

# Who's Sheriff in This Western Town?

with Pastor Eric Ludy

THE CHURCH AT ELLERSLIE • SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 2025

## WHO'S SHERIFF IN THIS WESTERN TOWN?

*The stage play*

## INTRODUCING BAD CHARLES AND HIS FOUR STINKY BANDITOS



**BAD CHARLES**

*The Fool*



**BAD AARON**

*Godless Education*



**BAD STEVE**

*Godless Science*



**BAD ERIC**

*Social Correctness*



## **BAD MIKE**

*Godless Media*

## **INTRODUCING THE SHERIFF (A.K.A. TRUTH)**



## **THE SHERIFF**

*The Truth*

Bad Charles and his three stinky banditos stand menacingly in front of a young Sheriff. The outlaw gang carry with them the air of confidence and the smirk of dominance.

**Bad Charles:** This town is ours now, Mac. You're through tough guy! Your days of bravado and brawn are over. Hahahaha. What a sad, pathetic end to the road.

**Bad Mike:** You . . . stink.

**Bad Eric:** Yeah!

**Bad Charles:** There was a time when your silver star bewitched this town. But now, you're nothing but a lily livered outlaw to afraid to speak up for fear that your ignorance might be exposed.

**Bad Steve:** You . . . are dumb!

**Bad Aaron:** Yeah!

**Bad Charles:** I'm sheriff around here now, Mac. And if I so much as see your lily-livered face in these parts, I'll fill my boot with swamp water and pour it down your gullet.

**Bad Mike, Bad Eric:** Hahahaha.

**Bad Steve, Bad Aaron:** Snort, Snort

**Truth:** Let me through, guys. I've got a job to do.

**Bad Charles:** Hahaha. He wants us to let 'em through, boys?

**Bad Mike,Bad Eric:** Hahahaha.

**Bad Steve, Bad Aaron:** Snort, Snort

**Truth:** Look, I hate to bring up the fact that 2750 years ago, this moment was foretold, and in it, it shows that . . . uh . . . I win.

Bad Charles squirms awkwardly, and then let's out a loud laugh.

**Truth:** Hold on one moment. It's in my sock. Let's see here. Yeah, there it is. Right around hair 18. Clears throat. It is written [Jeremiah 51:18] They are worthless, objects to be ridiculed. When the time comes to punish them, they will be destroyed.

**Bad Steve:** That's . . . dumb!

**Bad Aaron:** Yeah!

**Truth:** Guys. It's just not a good idea to stand against the . . . uh. . . Truth. Hey where's my placard? Could someone throw me my placard.

Someone throws placard from off-set - Truth catches and sticks around his neck.

**Truth:** I realize I'm kind of skinny looking which gives off the impression that I'm weak, and, yes, I'll acknowledge that I'm a bit older than even Brad Pitt. But, Truth wins. Always.

**Bad Charles:** Face it, loser. We are all standing against you.

Bad Mikey steps forward boasting a "media" placard about his neck.

Bad Aaron steps forward boasting an "education" placard about his neck.

Bad Steve steps forward boasting an "idiots" placard about his neck. Bad Charles clears his throat to indicate that Steve has something wrong. Steve realizes it and switches his placard to the other side to read, "science."

Bad Eric strides forward boasting a "correctness" placard.

**Bad Charles:** See. We are bigger, stronger, and much better looking.

Truth nods knowingly.

Truth points at Bad Charles. Everyone else looks at Bad Charles and realizes that he doesn't have his placard on.

**Bad Charles:** What?

**Truth:** You don't have your placard on.

**Bad Charles:** (yelling off-stage) Ahhh. Your right man. Hey Natalie, can you toss me my super-cool title placard?

Sign comes flying in from off-set. Bad Charles catches it, and in a completely different tone, says, "Thanks Nat! Your gold!"

Then he turns with a snarl and comes back into character.

The sign on his neck says, "The Fool"

Truth chuckles.

**Bad Charles:** What's so funny toad breath?

**Truth:** Your sign.

**Bad Charles:** What about it?

**Truth:** Do you guys know what it says?

**Bad Steve:** Yeah.

**Bad Mike:** Snort. Uh . . . Yeah!

All the Bad guys laugh derisively.

**Truth:** Guys. It says, "The Fool."

**Charles:** No, it does not. It says, "The Cool."

**The Four Stinky Banditos:** Yeah it says, "The Cool."

**Truth:** Guys. I hate to break it to you but your sign reads, "The Fool."

Charles gets uncomfortable. Looks closer at his sign. And shouts, "Natalie!"

**Truth:** Hold it. I've got it somewhere on me. I think it is my left sleeve. I've got some really good proverbs in there. ah, here it is. Proverbs 10:8 "a prating fool will fall!"

Truth looks at Bad Mike (Media)

**Truth:** Isaiah 41:29 - See, they are all false! Their deeds amount to nothing; their images are but wind and confusion.

He looks at Bad Steve (Science)

**Truth:** In the beginning . . . uh . . . God

He looks at Bad Aaron (Education)

**Truth:** Rom 1:22 -Professing to be wise, they became fools . . .

He looks at Bad Eric (Correctness)

**Truth:** Proverbs 14:12 - There is a way that seems right to a man, But its end is the way of death.

The town bursts out in loud applause.

**Truth:** (whispers to himself) It looks like I've still got it.

The song "Truth Wins" begins . . .

## **Truth Wins**

**The Bandito Quartet sings . . .**

*Who is the sheriff in this western town*

*Who's really in control, who's got it down*

**Bad Charles sings . . .**

*I guess it's not me, I'm laying on the ground*

**Truth sings (accompanied by Bad Charles and the Bandito Quartet) . . .**

*Truth won, Truth wins, Truth always controls the spin*

*Truth ruled, Truth rules, Truth is over all these Mr. Cools*

**Truth sings (accompanied by Bad Charles and the Bandito Quartet) . . .**

*Truth doesn't bend, but it will bend every knee*

*Truth doesn't change, but it changed all history*

*Truth doesn't die, but it did dye the cross with a signal victory*

**The Bandito Quartet . . .**

*Truth won, Truth wins, Truth kicked us in the shins*

**Truth sings (accompanied by Bad Charles and the Bandito Quartet) . . .**

*Truth was, Truth is, and Truth will always be . . .*

**Truth walks to center stage and says confidently . . .**

*. . . the real sheriff in this western town*

The End

## **THE SACREDNESS OF VISION**

*Caring for the little burdens God stows inside our hearts*

## **When the Wind Blows**

**by Avy Ludy**

May 2015 (age 5)

*When the Wind blows*

*It's a really good time to come outside*

*Believe in Him*

## **KEEPING YOUR SAIL UP**

*Never presume that the wind blowing today will still be blowing tomorrow*

## **THE IMPORTANCE OF MOMENTUM**

*Because the best projects are accomplished "little by little"*

I will not drive them out from before you in one year, lest the land become desolate and the beasts of the field become too numerous for you. Little by little I will drive them out from before you, until you have increased, and you inherit the land.

**Exodus 23:29-30**

## THE TRAGEDY OF 2006

*A little Ludy life was lost*

## THE LESSON OF 2006

*God starts something and then brings that something to completion*

... He who has begun a good work in you will complete it until the day of

Jesus Christ ...

**Philippians 1:6**

## GOD DOESN'T MISCARRY, HE DOESN'T ABORT

*And that's the truth*

## A BRUSH WITH THE IMMORTAL LIFE

*The exquisite power found in following Malak Yahweh*

Behold, I send an Angel before you to keep you in the way and to bring you into the place which I have prepared ... So you shall serve the LORD your God, and He will bless your bread and your water. And I will take sickness away from the midst of you. No one shall suffer miscarriage or be barren in your land; I will fulfill the number of your days.

**Exodus 23:20, 25-26**

Behold, I send an Angel before you to keep you in the way and to bring you into the place which I have prepared ... So you shall serve the LORD your God, and He will bless your bread and your water. And I will take sickness away from the midst of you. **No one shall suffer miscarriage** or be barren in your land; I will fulfill the number of your days.

**Exodus 23:20, 25-26**

## THE MOTTO OF ERIC AND LESLIE LUDY IN 2007 AND BEYOND

*"No miscarriage!"*

## LEARNING TO PROTECT THE LITTLE BURDENS

*And nurturing them unto full maturity*

## THE LAST GREAT VISION

*Build a soul-winning church for extremely-serious Christianity that overtakes Northern Colorado, and then beyond*

## **THE SUBMISSION**

*If they like it, we go for it. If they don't, I'll know it was not God's design*

## **THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT**

*And I laid it down*

## **THE 400 YEARS OF SILENCE**

*Within Eric Ludy's soul*

## **THE LAST VIBRANT VISION OF ERIC LUDY**

*Is God returning me there . . . somehow, someway?*

**Tagline:** *Bringing back the majesty!*

**Logline:** *Strengthen the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; And make straight paths for your feet (Hebrews 12:12–13); strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die (Revelation 3:20). The rising of the Grace-empowered Church that prays with fervent faith and confesses with fervent love.*

**Controlling Idea:** *A church on the offense instead of the defense. The Church of Jesus Christ was meant to be “aggressive” in it's disposition and not merely “reactive” towards the powers of darkness and the realities of countless millions of souls bound in sin.*

## **TO WIN SOULS AND DISCIPLE SERIOUS CHRISTIANS**

## **THE THREES**

*The Three Everyones, Every days, and Everythings*

### **THE THREE EVERYONES**

*A place where everyone is being disciplined  
everyone is involved  
and everyone is sharing the Gospel with others*



## THE THREE EVERY DAYS

*We spiritually exercise every day  
We humbly serve every day  
We aggressively share every day*

## THE THREE EVERYTHING'S

*In everything humility  
In everything love  
In everything joy*

## A MAN WITH IDEAS THAT ARE BEFORE THEIR TIME

*It's a rougher road, but nonetheless a blessed road*

## SO, WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH OUR LITTLE GOD-BURDENS?

*We should water them with prayer, nurture them with patience, and weed around them with persistent faith*

## THE SEVENTEEN YEAR BURDEN

*That is how this all began in the first place*

## GOING AFTER THE REMNANT

*The Stage Play*

The Scene: a gritty prison cell, low light.

**Charles Leimma:** You are not an easy guy to book an interview with, Mr. Ludy.

**Eric:** Sorry about that. The Praetorian Guard surrounding this place has an affinity for red colored tape.

**Charles:** Well, I can certainly see that.

Eric removes a lamp from a wooden box utilized as a bedside table and slides the box over for Charles to sit on. Charles sits down, opens his notebook, yanks a pen from his coat pocket, looks at his prize interview subject, and let's out a satisfied sigh.

**Charles:** Do you know why I'm here?

**Eric:** Your hungry.

Charles, not expecting that answer, looks down and smiles, even shakes his head.

After a few moments, he speaks.

**Charles:** That's an interesting way to put it. Hungry. I think the word, "curious" would be more . . . ahem . . . befitting. I'm a journalist. This is a story. Nothing more.

**Eric:** Anyone willing to pass through the screaming picketers outside this place, risk the paparazzi's rancor, break through that red tape of social correctness, walk past the angry stares of the praetorian and enter this humble little cell is looking for something more than an interesting interview, Mr. Leimma. He's after Truth. And he believes it just may be that all this hullabaloo is a smokescreen created by those who don't want him to find it.

**Charles:** So, you think I'm hungry for Truth?

**Eric:** I KNOW you are hungry for Truth, Mr. Leimma.

The two eye each other for a long moment. Finally, Eric breaks the silence.

**Eric:** The resistance you have encountered in simply engaging in this interview should be proof enough of the realities of what I'm going to share with you.

**Charles:** You live in a war zone, Pastor. And to be quite honest, a very unappealing place. You are the laughingstock, the dunce, the refuse to all those out there. The picketers tell me that you are full of hate. The paparazzi tells me that you brainwash people. The praetorian waves their social guns around at me as if to indicate that even to hold conversation with you makes me an enemy of the system. Your world stinks. And yet, in looking at your face, it would seem your convinced otherwise.

Eric nods knowingly.

**Charles:** If you had Truth, Mr. Ludy, why are you in this dingy cell and those, obviously opposed to "Truth," have the freedom, the voice, the power, and the persuasion?

**Eric:** What I have for you in this humble cell will prove to you, Mr. Leimma, that the true freedom, the true voice, the true power, and the true persuasion are, actually, right here in this cell, and not out there.

**Charles:** Let me be frank, Mr. Ludy. This. This is a prison. It is dank. It is dark. It is shameful. It is cold. It is uncomfortable. It is . . . for lack of a better word . . . deplorable. And you have the gall to tell me that this is freedom?

**Eric:** What YOU see around you right now is a prison cell. You believe me to live in misery and woe. What I see around me is very different.

Charles sighs a long sigh, then leans in, and whispers to Mr. Ludy.

**Charles:** I may regret this, but tell me what you see.

**Eric:** I know what you see, Charles. I once saw only the dank, the dark, the shameful, the cold, the uncomfortable, and the deplorable when I looked upon this cell. But that is merely the indicator that your eyesight is still under the control of this world and that your vision has not yet been recalibrated by Jesus Christ to see what is real.

Charles chuckles at that. Eric pauses, looks Charles deep in the eyes, testing him to see if he wants to hear more.

**Charles:** Okay. I'm sorry. Keep going.

**Eric:** Charles, there is more to see here than a prison cell.

Eric again pauses, weighing Charles to see if he really wants to hear.

**Charles:** What are you seeing, Mr. Ludy?

**Eric:** What YOU see as a prison cell is, actually, nothing of the sort. This cell is a vestibule.

**Charles:** I'm sorry. A vestibule?

**Eric:** An entryway. An antechamber. A mere passageway into a much greater space.

**Charles:** I don't see any doors in here, any stairwells. How is this a . . . a . . . vestibule?

**Eric:** You have an eyesight problem, Charles.

**Charles:** Ooookay. I have an eyesight problem.

**Eric:** What substance is this floor made of?

**Charles:** Dirt.

**Eric:** What are you sitting on right now?

**Charles:** A cheap wooden crate.

**Eric:** What is that wall made of over there?

**Charles:** Cinderblock.

**Eric:** Your feet are currently resting on a street of gold, Mr. Remnant. You are sitting on a priceless handcarved wooden chair, chiseled by a artisan named Bezaleel over 3,400 years ago. And there is a magnificent picture window over there that looks out on the most lovely and most exquisite mountain range.

**Charles:** Your crazy.

**Eric:** Who's the crazy one? The one who chooses to live in a false world of pleasure-infused plastic, or one who gives up the plastic for something real, something eternal, something beautiful that will never fade?

**Charles:** So, according to your reality, I'm the one with the eyesight troubles?

Eric nods.

**Charles:** So, if what you are saying is true, what would someone like me, you know, with bad vision, do to fix my eyesight?

**Eric:** I'll answer that. But, first, explain to me about the world in which you live, Charles?

**Charles:** Okay. I agree with you. It's plastic. It's fabricated. It's nonsensical. But, to me it's at least real. I can see it. I can touch it. And, even though its pleasures fade, they still are real pleasures.

**Eric:** Tell me why you came to talk with me?

**Charles:** To do an interview, Mr. Ludy. Remember, I'm curious.

**Eric:** Your hungry.

Charles pauses and ponders the question.

**Charles:** Okay. I guess there is part of me that wants to believe that there is something more. And, there is something in your manner, your . . . winsome . . . smiling . . . confident . . . air, that causes me to really wonder if you have something in this prison cell. Something that maybe is more real than what I

currently understand as real. Something that, even though I can't see it right now, that maybe, just maybe, if I were to turn to Jesus Christ I, too, could see it for myself.

**Eric:** It would cost you, Charles.

Charles nods.

**Eric:** Those that enter this cell by faith, must leave their old life behind them. All they have, all they are, all they hope to become. They need to give up their life.

**Charles:** To Jesus?

Eric nods.

**Charles:** I get that. As an investigative reporter I came into this interview with a fairly clear idea of what made you kooks work.

**Eric:** The picketers will mock you, the paparazzi will seek to expose you as a first class fool, the praetorian will seek to silence you. Long and short, this world will stand against you if you choose to disdain its pleasure-infused plastic life and enter this cell, to live here and find your satisfaction here.

Charles is silent for a long while staring down at the dirt floor.

**Eric:** Charles, I think it is important that you realize something.

Charles looks up.

**Eric:** The primary reason you are after this story is not because of your hunger. It's because Jesus Christ is hungry for you. He planted that hunger inside you. He has led you here. He loves you. He wants to rescue you from the vast darkness out there and the eternal judgment that awaits all who refuse the Truth. He wants to give you His Life.

A tear wells in Charles' eye and slowly slides down his cheek.

**Eric:** What's going on inside you right now, Charles?

Charles has a sudden and unexpected well of emotion. He tries to hold it in, but can't seem to.

**Charles:** I want to live a different life than the one I'm living. At some level it doesn't make sense to me, but, I want to see what you are seeing. I want to have what you have.

**Eric:** Jesus is your Savior, Charles. He died on the Cross two thousand years ago in order to supply you an avenue of escape. An escape from this falsified form of living. You simply need to let go of the grip you have on your life and hand it over to Him.

Charles sits for a while processing this.

**Charles:** Jesus. My name is Charlie Remnant. I have stood against you - mocked you. I mocked those that chose to live in cells like this. But, if you will take me - Here I am. I'm willing to live in a cell like this, if I can have life.

Charles, staring at the ground, through his tears, suddenly begins to see the dirt transform into gold.

He blinks his eyes over and over again. He looks at the box on which he sits and sees its intricate carvings. He softly chuckles an amazed chuckle. He lifts his head and the cinderblock suddenly turns glassy and the vast epic frontier opens up before him. He laughs louder, and louder. Light increases in the small room, and it would seem the room is expanding.

Eric stares at him seriously. The camera focuses on Eric while hearing Charles laugh. A tear streams down his cheek and a smile creases his face, which up to this point has not give much indication of much warmth.

**Eric:** Welcome to reality, Charles.

**Charles:** What is this place?

**Eric:** You have come to the Cross, my brother.

**Charles:** It's extraordinary!

**Eric:** To the world outside it appears as mere suffering, pain, misery, and death. To those who come here for Salvation, it is life, love, joy, peace, and pleasure forevermore.

As Eric is talking, Charles can suddenly see hundreds of people in the room, on their knees praying.

**Charles:** There are others here.

Eric nods.

**Charles:** Who are they?

**Eric:** They are believers. This is their home.

**Charles:** I feel so much joy. A lightness. A euphoria.

**Eric:** The Cross is the place of forgiveness, washing. You have been made new. Not just your eyesight has been changed. Your heart, too.

**Charles:** I thought the Cross was an historical event.

**Eric:** It is much more than that. It is the vestibule - the entryway into the Kingdom of Heaven. It's the gold paved pathway unto the Father. Through the wounds of Jesus, we enter. Through the wounds of Jesus we are changed. Through the wounds of Jesus we discover what Living truly is. And it is right here, at the Cross, that the Church lives in this world.

**Charles:** In the war zone. In the place of suffering.

**Eric:** Precisely. This is the place of battle. Light against darkness. Life versus death. We live here, because this is where all who would be saved, like you, must first come.

Charles looks around him at all the praying saints.

**Charles:** Is this the Church?

**Eric:** Yes. But, it is just one small local piece of the Church. This is the church I pastor.

**Charles:** But, what are they all doing?

**Eric:** They have been praying for you to see.

**Charles:** For me? For how long?

**Eric:** They started about two months ago. When they heard word of your loss.

Charles swallows hard.

**Charles:** But, how did they know about that?

**Eric:** The church of Jesus Christ feels what God feels. When your daughter died in that accident, one of our members was the paramedic onsite. He came to us with the news. We felt your loss. We grieved with you. The Spirit of God gave us His personal ache for you and your wife. And He also gave us His ache to see you come here and be rescued.

**Charles:** You were praying for me that whole time?

Eric nods.

Charles ponders this information. He looks around the room at the praying saints, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Eric looks at him with a tender smile on his face.

**Eric:** This is your home now, Charles.

**Charles:** I feel a strange, heavy weight inside me.

**Eric:** I feel it, too.

**Charles:** What am I supposed to do with it?

**Eric:** You need to begin to pray. God is showing you that He wants your wife to join you in this cell.

**Charles:** Could you please teach me how to pray - how to do all this?

**Eric:** It would be my privilege.

## **WHO'S SHERIFF IN THIS WESTERN TOWN?**

*If we know the answer to that question, there is no stopping us!*

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