

THE MARY MONOLOGS

by Lynne K. Jessup



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**THE MARY
MONOLOGS**

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PRODUCTION NOTES

These monologs can be used one a week leading up to Palm Sunday or all on one day, such as Good Friday. They are very effective if the speaker is sitting in the congregation and simply stands and begins speaking in character. They may be done in any order you choose.

Mary, the mother of Jesus is standing at the foot of the cross, so it would be good for her to move towards the front of the room and keep her eyes upward as she is speaking to Jesus on the cross.

Mary of Bethany is addressing people around her, so she should move around the room, maintaining eye contact with individuals in the congregation. The same is true for Mary, the mother of Mark, except at the end she should look towards a door as she asks who could be knocking.

Mary Magdalene could start at the back and slowly walk towards the front as she is talking, reaching the front and turning toward the congregation as she arrives at the tomb.

A simple shawl (plain, not fancy) placed around the shoulders as the character begins speaking is enough costume to give the idea that the drama is beginning. It is important that the parts be memorized.

If more than one monolog is to be done on one day and only one microphone is available, it is possible to have the first Mary end her presentation where the next Mary is seated in the congregation, with special music between the monologs to give the monologists time to switch the microphone.

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Mary, the Mother of Jesus

My son! Oh my son, can it really be you hanging there on that cross? Your father and I were so proud of you as we watched you grow and mature into manhood. How could the blessing that God sent us in you end in this way? Was it me? Was it my fault? Did I do something wrong in raising you that brought you to this awful moment in time? When the prophet Simeon said that a sword would pierce my soul, I had no idea anything could cut so deeply, hurt so fully!

I remember when you were twelve years old, and we thought we had lost you. We were so anxious when we came together at the end of the day and found that you weren't with either one of us. We were only a day's journey away from Jerusalem, but it seemed like it took an eternity to get back to look for you. And there you were, standing in the temple, asking questions of the priests. They were amazed at your insight. How could we have worried? We should have known you could take care of yourself.

When you began traveling and teaching publicly, you had such a following. I stood in wonder as I watched people gather to hear you from miles around. You opened a door into heaven with your words and allowed people to catch a glimpse of God himself. I was so sure you were destined for greatness.

I must confess your response hurt deeply when we tried to get you to come away from the crowds and rest awhile. The claims you were making seemed so stupendous, and the crowds pressed in on you so thickly, we were afraid you were beside yourself from the stress. How could you say those other people were your mother and brothers if they did the word of God? We were the ones who loved you, not them.

And now the people who once flocked to hear you stand and mock. How can you bear it? I can hardly make myself stay here at your feet and watch your pain; but neither can I tear myself away from you at this, your hour of need.

1 How can you forgive them for what they have done to
2 you? How can you even be thinking of me and my comfort in
3 the midst of such pain? How can this have happened to you?
4 Oh my son, my son . . .

5 Oh, my God, how can I be more like you?

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Mary of Bethany

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I felt all my troubles slip away. Never has there been a man to speak like this man. He touched my heart like no one ever had before. Just hearing him took my breath away!

Martha got so upset when I didn't get up to help her serve the meal. There she was, running back and forth, frazzled and frustrated, trying to prepare and serve food for all those people. I was just sitting there, taking in every word he said as if my life depended on the remembering of them.

I was so sure he was going to scold me and tell me to get up and help my sister. After all, it was the decent and proper thing to do. But I couldn't help myself! He had captured my heart and soul, and I could no more tear myself away from him than I could will myself to grow taller.

I could hardly believe my ears when the rebuke, if you could even call it that — it was so gentle — fell on Martha instead of me! Good old Martha — solid, dependable, trustworthy. I was always the flighty one, overly emotional and impulsive.

I know it must have hurt her to be corrected like that. She wasn't used to it like I was. But if she could have only sat at his feet and listened to him like I did, she would have known how unimportant one dinner was compared to the feast of words, ideas, and love that Jesus spread before us.

And then the time that Lazarus got sick — I must tell you about that! The messengers we sent out came back saying they had gotten the word to Jesus; but then he didn't come, and Lazarus died. What heartache! Not only to lose my brother, but to know that Jesus could have healed him if he had only come!

Four days after Lazarus' burial, when Jesus finally arrived, I ran to him and fell on the ground at his feet. I knew he had the power of God in him, and he had told us that God loved us, and he had shown such love — I couldn't understand

1 why he had let this happen. Had he forgotten us? Did he not
2 love us as he said he did? All I could do was fall at his feet and
3 weep.

4 If only I had known how Jesus would turn our weeping
5 into rejoicing! "Lazarus, come forth," he shouted; and there
6 was my brother, wrapped in his graveclothes, walking out of
7 the tomb. Power even more than I could imagine!

8 Is it any wonder that I could not help taking everything
9 I had saved up throughout my entire life to purchase the very
10 best anointing oil that could be found? I did not feel worthy to
11 pour it on his head, so I bowed before him, anointed his feet
12 with the oil, and wiped them with my hair. I knew at that
13 moment beyond any hint of doubt that God had forgiven all
14 my sins. I just wanted to pour myself out before him.

15 And now here I find myself at his feet once again. Lord,
16 you spoke the words of life. Could you not have talked to these
17 people as you spoke with us and convinced them not to do this
18 terrible thing?

19 Lord, you had the power to bring my brother back from
20 the dead. Could you not keep these people from killing you?

21 Lord, we believed you to be the King of kings and Lord
22 of lords. We gave our lives and allegiance to you in love. Could
23 you not use your authority under God to stop this crucifixion?

24 Oh, Lord! What do I do now?

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Mary, the Mother of Mark

“No good will come of it, you’ll see!” That’s what I told my son Mark. Can you imagine my shock to see my own son come traipsing in after being out till all hours of the night — and without a stitch of clothing! And all just so that he might catch a glimpse of this Nazarene who’s been stirring things up so much around here. There are always troublemakers; they’re as cheap and common as fleas on a dog, and just as irritating.

At the time I thought it was probably for the best that this Jesus had been arrested. It would keep him from filling our young people’s heads with such dreams, such impossible dreams for a better life, such nonsense. You can believe that I forbid John Mark to have anything more to do with him. “When he gets out of prison,” I said, “you stay clear away from him.”

At the time, I thought I was right. But so much has happened since then. It’s not just the world that’s been turned upside down by this Jesus — it’s me and my whole way of thinking.

Jesus never was released from prison. They arrested him the night Mark was following him at a distance, the night the mob grabbed him and he had to leave his covering behind in order to escape. They had a trial by night — you know, I didn’t even think that was legal. They turned him over to the Roman authorities, and the next thing I knew, he was crucified. How could it all have happened so quickly? I know he made some radical claims, but what could he have done to deserve death?

Mark was devastated. I thought it would all blow over in time — you know how stormy youth can be, and then the next minute everything’s all right again. But then Mark came home a few days later, rejoicing because his friend Peter had told him that Jesus had risen from the dead. I thought, “What next?”

I tried to tell Mark that you couldn’t trust what Peter said. He was so ignorant — always blurting out the wrong thing at the wrong time. But when I saw Peter some time later, he seemed different somehow — more confident, more sure of

1 himself, more — you know — “together.” He had an authority
2 when he spoke that I’d never seen in him before. Something
3 had surely happened to make that change. If Jesus could do
4 so much for Peter, I reckoned I ought to believe in him too, the
5 way my son Mark did.

6 And now Peter has been arrested, too. As quickly as they
7 convicted Jesus, there doesn’t seem to be much hope for Peter.
8 He’s been so open lately about being a follower of Jesus. But
9 all of the believers are gathered here at my house, praying for
10 him. It makes me feel good to be a part of this great outpouring
11 of love and concern for Peter, even if nothing comes of it.

12 Now who could that be knocking on the door?
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MARY MONOLOGUES

by Lynne K. Jessup.

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Toll Free: 1-844-841-6387 - Fax (319) 368-8011

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