



*The Rock is a Youth
Ministry of Ascension
Lutheran Church*

There Is Only One Like You! **Based on Psalm 139:13-18**

Narrator: Allee
Father, I.M.: Toby
Mother, Abby: Annee
Copernicus: Ryan (Cone or Egg Head)
Einstein: Joe (Cone or Egg Head)
Galileo: Zach (Cone or Egg Head)
Ralphy: Nate
Chester: Johannes
Brittany: Sandra
Tiffany: Allee

Setting: *The Normal family sits down for a breakfast: Mother Abby, Father I.M., and boys Einstein, Galileo, and (later) Copernicus & Ralphy. Of course, everything about the "Normal" family is anything but normal.*

Narrator: Just another typical school day, the Normal family of 615 Ordinary Lane, in Ames, Iowa, sits down for breakfast. Meet the normal family. Introducing, Mother, Abby; Father I.M.; and boys Einstein, Galileo, Copernicus, and Ralphy.

(Copernicus enters and sits down.)

Dad: Well, Copernicus, so glad you could join us for breakfast.

Copernicus: Pass the Fruit Loops, Einstein.

Einstein: *(Passes Fruit Loops to Copernicus.)* Mom, Galileo is hogging the honey!

January 24, 2010

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Galileo: I've hardly had any! Hey, Copernicus, pass the milk.

Copernicus: *(Passes the Milk to Galileo.)* I can't believe you pour milk on uncooked rice for breakfast!

Galileo: I tried juice, but it just didn't taste quite right.

Dad: Say, have any of you boys seen Ralphy? If he doesn't get down here quick, he'll be late for school.

Mom: He seems so depressed lately. You know, it's not easy being Normal, following three high achievers.

Dad: It's tough to follow Copernicus—the oldest brother and straight A+ student.

Mom: What was it they voted you your senior year, Copernicus?

Copernicus: President of Geek affairs.

Dad: Brings a tear to my eye just thinking about it. The oldest child of I.M. and Abby Normal, President of Geek affairs!

Mom: And then there's Einstein's natural athletic abilities.

Einstein: Mom, I lettered in Chess.

Mom: Two years and counting! Einstein, you just dominated at state last year. Coach Knight said he'd never had a player that castled as well as you.

Dad: And then there's our little musician, Galileo. First chair accordion in the Ames High Orchestra!

Galileo: Dad, there ARE no other accordion players in the orchestra. Accordion seems to have a limited appeal, you know.

Mom: Galileo, who would have ever guessed that you could make the all-state orchestra on the accordion!

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- Dad: And to think, I scolded you, Abby, for letting the Accordion salesman get his foot in the door.
- Mom: *(Knock on door.)* Speaking of the door, it sounds like someone is Knocking. *(Yelling.)* Come on in, the door is open.
- Chester: Good morning Mr. and Mrs. Normal!
- Mom: Why it's Chester. Please join us for some breakfast.
- Chester: No thanks, Mrs. Normal. I'm just here to pick up Galileo for Accordion Ensemble practice.
- Mom: Chester, I thought you played Bagpipes..
- Chester: Yeah, but my mom wanted me to diversify, so I picked up accordion too. Surprisingly, Mrs. Normal, we just couldn't find any music written for the accordion and bagpipes.
- Ralphie: *(Enters room.)* I don't have time for breakfast, Mom! Besides, I don't want to be overweight for my weigh-in.
- Dad: Weigh-in? Say, you didn't join the wrestling team, did you?
- Ralphie: Wrestling? What, and hang out with Nathan Twito and Toby Gassman? No, I'm trying out for the Croquet team, again. The team manager tells me with a little luck there's a slim chance that I won't get cut in the first round this year. Croquet players: they get all the babes, you know!
- Mom: Well, you'd better sit down and have some breakfast. I don't want you passing out from dehydration after the third wicket, again.
- Ralphie: Well, all right. *(Takes a seat.)* Pass the pop-tarts.
- Mom: *(Knock on door.)* Oh there's the door again. *(Yelling.)* Come in!

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- Dad: (To Audience.) I bet you folks are wondering how many visitors a normal family could have stop in for breakfast?
- Mom: (To Audience.) Most normal families don't have to put ten kids in a skit. (Brittany and Tiffany enter.)
- Brittany: Good morning Mr. and Mrs. Normal!
- Mom: Why, Brittany and Tiffany, what brings you here so early in the morning?
- Brittany: We heard Ralphy was trying out for the Croquet team, and thought he might want some help carrying his equipment to school.
- Tiffany: The athletic director put us in charge of the fundraising effort for getting artificial turf for the new Croquet field.
- Brittany: No more injuries, and less field maintenance, and the marching band can use it for practice too.
- Dad: Well, now that we're all here, we can do devotions. Abby, you want to do the honors? (Hands Mom the Bible.)
- Mom: Well, okay. Let's read from Psalms today.
- Copernicus: Psalms! Good, it'll be short then.
- Mom: Psalms 119...all 176 verses. (All the kids drop their spoons simultaneously.) Just teasing. Psalm 139, beginning in verse 13. "For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; Your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body."
- Dad: So, kids what does this mean to you?

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- Kids: *(Kids all pause, and look at each other for about 5 seconds, then simultaneously respond.)* Jesus?
- Dad: Come on, you can do better than that.
- Kids *(Simultaneously again.)* Jesus loves us?
- Dad: Try again.
- Copernicus: Well, the psalmist is describing the intimacy that God has with us.
- Einstein: He created us in our mother's womb, right down to the details.
- Dad: Martin Luther said this, "The reproduction of mankind is a great marvel and mystery. Had God consulted me in the matter, I should have advised him to continue the generation of the species by fashioning them out of clay, in the way Adam was fashioned."
- Brittany: Hmm, and some people don't think Lutheran's have a sense of humor.
- Dad: Thankfully, God didn't consult Luther on human reproduction, right Abby?
- Mom: I don't know. There were at least four days in my life I might have agreed with Luther that making kids out of clay would have been better.
- Ralph: So, if God was so involved in my creation, why is it that I don't look like any of my brothers? Why is it that I'm not a great computer geek like Copernicus, a great Chess Team Champ like Einstein, or a great all state musician like Galileo?
- Mom: Hey, God didn't want clones. Science is just now figuring out that God had the technology to make clones if that's what he wanted.
- Dad: But he didn't. Just look at us! He wanted to make unique individuals: people with different gifts,

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abilities, talents, and yes—even thoughts. We're one in the spirit, but still very different in many respects.

- Copernicus: And remember, we really have to take these verses in the entire context of the Psalm, which really emphasizes God's intimacy with us.
- Mom: Psalm 139 starts like this: "O LORD, you have searched me and you know me. You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar."
- Tiffany: So, the Psalmist is laying out a case for how well God knows and loves him.
- Galileo: He knows what he thinks and does.
- Ralph: He knows everything about him. When he sits down to eat Pop Tarts for breakfast, or rises to try out for the croquet team.
- Mom: Then it continues in verse 3: "You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways."
- Einstein: So he knows if we letter in "Geek" at school like Copernicus here...
- Copernicus: Or anchor the Chess Club, like Einstein.
- Mom: It continues in verse 4: "Before a word is on my tongue, you know it completely, O LORD."
- Brittany: So, unlike most of us who have enough trouble just hearing or understanding what people said after they said it, God knows everything we've thought or said or done, even before we've thought, said, or done it.
- Mom: And the Psalmist continues like this: "You hem me in—behind and before; you have laid your hand upon me."
- Copernicus: So he hems us in—he protects and guards us, so we don't bump our heads getting in and out of car

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doors. *(Three oldest boys rub their heads.)*

Ralphy: And he lays his hand on us to guide us, so even if we don't make the Lego League Championship—like our older brothers--we still make the Tinker Toy Team.

Dad: And God knew that you were just the right person for that team. And he knows exactly what he has planned for you—be it blessing or challenge—for all the days of your life.

Ralphy: Well, girls, it looks like we better get going. *(Gets up to leave down center aisle with the girls. Parents stand and wave.)*

Mom: Good luck on your tryout, Ralphy!

Dad: Remember son, you may be Normal, but there's only one like you!