junior: Now Bubba, you just leave that manual-readin' to me. You know I done grad-e-ated from the 6th grade.

Bubba: OK, Junior, don't rub it in. I knows that you is the genius of the clan...*(jerks to attention when he sees Cynthia)*

(Cynthia: is standing by the roadside with a briefcase and umbrella, flagging them down)

Bubba: *(gasps!)* What's that up thar on the roadside that I see, Junior? Can I be a-believin' my eyes...*(rubs eyes in disbelief)* Could it be??

Junior: Wellst, Bubba, it shor nuff is lookin' like a pretty girl, if my eyes ain't a joshin' me!

Bubba: Wellst, I declare, Bubba, I think you're right. I'm a-thinkin' she is wanting me to stop...Lookey there, I think she winked at me!

Junior: She looks like a right proper church-goin' lady, Bubba. What would she be a-winkin' at you fer?

Bubba: I's sure of it...she's winkin' at me, as sure as my name's Bubba...

(Car comes up to Cynthia:)

Bubba: Did ya'll need some help, missy?

Cynthia: I do declare that I am so glad to see someone this morning on this road! I sell this Avon, and I have an appointment to deliver these fine cosmetic products this morning in Cutters Gap. Then I have a makeover at 10—my, oh, my—what a schedule! I would be so obliged if you could drive me to that first appointment!

Junior: Well we'd be pleased to help ya'll out. Hop in. Bubba, help that fine lady open our sticky car door. *(Bubba hops out, acts like he is trying to get back door open on car)*

(Cynthia gets in back seat)

Cynthia: I am on this road bright and early every morning. And there's a rest area ahead that is so refreshing at this time of day.

Bubba: We saw a sign for the rest area a ways back, but we don't even got a clue what a rest area is...

Cynthia: Oh, for goodness sakes! Are you boys a-tellin' me that you have never stopped at a rest area?

Junior: We ain't been on this road all that long, miss.

Cynthia: Well, there are wonderfully refreshing rest areas here. All we have to do is pull over at one of them, and you usually are able to get just what you need to continue your "road trip". It looks like you boys could use a little "washing" with the water of the Word.

Junior: Bubba, I think that's a po-lite way of sayin' we both has a bit of an odor...

Bubba: *(smells under his arms)* Well, that's jest my fleshly smell, Junior. Don't smell so bad to me.

Junior: Well, I believe I read in that thar manual that a man's fleshly odor is always right in his own nose. That don't mean you don't smell bad!

Bubba: Well, you don't zactly smell like a daisy yourself, Junior.

Cynthia: Boys, boys! We all need a little cleaning up after we've been on this road trip for a while. Anyway, as I was sayin', at the rest areas you can always get what you need. Sometimes it's a cool glass of water. Sometimes the meat of the Word to re-energize you and nourish your soul. Sometimes the cool winds of the Spirit just blow through to refresh your soul. My goodness, the comfort and encouragement available there...I almost get teary-eyed talkin' about it.

Bubba: Sounds like one of those Seven-11's I seen once in town.

Cynthia: Oh, this is so much better. And the best part is that my best friend is always there ahead of me...waitin' just for me. I can pour out my heart to Him, or just listen as He encourages me...or just spend time getting to know Him better. My, those are precious times...

Junior: Hey, we just got one of them new-fangled mo-bile phones. Can't I jest use it and call my Friend?

Cynthia: Oh, my yes—I use my cell phone all the time! I am calling Him up all day—when I need help, or direction, or strength—but it's not the same! Oh, my! Not the same as being with Him, in His presence... Those rest areas make the rest of the road trip so much easier! There's jest something about spending that time at the beginning of yer day that makes your road trip go better that day.

Bubba: Makes the road trip go better???

Junior: Well, shore-nuff, Bubba, it makes sense. Our best Friend knows what we need before we need it, and if we give Him time, He be a-tellin' us what we be needin' that day.

Bubba: You shore is smart, Junior. Hey, there's another sign—kin you read it?

Junior: Rest Area—2 miles.

Bubba: Well, I'm getting' a mite anxious to stop at that rest area. I do have this map, and this manual.

Cynthia: You need those, too, you surely do. But y'all have just got to give the Rest Area a try. I try to stop every morning to visit. I don't know that I could SURVIVE without it!

Junior: Whoa, Nellie! There's another sign. Slow yourself down, Bubba, so's I can get all the words right: Next Rest Area, 1 mile.

Bubba: Guess we'll get to find out soon what our friend here has been a-jawin' about. There it is, Junior. I see the exit...I'm ready!! Start a-turning, Junior!

Cynthia: *(looking at watch and gasps)* Boys, boys...I'm so very sorry. But I'm going to be late. Cutters Gap is just over the ridge, and I need you to pass up this rest area and drop me off.... Just go up the hill, turn here....now left here. Pull over right here. Thanks you ever so much for the ride. If I can ever do anything for you, you jest give me a call. I have the best stuff to prevent those skeeters from biting...

(Bubba and Junior are on their way again)

Bubba: *(looking back and lamenting the passed up rest area)* After all that, we missed that rest area...I'm not believin' it! How coulda that've happened? We saw the sign.... Do you think our Friend would have met us there? I can't believe I missed it today!

Junior: I jest never will figure out them women. She couldn't talk bout nuthin but that rest area...then danged if she didn't just pass it right by. From all her talkin', I would've thought that she would never miss a stop at one of them thar "rest areas".

Bubba: Must not've been her pri-or-l-ty today... Junior, next time I see one of them thar signs, I'm a-stoppin' no matter what!

Narrator: Like Cynthia, we know that time with the Lord is necessary. But also like Cynthia, our day gets busy and we find ourselves putting it off. We may feel that we are shooting prayers to God throughout our day--but we need to stop to spend time with Him in order to hear from Him and truly be refreshed and strengthened. Our quiet time with God needs to be a priority in our day!