

Going on a

God Hunt

God Hunt Drama

"Coincidence?"

by Doug and Melissa Timberlake

Characters:

Peg--believes in coincidences and luck

Sue--attributes unusual timing and connections to God

Set/Props:

Small café, women enter with shopping bags in hand.

Peg: You'll never believe what happened to me yesterday.

Sue: Ok, try me. This should be good.

Peg: It is! I'm just coming out of that new clothing boutique on Third Street, when who do I bump into but Margaret.

Sue: Margaret?

Peg: Yes. Margaret--Margaret Paine.

Sue: I thought she moved a few years back.

Peg: Well, she did. But now she's back in town visiting her aunt.

Sue: Oh. Well, that's nice.

Peg: That's not all. We got to talking and . . .

Sue: What?

Peg: Well, you know how it goes . . . blah, blah, blah . . . yada, yada, yada. Turns out that--oh, you're not going to believe this.

Sue: I can't wait. What?

Peg: Her new next-door neighbor was my best friend in high school.

Sue: She was? But I thought you grew up in Greenland.

Peg: I did.

Sue: And your childhood best friend is her new neighbor?

Peg: Isn't that an amazing coincidence?

Sue: Amazing! Sounds like more than that. That's what I'd call a . . .

Peg: It gets better.

Sue: Better?

Peg: It turns out that Betty, my best friend . . .

Sue: Ahem, you mean childhood best friend. (teasingly mocks jealousy)

Peg: Exactly. (pats her hand)

Sue: Thank you.

Peg: Well, she's married to the CEO of the corporation Bill's interviewing with.

Sue: Get out! The CEO?

Peg: I'm serious. What luck, huh?

Sue: This is definitely what I'd call a God Hunt . . . (gets cut off)

Peg: I mean the coincidence of me seeing Margaret on the last day she's in town, the pure luck that I'd happen to ask about her new neighbors, and what an absolute fluke that her neighbor is my childhood best friend . . .

Sue: How awesome. I think we're talking about something more than luck here.

Peg: Right, and to top it all off the unfathomable coincidence that her husband just so happens to be the CEO of the very company where my husband is interviewing for a new job.

Sue: It's not coincidence, luck, or a fluke, Peg.

Peg: Are you kidding me? I'd call it a miracle.

Sue: You're getting closer. It's what I call a God Hunt Sighting.

Peg: A God Hunt what?

Sue: A God Hunt Sighting.

Peg: Okay, I'm all ears. Tell me more.

Sue: Well, anytime you see God working in your life, especially when it comes to perfect timing, unusual connections, or "coincidences", I choose to give God the credit instead of chalking it all up to uncanny luck.

Peg: Really? I mean, isn't it just weird that all those pieces would come together like that? She gave me Betty's phone number. I can't wait to give her a buzz, catch up and laugh about old times.

Sue: Not to mention the fact that her husband, being CEO, might be able to pull a few strings for Jack.

Peg: Wouldn't that be wild?

Sue: I'd say it's pretty wonderful. Just look how God orchestrated all of these pieces at the perfect time.

Peg: Now that you mention it . . . you're right. Only God could pull off something like this.

Sue: It's your first God Hunt Sighting.

Peg: You know, it's odd, but somehow I do feel like God may be working in all of this. So, what do I do?

Sue: Go get a journal and write it down, so you don't forget it.

Peg: That's a good idea. I'm going to.

Sue: When you do, write things down with gratitude. Let God know how much this means to you.

Peg: Thanks, Sue. I owe you. This really gives me a whole new perspective on things. I just wonder how many God Hunt sightings I've missed over the years.

Sue: Oh, probably hundreds.

Peg: You really think so?

Sue: You don't think it's a coincidence you shared this with me, do you?

Peg: What a fluke, huh?

Sue: A fluke?

Peg: You mean this is a God Hunt sighting also? Wow, this is kinda fun.

Sue: Yep, all of life changes when we choose to give God the credit.

Peg: Now, I'm famished. How about some lunch? My treat.

Sue: Your treat, really?

Peg: My treat.

Sue: All right! Now I've got a God Hunt Sighting for today to write down!

The End