

A script from



“At the Cross: Mary and the Lord Jesus”

by
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- What** Mary, the mother of Jesus remembers her son the day He is crucified. **Themes:** Easter, Crucifixion, Cross
- Who** Mary
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Worn blanket; "Mary" costume or Bible costume
- Why** Luke 2:19
- How** Be very careful not to overact this one and take your time. Make Mary real and relatable. She's a mother, just like so many in your audience. If you are the one performing this monologue, it's a good idea to have someone watch and give you ideas.
- Time** Approximately 1-3 minutes long

Mary...after her the crucifixion. She wanders on stage, quietly. She's holding a white blanket, slightly worn. It can be a modern day baby blanket...boy baby blanket...blue. She runs it through her hands. She feeds it through her fingers. She smells it. She hugs it. She may even wrap it up to look like a baby bundle and rock it. Then she speaks.

Mary: I don't know why, but this time...when we came to Jerusalem for Passover, I brought this with me. (she holds up the blanket) Something tugged at my heart as we walked out that day to travel here. Something told me that this little piece of cloth would comfort me. So I ran back inside, and opened the tiny basket I had it hidden away in. And I tucked it under my clothes, close to my heart, so I would not lose it. To you, it's just an old cloth. A rag for cleaning up spills or scouring pots. But to me, it's a reminder. A reminder that my Lord had a plan for my son. His son.

You see, this is the cloth I wrapped him in the night he was born. That night when we stumbled into that stable. That night when a star stopped over where I laid him in a manger. Where the shepherds came and the angels sang. That night my heart fell in love with a baby, and broke at the same time.

Because I always knew I could never keep him. I kept a lock of his hair, a picture of his footprints and hands, I saved this cloth I wrapped him in the night he was born, I kept all these things...but I couldn't keep him. At least, not in the way I wanted to.

My son died today. They killed him on a cross. All these years, I was afraid I would lose him. All these years I was afraid of today. But now I realize, if I had not lost my son today, I would not have been found by my Lord. My son died today. But my Lord was born today. And I miss my son. But I will see him soon.

And I will keep this until then.

She holds up the blanket, remembering, then exits.