

Feeding Time at the Spiritual Table

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

Christians look for a church where they will be spiritually fed - and rightly so. But the source of our spiritual nourishment changes as we mature as Christians. Early in our life with Christ we need to be fed by others as a baby is fed by his or her parents. But as we grow in Christ we need to be feeding others. In fact, mature Christians receive much of their spiritual nourishment from engaging in ministry themselves.

As it says in the famous prayer of St. Francis, "it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; it is in dying that we are born to eternal life." So if you have been a Christian for more than a few years and you think you aren't being spiritually fed, don't go around whining about your church - get a job - a job in the Kingdom.

Cast list	Feeder – Adult man or woman who acts as narrator Feedee – Person who, using props, in turns portrays a baby, a toddler, a teen, and a thirty-five year-old.
Approximate Running Time	3 minutes
Scene Description	This sketch is probably best done with a minimalist set - just the actors and the props.
Prop List	High chair, baby bonnet, rattle, baby bottle, bib, beanie, bowl & spoon, cookies, sunglasses, leather jacket, ball cap, bag of cookies, newspaper.
Other Production Notes	This sketch is like a parable in that it does not make its point explicitly. This allows either the worship leader or the sermon speaker to make the point.
Related Scriptures	1 Cor 3:2, Heb 5:12-14, 1 Pet 2:2, Eph 4:11-15
Song Suggestions	Make Me an Instrument (Ragamuffins), For the Sake of the Call (Steven Curtis Chapman), I Will Serve Thee

Feeder and Feedee walk on stage and stand beside high chair.

Feeder:

Let's talk about being fed. (*Feedee turns back to audience, dons baby bonnet and picks up rattle.*) Suppose you have a little baby. (*Feedee turns around to face audience and sits in high chair.*) A cute little baby. What do you do when that baby is hungry?

Feedee:

Waaah, Waaah, Waaaaah! (*continues crying while Feeder says next line*)

Feeder:

As you can see, this baby is hungry. The poor thing can't feed himself. Fortunately I have a baby bottle (*produces baby bottle*). Does little baby want his bottle? Here! (*Shoves bottle in baby's mouth, shutting him up.*)

Feedee sucks on bottle hungrily, falling out of high chair with back to audience.

Feeder:

Time passes and your darling baby begins to grow up. (*Feedee replaces baby bonnet with a beanie, puts on bib, picks up bowl and spoon, sits back in high chair.*) Soon he is a toddler.

Feedee:

Bite? Bite? Cookie? Cookie? Cookie!!

Feeder:

Toddlers can have more than milk. For instance, they can eat...

Feedee:

Cookie!!

Feeder:

And you don't have to spoon feed them. Here, kid, have some cookies. (*Hands some cookies to Feedee. Feedee almost bites Feeder's hand.*) Hey! Toddlers have teeth, too.

Feedee crams cookies into mouth. Climbs down from high chair and toddles off.

Feeder:

They don't even stay toddlers very long. (*Feedee has just filled mouth with cookies, turns and looks stunned.*) Before you know it, they reach the dreaded teen years.

Feedee dons cap placed on backwards, sunglasses, and leather jacket.

Feeder:

He's hungry even more often now.

Feedee:

Yo. There's like nothin' to eat around here. I'm starvation army, man.

Feeder:

There's chips in the cabinet and lunch meat in the fridge and apples on the counter.

Feedee:

Uh, ya got any cookies?

Feeder:

In the cookie jar! Knock yourself out... please.

Feedee:

Cool. (*Picks up bag of cookies and begins to eat them.*)

Feeder:

Finally they grow up, move off to college, ... and move back in again after college. And you're still feeding them.

Feedee takes off jacket, sunglasses, and cap. Is wearing a t-shirt.

Feeder:

Years go by. (*Feedee continues to eat cookies, messes hair a little.*) Years and years. (*Feedee messes hair a lot.*)

Feedee: (*finishing cookie bag and tossing it on floor*)

Well, it's just about dinner time... Just about time to eat... Sooo... What are you gonna feed me?

Feeder: *(burning)*

What am I going to feed you? What am I going to feed you?
I've been feeding you for thirty-five years. You just take
and take. And you want more. How old are you? You're
thirty-stinking-five years old! Why don't you get a job?
You know - make some money! Then you could feed your own
self. Maybe even support a family. Get a job, hippie!

Feedee: *(stares in disbelief)*

OK, man. Chill. I just want a snack. I was gonna go look
for a job - tomorrow.

Feeder: *(Heavy sigh, then to audience)*

So to recap. *(Feedee expresses panic as he realizes he has
to do everything again quickly. Feeder laughs to himself.)*
When you have a baby ...

Feedee: *(puts bonnet back on head)*

Waah! Waah!

Feeder:

... you have to spoon feed them. When they grow to be a
toddler...

Feedee: *(puts beanie on head)*

Cookie! Cookie!

Feeder:

... you have to hand them the food, but they can eat it on
their own. When they are teenagers...

Feedee: *(pauses to take a couple of hurried breaths and
puts cap on head)*

Man, what's to eat around here?

Feeder:

... you just have to buy the food. They'll eat it
themselves. Boy will they eat it themselves. But when they
grow up to maturity...

Feedee: *(takes off cap and picks up newspaper want ads)*

Hey, here's a job. Dad, what's CEO stand for?

Feeder: *(shakes head)*

... well, in theory, they can feed themselves. *(to self)*
Where did I go wrong?

Feedee :

Ooh! Make money at home! Cha-ching!

Feeder :

It's gotta be his mother's fault.

Fade to black

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