

“Mary’s Memories”

by
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- What** In this monologue featuring Mary, the mother of Jesus, she recalls the birth, death, and purpose of the life of the man who was her Son, the Messiah, and the Savior.
- Themes: Christmas, Easter, Salvation, Mary, Messiah, Life of Christ
- Who** Mary, the Mother of Jesus, in her later years
- When** In the years following the crucifixion of Christ
- Wear (Props)** Can be done in modern clothing but (simple) Biblical clothing is preferable
- Why** Luke 1:46-47, Luke 2:19
- How** Monologue style. Mary will start either offstage or outside the spotlight then spend the rest of the script speaking as a monologue before the audience. She should be very “down to earth” and “real”, but there are many emotions throughout the skit and they should be portrayed boldly.
- Time** Approximately 4-5 minutes

Mary begins yelling offstage, or in darkness.

Mary: Jesus! Jesus! Please answer me. *(Crying)* I don't understand. Why would you leave me? Where have you gone? Jesus! I need you!

Mary walks onstage or into spotlight.

That's the dream. I have had it for so many years I almost feel it's part of me. I wander around, calling for my son, not understanding where he has gone or why I have been left alone. Then I wake, drenched in sweat, alone, trembling...and I cry.

The dream started after I lost him in the temple when he was 12. Oh, I was so mad at him! I realize now how ridiculous that was, but when you live with someone every day, and he's just one of your kids, and you feed him 3 meals a day and make sure he's in school, and he's doing his chores, and, well...you forget that he was supposed to be special. It's just everyday life. It's ordinary. And then he's gone! Lost! Seriously, how bad of a mother do you have to be to lose the Son of God??? I thought he was with his cousins but I didn't check. We searched and called, and I cried, wandering the streets just like in my dream, for 3 agonizing days! But then, there he was, in the temple, acting like nothing was even wrong. He was TEACHING scholars, and I was angry! I couldn't understand why he had done that to me. I didn't understand why he wasn't even sorry. I didn't understand. At all. But I should have.

At the time, I didn't think anything could be worse, but 21 years later... *(Drop head and pause)* The memory is so deeply etched into my heart I can see it clearly, even now. My son. MY son. Hanging on a Roman cross. And for what??? Nothing! And then he said "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing." His head dropped. I knew he was gone. And I was so angry! *(Yelling)* "They took my son!" I remember crying those words to him all over again. "Jesus! Jesus!!! *(Crying)* I don't understand. Why would you leave me? Where have you gone? Jesus! I need you!" But he didn't answer, and I was left there, drenched in sweat, trembling, feeling more alone than I had ever felt in my entire life. And I didn't understand. At all. But I should have.

I had so many memories stored up in my heart...little things about my special child. Like pieces of a puzzle, they were scattered, jumbled in my mind and heart, but they were there. And then God began to piece them together one by one... Memories...

My mind goes so easily back to that amazing day that changed my life. It was such an ordinary day. I was cooking and cleaning and then he was there—an angel—sent to ME, to tell me I was chosen to be the mother of the Messiah. Me! Just ordinary Mary. And I wasn't even married yet! Talk about not understanding! But I knew I wanted to obey.

Joseph didn't understand either. I was so afraid of what he would do, but oh my sweet Joseph. He married me anyway, and I'll never forget the look on his face the night Jesus was born.

It wasn't anything like I thought it would be. I imagined having him at home, with my mom to help me, in a nice clean bed. I mean, this was the most special baby ever. Nothing was too good for him! But it wasn't that way at all. Caesar made us go to Bethlehem and it was CRAZY there. I wasn't in any condition to hurry, so by the time we got there, there just wasn't a single room available! I had to give birth in a barn! Without my mom. Right next to smelly animals, and with no clean ANYTHING.

But then I looked into the eyes of my son and it didn't matter anymore. I felt like I could see eternity in those eyes. Joseph felt it too. He gazed so intently at the face of the son he would raise as his own and I knew at that moment he would be the sweetest father.

But something happened after that night. Life went on. I had a husband and kids and housework. I was back to ordinary Mary and in the mundane everydayness, I lost that feeling of eternity. I stopped looking into those eyes and just told him to do his schoolwork.

Then I lost him in Jerusalem and he was there at the temple, astounding people with his knowledge and wisdom and I remembered, but only for a moment, because he continued to grow and day followed day. Ordinary.

And then...he was a man, with followers, and a ministry. I was so proud! I'd like to say I was proud of him for him...but I have to admit...I was kinda proud of the job I did as a mom. You know – when your kid turns water into wine and heals people and has hundreds of followers, you feel like you must have done something right!

But, once again, I didn't understand. Suddenly he wasn't popular anymore. He was hated! There was a trial, if you could even call it that! And before I knew it, I was standing in front of my son, watching him die on a Roman cross. And I thought all was lost. For 3 days I cried. The nightmares increased. I screamed for him. My Joseph was gone and now my Jesus was gone.

Silence.

And then, the tomb was empty! My Jesus was alive! He stayed for a while, but then he was gone again. To prepare a place for me he said. WHAT DID THAT EVEN MEAN???

I had stored all those memories in my heart. I could relive them in my mind again and again. But the whole thing didn't make sense. Why

would God give me this child only to take him from me? He was the Messiah, right? The promised deliverer? Where was the deliverance??

Then I remembered one more thing. Floating back to me from many years ago was the song I sang the night Gabriel made his announcement. "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my savior." In God, my SAVIOR! MY. SAVIOR.

I was not perfect, like Jesus was. As much as I liked to pretend, Jesus wasn't who He was because of anything I did as a mom. In fact, I failed Him all the time. I was a sinner. I could not pay the debt I owed. I needed a Savior. I needed Jesus! He wasn't here to deliver me from my enemies; He was here to deliver me from myself!

A lot of years have passed now. I still have the dream, but I don't wake trembling, or crying anymore because I finally understand where He went, and why. He came to the manger for me. He walked this earth for me. He went to the cross for me. Everything He did, He did for me! He was the center of my universe and I didn't understand. He was the most important person to ever walk this earth, and I didn't get it. Oh, but I do now.

My son...is my Savior!

Stage Lights Out