

# OIL IN OUR LAMPS

Women are seated on stools at various levels. Five of the women are dressed in white and carrying lit lanterns. They represent the five wise virgins. Five are dressed in pastels and carry unlit lanterns.

## Narrator

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise and five were foolish." Matthew 25:1-13.

What were the thoughts of these ten women as they stood at the door of the bridegroom? Five had their lamps filled with oil and light; but five were without light and the bridegroom's door was closed to them. Why did the five wise virgins have light? What did the light they carried represent in terms of their lives and the priorities they set for themselves? The wise virgins with light in their lamps knew the joy of the open door and the welcoming bridegroom. But what of the five who were turned away? Did they have feelings of loss, regret, and sorrow?

Someday, we too, must go forth to meet the bridegroom. What will we carry? Will we bring to him a lighted lamp? OR WILL OURS BE EMPTY? What will our thoughts be then?

## 1<sup>st</sup> Woman

Dear Lord, I did not know what day, what hour, you might come, but I was told in the scriptures that you might come as a "thief in the night". I knew that I must be constantly vigilant, continually prepared. My lamp must have a constant supply of oil if I am to have light to meet you when you come. When I layed down to rest at night I wondered if tonight would be the night you would come. At midnight, perhaps. Was my lamp ready? Would I have sufficient light? Now, if I stand at your door and my heart is rejoicing, see, my lamp is full! I do not know why. But could it be because I thought so much of this moment, that I unconsciously prepared for it?

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Woman

O dear Master, I stand at Thy door and wait, but see, my lamp is not lit. Will you not wait until I fill it tomorrow? Tomorrow, all my life long I've promised I'd do each task assigned me tomorrow. Tomorrow is here! It's today! IT IS TOO LATE. I've procrastinated my life away. But I know now, dear Lord, that all the good yesterdays, and promised tomorrows, cannot fill *my* lamp today.

### 3<sup>rd</sup> Woman

My lamp is empty Lord. Oh the world was so bright and glittering and exciting. So many things to do, so many places to go. Time went by so fast. O where did life go? I chose the glitter and not Thy light. But my neighbor is a kind and generous friend, she has always shared with me, I know she'll give me enough oil to light my way to Thee.

### 4<sup>th</sup> Woman

Oh no, dear friend, I cannot give you of my light. Oh, I would if I could, as I loaned you flour and sugar for cookies, but I can not give you of my oil. You see, you must light your own way to God. Our PROPHET said that the time has come that "we cannot live on borrowed light." We must each light our own lamps and our own way.

### 5<sup>th</sup> Woman

Doors have always opened for me. People seemed to want to please me. My husband and children pampered me. At home, at school, in life, doors were opened to me. Life was one great opened door. But now, dear Lord, I stand before this closed door and I KNOW THAT I cannot pound on it, or scream and yell my fury at it. All the force of my personality and the persuasion of my tongue will not open this door for me. I know, dear Lord, that it is not you who has closed the door, but I. Love, compassion, kindness would have opened it. But you see, dear Lord, I missed all of these because I was so intent that life should serve me. I know too late, that instead I should have been the servant of life. I closed the door of my heart to life, and now the door of the bridegroom is closed to me forever.

### 6<sup>th</sup> Woman

Oh, how glad I am that the goal I made for myself so long ago is realized. My lamp is full! I realized when I was very young the importance of choices. Each choice was an eternal choice with an eternal consequence. I was determined that every choice I made in life I would try to make in the light of an eternal perspective. Life clambers at us with so many choices, some good, some bad and sometimes choices between good and good. How important it is to weigh each choice in the light of its eternal consequence. I thought a great deal about oil for my lamp. It was not an easy task to keep this lamp filled with oil and prepared for the bridegroom. I used to think in terms of "sacrifice", but I realize now how immature that word is when linked with service. Sacrifice? When the blessings of heaven and earth are ours? Sacrifice? When the LORD has promised us all that HE HAS? Sacrifice? When the Father sacrificed His only Son for us? How short, how great, how sweet, how good life was. How bright the light of the Master.

### 7<sup>th</sup> Woman

Why do I stand here without light? I thought I was lighting my lamp when I was keeping my home clean and well organized. My children were always cared for and tended properly, meals were nourishing and on time. It consumed all the hours of my life doing just what I had to do. One of the great regrets of my life was that I allowed my talent for the piano slip away from me. People said I was gifted. The Bishop knew of my talent and asked me to accompany the choir,

but I just didn't have time. I always managed to slip out of meetings quickly, especially when I saw the Bishop or the Relief Society president coming toward me. I just didn't have time to take a church job or accompany the choir. My children did not enjoy church and I didn't believe in forcing them to go. Let them make up their own minds, I felt. I did feel terrible when none of them married in the temple. They've all drifted away now. Oh well, they'll come back someday, I'm sure. I lived a good honest life. Was that not enough? Was there more I should have done?

#### 8<sup>th</sup> Woman

Oh, I don't know why my lamp is full. I did so little. Had so few talents. I couldn't sing or conduct a meeting or give a talk. My poor tongue always stumbled so. But I'm glad I was able to do a few things to help when the Bishop called. I guess that was why I was always happy to help--there were so few other things I could do. I am glad the Bishop asked me to care for that poor wayward boy. All he needed was love. Oh, but isn't that all each of us need-love. I'm glad for the others I cared for as well. All God's creatures need love. Now I stand at God's door and my lamp is full. I don't even know what I did to fill it.

#### 9<sup>th</sup> Woman

Oh, I have been such a foolish and unwise woman. I never filled my lamp with oil because I thought so little of oil. I had much of the world's goods, jewels, and fine clothes and luxuries. My body was fed with the richest of foods, but my spirit hungered and thirsted and went starving through life. As the poet Wordsworth said, "The world is too much with us, getting and spending we lay waste our powers". I layed waste all the power of the spirit in my life and now I stand at this closed door with an unlit lamp. Lord, can you forgive a foolish woman an empty lamp?

#### 10<sup>th</sup> Woman

I thought a great deal about light in my lifetime. I thought often of what the Savior said about being a light on a hill. I used to look at the stars at night and marvel at their brightness and how each shone with all the light and all the power that God had given to them. Some were brighter than others, like people, and it made me realize that each of us must do the most with what the Lord has given us. My talents were not great ones, but I determined to use them to the fullest. The Gospel brought such light into my life that I wanted to share that light with others. It gave me such joy to see the change in people's lives when the light of the Gospel was turned on in their lives. Oh, it was good to see their lives turned on to the maximum kilowatts of power. I always remembered singing that sweet little Primary Song, "My light is just a little one, shine on, shine on." I knew that if I was to have a lighted lamp when the Bridegroom came, I must fill my lamp today. The daily replenishing of my supply gave me an assurance of an eternal abundance.

**THE TEN WOMEN LEAVE THE STAND AND GO UP AISLES WITH LAMPS. THE WISE EXIT ON THE RIGHT AND THE FOOLISH ON THE LEFT. EXIT AS NARRATOR READS:**

Narrator

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them; But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, not so; lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Math: 25:1-13