

Monologues – Four Easter Monologues

We Have Seen the Lord!

John 20

Characters:

Mary Magdalene

Peter

Thomas

John

Mary Magdalene

(Mary Magdalene in a shawl)

I have seen the Lord!

You don't seem surprised. You are thinking, "Mary Magdalene, of course you've seen the Lord. You walked with him daily after he healed you."

That's not what I mean. I saw him risen – alive!

You might not know how I felt: I was there, at the foot of the cross, when Jesus gave Mary and John to each other.

Who did I have? No one!

I was there when he said, "I'm thirsty," and they gave him a swab of vinegar.

What could I do?

Nothing!

I was there when he said, "It is finished." Who would have thought it would come to that?

A dead man on a cross... God forsaken! Was this the glory he had intended? Was this God's way of acting?

God-forsaken – alone ... lonely.

I loved him. I had followed him. I would stay with him!

I thought the worst had happened, until I got to the tomb that morning.

The stone had been moved –they couldn't even leave a body in peace!

Surely the Master had deserved a proper burial. Later – I wondered why I hadn't walked right in! Instead I ran to tell the others – what they had done to our teacher's body.

Immediately, Peter and the beloved one left – running, I set out again.

Why? You ask.

To cry, of course, near his last resting place – or to find out where he was taken!

Now I had the courage to look in and two messengers guided us.

I was so lonely – without Jesus. He meant everything to me!
Then the gardener came and asked me, “Whom are you looking for?”
Looking for? “Just a body – to give it a proper burial now that it’s been desecrated.”
Then a wonderful thing happened. “Mary!” The gardener knew my name. No one knew me
that well and loved me so much as Jesus!
“Mary” ...
He had told us once that he calls the sheep by his own name and they know his voice.
Teacher and Master!
I wanted to cling to him forever – not ever to enter such despair again. But I couldn’t.
His words were beautiful – “Go to my sisters and brothers and tell them that I am on the way.
To my Father and your Father
To my God and your God.”
Equality, love, unity. He was one with us!
Not only was I freed from that deep despair, but then I knew this was not only a teacher of Is-
rael, the
Lord – God has acted in this Jesus. I have seen the Lord!

Peter

(Peter in a sports jacket)

I’ve always stepped in where angels feared to tread, you might say.
But I’m a rock – perhaps not easily broken. At least, that’s what the master told me when he
called me Peter.
And I have seen the Lord – not right away, of course. I chose to stay with my best friends –
we might as well be together as news spread throughout the city of the Lord’s arrest.
We lost track of each other through the trial, that black night – that wretched night.
You know things look different at nighttime – I had to defend Jesus and he wouldn’t allow it.
Alright – no fighting. What was there to do?
By the time we hit midnight and things had gone from bad to worse – I couldn’t handle it any
more, alone, discouraged, frightened ...
And I said to people I wasn’t a follower of Jesus.
What I really wanted to do was to save my life. After three denials, I wept.
Then Jesus was crucified and buried.
I had no more tears left when Mary of Magdalena told us that now the body had even been
removed.

I ran as fast as I could to check everything and, you know what I'm like, barged right in, to find the burial clothes lying there. This was no abduction! What was it? It didn't make sense ... until he came approached us, locked into our fear and powerlessness. He came to us and said, "Peace be with you."
Was it the words? No, it was the presence that did it. A very great joy settled into each one of us.
"Peace be with you."
Now there was a reason to live! This was the Lord! He came to all of us gathered there! The Lord has returned to us with new power, new presence, new deeper relationship. Jesus came to us! We have seen the Lord!

Thomas

(Thomas in a dress jacket)

I have seen the Lord!
You might think that someone like myself doesn't deserve to see –because I'm Thomas, the one who demanded not only to see, but also to touch.
Perhaps you don't want to hear the voice of a doubter – but I'm more than that. I am more than my doubts and questions. You see, I loved Jesus!
I was more ready than the others to make that dangerous trip back into the vicinity of Jerusalem where the crowds had actually started to stone Jesus.
That Jesus –he had no fear! His presence inspired courage, so I spoke up loyally, "Let us also go that we may die with him!"
The dying part – well, it turned out that Jesus was Master of life –Lazarus was raised. It was so clear—I knew for sure!—until he himself was killed, apparently willingly. It wasn't so clear at all!
I was the one who pointed out to Jesus that the teaching wasn't as obvious as he seemed to think. We didn't know where he was going. And he said he was on the way.
What a way! What a life!

I needed to be sure. The others had tried to reassure me by saying that they had seen the Lord. But I'm not a secondhand person! I want to know on my own! Is that so bad to want to be sure? Can you understand that?

Jesus knew me and loved me—especially because of my usual big honest questions. He knew I hid nothing.
So when he came to us, he approached me before I had opened my mouth and said,

“Thomas, I’m here. You may end your doubting.”

Then I knew! This was my Lord!

Here is the risen Christ. I had found my Lord and my God

John

(John with pen and clipboard)

Do you people recognize me by now? I’ve spent much time with you –but you wouldn’t know my voice –for I’m a writer more than a speaker. I wrote the book!

I’m John, here to tell you once more that we have seen the Lord. We’re ordinary people – as you could tell.

Ordinary in our loneliness and despair,

Ordinary in our impetuous declarations that we denied later,

Ordinary with our honest questions and wavering loyalty,

And most of all, ordinary in the ways our relationships with Jesus kept changing shape.

But the biggest change was recognizing and welcoming Jesus as our risen Lord!

Jesus kept coming back and coming back, with every parable, every sign and then with every resurrection appearance, to deepen our trust, to clarify our understanding and our lack of understanding.

I, John, have written so you will trust the risen Lord’s love for you.

The Christ won’t let you go either.

I wrote so you’ll believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

We have been with this Jesus.

We have walked with this Jesus.

We have questioned this Jesus.

We wrote to you about this Jesus.

The risen Lord has come to us.

We have seen the Lord!

Have you seen the Lord?

Mary Mae Swartzentruber (Canada), 1989. Stirling Avenue Mennonite Church.

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