

The Right Fist of Fellowship

LBF writing team

Characters:

Rev. Donald Waite, Pastor Bandage on nose Pompous attitude

Ray Bryson, Elder Right hand in cast

Judge Jeri

Setting: The People's Court

Off stage voice: 3,2,1 queue music and action. Welcome ladies and gentlemen to judge Jeri's "Jurist Prudence". Today's defendant is Elder Ray Bryson accused of physically assaulting the Plaintiff Rev. Donald Waite during the Sunday morning LOVE FEAST.

Order in the court.

All Rise.

Court is now in session presided over by her honor Judge Jeri.

Judge: (Looks over the police description before him.) Will someone tell me what has happened here?

(There is scuffling between Pastor Waite and Ray Bryson. Pastor prevails.)

Pastor Waite: It's very simple, Your Honor. I am the Reverend Donald Waite. I was delivering my usual Sunday sermon when this madman attacked me. He punched me in the nose!

Ray Bryson: Yes, and I'd do it again! (He raises his fist in a threatening gesture)

Judge: Hear, hear. You'll have your turn to speak in a minute. Settle down or I'll find you in contempt of court. Go on, Pastor.

Pastor Waite: As I said, I was in front of the congregation welcoming guests, when one of the Elders, Frank Fowler, sneaked into the pulpit, unannounced. We tried to ignore his interruption by singing a hymn, but he pulled the organ cord out of the wall. Then Ray walked over to me and said some ungodly things under his breath. When he turned to go to his seat, he tripped over the microphone wire and went sailing to the floor.

Ray Bryson: You. Pushed. Me!

Pastor Waite: Of course when my head cleared, I tried to help him up. That's when he hit me. It was all very uncalled for.

Judge: Thank you, pastor. Mr. Bryson, what do you have to say for yourself?

Ray Bryson: This man has been nothing but trouble ever since we hired him six months ago. You see, I am the head of the Elders for our church. In fact, my great grandfather built this church. I have been a member all my life. Then comes this guy who thinks he can change everything. First thing he did was to visit with each member.

Pastor Waite: I was only trying to get to know my congregation.

Ray Bryson: Yes, but then you pumped everyone for private information on everyone else. This led to widespread gossiping throughout the church. Then you used what was said to coerce people into agreeing with you to get your way in committees.

Pastor Waite: I did not!

After six months of this abuse, the Elders decided to call a meeting of the whole church to discuss hiring a new pastor. You see, Judge, the by-laws require such a meeting before a pastor can be removed.

Pastor Waite: It was your fault that the congregation became divided! Most of the members still support me, completely.

Ray Bryson: The Elders were trying to announce a special assembly that afternoon. When the pastor pushed me to the floor, I saw red and socked him.

(The following 2 lines are spoken together)

Pastor Waite: Someone grabbed the flower arrangement from the altar and threw it in Ray's direction. But the water sprinkled everyone in the first two rows before it shattered against the wall.

Ray Bryson: There must have been twenty men fist fighting at once. The next thing I knew the police were coming in the door restoring order and taking down names.

Judge: I've heard enough. There must be some way to settle your dispute among yourselves.

Pastor Waite: I have been a pastor in the service for many years. And I have never met a more stubborn-necked people than those in this church.

Judge: No charges will be pressed at this point, but I urge you to work this out within your own church. Your Jesus Christ may allow this sort of thing in His followers, but the Law will not permit fistfights as a regular order of church service. Case dismissed with out predigest.

Voice: All rise.

Music and fast black