

Mary Magdalene: At the Feet of Jesus

Selected from the collection
"SEVEN STEPS to the CROSS"

By Roy Wiegand

Cast: 1 f

Length: 3 pages of dialogue (1452 words)

Performance time: About 10 minutes

The Story

Mary Magdalene, who was forced to fend for herself at a young age and fell in to a sinful life, says it was when she first met Jesus that her life really began. She relates how, knowing she would not be welcomed, she walked into a house unannounced to wash His feet with perfume. Later, she was allowed to travel with Him and his disciples when other women were not. And now Mary Magdalene sits by His tomb and wonders how will they all go on without Him ... until the stone is rolled away and she speaks to a wondrous stranger!

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(AT RISE: MARY MAGDALENE is sitting in the burial garden near the tomb of Jesus. She is a young woman, dressed in mourning black with a black shawl over her head. She has an expression of one who is pondering the past. She hears some men talking in the distance which breaks her out of her momentary trance.)

Pilate, on the request of Caiaphas, has placed guards here so no one can enter His tomb and take His body. *(SHE shakes her head slightly.)* His enemies hold more fear and jealousy of His resurrection than His friends hold belief.

These past two days have been like a nightmare. Yesterday when I woke I felt like a little girl again, and I wanted to be able to run to my father who would reassure me that the nightmare was over.

It is the sixth hour of the third day, and I have come here to His tomb to be near Him for I cannot sleep knowing He is gone. He meant so much to me for it was when I first met Jesus that my life really began.

I am from the town of Magdala which sits on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Jesus began His ministry in that region. It was on the shores of Galilee that He cast out His net for the fishers of men and it was where He gathered most of His disciples around Him. I had heard of Him and His preachings, but I had paid little attention at first for I had led a very sinful life. My family was poor and, at a very young age, I was forced out into the streets of the town to fend for myself.

As a young girl without direction, I submitted myself to the debauchery of the night life of the streets. I must admit that there was a side of me that enjoyed that life. Something inside my soul seemed to take me over and lead me into sin, like a demon forcing himself upon me.

Then there was another side of me that would fill my veins with an unbearable guilt after every time I had done wrong. It was this side of my conscious that sent me to Him.

He was about to feast in the house of Simon, the Pharisee, and I walked into that house unannounced for I knew that I would not be welcome. I saw Jesus sitting by the table and, at that moment, my eyes began to fill with tears for I was not sure that He would accept one as lowly as I and I was afraid ... but yet I was still drawn to Him. When I had come upon Him I knelt at His feet and, taking out a small vial of perfume that had been handed down in my family, I poured it on His feet and head. One of his disciples who knew my reputation rebuked me saying, "Master, that expensive lotion would be put to better use if it were sold and the proceeds given to the poor."

Without looking at him Jesus said, "Judas, must you always be thinking by the ways of man? The poor you will have with you always. I will be with you but a while longer."

Then He looked over at Simon who also wore a look of doubt and He told one of those little stories He so often told, one that I shall forever remember.

"There were two men who owed money to the money lender. One owed him five hundred silver coins, the other fifty. Neither of them could pay him back, so he canceled the debts of both. Which one of them will love him more?"

"I suppose the one who was forgiven more," was Simon's answer.

End of Freeview

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