

“A Mother’s Diary: Mary”

by
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- What** As Mary reads from her diary, she remembers the birth of her son, Jesus, and the trials and struggles He faced. What were her dreams for her son? Did she truly understand His future?
Themes: Easter, Mother’s Day, Jesus, Mary, Family, Trials, Salvation
- Who** Mary, the mother of Jesus
- When** Mary in her later years
- Wear (Props)** Biblical wear with some contemporary props such as big diary...be creative
Diary
Bench
- Why** Luke 2, 4, John 19-20
- How** Mary should be reflective as she reads her diary and drawn into the memories of the life of her son. Some memories may bring joy and some sadness.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

Mary is sitting on a bench with her diary nearby.

Mary: As a mother, I often think back to when my child was born...time slips by so quickly and before you know it, they are grown.

But this birth, I will always remember...my beautiful little boy who would one day carry the weight of the world upon his shoulders.

(Picks up diary) Do you have a diary? I love to read from mine. It is full of so many memories...times of sadness...times of joy. *(Pause)* Would it be okay if I read some of the pages of my diary to you now?

(Opens to a page) We'd been waiting for the Messiah to come for us...my family, our tribe, the whole nation. I always knew he'd come but...well, let's be honest, it's not like I'm from Jerusalem or someplace special. I am just a young girl from Nazareth. And like everyone says, "Does anything good ever come out of Nazareth?"

When the angel appeared, I knew that I must be dreaming. Then, when I finally realized that it was real, I thought for sure this angel had come to the wrong house with the announcement. But if this was what God wanted, then who was I to tell Him that He was wrong?

I was going to give birth to the Son of God? I was Mary, a simple peasant girl. How could this be?

(Turns to another page) Today I know that all the angel said was true. There is no hiding a pregnancy in a town as small as this. I slipped into my room as the tears flowed from the sharp words of the local gossips. Then, at my lowest point, I felt the gentle nudge of a foot inside me...new life filling me with joy and peace. I found myself singing...yes, singing, "my soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior."

(Turns to another page and stands) Today I am reminded of how much I love Joseph...bless that wonderful man. He could have joined in with everyone else...sent me away...even had me killed. But he never broke his promise to marry me. So, when he travelled to Bethlehem for the census, I was honored to ride at his side...even with all the discomforts of being nine months pregnant.

(Turns to another page and sits again) The baby was finally born last night. I wrapped him in cloths and made the most comfortable bed I could with the only thing we had...an animal's feeding trough. This was certainly not the way that I had always dreamed of giving birth!

Joseph told me that I needed to sleep, but I couldn't stop staring at the baby. There he was...my son...Jesus. The one the angel had told me

about. My heart was so full, but none of my words were big enough to express it.

I wasn't the first young mother to bring a child into the world. But as I looked down at my son...I knew He was the one who would change everything *(pause)*.

(Turns to another page) Today I am dreaming about my son's future. It seems like his life has started off in an unsettled state. I pray that God will give him peace as he makes decisions and choices. *(Pause)* I wonder if he will grow up to be a fisherman or a carpenter, like his father. Somehow, I feel that he is going to change the hearts of many people. After all, he is the Son of God, so surely, he will have a power that I cannot seem to understand. *(Pause)* Deep in my heart, I am afraid. God, protect him!

(Stands) It is hard to read many of the entries in my diary. *(Pause)* I was so proud of my son. He did many wonderful things. And yet, he was still ridiculed and mistreated . . . even by those who knew him well. *(Pause)* I saw things done to my son that no mother should ever have to endure. *(Pause)*

I think I will skip to a later date in my diary that fills my heart with joy.

(Turns to page) Here it is. *(Reads)* I had just risen from my bed this morning. I heard some stirring outside of the home and thought that John and some of the others were preparing to go to the tomb.

I was not sure if I could bear to go and see the body of my son again. It was hard enough standing beneath that terrible cross three days earlier...watching as the pain overtook his body and as his breathing became more labored. He was dying and yet he called out for John to take care of me. How could he even be thinking about me at such a moment?

The noise outside grew louder and then I thought I heard the voice of Mary Magdalene. I ran out and saw Mary waving her arms and shouting. At first, I could only hear noise, but then the clarity of her voice cut through the confusion of the moment... "I have seen the Lord. He is alive!"

John and Peter began running and shouted, "Let's go see what is happening!"

(Looks up) You might think I would have run with them. What mother wouldn't want to see her son? But I stayed behind.

PURCHASE
You see those words of Mary reminded me of another moment in my life where I had been shaken from the depths of darkness. Her words were like the gentle nudge of a baby's foot inside me that let me know there was new life and that God was truly in control.

I will see my son again one day. *(Pause)* That gives me joy...

Lights fade.

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