

It was me

By Jonny White

Monologue suitable for Christian and non-Christian audiences. If lighting is used, a red spotlight could be focused on the character.

Actor It was me!
Do you understand what I'm saying.
It was me!
Me.
Good old me.
I've never done anything particularly bad.
Okay, I may have pinched a few sweets from the corner shop when I was little.
And I may have exceeded the speed limit a few times.
And I did swear a bit.
But I didn't expect this.
It's my fault.
I'm to blame.
It was me.
I should have listened to what they were saying. Listened to their truth.
But I didn't.
And now it's too late.
I'm to blame.
How was I to know. Nobody told me it would be like this. I thought it was enough just being good. Doing a few good turns, giving to charity. Going to church now and again. You know the sort of thing.
But it didn't count for anything.
And what happened was my fault.
It was me.
Me!
I can't believe it.
Everything I've ever done counted for nothing.
Nothing!
Can you believe that.
All those lottery tickets I bought, knowing that some of the money went to charity. All those charity raffles I entered. The doorstep collections for cancer relief. Helping with the school carol service.
It was all for nothing.
To be fair, some of my friends did tell me.
I should have listened.
They said it was a simple step.
But I turned my back on it.
I thought I knew best.
I was going to do it my way.
I didn't need God.

And now I know.

It was me.

I'm to blame.

All I needed to do was ask God to forgive me. I know that now. To let him take control of my life. To accept Jesus as my own saviour.

But I didn't.

And now it's too late.

I didn't really believe in life after death.

I wish I had now.

And it was me.

I keep saying that, but it's true.

Everything I've ever done.

Everything I've ever said.

Everything I've ever thought!

My thoughts!

Oh no, those thoughts.

Oh how embarrassing.

It was all shown to me.

Everything.

In all its detail.

And with everything I saw that was wrong in my life, I saw them driving the nails into Jesus's hands and feet.

And with everything wrong in my life, that was a lot of nails I can tell you.

It was me.

It was my fault.

I'm to blame.

Jesus died because of me.

He died to put right my wrongs.

He separated himself from God so that I could be with God.

Forever.

He loved *me* that much.

But I turned Him down.

Character hangs head in shame. Blackout.

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