

I did it again

The 'son' faces and speaks to the congregation. The Father stands behind him at a few paces.

I did it again, even though I hate doing it.

You're my son.

I wish I had more self control.

You're my son.

I just feel so tempted, and easily give in.

You're my son.

When the temptation comes I just want God to go away, so that I can feel free to do it.

You're my son.

I'm so embarrassed and ashamed.

You're my son.

I'm disgusted with myself.

You're my son.

God must be really disappointed in me.

You're my son.

I can't bear to come before him.

You're my son.

I just couldn't look into his eyes.

You're my son.

I'm his son!

I'm your Father.

He's my Father.

Glances at God the Father.

Glances again.

Turns and enters into a hug with the Father: Dad!