

Star Search Level 4 Monologue

Coming Home

By: Kyle Higgins

An older teenager/young adult gives their testimony.

(They glance around, a little nervous but smile warmly, addressing the audience.)

I've been wrestling with this for a while. Talking about my faith, about Him, it's not something I've been good at lately. Not like when I was younger. Back then, I was the kid who always knew scriptures by heart, whole chapters! People would see me at Bible Bowl and shake in their boots. My corps has the trophies to prove it! I prayed and listened for him constantly, I would even go right up to strangers on the street and tell them about Jesus. I thought, "Yeah, me and God? We're tight." *(They laugh to themselves.)*

But... some things change. Or at least, I did.

I stopped praying, stopped listening, even stopped believing for a while. It's not that I wanted to—at least, I don't think I did—but as I got older the world got louder, busier. Life was more complicated. There were days when I'd catch myself and think, "Do I even know God anymore?" It wasn't that I stopped believing He existed, but more like... I stopped believing He cared. *(They pause, reflecting for a moment.)*

I know some of you have been there, too. Maybe you're sitting here right now, thinking, "Yeah, I get that." Because life gets heavy, right? School, friends, family... the world. It all starts pressing down, and you wonder, "Why isn't God helping? Where is He?"

I thought that. A lot. So, I stopped trying. I told myself, "It's fine. I can figure this out on my own." And for a while, I believed that. *(Beat)*

But here's the thing—I wasn't okay. I wasn't fine. I was lost. And it wasn't just about the tough stuff in life; it was me. I felt like I had wandered so far off the path that I couldn't find my way back. And the worst part? I thought God didn't *want* me back. Like, I'd messed up so much, distanced myself so far, that He was just...done. *(Beat)*

But then something happened. I was sitting alone, just, you know, thinking. And for the first time in a long time, I prayed. Not because I felt strong or faithful, but because I had nothing else. I said, "God, if You're still there...please, just show me. Show me that You haven't left me."

And right then—right in that moment—I felt it. Not in some big, dramatic way. There were no fireworks or voices from the sky. But there was a warmth, a peace. I can't really explain it, but it was like a hand on my shoulder, just, steadying me. *(They touch their shoulder lightly as they speak, making it real.)* It was like He was saying, "I never left. You just stopped looking." *(Beat)*

That's when I realized something. I'd been running, hiding, thinking I was too far gone. But God? He wasn't chasing me down in anger or frustration. He was waiting. Right where I left Him. And all I had to do was turn around. *(Beat.)*

So yeah, this is me, coming home. And you can come home, too. It doesn't matter how long it's been or how far you've wandered. He's not keeping track. He's just waiting with open arms, ready to say, "Welcome back. I've missed you."

And I promise you, there's nothing like being home.