

Joseph: A Dream, A Sign

*Selected from the collection
"VOICES OF THE NATIVITY"*

By Jill Lamkin

Length: 3 pages of dialogue (959 words)

Performance time: About 6 minutes

The Story

Joseph becomes more devout as he realizes, through a dream, how important his support of Mary will be in the birth of Jesus.

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A Monologue for Joseph

My father calls me his dreamer. I tell him that he was named after one of the greatest dreamers of all. He just smiles and says, "Yes, Jacob was a dreamer, but his son, Joseph...he had a few dreams of his own." Then he says, "Tell me again about the angel." My father is a seeker. He says signs are everywhere, and God waits just around the bend in the road to surprise us. But this surprise was a little too much for him. I think his heart is still wrestling.

Not even in my own wildest dreams could I imagine how Mary's story could be true. I wanted to believe it. I wanted so much to believe. My Mary was pregnant, yet she said she had not been with a man. It would not be the first time for a betrayal in love, for an engagement to be broken, for a woman to bear the child of another man. But why couldn't she tell me? How could the truth hurt any more than the painful questions that prodded me?

No matter how I looked at it, I could no longer be a part of her life. She was carrying a child. It was not mine. She said that no man was the father, but that she had been visited by an angel who told her she would bear the child of God. Even if there was some way this ... this fantastic story was possible, there was still no future for us. If this was really a child of God, who was I to wed His mother and be a part of His life? Kings and those chosen by God require more than I am, more than I could ever provide. Could God's Son live in a carpenter's home?

Mary's life had taken a sudden turn. The path we'd traveled together had divided. I saw no other option than to quietly divorce her; put an end to our engagement...to the marriage we had waited so long for.

The thought of it made my heart feel numb. During our engagement, I had come to love her. She said she loved me. We felt fortunate. Engagements are not always so happy, and sometimes the marriages are only endured. But I had found a true friend...I thought.

I had no wish to embarrass her or shame her. I still loved her. But we'd come to the place where the hope for our future ended. I came to that conclusion after many sleepless nights.

The weight of my decision exhausted me, and finally, I slept deeply...and dreamed deeply...and then I saw him, too. (*Long pause.*)

The angel...he appeared in my dream. It's not that I was dreaming about an angel. No, it was more immediate, more real. I was dreaming about something else, I don't remember it now, when he entered my dream and called me by name. I've learned to take notice when my dreams address me. He called me Joseph, son of David. His next words I have listened to again and again in my memory. He said, "Do not be afraid to take Mary (*As if overwhelmed with joy.*) as your wife." Then he confirmed Mary's amazing story. The child she has conceived is of the Holy Spirit. He will be a son. We are to name Him Jesus. The angel said something else before he disappeared from my dream. He said (*Takes a deep breath.*) he said it is Jesus who will save His people from their sins.

Just when I thought Mary had been taken from me, she was given to me...by an angel. And soon this Child, whom I will love as my son, will be given. I thought I had been excluded from her life. Instead, I've been included in the family of God's own Son.

I can't help but wonder about our God. Why is He sending His Son to live with us? If He is the God of all time and all creation, why enter it now? Why place His Son in Mary's womb to be born just like us, vulnerable and human? God is extending Himself to us; going out of His way to include us in...in something. He is sending His angels to visit us and His Son (*Overtaken with emotion.*) to live with us as our own. God is weaving Himself all through our lives. I was ready to divorce Mary because of this Child. Now I eagerly wait for Him and dream of Him.

After my dream of the angel, I went to find Mary. She had been away visiting her cousin Elizabeth. When I found her, her eyes searched mine. She looked both worried and hopeful. My words poured out all over each other as I tried to tell her about the angel, and of my love for her and my desire to marry her. I didn't want her to have to wonder another minute about what I felt for her, or if I believed her. I had to tell her how sorry I was I ever doubted her.

She listened to all I had to say, and then she just held me close and said, "My Joseph, my dreamer." We have been married now for a month. Of course there is talk.

End of Freeview

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