

The Lord Frees a Lady from Twelve Years of Suffering

About 5 minutes, from a reading by Paula Gamble, based on Mark 5: 21-43

Participants (*No need to memorize lines; the aim is to relive sacred events, not to perform*)

Mrs. Griever

Mrs. Grumble

Voice (of Jesus)

Jairus

Prompter. Shout a brief line, and Echoes repeat it.

Echoes. Children and adults who want to take part. Echoes need no script.

Mrs. Griever. Look, Mrs. Grumble. Our rabbi Jairus is racing after that crowd!

Mrs. Grumble. He is chasing after that rebel rabbi from Nazareth.  
I dare say! Look how our rabbi is carrying on! Disgraceful!  
Listen to him.

Jairus. Master! My little daughter is dying!  
Come lay your hands on her!

Prompter & Echoes. Quickly!

Mrs. Griever. Look at Jairus fling himself down on this rocky road,  
scraping his knees!

Mrs. Grumble. It is not proper conduct for a learned synagogue leader!  
Groveling before that infamous, wandering rabbi!  
Shame!

Mrs. Griever. Isn't Jesus a prophet or something?

Mrs. Grumble. Oh, he is something all right! He hangs out with drunken tax collectors!  
Why does Jairus fuss so over a mere 12-year-old girl?

Mrs. Griever. Twelve years? The girl was born the same year my sickness started.  
My dreadful flow of blood has been going on since then.

Mrs. Grumble. Well! Then you are unclean by our Law!  
(*Step away*) Get away from me!

Mrs. Griever. Twelve years not sleeping with my husband, unable to bear children,  
unable to cook lest I infect my family! No hugs from my children.

Prompter & Echoes. Twelve years!

Mrs. Grumble. Now I know why you never chat with the ladies at the well;  
you'd pollute the entire town.

Mrs. Griever. I am so lonely! Bitter at times,  
but it won't help to spread it around griping.  
I gave all I had to doctors; but they made me worse.  
I heard that Jesus heals the sick.

Mrs. Grumble. They say he touched a leper! Touched the filthy beggar, mind you!  
No respectable Rabbi would ever touch a leper,  
making himself unclean!

Mrs. Griever. But the leper became clean and joined his family again.  
I heard that Jesus once cured a man's shriveled hand.

- Mrs. Grumble. Well, he did that on the Sabbath day,  
so it had to be by Satan's power.
- Mrs. Griever. Oh, no! How can you say such a thing?  
It is beautiful the way Jairus cares for his daughter!  
I wish someone cared for me. I have no hope.  
I heard that people merely touched Jesus and got healing.  
Maybe I can sneak through this throng to touch his robe;  
I dare not touch him; I would make him unclean, but I must!
- Prompter & Echoes. Just touch his robe.
- Mrs. Griever. I hope no one notices me! It is hard to move through this crowd.  
There! I did it. I touched the hem of his robe!
- Jairus. Why have you stopped, Master? Why look around?  
My daughter is dying.
- Mrs. Griever. What is happening? Oh! Dried up? My hemorrhage is dry.  
I felt it dry up! Dry and whole, in an instant!
- Voice. Who touched my robe?
- Mrs. Grumble. How can he ask who touched his clothes?  
Many are pressing against him!
- Mrs. Griever. How did he feel me touch the fringe of his robe?  
I am in trouble now! Oh, my knees are shaking!  
Please walk on, Jesus! Go heal Jairus' little girl. Please, just go on!  
Do not let them know that an unclean woman touched you!  
You would not dare lay hands on the girl if they knew I defiled you!
- Voice. Power went out from me. Who touched me?
- Mrs. Griever. He is waiting; I must go to him. More shame and cruel words!  
I go forward on my knees as Jairus did.  
I fall at his feet, weeping. Lord! I confess!  
I touched you! I defiled you!
- Jairus. You did what? You touched Jesus? You meddler!  
My daughter is dying, and you interrupt us!
- Mrs. Griever. The crowd is silent, shocked. I wait for Jesus to scold me.
- Voice. Daughter, your faith has healed your affliction.
- Mrs. Griever. What? What did he say? No condemnation?  
Before this leering, jeering mob that ostracized me,  
Jesus says I am whole!
- Voice. Rise.
- Prompter & Echoes. Go in peace!
- Mrs. Griever. Peace! No one has spoken so kindly to me.  
Why... I feel young again! Jesus has restored me to my community.
- Jairus. Oh! It's no use now, teacher.  
They have come to tell me my daughter has died.
- Prompter & Echoes. Too late!

Mrs. Griever.        (*Groan*) Oh, no! Jesus stopped for me and did not get to her in time.

Voice.                Do not fear, Jairus. Just trust me.

Prompter & Echoes. Trust him!

Mrs. Griever.        Jairus, trust Jesus! He healed me after twelve years of living death.  
                              He can bring your little girl back. He must be the promised Messiah!

Prompter & Echoes. Our blessed Messiah!