

“Easter is Food-Colored Fingers”

by
Sarah Wall

What A woman recounts the joys of dying Easter eggs as a child, and also a sobering lesson about our sin-stained lives and how only through Jesus’ blood can we be washed clean.

Themes: Easter, Sin, Stains, Unclean, Blood, Jesus, Gospel, Mess

Who Actor

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Casual Clothes
Short Clear Cups with water
Food Coloring
Spoons
Table (with covering)
Basket of Eggs (at least one hard-boiled)
Large Clear Glass Bowl
Small Bowl

Why Matthew 27:15-26, Ephesians 1:3-14, Hebrews 13:8-15, Luke 22:20, I Peter 1:18-21

How Script should be performed as if the actor is speaking to a friend. Be sure the food coloring/water mixture is potent enough that the different colors can be discerned clearly through the cups. Red, green, and blue especially will need to have a concentrated amount of food coloring so that when added together they make a dark liquid. You’ll want a covering for whatever table you use! Keep the monologue moving, but don’t be afraid to pause or slow down in parts that need emphasis. Start out playful, but be sure to convey the intensity and soberness she must’ve felt sitting in church that day.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Actor stands center stage next to a table set for egg-dying. All but one cup of water has food coloring already added. There should be 5 total (red, orange, yellow, green, blue).

Actor: "Whatever you do, don't spill it!"

Six words from my mother were all it took to convince me. In that moment, I knew exactly what I was gonna do.

I was gonna spill it.

Actor walks behind the table and picks up an egg.

This was a lot of pressure for an 8-year-old 'cause it was in my nature to make messes. But I loved dying Easter eggs. Perfect little elliptical canvases, just waiting for splashes of color to fulfill the highest egg calling...the most honorable egg destiny! And I was just the kid to make it happen.

Actor puts the egg down, and while she says "drop by drop" adds the remaining drops of color to the last cup and stirs.

Anyway, we'd line up our cups of water...and then drop by drop...those cups of plain water became tiny pools of Easter egg magic. Mom always laid down a thick, protective layer between the magic and the kitchen table. I'm talking plastic drop cloth, then newspaper...then a sheet of Kevlar, I think. A layer of sawdust, probably. Then an old towel on top of that. No egg dye was making it through this barrier.

And as I reached for my first egg, she said, "Oh, and use the spoons. You don't want stained hands for Easter tomorrow, do you?"

Well, I'd been using spoons pretty successfully for about 6 years at that point, and so I began confidently.

Actor takes one egg and carefully lays it in one of the cups, gently turning it over as she speaks.

Guys, I was dipping. I was re-dipping. There was two-toning and there was swirling. I mean, Easter egg innovation was happening. With all that excitement coiled up inside, I sprang from my chair! I was sure Mom would want to be part of the history I was making.

Actor removes the egg from the dye and places it to the side in a small bowl or plate.

And in my excitement...I didn't notice that a thread from the towel had caught one of my shirt buttons...

I turned quickly, but the moments that followed played out painfully slow.

As the actor describes what happened, she is slowly taking each cup and pouring it into one clear, glass bowl. The result should be a murky mess.

Five cups of liquid upended. And 5 colors blended together on that towel, creating a sloppy, murky, green/black swamp. And for some reason, I put my hands in it! Like my touch could turn back time or push the liquids back into their cups.

I spilled it. I spilled ALL of it but good. My hands would be a splotchy, blackened mess that wouldn't fully fade until Mother's Day.

I went to church that Easter sporting unclean hands and a frilly, yellow dress. Mom kept muttering something about "she wished she had bought Easter gloves" ...I can't quite remember.

That Sunday at church we heard an old story. We reminded each other about it, through music and preaching and sharing. I sat there with my blackened hands and I listened. As he spoke, our pastor said something about unclean hands and this guy in the Bible named Pilate. My ears became two radar dishes. "Unclean hands?? Did he say dirty hands? Is he talking about me?! Does he know?? OF COURSE, he knows, he works for God...!! I just knew I was gonna have to confess to the church. I don't know, it made more sense when I was 8.

All I know is that the rest of the world faded, and I heard nothing but the pastor's words. Maybe REALLY heard it for the first time. There was Jesus standing with Pilate. There was a crowd full of people yelling at Jesus. Hating him. "Crucify Him!" they screamed. "Crucify Him!" There was Pilate, doing what they demanded. "Why is he doing this??" I thought. "This is Jesus!" There was Pilate washing his hands...did he really think a bowl of water could make a stain like that clean...?

"His blood be on us and our children!" the people cried. "His blood be on us and our children!"

It would still be a few years before I saw myself standing there. Long after the stains on my hands had faded, I began to see that not much had changed since I was 8.

Actor picks up the bowl of murky water.

I was still prone to make messes. Messes water couldn't wash clean.

Actor places the bowl back down. At this point, she can come out from behind the table and address the audience directly, if desired.

It would be a few more years before I saw my own fist raised in defiance. Before I saw myself standing in front of Him with unclean hands. And one day, that old story came alive in my heart. And I begged God to cover me with the sacrifice of His Son. It had to be His blood. His blood covering me. Covering us. And our children. To this day, as a church, we still remind ourselves, don't we?

Actor begins to sing, gesturing for the audience to join her.

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Actor exits. Lights down.