

A script from



“When I First Held My Grandson”

by
Curt Cloninger

- What** The Mother of Mary, Jesus' Grandmother, shares her story of the events leading up to the moment when she finally got to hold her grandson.
Themes: Mother, Grandmother, Jesus, Christmas, Faith, Parents
- Who** The Mother of Mary- 40's+
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** It isn't necessary, but you may wear a Bible costume or just a simple shawl over your head.
- Why** Luke 2: 22-35
- How** The dialogue really allows the actor to paint a picture of what's happening, so it's important to tell the story as if you are re-living the whole scene.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

Mary's Mother enters and addresses the audience.

She was the apple of her father's eye. He would've tried to rope the moon for her if she'd asked. And, it was hard for my husband to watch her grow up.

He was furious when Joseph came courting. "He's too old for her", he said. "And she's too young to marry! She's still a child. " But, I liked Joseph. He was kind. Stable. Not at all like some of the very young men who came around. My husband, he gave his blessing. (Through his clenched teeth, but his blessing, still.)

I thought it would kill him when Mary got pregnant. I thought he would kill Joseph. Neither. Mary, she calmed him down. Through her tears, she said, "Papa, No! This is a special child. You know that." She calmed him down. She could always calm him down. She was always a...steady child. When she got pregnant, she seemed to get even steadier. I was worried sick when they left for Bethlehem. Mary so far along. But Mary...it was like she became the Mother. She patted my hand, smiled...didn't say a thing. I was worried sick. But, when the baby was born, Mary sent a message, "You have a grandson. His name is Jesus...special, like we were told. In three weeks, we will offer him up to God in Jerusalem. Come."

My husband wouldn't come. He was too proud. Too stubborn. "She's no longer my daughter. She is Joseph's wife", he said.

My nephew went with me for the trip. He had business in the city anyway.

We got to the city on a Tuesday. Midmorning. My nephew went off to do his business. I went to the Temple, to find my grandson. I stood in the portico all morning and watched for Mary and Joseph. There was a huge crowd. Poor people mostly, bringing their firstborn sons up to the priests. I thought, "I'll never find Mary in this crowd."

*Almost one full page has been omitted from this preview.
To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

It was then that my husband noticed me. "What in the world are you doing here?" I asked him. "I thought you weren't coming."

"You don't think I'd miss my grandson's dedication, do you?!" he said.
"Besides, Mary's my daughter and this is a special baby you know that."

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He smiled as he and Joseph went off arm in arm to buy some more pigeons.

And I finally got to hold my grandson.

Lights fade.