

Script – Elisha Helps a Poor Widow

Banker: [gruffly] Pay me what you owe me!

Widow: [begging] Please give me time to get the money.

Banker: [angry] I will come again, but if you do not have the money, I will sell your sons as slaves.

Narrator: The woman hurried to Elisha, the man of God.

Widow: [distressed] What shall I do? You know that my husband has just died.

Elisha: [comforting] Your husband was a good man. He studied hard in my school for prophets. [pause, thinking] Do you have anything to sell?

Widow: Nothing. The only thing that I have is a little oil.

Elisha: Go and borrow empty jars and pots. Be sure to borrow as many as you can, not just a few. With you and your sons inside the house, shut the door behind you, and pour the oil into the jars.

Narrator: The poor widow hurried away.

Widow: [to herself] I wonder why Elisha told me to do this? I don't have enough oil to even fill one jar.

Widow: [to her neighbor] Do you have any empty jars or pots that I can borrow?

Neighbor 1: Yes, just a moment. [going to get them] Here are two that you may borrow. [handing the jars to the widow]

Narrator: The widows two sons borrowed jars and pitchers too. Each one went to a different house. It was fun to collect the jars, pitchers and bowls. The boys laughed as they carried them home. [pause] Soon the little house was filled with jars, bottles, pitchers, bowls and pots.

Son 1: What will we do with so many empty pitchers?

Widow: You will see. [pause] Now please close the door.

Narrator: Then the widow picked up her jar of oil and began to pour oil into one of the empty jars. When it was full, she set it aside.

Widow: [looking into her pitcher, excited] There is still oil in my pitcher!

Narrator: So, she began to pour oil into another jar. [pause] The widow poured and poured. Each time she filled a jar she looked into the pitcher. Always, there was more oil left. The widow was so excited that she could hardly pour without spilling the precious oil.

Widow: [to her sons] Bring me another jar.

Son 2: They are all full of oil. [staring at all of the pots and jars of oil]

Son 1: Where did all of this oil come from?

Widow: God has provided the oil.

[scene change, going back to Elisha]

Widow: Sir, I have borrowed many empty pitchers and they are all filled with oil.

Elisha: [smiling] Sell your oil and pay your debts.

Narrator: The widow hurried home. Her sons helped her carry the pitchers and jars to the marketplace.

Widow: [calling out] I have good cooking oil.

Narrator: Women hurried to her with their empty pitchers to buy the oil. [pause] When all of the oil was sold, the widow and her sons counted the money. They were so excited; they had never seen so much money. The widow put the right amount of money into bags, to pay each person she owed. She then took one of the bags of money to the banker who had told her that he would sell her sons.

[Scene change to the banker]

Widow: Here is the money that I owe you. [Handing him the bag]

Narrator: The banker was so surprised, he didn't even say "thank you."

Narrator: When the widow had paid all of her debts, she hurried home to her sons. How happy she was that they would not be sold, and there was money left over to buy food and clothes for a long time. [pause, widow and sons kneeling in prayer] Together, the widow and her sons thanked God.

The End