The Sin Bearer
by DH

(A traveller (male or female) staggers across the stage carrying a heavy suitcase, stops, wipes off the sweat, staggers on, stops again and sits down despondently…)

Traveller: My feet are killing me and my shoulders are aching. I'm sure my arms are longer than when I started! *(Holds out two arms making one look longer than the other)*

(A stranger (male) appears from the side, stops, looks at the traveller, smiles and walks towards him/her…)

Stranger: Hello, my friend. You seem to be struggling with that heavy load. Where are you heading?

Traveller: *(Looking & sounding slightly irritated)* Where am I heading? What sort of a question is that! I'm doing the same as everyone else… journeying through life and doing the best I can.

Stranger: Yes, I know that you are on life's journey but tell me what is weighing you down so much. You look exhausted.

Traveller: *(Defensively)* So would **you** be worn out if you had to carry such a burden all the time. *(Sits up)* Anyway, who are you? And where is your suitcase?

Stranger: *(Gently)* I don't possess such a thing. In fact, I am someone who **helps other people** to carry their burdens.

Traveller: *(Looking puzzled)* Help them carry their burdens! But you can't carry other people's burdens! We all have to carry our own!

Stranger: Well, you're correct in saying that we all carry our burdens but you are wrong when you say that we must carry them alone.

Traveller: *(Thoughtfully)* Well, fair enough! Friends and relatives can help, I suppose… but they've got their own burdens, so there's a limit to what they can do! Anyway, most of them can't be bothered!

Stranger: What you say is true… but I have a better idea about dealing with your burdens: Let **me** carry them for you.

Traveller: *(Stands up with hands on hips and shakes a finger at the stranger)* Now, look here, whatever your name is; you know as well as I do that we are all landed with the same problem and we simply have to fight & persevere to get rid of the burden or at least learn to put up with it. Don't come to me with your fancy ideas!

Stranger: *(Calmly)* I understand what you say… but tell me … what is **in** the case that makes it so heavy and hard to bear? Please show me.

Traveller: Yes, I'll show you, alright *(Undoes the case and, with difficulty, lifts out a weight with the word SIN written on it and thumps it on the floor)* Look**, this** is the problem… It's called "sin" and it's **so** heavy to carry through life.

Stranger: *(Gently)* If you place your trust in me, I will carry it for you and you won't be burdened by it any longer.

Traveller: *(Proudly)* I don't need your help, thank you very much! I prefer to rely on myself and do things in my own way.

Stranger: Well, if you can deal with sin yourself, why haven't you already done so?

Traveller: *(Aggressively)* Don't you think I haven't tried? Watch! *(Lifts up the weight with difficulty and tries to destroy it)* There! See! Nothing happens! It's too strong!

Stranger: Yet you still say that you will deal with the sin and cares of this world through your **own** efforts?

Traveller: *(Less sure than before)* Yes, yes, I'll find a way eventually, if I keep trying. I'm sure I can… *(Tails off, pauses and looks hopefully at the Stranger)* Are you truthfully saying that **you** will carry my burden of sin?

Stranger: If you trust me and believe that I am the WAY, the TRUTH & the LIFE, we will walk the path of life together and I can guarantee that you will be free from the burden of sin forever.

Traveller: *(Looking pleased)* You mean that I won't ever have any problems or difficulties again?

Stranger: *(Laughing gently)* Oh, I cannot promise you a trouble-free life… but you will have the assurance that all will be well, whatever the circumstances… because I will give you a bright future and a certain hope.

Traveller: *(Thinks carefully then slowly)* Okay, I agree. *(Suspiciously)* But what's the catch? What's the price? How much do you want for carrying my sin?

Stranger: *(Smiling)* There isn't a catch! … And I have already paid the price when I died upon a cross at a place called Calvary. I took your sin upon myself and crucified it. Whoever believes in me will be set free from the consequences of sin forever.

Traveller: *(Puzzled)* But I still don't get it. How come you took my sin upon yourself?
Why **you**! Who **are** you, exactly?

Stranger: Just call me… *(Places the weight inside the case with ease then puts a hand on the traveller's shoulder)…* the "Sin Bearer".

(They slowly walk together off-stage, 'silently' talking, the traveller carrying the case.)