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PREVIEW: EYEWITNESS - AN EASTER MONOLOGUE

By

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Cast of Characters

Woman

Synopsis

A nameless woman reflects upon her experience discovering Jesus' empty tomb on Easter morning. The piece is written to stand alone in a worship service or occur with musical underscoring and then lead into a musical worship set.

Act 1

Scene 1

WOMAN

I *was* there.

And I'll never forget the feelings that passed through my fragile frame. Terror. Fear. Anger at the authorities, but also at the God who'd allowed this to happen. Sadness of a kind I'd never known before. But above all, confusion. Why? Why had this come to pass?

Little did I know, the journey had just begun. Further emotions – even more unruly – were to follow.

(She is back in that moment.)

To begin, numbness.

At dawn, on the Sabbath, the Marys and I slowly plod toward the tomb. The compassion fueling our desire to anoint and preserve the body at war with our reticence at seeing him again. And so – I feel nothing. Nothing but a pit of emptiness where love had been wrenched away from me on that cross.

And then, shock.

I’m pulled from my reverie as a clay jar of spices shatters on the ground. Magdalene has seen what my eyes only now perceive. The huge rock – a boulder that only several men can move – has been rolled away. We gasp in unison and hurry into the cave, neglecting concerns of safety and decorum, feverish at the thought that someone has stolen him. And emptiness again! But this time – of the tomb. They have made off with the body! I’m unaware of the thieves’ identities, but feel in my heart a sudden welling up of murderous rage. Is it not enough that they beat him, whipped him, mocked him and executed him in the most horrific way imaginable? Now, must they further desecrate his corpse? And leave us stranded in an empty tomb, impotent to do anything but wonder at where they’ve escaped to?

I assume that the bright, white, hot light at the base of my neck is a physical manifestation of the anger seething through my body. But a split second later, when I hear the voices – or echoes, or winds – I’m not sure which – and see my companions fall to the ground in submission, I know that we’re dealing with something else.

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for the preview.

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Except for the fact that Peter, the Rock, as they call him, **(she is mocking his machismo a bit)**, snuck out a few seconds after we left, rushing off to the tomb to see for himself. And I'm not one to talk, but he did come back a few minutes later, clutching a few strips of linen and muttering to himself.

A little bit of me wants to gloat and laugh. Our culture discourages it, but in this case, the women are telling the men what to do. "Get up! Go and see for yourselves! He is risen!"

But I don't, because it's part of something bigger. A reversal. An overturning. A new beginning. Upheaval. A world being turned upside down.

And nothing will – or can – ever be the same.

For me.

For Peter.

For you.

If this thing – this miracle – has happened, we cannot live the same way.

We must reckon with this Jesus.

We must live as he desired us to live.

We must tell the world this story.

Because we have hope.

We are free.

And we can sing.



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