

A script from



“At the Cross: Mary and the Baby Jesus”

by
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- What** Mary has many questions about what God has planned for her little baby boy, Jesus. Themes: Easter, Jesus, Christmas, sacrifice, parenting, mothers, God’s will, God’s plan
- Who** Mary
*Crowd
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Mary should have a Biblical costume
Cot with coverings to make a small scene where Mary would sleep with Baby Jesus by her side.
Doll for Baby Jesus
Sound effects of baby crying and *crowd
- Why** Luke 2:19
- How** *In place of gathering a crowd, consider having Mary sleep while someone reads the crucifixion story. Maybe with a solo instrument playing "That Old Wooden Cross" or "Mary Did You Know", etc. The crowd can also be a recording.
- Time** Approximately 1 minute; This script is ½ page long.

Mary is asleep. She is having a dream about things to come. The crowd is shouting as we hear the cry of a baby.

Crowd: ...thirty four...thirty five...thirty six...thirty seven...thirty eight...thirty-

Mary awakes suddenly sitting straight up in bed. The nightmare is over, but the baby is still crying. She goes to his cradle and picks him up to comfort him. She tries to calm him with "hush" and saying "Jesus" or "Yeshua". She even hums a few lines of "Jesus Loves Me" until he is quiet again. She puts him back in his bed, turns and prays to God.

Mary: God...I didn't sign up for this...did I? It all seems so much like a dream now. Sometimes, more like a nightmare. I look at him, and I wonder what you have planned for him, and when you will reclaim him to your service. And that makes me so happy and so sad. And sometimes so afraid. God, I know I said I would do this...it's just now...now that he's here...I can't imagine ever having to lose him. But that's what I signed up for, isn't it? I can keep a lock of his hair, I can make a picture of his footprints and hands to have, I can save the cloth I wrapped him in the night he was born, I can keep all these things...but I can't keep him, can I? Is this what I signed up for? To love him only to watch him leave? And where will you send him? Far from me? To dangerous places? Will people love him? Will people hate him? Will he still call me mother? Can he call me mother? Lord, help me raise my son...your son...to fulfill your will in this world. Even if that means I cannot keep him. That's what I signed up for. May it be done to me as you have said.

She kisses Jesus goodnight and goes back to sleep.