

Reflections of the Master
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Purpose:

If those whose lives were touched by Jesus during His time were here today, given just moments, what would they say? Could they somehow make the Word become alive? This collection of monologues provides personal encounters with some of these very people

Characters:

Caiaphas, the woman caught in the act of adultery, Paul, the Centurion, Stephen, Mary (Martha's sister), John the Beloved, Peter, Judas, and Mary (the mother of Jesus).

Props:

Other than a table, paper and quill pen for Paul, and the cross, props should be very minimal. They should only be used to enhance the character, so he/she becomes more real in the telling of their stories. Possible suggestions: stones for Dichotomy #1 or a fishing net for Peter.

Lighting: Ideas are mentioned throughout the script which will greatly enhance this production. However, it can be done quite simply if lights are not available or cannot be rigged.

DICHOTOMY #1

A dimly lit large cross set up stage center. Light on cross fades out and characters file onto stage

Scene opens with the platform dark - characters are in place with their backs to the audience - Caiaphas is in white, the adulterous Woman in black on opposite sides of stag. Blue scene lighting comes up as both turn to the audience. Dialogue falls in place in a rhythm. Characters move together as dialogue comes together and apart as dialogue goes apart

CAIAPHAS It was too late for him. Too late. The trap had been sprung. He was trapped. By the mind of this old priest. And the help of Jehovah, of course! For too long he mocked us. Made us laughingstocks to the people. Set himself up as our judge? Declare himself above our law? Even dare to call himself the Son of God? This would be the day the blasphemy would end. It would be stopped. And way too late, if you ask me.

WOMAN No one asked me. No one even cared why I did it. I was only a pawn in their little game. I felt so alone. They pulled me from my lover's arms into the street. Not even the decency to let me get my clothes on. They were evil. Claimed to be men of God, but there was evil in their hearts. They stood me in front of this man, the teacher they called Jesus. I tried to cover up. They were all around me with stones, waiting for him to decide. I didn't want to. But when he stayed silent, I looked up. He wasn't looking at me like they were. He was looking in my eyes.

CAIAPHAS You should have seen the look in his eyes. When we demanded he choose. Stone her or to have mercy on her? Vindicate both the Law and our government. Or make sin of no consequence. The sin was obvious, the evidence before his eyes. With one word, he would expose himself as a false teacher. Or sanction her death. Now he would experience the weight of the Law we struggled with daily.

WOMAN I felt as like he was weighing my life. I wanted to tell him of my need to matter to someone. The empty nights. My longing for love. To tell him it was a trap. Why else had my lover not

been brought? Surely he was as guilty as I. Somehow, I knew. He knew all I could tell him. So I stayed silent. Kept my eyes on his. At least they were kind. If I was to die, maybe I could die believing a man cared for me. Then he knelt down. Started writing in the dirt like a child. He broke my heart. Why he would act like that, all of a sudden?

CAIAPHAS Who could understand this man? He began to write in the dirt. As though he hadn't even heard me. Even worse! As though I didn't matter to him. Did he not realize what was at stake? What on earth was he writing?

WOMAN He wrote his name in the dirt. Wrote "Jesus was here." Like some passing stranger. Who would come through but once, and wanted everyone to know he'd been there. The words burned in my mind and heart. And I knew why he wrote them.

CAIAPHAS We asked him again

WOMAN They asked him again

BOTH He looked right through me and said " He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

WOMAN I couldn't believe what he said

CAIAPHAS I could not believe what I heard

WOMAN Suddenly, I was not the only one there, naked and ashamed. One by one they put down the stones. It happened again and again. Till all were gone.

CAIAPHAS Again, this rabble rouser had decided to judge us. What did he know of my life? I was the high priest of Jehovah. Who was he to condemn me?

WOMAN He looked at me and said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." I felt clean before Him. Naked, but not ashamed. Suddenly, my life mattered again. It had been forfeit. But now was redeemed. Even Caiaphas dared not throw a stone.

CAIAPHAS I wanted to do it. Before God, I tried to raise my arm and throw what was in my hand. Not at her, but at him. She was just a tool. Expendable. But he'd gone too far. He had become a thorn in my flesh that I wanted removed. If I couldn't trick him, without risking humiliation, there were other ways. He was just a man.

WOMAN I was just a woman. On that day though, I became more. In the dust I came from, He fulfilled the purpose for which he came. Before grace had fully come, He wrote his name in the dusty tables of my heart. He was God. He could bend rules to forgive sins before it was time. Because He loved me like no man ever had or could. Because He gave me my life, I followed. To Golgotha, where He gave me His blood. To the upper room, where He gave me power. To the arena in Rome, where I gave my life for His glory. I was bound to Him that day. Not by chains of Law. No, I was captured by real love.

CAIAPHAS I loved it when we took him captive. Lo, how the mighty had fallen. No miracle could deliver him. Not even the adoration of the people. This time, with a little leading, they wanted Barabbas. No, it was finished. He died the death of a criminal. It was over. ...Till his deluded followers started this movement, calling themselves Christians. Twelve more, just like him. Then three thousand. Then people being added daily. They were turning the city upside down. How long before the Romans reacted with

military might? For the good of the people, we sent out agents with one simple command. Put a stop to this blasphemy.

The light fades, Caiaphas and the Woman turn their backs to the audience and freeze in place. Red and blue lights come up as Paul begins to write

PAUL

Music begins to play softly in the background. Paul, head down, writes. He stops to review what he has thus far, speaks in a contemplative tone

I, Paul, sent to destroy the church, but called of God to be an apostle of Jesus Christ. Unto the church of God which is in (*insert name of your town*), sanctified in Christ, called to be His saints. Grace be to you and peace from God and the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace which has been given you. That in all things, you are blessed of him. That the testimony of Christ is confirmed in you. That in all that you suffer, no ... (*He scratches out last part*) ... that in all affliction we know... (*He pauses and shakes head - looks up at audience - seems bewildered, then smiles and stands*)

How is it that I actually stand before you, except through the power and grace of our Lord? I will need no epistle to tell you of those things which I have both seen and heard.

How shall I present myself to thee? As a Pharisee, cloaked in righteousness and held as holy in the sight of men? As a student of Gamaliel, versed in the Law of Moses? Upright in zeal? A servant of the priesthood of Jehovah? Shall I come before you proud in those things by which I sought and obtained the acceptance of men? Nay, I say to you. I am the chiefest of sinners. Saved by his grace. Brought by the Lamb of God into the hope of this one calling. And free, despite these bars.

What afflictions can hold us? What trials can harm us in our service to God? I tell you none! Though we be in bonds, yet his Word is not bound. It worketh in this world, though men strive against it. Though our bodies be broken, yet his promises remain. Though evil men come against us, the church of God shall endure. Though all of our worldly possessions be forfeit, what is that to one which has the Creator for a provider? We taste of death, but we know that we shall arise in newness of life.

I thank God I am counted worthy of the fellowship of His suffering. That in this manner He has called me his friend. Who among us will open their heart to share pain with another? To lay open our wounds and our weaknesses, one to another? To trust they will not judge, but will take up our burdens? To believe they will care? Yet, God has counted me worthy to taste of His suffering. Am I afflicted? Nay, I am blessed.

I have learned in all things to count the trials of this life as naught. To thank God that through these, my testimony and work among the brethren is strengthened. Have I tasted of failure? Then can I comfort another who has failed. Have I been beaten? Yea, but I can testify to another with stripes laid upon him. The goal is worth the suffering. It is through the working of His will that I have endured many afflictions which have been laid upon my fellow servants. I have come though these that I might tell of His deliverance. My testimony is confirmed by my scars.

My time passes, brethren, but let me encourage you in this wise. Be not weary in well doing. Neither fear evil when it rises against you. I tell you truth, if you are under His blood, you are in His hand. If evil can touch you, know that God Himself has permitted it. All things work together for good to them that love Him. The shadow of the Almighty lies over you and He directs your steps. Though you be weary, trust Him. Though you be slain, trust Him. Endure, for the race is worth the joy that awaits.

Though this flesh shall pass away, his Word shall not. In His service, we shall live again.

Now the Lord of peace give you peace by all means. May Christ be with you all.

Goes back and sits at his desk as the light fades. Picks up quill. Freezes in place.

THE CENTURION

Same blue green light comes up as the Centurion turns, steps forward, and begins to speak.

Music changes

I never had much peace in life till I met him. Please pardon my speech. Not used to ... , well, not real sure about talking to such fine citizens. I'm supposed to say what happened when I met God. Okay, I can do that. I figure someone else could do it better, but He commanded. If nothing else, I know how to obey orders.

I was never sure of much in my life. Came from a poor family of farmers. We didn't own any land. When crops were bad, taxes still had to get paid. One year, my parents sold two of my brothers into slavery. To stay out of debtors' prison. I ran to the garrison and joined the army. I'd of been next. I didn't want to belong to my family no more.

I didn't fit much with the other soldiers. I only stuck with training because if I didn't, I'd have to go back to the farm. The others made life rough. I got mean and tough. After I survived four campaigns, they made me a centurion. Never got used to respect from other men. Never got used to killing, either.

No one kills easily. Unless they 'e really evil. There's a few like that. I cried the first time another man died on my sword. I lay at night wondering if he had kids, a wife. What his hopes and dreams had been. Tried to tell myself it had been him or me. Finally, I just drank till I couldn't remember the last look in his eye. Since then, I killed a lot. Some deserved it, most didn't. The last one was the one I can't forget. Drink couldn't dull my memory of those eyes. Or what happened.

I hated occupation duty in Jerusalem. A hot dirty country, full of petty people. The ruling class had a list of rules to follow to be considered a good man. Had someone read some to me once. Wow! No way anyone could follow them. These priests acted like knowing rules made them better than others. I hated them. They were all slaves. They could die as easily as the next man. I hated watching them strut. I hated enforcing their ridiculous laws. I **really** hated crucifixions.

If you've never been to one of those, good! I see children among you, so I won't describe them. All I can say is. That's no way for one man to kill another. There's no honor in it. And it is no way for a man to die. Any man is better than what he becomes on the cross. Or so I thought. Before I met Jesus.

Once I looked in his eyes, I felt like it was just the two of us on the hill. I just watched him. I didn't join the gambling. The laughing crowd faded away. Didn't even smell the blood. Just watched his eyes. Saw a lot of men die. Never saw one die without fear.

I realized he knew something I didn't. If he wasn't afraid, then he knew what death was. If so, then he probably knew the purpose of life. Did he know what would the emptiness inside me? I thought about what I'd heard. They wanted him dead because he claimed to be the Son of God. That would've been ridiculous, except ... he had no fear. Surely God would know all about life and death. But how could God die? So I watched him die, at peace with himself and his purpose. And all creation started weeping at once.

I watched in disbelief as darkness came. The ground started shaking. I watched as those priests celebrate. Were they stupid? How could they be so blind? Finally, I couldn't take it. In defense of the bravest man I ever saw, I cried, "Surely, this was the Son of God."

That pretty much ended a bunch of things. Like my career. That was okay, though. I was done killing. I stopped living just for me too. Found something better to live for. Stopped hating priests, started pitying them. Didn't even know they'd just killed their Messiah. Most of all, I had a plan for my life. A role model to live up to.

I'd met God, face to face. Could I live and die like that? My search took me to Cornelius and salvation. It led me to serve God, die for Him, and an inheritance with Him. It was the turning point in my life. I saw Him give of Himself, without regret, to fill a need. He wasn't just any God. He was my God.

Light fades as the Centurion turns away and freezes.

STEPHEN

All three colors of light fade in as Stephen turns to audience. Music changes

Even as I died, I saw God. The mystery of the heavens opened to me, but I speak not on this wise. I would show you a different mystery. I sleep, yet I live. They say Steven died in shame, just as others have. Yet I died not. Let me speak on these truths. Let me continue the work I have been given.

It is reported in your scriptures I did signs and wonders among the people. I suppose in one sense, that is true. For these, I was loved by some who supposed I had such power of my own self. I was of good report, though the glory was not mine. I was appointed to serve widows among us. Those for whom life had become difficult and procurement of bread impossible. Those who had no ability to live on their own. They were bereft of husbands to sustain them. Let me speak to these today. Let me minister to you all.

Life, in God's eyes, is the presence of His Spirit. He breathed into Adam and Adam became a living soul. It was the Spirit that entered into Adam. It changed his soul into one alive to God. This Spirit withdrew on the day our forefather ate that fruit. Thus it was fulfilled, "On the day that you eat of that fruit, you shall surely die". Without the Spirit of our Lord inside, he was surely dead to God. How can the living converse with the dead? How can the Spirit commune with carnal men who have not his Spirit?

Suppose you this body contains life because we breathe? This is lesser life, not that for which we were created. He said He came that we might have Life and that more abundantly. Shall we breathe more deeply because He came? No, it is His Spirit that makes us alive. To His voice. His touch. His love and His calling. Those who die without His Spirit are truly dead, and the dead know nothing. But those who die in Christ only sleep. Waiting for the blessed day when His returning presence shall call to that buried with us. Then shall we rise to ever be with Him.

Much is made of my defense to the Sanhedrin court. They supposed I would beg for my life. As though they had power to take it. No, I spoke to them the gospel. They needed to hear it. Before they died a death with no redemption. Their hearts were hard and they stoned me. They meant it for evil, yet I asked God to forgive them. They only granted me sleep, in which to await my Savior.

So I stand before you. Called to minister to needs and preach the gospel. I come for those to whom true Life has become difficult, lacking sustenance. Those who, as the bride, have as yet no husband with which to live. Those who need the Bread of Life.

The daily struggle to meet fleshly needs is not the Life to which we are called. Those are simple needs which the Creator meets whether or not we take heed for the morrow. This life is but a vapor, a transition, a preparation for a more glorious Life. Through the death of Jesus, His Spirit can now live within you. To quicken your soul with the very breath of God that roared through the upper room. It is that which enables us to touch Him, feel Him, and speak with Him in His language. Through Spirit, we draw strength from the Bread of Life, his Word.

You have a choice. You can live, ruled by the flesh. You can base hopes and dreams on the values of this world, knowing it shall pass away. You can die never knowing Him, and stay dead. Or you can choose to allow His Spirit to enter. To give place within to the Creator and spend your life serving Him. Then sleep like me, knowing we will wake to glory. You have a choice. It is a matter of Life and death.

All lights fade as Stephen turns away and freezes

MARY, MARTHA'S SISTER

Yellow light fades in as Mary turns to audience. Music changes

I knew a lot about life and death. Yet, while I lived, many thought me foolish. What did they know? They never saw the dead come to life, as I did. He raised my brother Lazarus up after he had been asleep, without breath four days. I sat at the feet of the Master and learned from the source of wisdom. Martha thought I was out of place, but Jesus rebuked her for scolding me. Most people never enjoyed friendship with the Son of God like my family. They probably never touched Him. That was my privilege. That was my joy.

No one understood what I was doing when I broke the alabaster box to anoint Him. No one but Jesus. There are those who called it extravagant worship. I know only when I thought of Him dying, I wanted Him to know. He had mattered to me and I loved Him. So I sacrificed something precious to me. The value of the gift being poured out was important to me. He treasured the tears.

I couldn't help but cry when my hands touched His feet. Coming into contact with God does that to me. Simon sat and scowled. The disciples were embarrassed. But I worshiped Him anyway. I knew His approval meant far more than that of those around me. Then He spoke words that thrilled me. He said what I did would be spoken of forever.

After that, it was easy to believe. I too went to the upper room to wait for the promise. That's where **He** touched **me**. From the inside out. I felt His hand on me for the rest of my life.

I saw others touch Him. The woman with the issue of blood did. But only as a last resort when her wealth faded. Others reached to Him in pain and suffering, and He healed them. John was always pressing to be close to Him, to be called a friend of Christ. Thomas touched Him and lost all his doubts. Mostly though? It was our needs that really touched Him. We reached to Him and He responded.

Even now, you feel His presence, don't you? He walks among you. Sees your hurts and disappointments. Hears your prayers. Tastes your fear in the face of death and suffering. You believe He is still touched by feelings of infirmities. So you ask. Why doesn't He do something if He is God?

Did I mention you need to reach out? He's not hard to find. His ear isn't deaf, nor his arms too short to reach you. He is passing by, crying, "Wake up, arise, it is I. Come out from among the dead and live!" But you have to make the first move. You must touch Him, before He can take you in His arms.

There are those who feel I'm naive and simple. That I don't know much about real life. Yet I have learned this. I know the source of Life. I've held it in my hands.

Yellow light fades out as Mary turns from audience and freezes.

JOHN THE BELOVED

All three colors of light fade in as John turns to audience. Music changes

He was more than just a man we could touch. His love for others went beyond what men are capable of. I was present when He turned water into wine. For no other reason than need. I watched as He healed lepers, raised dead, and fed multitudes. None had anything He wanted. James and I were there when He took pity on the Samaritan woman. She was hurting, so He gave her back self-esteem. He cared far beyond our ability to care. That's why I called Him Master. It's why I call Him Lord.

Some thought He was just a man. They followed because they were curious. What miracles would He do next? Some came to learn from Him. Others merely to see Him put the Pharisees in their place. But most came because they had needs. They left when He met their needs. They came for the loaves and fishes. Only a few stayed to serve Him.

I walked with Him because I worshiped Him. I believed John the Baptist. When he told me Jesus was the Lamb of God, I followed Christ. Everything I ever wanted to be, He was. With nothing of His own, He was content. He rose above politics and society, treating all men alike. He had tremendous power, used only for others. He gave of himself with no hope of gain. And He died with more courage than I'm capable of. He was my hero. I loved Him.

In all these years, I've forgotten nothing. I remember the peace of His presence. The sense of quiet satisfaction as He watched the beauty of a sunrise. The tears in his eyes when He looked on suffering. The terrible anger as He beheld religion trading salvation for power. The hint of a smile as we grasped the meaning of a parable. The thrill of His touch. He was a teacher, but seemed more like a

father. I'll never forget what He said about the greatest love a man could have for his friends. Just before He proved it.

What do you see when you picture Him? You've felt His power. You've been in His presence. Many have been filled with His Spirit. You know Him as God. Yet, I would rather you see Him as a man. That way, you could believe you could be like Him. In his humanity, He can be touched by your needs. As a man, He can truly understand your temptations. And as one of you, He is easier to approach than a distant and powerful God. As a man, you can hope you might be able to follow in His footsteps.

Some follow for the signs and wonders, the power He gives. Do not fall into this trap. Fellow believers, these things should follow **you**. Some have sought to purchase such power. Some used it for personal glory and wealth. Others still for significance in their lives. But Jesus said the way to find real life was to lose it for His sake. He said those who believed on Him would have eternal Life. But believing on Him requires us to keep His commandments.

Thus he has commanded. He said if we knew the Father's love, we were to serve one another. If you desire to follow Him, love one another. I was privileged to have my Savior's mother, put into my care. But you have been given a lost and dying world.

Will you follow Him? Will you give of yourself with no hope of gain? Will you meet what needs you can when you see them? Will you give your life in service to the hungry, thirsty, and naked as though doing it for God? By this, men will know you are His disciples. If you love one another.

All lights fade as John turns away and freezes in place

PETER

Blue green light comes up as Peter turns, steps forward, and begins to speak. Music changes

What need of yours can I hope to meet, men of this time? What word can I bring to encourage you in the Lord? Of a truth, I cannot understand the way of your life or the trials and temptations you face. I am but a simple man. Simple, yet loved by the Master. Taught by Him, befriended by Him, changed by Him. He even changed my name from Simeon to Peter.

By trade, I am, or was, a fisherman. I know the sea, her moods, her beauty, and her power. As the net sang out to test the power of my arms, I learned to shift my weight and keep my feet. I fought her, cursed her, loved her, and drew my life from her. From her, I thought that I learned what God was like. Then I met Him.

He came to me at my worst. I was tired and frustrated. He needed a boat to get offshore and address the crowd. He thought he might use mine. I thought I might teach Him a lesson in reality. I wasn't in the mood to help anyone. Then I became curious what this crowd expected. I could watch the boat, listen, and work at the same time. Then I'd go home to face my wife with aching body and empty hands. But after I heard Him speak, I was ready to go wherever He asked.

Because, when He spoke, I felt power. Power that I knew full well from the sea. I heard the roar of the waters in His voice. I felt the Life contained in its depths. The endless act of creation as she changed forever what she fell on. They were all contained in the pure truth of His words. He didn't use many words like the Pharisees. Just spoke straight to my heart and my needs. My need to accomplish something with my life besides endless striving. To spend my strength on something of value. He offered me a job, fishing for men. He gave me His love in return. I gave Him my life. How could I say no?

I always knew who He was. Who but the artist would be so hurt at the damage done to his creation? Some called His miracles acts of compassion, and they were. But when God wiped away our stain of sin and fear of death? It was also the act of a sculptor, cleaning dirt from His masterpiece. When He asked who we thought He was, it was simple. He was God. Once I knew that, serving Him was easy.

Let me leave you with wisdom. Keep your view of the Master simple.

We were commanded to tell the world the gospel. Of Christ, and Him crucified. Of the salvation made possible by his blood. We'd rather create rules for others to follow. Doing so, we make our weights the sins of others. Remember the love of Christ and his sacrifice. Spread the good news of repentance, baptism in His name, and of the marvelous gift of the Holy Ghost. God's rules for life and righteousness were but to love Him and your neighbor. With all that implies. With all your heart. Keep it simple.

Remember we are sent to all men. Not to judge the ground for sowing as worthy or unworthy of the seed. I tell you with some shame. We are not to call unclean what our Lord called clean. We are the laborers. He is the Lord of the harvest. Rather than take upon ourselves the burden of judgment, spread the gospel. Keep it simple.

When we fail, the path back is neither long, nor treacherous. Looking back, I see His hand protecting me, even as I failed. How else would I have lived after foolishly drawing sword upon the servant? I can't forget the love in His eyes, right after I betrayed Him. It just took a while to believe it. With His love, it's not necessary, even possible to earn forgiveness. We just ask. Keep it simple.

Finally, Brethren. Let me encourage you in this one thing. Keep your eyes on Him. When we have Him in view, problems that beset us will not destroy our faith. With Him as our focus, how can we compare ourselves to one another? As we gaze on Him, His beauty creates a longing in our hearts, "Even so Lord, come quickly!" And with our eyes on Him, if He bids us, we can walk on water.

Remember to greet one another with charity. Peace be to all that are in Christ Jesus. Amen!

Blue green light fades as Peter turns away from audience and freezes in place

DICHOTOMY 2

Scene opens with the platform dark. Characters are in place with their backs to the audience. Mary is in white, Judas in black on opposite sides of stage. Blue scene lighting comes up as both turn to the audience. Dialogue falls in place in a rhythm. Characters move together as dialogue comes together and apart as dialogue goes apart. The music is still playing.

JUDAS Stop it! Stop the music! There's no more music in my life. (*Music stops*) I did it. I'm the one who betrayed Him. I laughed with Him, walked with Him, learned from Him, ... and killed Him. I'm Judas, the betrayer. Every time you think of me, you judge me. When you name your children, none are called Judas. You pity me, condemn me, and think yourselves better than me. You're wrong! You understand nothing!

MARY I never understood Him. I cleaned Him, held Him, fed Him, and protected Him. I watched Him grow in wisdom and knowledge beyond His years. I was proud of Him when He taught in the temple, though I had to punish Him for speaking to me that way. I loved Him in every way a mother could and should. But I never understood Him. After all of God promised about our son, I felt betrayed when He died.

JUDAS Haven't you ever felt betrayed? I watched His compassion as He healed the sick. Learned from Him as He taught the parables. He was everything the Messiah should be. He had power. He had fame. He could draw wealth from the mouths of fishes. Even raise the dead to create an army if needed. But it wasn't necessary. He was adored by the people. They'd have died for Him, but He turned His back on us. He was supposed to be the Messiah. He could have freed us from the Romans, but chose not to. He **chose** not to. He shattered our hopes and dreams. He broke my heart.

MARY He broke my heart so many times. Joseph was a good man, but never got to see his obedience and faith in God rewarded. He died before Jesus began to minister. I pondered what the angel told me and kept it in my heart. That's why I pushed Him with the wine. I had to know. If He had power. He said He wasn't ready. I told the servants anyway. To do whatever He told them. It worked. He demonstrated who He was. Then He left me forever. When He asked His followers who His mother and brothers were, I wanted to cry. I wanted so many things for Him that never came to pass. I never dreamed how bad He would be hurt.

JUDAS Do you think for even a moment, I wanted Him hurt? That I wanted Him to die? I loved Him. He knew me better than anyone. I couldn't take it when He turned His back on me at the supper. Handed me bread and dismissed me like I meant nothing. So I did it. I set in motion events to make Him claim His throne. He would have to resist the Romans and start the rebellion. I thought, "Who could kill him?" I'd seen Him scorn plotters and walk through crowds come to kill him. I didn't think anyone could harm Him. I never counted on Him choosing to die. He let them take Him without a fight.

MARY They took my son to torture Him. What kind of a trial is that? I heard the sound of sobbing as I hid in the courtyard. Then I realized He was making no sound. It was me. I covered my eyes so I couldn't see.

JUDAS Even now, I see them beating Him. Sounds echo through my mind. Mocking of the priests as money hits the floor. Laughing of guards as they whip Him.

MARY They whipped Him like a common criminal. What harm had He done? Only good. I looked for His disciples, but they were nowhere to be found.

JUDAS I was alone with my thoughts. I couldn't go to the others for help. Peter would've killed me. I could expect no forgiveness there.

MARY He forgave them, even as they prepared to kill Him

JUDAS So I took my own life

MARY Then they took His life

BOTH I thought that would end the horror.

JUDAS I was wrong about that

MARY I was right about that at least

JUDAS My thoughts are all I have now. There's no music here. No laughter any more. The silver melts and the moth corrupts. They tell me the rich man begged for a drop of water. I'd settle for a chance to say goodbye.

MARY I never had a chance to say goodbye. It happened so fast. He looked at me and put me in John's care. Then He was gone. But now I understand why He had to die. I can look past the pain and say it was worth it. Even though I miss Him.

JUDAS Most of all, I miss His presence. I wish I had one more chance to tell Him. That I really loved Him. I can't touch Him anymore. Can't sense Him or feel Him. Can't let Him know how sorry I am for how things turned out. Can you do that for me? Can you mention it next time you pray?

MARY I prayed for God to bring Him back. He did it twice. I can hardly tell what His resurrection meant to me. I didn't understand why He'd need to leave again. Didn't know why He insisted we wait in Jerusalem. Had no idea what He meant by the Comforter. I've never understood Him. But I have learned this much. Whatever my Son tells you, just do it. Don't ask questions. Do it. What you get in the end will be better than what you give up. God took my son from my side and put Him inside me. Didn't ask for understanding. Just obedience.

JUDAS I don't ask for you to understand. Just let God I loved Him. In return, I'll tell you what I've learned. Too late for me, but not for you. A tree lies as it falls. God said that. But you who listen, you haven't fallen yet. Can't you see? You have eyes to read, breath to pray, and life to give in service to God. You've done nothing that can't still be forgiven? Nothing! What a fool I was, not to believe that. To bend my neck rather than my knees. He is faithful and just. Always has been. Seek Him while He's yet to be found. Or join me in an eternity of regret. It's not too late! It's not too late! It's not too late!

The light fades away. Music begins softly as players exit the platform. When all are gone, lights come back up on the cross