

ST. PATRICK-APOSTLE TO IRELAND

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GENRE: Drama

Time: 7 mins

Cast: 1 M

Theme: Life of St. Patrick

Suggested use: Communion service near St. Patrick Day, Missions.

Synopsis: The story of the life of St Patrick

Characters: St. Patrick

Props: Small tables with communion elements.

Costume: Period dress.

Sound: 1 wireless mic. Background music for entrance and during communion.

Lighting: Spot

Congregational Song: Be Thou Now My Vision

Patrick:

"May the Strength of God guide us.
May the Power of God preserve us.
May the Wisdom of God instruct us.
May the Angles of God guard us.
Against the snares of the evil one".

Greeting my little flock. I hope you don't mind me calling you my flock. You see in my youth, I spent many years as Shepard, I see us all as being cared for by the great and good Shepard....and I have the wonderful privilege of sharing in the care. An old man's little eccentricities. (Hums "Be Now my Vision"). How I love that old tune. It was an Irish Folk Song from Slane Hill. Slane Hill a place dear to my heart.....It was there that God had His greatest victory over the forces of darkness in Ireland.... Here I go again....getting a head of myself.....another of my little eccentricities.

Forgive me. I was born Patricius, son of a wealthy nobleman in the town of Kilpratic near Dumbarton Scotland in the year of our Lord 387. You probably know me as Patrick, Apostle to the Irish.

As a young man growing up in England, I cared little for study or church for that matter. Then when turned 16, my life was turned upside-down; I was captured by a band of ruthless Irish raiders. I watched in horror as all I had ever known went up in smoke. The coarse ropes burnt my wrist as I was herded away to an unknown land.

As the small boat push ashore in Ireland....I suddenly realized that I was a **slave**. That my life as a privileged son of a nobleman was over and it would never be the same. As they thrust me into the pen with the other slaves waiting to be sold....I wept. For the first time in my life, I prayed. I didn't know how to pray. Only the simple prayer that my Grandfather had taught me: Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name.....Give us this day.....God was gracious and gave me that day....and 6 more years after that in bondage to an Irish warlord. I tended his flocks in the heat and the cold and the rain and the rain...and the rain. It was there that God taught me how to really pray.

One night, while I was praying, I heard a voice....it was God. (People call me a mystic just because I hear God's voice; I think that if each of us would just be still we might all be called mystics). Again....Oh well! God was speaking....Go to your own country....your ship is ready.

And so....I said goodbye to the sheep and I left. I had no idea where I was going but I slogged through bogs and over mountains until I came to shore....200 miles later, and there as God promised was a ship that took me back to my beloved England.

After studying in France I once again had a vision. This time I saw a man coming from Ireland with countless letters. He gave me one of them and I read it in the voice of the Irish. (Do you have any idea how difficult it is to dream in Old Gallic?) We beg you come and walk among us once more. And so...I obeyed God, said goodbye to my fellow monks and returned to Ireland. With the blessings of the church.

It was the year of our Lord 430. Ireland was held in the dark grip of a pagan noble/priest class called the Druids. They kept the people brutally suppressed through black magic and occult rituals, including human sacrifice.

Thus I began a 30-year mission to the Irish people. Oh yes there were heartaches and dangers yet to be faced. Many sought my life. But before I

was called home to be with our Lord, thousands had been baptized, hundreds of churches had been established along with many great institutions of learning. It was these institutions of learning that kept the fires of Western thought alive as they almost flickered out during the Dark Ages in Europe.

Slavery was abolished in Ireland and they never took up its bloody yoke again. Through God's power, a one-time slave, set a nation free of their spiritual bondage.

And now my little flock let us join together in solidarity across the ages, by sharing in the observation of the death and resurrection of our Lord through the partaking of communion. "At the time of the Passover our Lord told his disciples, this is my body take and eat (eats the bread)then he took the cup, take this and share it among yourselves (drinks the cup). Do this in remembrance. Now.....

May the Grace of our Lord.
Always be ours,
This day, Oh Lord and forever more."
Amen

Exit Patrick