

What's in a Name?

By Doug Irving & Gary Randolph



Theme and Purpose

In the midst of the uncertainty of life, sometimes we just wish that God would open up a "Red Sea" in front of us to make our lives easier. But for the ancient Israelites, not knowing how the story would end, the Red Sea crossing must have been terrifying - walls of water on each side, a pursuing army behind them, and the other shore so far away. Often God's provision is just in the non-miraculous (or is it?) acts of Christians following in Jesus' steps. And in every case, as with the Israelites slogging between the walls of water, it takes trust. Trust that God knows what He's doing and that God loves us.

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| Cast list | Grant - husband Felicity – pregnant wife |
| Approximate Running Time | Approximately 5 minutes |
| Scene Description | Living room of Grant and Felicity's home. |
| Prop List | Couch and other living room furniture Laptop computer, baby name book |
| Other Production Notes | None |
| Related Scriptures | Genesis 22:14, 1 John 2:5-6; Luke 9:12-14; 1 Corinthians 11:1 |
| Song Suggestions | Tis So Sweet, Trust and Obey, Great is Thy Faithfulness |

A young, obviously pregnant woman is sitting on a couch, struggling to perch a laptop on her disappearing lap while surfing the web. Her husband wanders into the room, leafing through a baby name book.

Grant:

Find any good names at name-the-baby.com?

Felicity:

One or two. How about Bradley?

Grant:

As in Brad Pitt? Hummph! I don't think so. (*turns back to the book*) Here's one in the book I like. How about Ashley?

Felicity:

As in Ashley Judd? In your dreams.

Grant: (*trying to soothe feelings*)

Hey, I just like the name Ashley.

Felicity:

Well, I just like Bradley.

Grant:

OK. Put them both on the maybe list. What else?

Felicity:

I've been trying to think of family names.

Grant: (*sitting beside her on the couch*)

Well, I was very close to my grandmother. She used to bake the best cookies, and I could have as many as I wanted.

Felicity:

That's so sweet. Which grandmother?

Grant:

Grandma Zolenski.

Felicity:

Grandma Prudence? No. Oh, no. I can just imagine what the other kids would say. Maybe her middle name would work. What was that?

Grant: (*sheepishly*)

Petunia.

Felicity:

Her name was Prudence Petunia? (*shudders*) That poor woman!

Silence as she surfs the web and he leafs through the book.

Felicity:

I've always liked the name Frank. It's a good, strong name.

Grant:

Oh, no. Not Frank.

Felicity:

Why not?

Grant:

There was this kid in third grade. Frankie the Faucet we called him. Every day at lunch he laughed until milk ran out his nose.

Felicity:

Ewww.

Grant:

That's what I'm talkin' about.

Felicity:

OK. Forget Frank.

Grant:

I've been trying for twenty years.

Silence as she surfs the web and he leafs through the book.

Grant:

I was hoping to find a name that could root the baby to God. Start him out right.

Felicity:

Or her...

Grant:

Or her. And when he... or she... feels pulled away from God, maybe the name can be one more thing that helps hold him... or her... to the faith.

Felicity:

So what have you come up with?

Grant: *(excited)*

Well. Did you know that both Giovanni and Hansel mean "God is gracious?"

Felicity:

Giovanni? Hansel?

Grant:

Or if it's a girl, Ivana means "God is gracious."

Felicity:

Ivana?

Grant:

Yeah, Ivana. Don't you like it? It sounds... I don't know... exotic. Try saying it with me: Ivana. Ivana.

Felicity:

Ivanna cupcake! Go get me one. That book isn't doing you any good at all.

Grant: *(getting up)*

Well, we sure do need God to be gracious if we're going to stay in the budget and buy diapers... and baby clothes... and don't get me started on college. I get depressed just thinking about it.

Felicity:

We'll just have to stretch the budget a little more.

Grant:

The budget is already stretched as tight as... as...
(gestures in the direction of Felicity's stomach)

Felicity:

Stop right there.

Grant:

I was just going to say "stretched as tight as... a real stretchy thing..."

Felicity:

Yeah, right. *(stands up, turns to face Grant)* Anyway... I've been working on the assumption that God will provide somehow. Isn't that what God does for His people?

Grant:

Yeah. *(turns away as if thinking)* But maybe God already has provided. Hasn't He provided a model to follow?

Felicity:

What do you mean?

Grant:

You know, God sacrificed plenty for you and me.

Felicity:

Yeah?

Grant:

And we're supposed to be like God.

Felicity:

Uh-huh.

Grant:

So maybe it's our turn to step up to the plate. Maybe we need to practice sacrificial love ourselves. There are things we could give up for the baby.

Felicity: (*skeptical*)

Like what?

Grant:

I don't know. Maybe you could lay off the Starbucks.

Felicity: (*a little miffed*)

Uh-huh. Why don't you ease off the Häagen-Dazs?

Grant: (*clueless that she is miffed*)

Now we're talking. There's no sacrifice too big for our baby. And you could cut down on ordering so many clothes from all those mail order catalogs. Wouldn't that be a great idea?

Felicity: (*more miffed*)

Yeah, a great idea. Why don't you skip a few trips to the golf course?

Grant: (*now he's miffed*)

Golf? Well you could give up some manicures.

Felicity:

I'll just do that! And you can start brown-bagging peanut butter sandwiches instead of lunch out with the boys.

Grant:

Well, sure, and I suppose I wouldn't have to get you jewelry for Christmas.

Felicity: *(smiling through gritted teeth)*

Well, maybe you ought to give up your gym membership... Oh, wait a minute. You probably need that, Mr. Love Handles.

Grant:

Wait. Wait. Wait. Let's stop before somebody crosses a line.

Felicity:

Oh, you've already crossed the line, buster. Here I am. Carrying your baby... *(She pauses on the verge of an explosion)*

Grant:

Do you need your shoulders rubbed? I'd be glad to do that.

Felicity:

Now you're talking some sense.

Felicity sits on the couch. Grant stands behind couch and begins to rub her shoulders.

Grant:

Look, all I'm trying to say is... maybe God's provision for our baby... is us?

Felicity:

Us? As in you and me? That poor baby. *(pause a beat)* I guess I just assumed God would provide by getting you a raise.

Grant:

Maybe He will. The Red Sea got parted.

Felicity:

Miracles do happen, you know.

Grant:

Yes, they do. This baby is a miracle.

Felicity:

He or she sure is. But the first thing we need to provide for this baby is a name.

Grant:

You're right. *(pause a beat)* What about Doug? *(can substitute the real name of the actor playing Grant)*

Felicity:

Are you kidding? I hate that name. Help me up. (*she stands and they begin to exit*) What about Gary? (*can substitute the real name of the actor playing Felicity*)

Grant:

Oh, man. Did I ever tell you about the kid I knew named that?

Fade to black.

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