

## ***You're Not Like Me***

A Monologue by John van de Laar  
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*This monologue is intended to be used as a "sermon-starter" or a reflection as preparation for prayer in worship. It requires only a single person, but they need to memorise the words and be able to deliver them as if they are simply thinking aloud while looking intently at people around the congregation. The dress of the person should be designed to fit in most comfortably with the main demographic of your church.*

*The performer enters the "stage" and stops short as they see someone who they clearly had not expected to encounter in their church (alternatively, they can enter the sanctuary as if they have just arrived a little late for the service, and deliver the monologue as they walk around to find a seat). Make sure that the "victim" is someone who can handle being teased, and will go along with the fun of the monologue. It's probably better, though, if you don't prepare them for what's going to happen, so that their reactions are unrehearsed and spontaneous. (As an alternative, a number of victims can be used as the performer walks around, although this may dilute the effect of the transition from disapproval to celebration).*

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Oh no! What are you doing here? I mean, I know why you're here – it's the same reason I am, but I really wish you hadn't come. You see, you're not like me. Look at how you wear your clothes – I couldn't be seen dead dressed like that! And as for your hair, well, the less said about that the better! Thankfully, I don't have to sit next to you. I'll just smile and nod, and then pretend to see someone I know.

*(Doing a slightly shocked double take)* But, look at your face – that expression! What are you trying to say? I can't read you, I can't understand you! If only you were more like me. That would be so easy, so comfortable. But, here you are, so chirpy, so smiley, so different, and so... so... *here!* I guess God loves you, too (I'm sure only God could!), but don't expect too much from me – you're just not like me.

*(Looking back again, and thinking a little more)* You are rather interesting, though, in a curious sort of way. You use words differently – in ways that surprise me – and sometimes it gives me a different perspective on things. You respond differently – you laugh in all the wrong places, and get serious when I think it's all rather amusing. But, then I wonder what you're seeing and hearing, and what your world is like. *(Shaking him/herself back to his/her senses)* But, why do you have to drag your difference in here, and throw it in my face? *(A little indignant now)* When in Rome, do as the Romans do, I always say – so why can't you just be more like me?

If you were like me, we might even be friends. We'd chat easily, and have coffee and agree on the state of the world, and how to fix it. We'd sing the same songs, pray the same prayers, love the same TV shows. We'd have so much in common, and it would be so... so... *(resigned)* well, boring, to be honest.

I must admit, you do open my world up a bit. It's disturbing, but you help me to realise that there is more than one way to see things, more than one way to be. You teach me things, although I would never admit that to you! You create new possibilities in my thinking, and sometimes, you have even given me answers to old problems that I just couldn't solve – although you'd never know it to look at me.

*(Becoming more gentle and looking more carefully)* I have watched you, you know. The way you touch your children with such tenderness – just like I do with mine. The way you pray, with such concentration and longing – I could swear that you're trying to connect with God and hear God's voice, just the way I am. The way you sing, with such joy and passion, like your faith is real and precious, just like mine is to me. The way you greet friends and ask about their lives, showing such care, just the way I try to do with my friends.

You're really not like me, you know. But, then again, maybe, in some ways, you really are. So, maybe sometime, we should talk. I think I would like that. I think I would find it interesting and even a little exciting, because, well, you're just not like me.