

A script from



## **“A Snapshot from Good Friday: Mary, the Mother of Jesus”**

Script 6

by

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- What** Mary talks about what it was like to be the mother of the Messiah, watching Jesus grow up and fulfill His purpose.  
**Themes:** Easter, Good Friday, Crucifixion, Salvation
- Who** Mary
- When** After crucifixion
- Wear (Props)** Bible costume
- Why** John 19:25
- How** We found that it worked well when the audience was not told in advance who each character was. The mystery drew them in. This fits well with the other six snapshots from Good Friday. Each feature one of the last sayings of Jesus from the cross.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Mary enters. She speaks with dignity. Emotional, weary but controlled, as though she knows something we don't.*

**Mary:** I watched every moment. It is the hardest thing any mother could ever have to do, but if—through his swollen, blackened eyes—He looked down from that cross, darkened by the shadow of awful crucifixion, I wanted to make sure He saw the face of one person who loved Him.

And He did. I almost broke down. His eyes met mine. The eyes that looked up at me from that hay-filled manger. The eyes that brimmed with tears as I cleaned his skinned elbow. The eyes that read the scrolls in the synagogue. The eyes that looked over Jerusalem and wept. The eyes that saw every need, every wound, every hurt, every sinful soul, and refused to look away.

*(Pause)* I knew long ago He was meant for a purpose. When you're visited by an angel, you start to understand that this baby you're carrying might be something... more.

*(Building in intensity)* When shepherds come to kneel at his makeshift cradle, a mother suspects that her baby's life will not be an ordinary one. When wise men bring gifts worth more money than the carpenter shop brings in in a year, a mother should know that Yahweh has a plan bigger than she can wrap her mind around. When a mother finds her twelve-year-old explaining the law and the prophets to the greatest teachers in Jerusalem, she can be fairly certain that there is something different in store for this boy. When your son looks in your face and says He has to be about His father's business—and something in your heart tells you that He doesn't mean carpentry—your heart skips a beat with the realization that this road will not be an easy one. When your son transforms plain water into the finest wine, when he restores sight, heals the lame, even raises the dead... you know that this proves the Divine intention behind his birth.

*Suddenly quieter.*

These are the moments I've treasured in my heart. But a mother will worry, won't she? And I have. The more attention He drew to Himself, the more the authorities threatened and whispered, the more I found myself wishing he would just come back to the carpenter shop and make a simple living.

*(With a slight smile)* He's quite a good carpenter, you know. From the time Joseph taught Him the skills, He worked hard to master them. I loved to watch Him work. Pounding, sawing, sanding. Tables, chairs, bowls, ladles. And then... when each one matched the plan He'd

sketched out on parchment, he would wipe away the dust, step back, spread his arms, smile, and say three simple words. Three words that were a declaration of completion.

*(Pause)* I heard those words again today. And a mother knows...I knew...that they meant much the same thing...though infinitely magnified. No furniture, no housewares this time. But still...there was a plan. Sketched out and in place since before my son was formed in my womb—and, I suspect, for much longer.

*(With some intensity)* Today, on that cross, His arms spread, I am almost positive that I saw on that bruised, wounded, blood-covered face...beyond belief...a smile. And I knew before He said them the words that came next.

"It is finished."

But a mother knows things. It is finished, yes. Without a doubt.

*With bright eyes and a hidden smile.*

But it isn't over.

*Lights fade.*