

DAY OF INFAMY

(These might have been some of Mary Magdalene's thoughts on the evening Jesus was crucified.)

I see the others sleep now. Would that sleep could come to me as well. When I close my eyes, the horrors of last night and today fill my mind... (She sobs bitterly.) Oh Jesus, Jesus...

(Glancing around the room.) Mara is missing from among us. I can't begin to imagine her pain at what Judas has done. Her first born. Will she and his brothers be cursed because of this? Yahweh is all forgiving, surely this is not beyond Him.

And Barabbas, wild-man that you are, in the hills tonight with your band of marauders, what are your thoughts? Can you sleep? Are you tossing on your blanket wondering that you are free and Jesus is dead?

What is this you are doing, Mary...? Looking at the sins of others? Are you guiltless? No, oh no. Just forgiven. As many times as I fall, I'm forgiven.

It was there today too, wasn't it, Jesus... the forgiveness? Not just in your words... in your eyes. I remember when our eyes first met. I looked at you boldly, thinking you were just another man, someone else who would want to use me. But your eyes, your eyes... all that was good and pure and holy shone there... you seemed to speak to me through your eyes. Or was it our souls that touched? No, my unclean soul could not touch Yours. Somehow, I knew that in your presence, I was on holy ground. That you were... *truth*. That whatever was wrong in my life you could mend it. You cast seven ugly demons out of me, healed me, and saved my soul, all in the twinkling of an eye. For *days* afterward, I walked around in a haze of astonishment at what you had done. (Pause) How did we get from there... to here? (She cries brokenly.)

Once you were taken by the mob last night, what happened was like a rockslide down the Mt. of Olives. There was just no stopping it. No *human* way of stopping it. Why did Yahweh choose not to stop it? You could feel His anger in the earthquake, sense his grief in the blackness that hid the sun for hours. I want to turn back time and make this all go away. Push it all back up the mountain!

What are we to do? Our lives are torn apart! How can this be mended...?



NARRATOR:

**In a couple of days Mary,
and everyone who was
looking,**

**would see that this was part
of God's plan, His wondrous**

**plan to save all who would
believe on the name of Jesus.**