

DRAMA Accessible By Martyn Scott Thomas © Copyright 2011 by Martyn Scott Thomas. All rights reserved. Used by permission.	
Topic:	Easter
Scripture:	Mark 16:1-8
Synopsis:	Mary reflects on visiting the tomb of Jesus.
Characters:	Mary – a follower of Jesus
Props/Costumes:	Biblical or casual dress.
Setting:	Bare stage.
Running time:	3 minutes

[Mary is standing center stage]

Mary: I am not the woman I used to be. So much has happened in the past few years that it's hard to remember who I was and how I got here. My life has been changed, all because of one man.

Now those who have known me may say that my life was like it was because of many men, and the last thing I needed was one more man in my life. But this one was truly like none of the others. From the moment I met him, he cared for me; he loved me like no other man could love me. He didn't love me because of what I could do for him, he loved me because of what he could do for me. In him, I found forgiveness, compassion and understanding far beyond anything I could imagine. In him, I found the very definition of love.

Jesus was a remarkable man; and I wasn't the only one who thought so. I was just one of many who followed him as he travelled the countryside, teaching about God through his words and his actions. He brought hope to the people and made us feel as if God himself was living among us.

Of course, as his popularity spread, the crowds got larger and the religious leaders got nervous. He may have been a hero to the every man, but he was an enemy to those in power; not because he wished to take over, but because they felt exposed by his words. He spoke with true authority and they despised him for it. They knew that if they let him continue, they would soon lose the positions they had worked so hard to obtain.

So they looked for their opportunity and conspired with one of his inner circle. Judas betrayed his Lord and handed him over to the religious leaders. After a quick trial in the middle of the night, Pilate himself handed Jesus over to be crucified. Some of the other women and I could only watch from a distance as he was tortured and nailed to a cross between two common criminals. We helplessly watched as the man we loved had his life taken from him.

Since we were women, we were not allowed to claim his body. Fortunately, Joseph was able to convince Pilate to release Jesus to him. And since it was nearly the Sabbath, he had to bury him quickly. But we saw where the tomb was located and we vowed that we would prepare his body properly once the Sabbath was over.

But we had a problem; actually two. How could we, as women, get by the Roman Centurions, posted outside the tomb? And if we did, how could we move the stone that blocked the entrance? We worried all day and night about what we would do, but that did not deter us from our mission. If our way was blocked, so be it, but we would not be swayed from this final act of love.

So we devised a plan to persuade the guards to let us pass and to move the stone for us. And if we failed, we planned to cry. We weren't going to let anything or anyone deny us access to our Lord and friend.

After a short night's sleep, we set out early in the morning, going over our plan all the way to the garden. But when we got there, we discovered that the roadblocks we had feared were all removed. The guards were gone, the stone had been rolled away and we had access to our Lord. Only he wasn't there.

You see, while we were worried about having access to a dead body, Jesus was preparing access for us all to the Living God. Not only were the physical barriers removed, the spiritual ones were, too. Through his death and resurrection, Jesus had

provided the way for all to enter into an everlasting relationship with God the Father.

One final time, Jesus showed us God's love, not by what we could do for him, but by what he could do for us.

[Blackout]