

DRAMA In the Garden By Martyn Scott Thomas <small>© Copyright 2010 by Martyn Scott Thomas. All rights reserved. Used by permission.</small>	
Topic:	Easter, Resurrection
Scripture:	Mark 16:1-8; John 19:38-42
Synopsis:	A gardener relates his observations of the Resurrection.
Characters:	Randall – a gardener
Props/Costumes:	A floppy gardening hat, gardening gloves and a watering can.
Setting:	Bare stage.
Running time:	2 minutes

[Randall stands center stage.]

Randall: You might not think by looking at me, but I could tell you things that would amaze you. I'm not an educated man and I'm certainly not a religious scholar, but I was witness to one of the greatest moments in history.

By occupation, I'm what you might call a horticulturist. I've spent the better part of my life working with plants and flowers. I can go on for hours on the subtleties and differences of the Common asphodel, the Onion-leaved asphodel and the Narrow-leaved asphodel, but we'll save that discussion for another day. I've worked in the same garden outside of Jerusalem for all my adult years, learning my trade from my father. He taught me all I needed to know to keep the garden alive and thriving in the harshest of climates. And as he did, I take great pride in the details. So it's no surprise that I can recount the events of that weekend as if it were yesterday.

Many families had their tombs around the garden. It was a popular spot; peaceful, serene and majestically beautiful. And Joseph and his family had one of the prime spots. So I was shocked when he and his friend, Nick, hurriedly came in late one Friday with the body of a stranger. They wrapped the body with spices, in strips of linen and placed it in his family's tomb. Then they rolled a stone over the entrance of the tomb and left.

The next day, Roman Centurions showed up, sealed the tomb and stood guard. I'd never seen anything like this. Grave

robbers were sometimes a problem, but obviously the man buried here was a peasant – what was there to steal? But someone must've thought him pretty important. I soon would find out how important he was.

Saturday was pretty uneventful, other than the guards being there, but even they seemed bored. No one came or went since it was the Jewish Sabbath. And I began to think that the whole thing was much ado about nothing. Sunday, everything changed.

Earthquakes are not very common in this area, but early Sunday morning the ground shook for the second time in three days. I hurried to the garden and was amazed at what I found. The few guards that were left were passed out on the ground. The stone that had been sealed over the grave was tossed to the side. The grave clothes that had been wrapped around the body were now neatly folded in the tomb and the body was gone.

I know from experience that no group of grave robbers could've overpowered the Roman guard and I know that the handful of women that showed up to fully prepare the body could not have removed the stone. And who would steal a body and neatly fold the clothes? There was talk of angels and conspiracies, but I have no knowledge of any of that.

What I do know is this: Jesus of Nazareth was dead and buried and now his tomb is empty. Resurrection? You tell me. I'm not a religious scholar. I just tend to the flowers.

[Blackout]