

## First Scene

Mary:

I was just 14 when you were born. A girl really.

Jesus:

Tell me about the angel.

Mary:

Of course. I knew you'd ask that.

But listen well, because I'm only going to tell this story once.

I was a good girl, strictly raised and betrothed to Joseph.

When one morning my room filled with light.

It was white light like the sun, but with no heat or pain.

It was pure like the air itself was glowing.

I saw a figure larger than a man, but like a man, inside the light.

And it spoke to me. It said, "Hail, Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee."

I had found favor with the Lord, and I was blessed among women.

It said that from my womb would come a son.

You.

Named Jesus.

This is nice.

You're getting so big we won't be able to do this much longer.

Jesus:

Go on with the story.

Mary:

Oh...

I said I had never been with a man.

So the angel said that the Holy Spirit would come over me, and that I would give birth to a Holy Child.

I answered, "I am a servant of the Lord. Let it be done."

Jesus:

What did Joseph say?

Mary:

Yes, that was a worry. But an angel also came to him and told him everything.

Jesus:

Then, is the angel...

Mary:

No. No. The angel is not your father.

God is.

God is your father.

Jesus:

But we're all children of God.

Mary:

Yes. Yes, we are. But you...

You are begotten of God.

That is why you can make dead birds fly, the sick well, the blind see,  
and why you were able to make Eleazer live again.

He's made you a child to grow in wisdom as well as in all other things.

Keep your power inside you, until your father in heaven shows you the time to use it.

He did not give you to a scribe a rabbi or a king.

He gave you to Joseph bar Jacob, the carpenter, and me, his betrothed, to raise you until that time.

## **Second Scene**

Jesus:

I've learned so much since leaving Egypt.

I know everything I can for today.

I even know I'm going to die.

I used to wonder if angels would come to me, if they would sing to me, if they would fill my dreams.

There is still so much that I don't know, but I do know this.

I don't think I'm here to see angels or to hear them sing.

And I don't think I'm here to make it rainy or sunny or anything like that.

I think I'm here just to be alive.

To see it, hear it, feel it, all of it.

Even when it hurts.

Someday you will tell me why else I'm here.

I don't know when, but you will.

I know that.

Because, Father, I am your child.