

The Complaint Department

By

Bettie Corbin Tucker

Cast:

Leader

Miss Gretta Pearson (*Get a Person*)

Mrs. Vera Low (*Very Low*)

Mr. Barry Bisby (*Very Busy*)

Mrs. Constance Bickering (*Constant Bickering*)

Mr. Ben Pickering (*Been Bickering*)

Mr. Carpenter (*Jesus*)

Mr. Red Burns (*Devil*)

Props:

Desk Woman's Purse

Secretary's Chair

Hand-written List of Medical Problems (Use a roll of paper towels to show exaggerated list)

Two Chairs

Hot Water Bottle

Two Cellular Phones

Aspirin Bottle

Three or Four Pill Bottles

Sign "Complaint Department"

Wristwatch

Sign "Miss Pearson—Church Office" Bible

Chiming Device—Heavenly Phone

Trash Can

Leader: (Carrying Bible)

We, as people united in Christ, have been called upon to minister in His name. As His workers, we are to place the name of Jesus above all other names and His work above all other work. When He calls, we are ordained to respond promptly.

In just a few minutes "The Complaint Department" will open. But first let's look at what we hope it will do. Hopefully, it will bring to light at least some of the excuses we use when asked to lead, serve, teach, or share. Many times we find that our burdens are heavy and our needs are great. During these times, we lean on God, asking and receiving in Jesus' name; however, we are also ministered to by His other children. Who are these other children? *(Small pause)* Look around—they are seated in front, behind, and on either side of you! *(Small pause—opens Bible)* Hebrews 6:10 tells us:

For God is not unfair. How can He forget your hard work for Him, or forget the way you have shown your love for Him—and still do—by helping His children.

Are we ministering to His children and serving in His name? If not, why not? Let's sit back and listen in on some phone conversations. Who knows? We may find some answers!

(Lights dim to desired darkness)

Act One—The Complaint Department

Setting: Miss Pearson is seated at desk. Sign on desk reads, "Miss Pearson—Church Office." Picks up phone and dials number. Phone rings in audience.

Mrs. Low: (Stands and answers cellular phone) Hello!

(As Miss Pearson talks, Mrs. Low leaves audience, slowly walks onto stage and stands at opposite end of stage from Miss Pearson.)

As they talk, she does not directly face Miss Pearson or the audience)

Miss Pearson: Good Morning Mrs. Low! This is Gretta Pearson from the church. I'm calling to see if you would be willing to serve on our "Help-a-Person " program. The nominating committee met last evening and they mentioned your name as a possible member.

Mrs. Low: Really! I'm surprised! I thought everyone at the church knew about my poor health!

Miss Pearson: Oh, I'm sorry, I thought ... I mean . . . when I saw you at the bowling alley the other evening, I . . . I just assumed you were feeling better.

Mrs. Low: Let's see! *(Small pause)* Oh, yes, that was Tuesday—one of my better days! You know, I don't believe I've ever fully recovered from my last surgery. It took a lot out of me! Sometimes I even wonder if my doctor knows what he's doing. Did you know that he's the same doctor that operated on Marjorie Simpson? And you know what happened to her—she died less than a month later.

Miss Pearson: But she was killed in an auto accident—at least I thought so.

Mrs. Low: She was! But that doesn't matter. I still believe that the doctor was involved!

Miss Pearson: You've been ill for a long time, haven't you?

Mrs. Low: I sure have! Been sick off and on for over thirty years!

Miss Pearson: That's terrible! If you don't mind, I'd like to pray for you. Will you tell me what conditions I should pray for?

Mrs. Low: (Obviously delighted) No, I don't mind! Give me a moment to get my list out of my purse. I have them all written down in case someone should ask. (*Opens purse and takes out long list of illnesses--unrolls it*) Let's see . . . there's my migraine headaches and dizziness. Oh, and my back hurts all the time. And don't forget my high blood pressure and flat feet—they just kill me. There's more . . .

Miss Pearson: (*Interrupting*) That's okay! That's okay! I'll pray for those for now. You know, Mrs. Low, you might want to ask God to give you a complete healing. After all, He made all the parts—and He can fix them!

Mrs. Low: Oh no, I wouldn't want to do that! (*Small pause*) I mean . . . I believe that we should just accept our fate—our lot in life!

Miss Pearson: Well, I'm going to pray for you anyway! And, I'm sure you will be feeling better soon. Who knows, someday soon you may be well enough to serve as a member on our "Help-a-Person" program. Bye for now!

Mrs. Low: Thanks for calling and for your prayers. Good-bye!

(Mrs. Low quietly leaves stage during following dialog)

Miss Pearson: (*Speaking to audience*) I sure hope I do better with this call! (*Picks up list of phone numbers and dials one—phone rings in audience*)

Mr. Bisby: (*Stands and answers cellular phone*) Hello!

(As Miss Pearson talks, Mr. Bisby leaves audience, slowly walks onto stage and stands at opposite end of stage from Miss Pearson.)

As they talk, he does not directly face Miss Pearson or the audience)

Miss Pearson: Hi Barry, this is Gretta Pearson—from the church. Uh . . . (*Small Pause*) How's your health?

Mr. Bisby: Fine! Why?

Miss Pearson: Never mind! Just wondered—it's not important. I . . . I mean it's important but—well you know what I mean!

Mr. Bisby: Not really, but that's okay! Why did you call?

Miss Pearson: Our choir director asked me to contact you.. There's a shortage of baritones, and she thought you might be willing to join the choir. And besides . . .

Mr. Bisby: (Interrupting—incredulous) She wants (*Emphasis*) "me" to sing in the choir!

Miss Pearson: Yes! Why are you so surprised? Everyone knows what a fine voice you have! And, it shouldn't be much of an inconvenience—you're already here on Sunday for the service. Other than that, it's just a couple of hours practice on Thursday evening. Why not give it a try—you might like it?

Mr. Bisby: Gretta, I'm sorry! I'd love to—I really would—but I just don't have the time!

Miss Pearson: (Smiles—looks at wristwatch) Barry, I think I can help you out—it's exactly 10:15.

Mr. Bisby: (Laughing) Good try, but I really don't have time to sing in the choir! (*Short pause—subdued*) It seems like I don't have time for anything anymore except work! Gretta, sometimes I even feel guilty taking time off on Sunday to go to church.

Miss Pearson: I don't understand? Why do you have to work so hard? Is your job that demanding?

Mr. Bisby: (Loudly) Job! You mean jobs! (*A little softer*) I had to take a second job just to keep up with my bills. I'm so busy I don't even have any free time to spend with my family. I'm never home—and when I am—they've already gone to bed. Oh what I wouldn't give for just a few hours of relaxation and fun with them.

Miss Pearson: (Seriously) Barry, I understand! I'll pray that God will give you a nice, long, peaceful rest!

Mr. Bisby: (Laughing) Gretta, couldn't you have worded that a little differently? You made it sound so permanent!

Miss Pearson: You're right! I'll have to be more careful!

Mr. Bisby: (Seriously) I hope God hears your prayers. I've been knocking His door down with prayer for a long time, and He doesn't seem to be answering.

Miss Pearson: I've had that happen to me, too, but don't give up! Keep asking, and I'm sure things will improve. Hey, when they do, will you promise to let me know?

Mr. Bisby: I sure will! And I hope it's soon! Please tell the choir director that I'm flattered to be asked and that I'm sorry that I can't accept, okay?

Miss Pearson: I'll do that! I know she's going to be disappointed. Well, gotta go! See you around!

Mr. Bisby: Bye!

(Mr. Bisby quietly leaves stage during following dialog)

Miss Pearson: (Speaking to audience) I'm certainly not doing too well so far. *(Looks at list of phone numbers)* God, what am I doing wrong? Where are all your workers? *(Dials phone number—phone rings in audience)*

Mrs. Bickering: (Stands and answers cellular phone) Hello!

(As Miss Pearson talks, Mrs. Bickering leaves audience, slowly walks onto stage and stands at opposite end of stage from Miss Pearson.)

As they talk, she does not directly face Miss Pearson or the audience)

Miss Pearson: Hello! May I speak with Mr. or Mrs. Bickering?

Mrs. Bickering: Speaking! I'm Mrs. Bickering—Constance Bickering! May I help you?

Miss Pearson: Hi Mrs. Bickering, this is Gretta Pearson from church. Maybe you can. *(Small pause)* Uh . . . are you and your husband healthy?

Mrs. Bickering: Of course! And I bet I know why you're asking!

Miss Pearson: Really!

Mrs. Bickering: Of course—it's quite obvious! You're calling to ask us to give blood for the church blood bank. Why else would you ask if we are healthy? *(Small pause—slightly louder)* Well, I'm telling you right now that you're wasting your time! Mr. Bickering and I believe that it's not in God's plan for people to sacrifice their own health for the good of others! I'm sure you've read the Bible *(Small pause)* Tell me, how many times have you read where a person gave their life blood for others?

Miss Pearson: (Faces audience—covers mouthpiece) I can think of at least One who gave His blood to save all of us. *(Small pause)* Mrs. Bickering, you're mistaken— I'm not

calling for the blood bank! I'm calling to see how you and your family are doing. We haven't seen you in church for quite a while and wondered if you were okay. We miss you! With two teenagers to raise and having to care for an elderly mother, we understand . . .

Mrs. Bickering: (Interrupting—irritated) No! No! The kids are in college and Mom died last year! We have lots of time on our hands!

Miss Pearson: Please forgive me. I . . . I'm so embarrassed—my records show . . .

Mrs. Bickering: (Interrupting) That's okay, don't worry about it! The way the world is today most people don't take the time to keep up with each other—not even the church!

Miss Pearson: Oh, I hope you're wrong! *(Small pause)* Hey, I have an idea! Why don't you and your husband come to church this Sunday and be our official "greeters?" It may surprise you to find what a warm smile and a firm handshake can do to make you feel wanted.

Mrs. Bickering: It's obvious you haven't seen my husband lately—all he does is complain and grumble! If he were one of the seven dwarfs, he would be "Grumpy" and people would run out of the church.

Miss Pearson: I doubt that.

Mrs. Bickering: (Small pause) Take my word for it.

Miss Pearson: But "Grumpy," I mean Mr. Bickering has you—that should make him happy!

Mrs. Bickering: Thank you—I agree! But he doesn't fully appreciate me. As for being "greeters"—just forget about it! Right now Ben and I aren't getting along too well. It also bothers us that many of the people sitting in the pews every Sunday are such hypocrites!

Miss Pearson: I'm sorry you feel that way. I'm also sorry that you and your husband aren't getting along—I'll pray for you. Would you like to come in and see the pastor for counseling?

Mrs. Bickering: Thanks! Ben and I did consider it, but we were afraid we'd hurt his feelings, so we didn't! I mean . . . we don't have a whole lot of experience in counseling—but we sure could give him advice on how to improve his church!

Miss Pearson: (Smiling) Counseling the pastor wasn't exactly what I had in mind; however, I'm sure he wouldn't mind hearing from you. If you want to schedule an appointment, let me know. Bye for now! Take care!

Mrs. Bickering: Okay! You too! Good-bye!

(Mrs. Bickering quietly leaves stage during following dialog)

*(Mrs. Pearson picks up Bible from desk, opens it,
and reads Second Timothy 1:9)*

It is He who saved us and chose us for His holy work, not because we deserved it but because that was His plan long before the world began—to show His love and kindness to us through Christ.

(Sets Bible on desk, places hands over face in frustration and, after a short pause, looks at audience)

Miss Pearson: I can't believe that everyone has turned me down! This is an emergency! I better call on the Boss!

(Picks up phone, extends antennae, points it toward Heaven and dials number. Chimes are heard instead of ringing phone—chimes could be organ, piano, doorbell, etc.)

(Small pause) Hello! *(Emphasis)* Oh, I'm so glad that You answered! I have a problem! I've spent the whole morning calling and asking people to work for You, but everyone has an excuse why they can't serve! Either they're in poor health, too busy, or have family problems. God, why aren't You helping them? I don't understand! At one time they were all active in the church!

(Long pause) Are You serious? You're going to set up a "Complaint Department!" *(Small pause)* So the people can express their concerns and problems to You. That's very considerate—especially with Your busy schedule. Why You don't even take time to sleep! *(Small pause)* I see—You're going to assign Your "Right-Hand Man" as the Department Head! Okay! *(Small pause)* And, if they want to reach You, they have to go through Him! *(Small pause)* Yes Sir, I understand! I'll be sure to tell them!

(Lowers antennae, places phone on desk, removes sign)

"Church Office—Miss Pearson" and replaces it with sign

"Complaint Department." Lights darken to desired darkness)

Leader: After a short break, we will continue with Act Two of "The Complaint Department." (Break is optional—you could have special music, take a freewill offering, etc.)

Act Two—The Complaint Department

Leader: We now continue with Act Two of "The Complaint Department." Miss Pearson has again contacted those who earlier had turned down her invitation to serve in the church. As instructed by the "Boss" she has told them about the new "Complaint Department" where they can voice their complaints directly to God's spokesperson. Let's now watch and listen as Mrs. Low approaches the complaint desk.

(Lights dim to desired darkness)

Mr. Carpenter: *(Sitting at desk—looks up as Mrs. Low approaches from the audience—smiles)* May I help you Mrs. Low?

Mrs. Low: *(Sits down in chair by desk)* How . . . how did you know my name?

Mr. Carpenter: My Father insists that I have a personal relationship with all His children—and they with Me! A person's name is very important as far as their *(Emphasis)* "physical" identity is concerned. Now, tell me why you are here—what is your complaint?

Mrs. Low: Not complaint—complaints! I have this list *(Opens purse, takes out hot water bottle, aspirin bottle, and other pill bottles)* Hold on—I know it's in here somewhere, just give me a minute . . .

Mr. Carpenter: Don't worry about it! I've seen the list *(Slight pause)* many times!

Mrs. Low: But . . . but how could that be? And, I've added some new things to the list! *(Small pause)* Mr. Carpenter, sometimes I think I got gypped in having such a body! Tell me, when God made us, why didn't He give us a life-time guarantee? Midas Muffler does!

Mr. Carpenter: (Smiling) He did give you a guarantee! *(Small pause)* A Jesus guarantee! He guarantees that one day you will have that new body you want—a spiritual body! Remember, flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God!

Mrs. Low: It's easy for You to say that, but what do You know about pain and suffering? *(Small pause)* Or, about people who don't care or believe in You?

Mr. Carpenter: (Smiling) I faced pain, suffering, rejection, death, and have experienced victory! But you, Mrs. Low, won't allow victory to enter your life. You use your pain as an excuse to escape from living!

Mrs. Low: But . . . but, I need an escape! I haven't been healed!

Mr. Carpenter: Mrs. Low, aren't you aware that you are a temple of God and that His Holy Spirit dwells in you? Why do you continue to abuse your body and disregard your doctor's advice about exercise, diet, smoking, and drinking? Treat your body as such and your ailments will start to disappear.

Mrs. Low: But aren't my illnesses burdens that God has allowed and I have to bear?

Mr. Carpenter: In the Lord's Prayer are we not taught to say, "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven?" Is there illness in Heaven? *(Small pause)* True, undeserved sickness and tragedy exists; however, don't blame My Father for the imperfections of this sinful world—He didn't create it to be this way! Hold on to the Scripture that says, "Greater is He that is in me, than He that is in the world." *(Small pause—Mr. Carpenter places His hand on hers, smiles, and looks her in the eye)* Mrs. Low, God can—and will take care of you!

Mrs. Low: (Stands, pushes hot water bottle and pill bottles into trash can, opens purse, takes out list of illnesses, rips it up and throws the pieces in the trash can) I won't need these any more! *(As she walks back to her seat in the audience she repeatedly says)* Greater is He that is in me, than He that is in the world!

Mr. Carpenter: (Looks up as Mr. Bisby approaches from the audience) Hello Barry! Miss Pearson told me to expect you.

Mr. Bisby: (Looks at wristwatch—sits down in chair by desk) Yes! When she called, she told me that this new department reaches to the highest executive level. I told her I'd be here.

Mr. Carpenter: (Smiling) It does! To the highest level! The very highest!

Mr. Bisby: (Glancing at wristwatch) Good! Then I guess I'm in the right place!

Mr. Carpenter: You are! Now, what's your complaint?

Mr. Bisby: (A little loudly—pointing at wristwatch) Time! I never have enough time—none for my family—none for me! *(Looks up as if at Heaven)* And worst of all—not even time for Him!

Mr. Carpenter: Well, He has time for you—always!

Mr. Bisby: But He's God! He can be everywhere at once. And, don't forget—He never sleeps! *(Small pause)* Just imagine what I could get done if I didn't have to sleep!

Mr. Carpenter: You might get more done; however, as a result of getting more done there would be more to do.

Mr. Bisby: (Scratching head) I think you've lost me!

Mr. Carpenter: I hope not! It's My Father's desire that not one of His children be lost. Barry—learn how to slow down—take a vacation—quit one of your jobs! What does it get you if you gain the world and lose your soul? Don't worry about what you will eat, or what you will drink, or even what you will wear. My Father knows what your needs are. Trust Him!

Mr. Bisby: But . . . but . . . I need financial security!

Mr. Carpenter: Barry *(Small pause)* you didn't bring anything into the world with you, and it's certain that you will carry nothing out! The assurance of eternal life is the only security that counts. Slow down! Take time to live! Take time to become closer to God! Tithe your time, your talents, and your money! God is your security!

Mr. Bisby: I promise—I'll take the time—starting right now! *(Stands, takes off wristwatch, places it on desk. As he walks back to his seat in the audience he repeatedly says)* God is my security—I'll take the time!

Mr. Carpenter: (Looks up as Mr. and Mrs. Bickering approach from the audience) Well, if it isn't Mr. and Mrs. Bickering. It's good to see you—it's been quite a while! Have a seat! What can I do for you?

Mr. Bickering: (Looks at wife as they sit down) Well, speak up Constance! It was your idea to come here today!

Mrs. Bickering: Actually Ben, it was Miss Pearson's idea.

Mr. Carpenter: Does it really matter whose idea it was? The important thing is that you're here. Now, what are your complaints?

Mrs. Bickering: (Points at her husband) Here's mine! When we got married, he was well-mannered and charming—a real gentleman! Look at him now—a real rat!

Mr. Carpenter: What happened? Why did he change?

Mrs. Bickering: I don't know! When we first met, he swept me off my feet. *(Small pause)* But, before I knew it, he handed me the broom! For years now I've been his personal maid and cook—unpaid too! Oh, and if that isn't enough, I've also had to put with his insults—insults so bad you couldn't imagine!

Mr. Bickering: *(Looks at wife)* And what about you Constance? What ever happened to that sweet, purring little kitten I married? Why did you turn into a snarling cat? *(Small pause—points at wife)* Go ahead! Tell him how you're always nagging me. *(Small pause—looks at Mr. Carpenter)* Get a better job, she says! Stop dressing like a slob! Drop all those bums you call friends! I hear it from morning to night—nag, nag, nag! Mr. Carpenter, how would you like to live with her?

Mr. Carpenter: Ben, I live wherever I'm invited! And, I bring peace, love, and harmony!

Mr. Bickering: Well, I wish she would invite you! I haven't had a moment of peace in years!

Mrs. Bickering: *(Looks at husband)* There you go again! Always trying to blame others for everything—even this world and the mess it's in! *(Looks at Mr. Carpenter)* Would you believe sometimes he tries to blame God., too. He says the church is cold.

Mr. Bickering: It's the people that I'm talking about. The way they pretend makes me sick—sweet as the finest perfume when sitting in their pews—and skunk oil the rest of the time!

Mr. Carpenter: Sweetness can be a pleasant change and, even if it's only temporary, it's better than no change at all! Eventually some of the sweetness lingers and is carried home!

Mr. Bickering: Or, it could work the other way around—more skunk oil than perfume.

Mr. Carpenter: *(Smiling)* Ben, we are not to worry! My Father can handle anything that is brought to Him—even skunk oil! He has that knack of sweetening and cleansing in the most surprising ways . . .

Mrs. Bickering: *(Interrupting)* Mr. Carpenter, I'm afraid that in all of Heaven there isn't enough sugar to sweeten Ben!

Mr. Carpenter: Constance, if you really feel that way, maybe I should ask My Father to take Ben home! It would be Heaven, especially considering what you've been putting him through. You've been killing him with your words for years! Have you forgotten that the tongue has great power and that every person is responsible for the consequences of what they say?

Mrs. Bickering: (Small pause) I really don't mean to hurt Ben with my words—I mean . . . well . . . *(Small pause—looks at husband)*—I love him! Please, I don't want to lose him. What can I do?

Mr. Carpenter: According to My Father's will, a wife is to submit herself to her husband!

Mr. Bickering: (Leans forward—excited) Constance, listen to Him! That's good advice—He really knows what He's talking about!

Mr. Carpenter: Ah, but Ben, you have your part, too! You are to love your wife and not be bitter against her. Remember, whatever you do in word or deed, you do it in My name, giving thanks to My Father. If you do this, the doubts and problems in your marriage will give way to hope and love! Not only will your marriage blossom, but the world will be a better place in which to live. Love does this!

Mrs. Bickering: Are you telling us that we need You with us all the time?

Mr. Carpenter: (Smiling) Yes! You understand! I am love—if you carry Me with you in your hearts, changes will occur.

(Mr. and Mrs. Bickering stand, look at each other lovingly and, holding hands, walk toward their seats in the audience)

Mrs. Bickering: Honey, with Jesus we have hope!

Mr. Bickering: Yes sweetheart—hope and *(Small pause)* love!

Mr. Red Burns: (Approaches desk from audience and extends his hand) Hi! I'm Red Burns!

Mr. Carpenter: (Ignores extended hand) Oh, it's you! I wondered how long it would be before you showed up. I saw you earlier trying to cloud the minds of My people with doubt and suspicion.

Mr. Red Burns: (Emphasis) "Your" people! That's really funny! I was beginning to think they were mine. You stole them from me!

Mr. Carpenter: (Smiling) I didn't steal them! They've belonged to My Father since the beginning of time. It's *(emphasis)* "you" who tries to steal their birthright and citizenship in the Kingdom of God!

Mr. Red Burns: (Evil laugh) I'm such a devil! But, it's my job! I really enjoy stealing things from people—especially their eternal lives.

Mr. Carpenter: Why are you here bothering me? What's your problem?

Mr. Red Burns: It's Your Boss! I have a complaint for Him?

Mr. Carpenter: (*Turns to audience*) This should be good!

(*Mr. Red Burns covers ears as if in pain*)

Mr. Carpenter: (*Small pause*) Go ahead, what's your complaint?

Mr. Red Burns: Okay, here goes! I'm really fired up! (*Small pause*) I really like that word "fired!" Anyway, I'm fired up because your Boss uses unfair labor practices! I work day and night, year after year, searching for people to serve me. I try and get them when they're young and, as they grow up, teach them to live my kind of lifestyle—lying, cheating, and developing selfish and immoral attitudes and . . . (*Stops and rubs hands together in pleasure*)

Mr. Carpenter: (*Sternly*) Okay! Okay! Enough! I know all about you and your ways! What is your complaint?

Mr. Red Burns: Yes indeed, I am a sly one with my many promises! Most don't even recognize me until it's too late! And by then (*Small pause*), they've already gone from the frying pan into the fire! (*Evil laugh*) Oh how I love that word!

Mr. Carpenter: (*Firmly—irritated*) I said, "Enough!" I'm not here to listen to your evil sense of humor! Now, what about this complaint you say you have?

Mr. Red Burns: (*Whining*) After all my work, many of the people who follow me have a change of heart and I lose them for all eternity. (*Stomps feet*) It's just not fair! (*Small pause*) Do you think it's fair?

Mr. Carpenter: (*Smiling*) No! I call it grace!

Mr. Red Burns: (*Angry*) Come on! Be fair! Why do you make it so easy for them? (*Small pause*) I mean, look at who You are—the power You have! Why don't you make it harder for them? Why not require them to be "good" for at least half of their lives? Or make them go to church for at least six years without missing a Sunday? (*Smiling*) Hey, I just got an idea! How about going a year without sinning? I wonder how many would follow You if you made them give up all their possessions? Come on, gimme a break!

Mr. Carpenter: Red, you're wasting your time—salvation is a gift! It's free to anyone who wants it and asks for it! It's something that can't be bought or earned by money or good deeds! At Calvary, I paid the full debt—the full price for all sinners!

Mr. Red Burns: Yeah! But some will never claim that gift—the gift of salvation! They'll be mine! I'm talking about all kinds of people—like the ones who faithfully go to church every Sunday and think that's all it takes to get to Heaven. They think being "good" does it. They don't know You!

Mr. Carpenter: It's true that some of My Father's people don't know how to claim their salvation; however, my people (*Waves arm across audience*) will go into the world and preach the Good News of salvation to those who will listen. They will pray for those who are lost—they will sing in the choir—they will teach My Father's Word—they will tithe their talents, their money, themselves—they will serve Me in many ways!

Mr. Red Burns: (Stomping feet) But . . . but . . . but it's not fair! It's just not fair!

Mr. Carpenter: (Points finger at Red Burns and ignores his protesting) And, Red, you can count on this! Every second of every day My people will be on guard against you and your friends. In the power of My name, they will be given victory over you again and again. Because of their prayers and witnessing, many others will spend a glorious eternity in Heaven with Me and My Father instead of with you in that awful place you call home!

Mr. Red Burns: (Whining) Some "Complaint Department" this is! I wish I could fire—oh, how I love that word—You and all your Father's workers! I'm going home where things are a lot warmer—including the people!

Mr. Carpenter: Good! Good! Good! Go—and take your skunk oil with you!

(Mr. Red Burns covers ears with hands, stomps feet in anger and leaves stage)

Mr. Carpenter: (Faces audience) There is much work to be done in My Father's Kingdom! If He calls on you today, how will you answer? Will you quickly and willingly respond? Or, will you find excuses? Whose work would you rather be doing? Mine—or the other guy's? Think before you answer! It's your choice—his hometown (*Small pause*)—or Heaven!

(Lights fade to darkness, Mr. Carpenter exits, leader enters, lights come up again)

Leader: Our complaint department is now officially closed! We hope that it has caused you to think about salvation and, in some way, has brought you closer to God!

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