



Resource Centre

From our Churches

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Zechariah

A Christmas Monologue and Dance

Luke 1

Cast:

Male Actor (Zechariah)

Female Dancer (Mary)

(Zechariah enters a child's nursery carrying a large box of baby clothes, with a telephone under his ear. He is in the middle of a phone conversation. "..." indicates a pause in the conversation. *John is asleep in a crib/cradle.)*

I'm just unloading the boxes now. Thanks so much for hosting the baby shower. I didn't know a baby needed so much stuff ... No, Elizabeth's out of the house ... Movie ... Yes, I'm batching it. First time since John's birth.

Hey, I need some advice. When he wakes up, he's going to want to nurse. I don't know what to do - he keeps nuzzling up to me ... No, he doesn't want the bottle ... I've tried that ... Hey, I've even worn Elizabeth's shirts that smell of sour milk ... C'mon, how smart's a 4 month old? ...

I don't know, I wasn't expecting to do this at 64 years of age ... Yes, I attended the prenatal classes, but I didn't ask any questions. I couldn't speak, remember?! *(Mimicking)* "If you only believed the angel." Yeah, yeah, yeah. Who believed us when we said we were pregnant?!

Shoot, he's awake. Just a second. *(Picks up John and begins to change his diaper on a change table. Remains on the phone.)* Oh, man, he's soaked through. Everywhere ... I know I have to change him ... But the stench is unbelievable ... Yeah I've changed a diaper before - once ... When will they come up with something other than pins? They're so dull ... Oouuchh! They're so sharp ... I'm okay ... John's smiling at me ... Yeah, funny ...

Okay, yes, I've got to run, too. Thanks for the call. *(Hangs up phone.)*

(Looking at John.) Oh, John, this is crazy. Your old man's not meant to be up three times at night ... Your father's a fool ... What are you smiling at? You're so cute. Yes you are. So adorable. Goo, goo. You're a miracle. Your Mom and Dad waited 45 years. We prayed. We waited. We prayed. You're special, John. Very special.

(Picks up John from the change table and sings first two verses of hymn HWB 620 "Child of blessing, Child of promise.")

Asleep ... Miracle child. Who will you become, John? Who will you become?

Prophet. Evangelist. Light. Peace.

With the power and spirit of Elijah, you will prepare the way for the Lord.

(Puts John into bed.)

The Lord. We haven't heard any news from Mary and Joseph. Aren't they due about now? I should give them a call.

(Dials.) Hmm, no answer. You'd think this close to the due date they'd be at home.

(Looks through the boxes and pulls out various clothing items.) Look at all of this stuff. Everyone's so generous. I wonder if Mary could use some of these clothes?

Poor girl. Forlorn and disturbed. An embarrassing, damning pregnancy. Unmarried. Still a child herself. Only 13. I should pack a box for her. She's going to need boy clothes too.

(Finds a second box and begins to divide the clothing.) Mary's carrying the unbelievable story that she was impregnated by God. Still a virgin. Who believes her?

Elizabeth believes her. She, too, knows something of a miracle. These miracle-pregnancies. One woman too old to bear a child; another too young. Elizabeth's community rejoicing with our birth. Mary scorned - almost stoned to death. Could there be two more unusual pregnancies in one family? And yet some strange connection ...

Elizabeth knows. She said to Mary: "Blessed are you among women and blessed is the fruit of your womb."

(To John.) And you know something too, don't you John? Already in utero, leaping in your mother's womb when Mary visited. As if you are already connected, closely bonded with Mary's child. What do you know?

(Picks up Mary's box of clothes.) Mary knows. *(Mary enters stage.)* Even in her distress, she senses the magnitude of this miracle. She knows the blessing rests within her. Yet not only for her, but for the world. Even in her sorrow and tears, comes a song. *(Music begins.)* Wise, prophetic, uninhibited, beautiful. *(Mary begins the dance of her Magnificat.)* A dance that sees inside the heart of God and ahead to the promise of Jesus.

(John exits as Mary dances.)