

Simeon's Prayer by Christina Morales

Synopsis: Simeon has just blessed the baby Messiah and is praising God's promised hope.

Director's tip: Keep the monologue driving forward and avoid unnecessary pauses. This maintains the passion and energy of the piece, and also gives the true pauses more emotional depth.

Setting: Simeon's room

Simeon is center stage, deep in thought. He notices someone entering the room, which is the audience.

I knew today would be different. When I woke up, there was such energy in the air. As I kneeled for my morning prayers, I could scarcely hope that God's promise might be fulfilled today: that I would hold the long awaited Messiah in my arms.

When I was much younger, many decades ago, I went to the temple in despair. Why must God's chosen people be persecuted and survive through such torment? Why is the stench of sin so prevalent that it stifles the righteous? When, oh Lord, will you send us a Deliverer, one who will bring hope and peace to this vile world? And then the wind brushed my clothing and sliced through my soul. His words were spoken so clearly to my heart: I would live to see the day when God would send his beloved to carry the sins of this world. Such a promise to such

an ordinary man! I held on to this gem of truth and guarded it like the most precious of jewels.

I waited and waited. I waited some more. I fought the spirit of doubt and lies. It's curious how the mind can play such tricks on us; sometimes it is difficult to look back and see the truth clearly. But this morning, I knew that my gift from God was not of my making; something special awaited me.

Then, I saw a couple who stood out from the crowd. One woman, a picture of peace, had a small bundle clutched close to her breast. I felt as nervous as a school boy and as excited as a groom on his wedding day.

"I am Joseph, son of Jacob. We are here to dedicate our child," I heard the father say. I reached tenderly for the infant in the mother's arms and cradled him in my own. This was the son of God. I, Simeon, held the future of eternity in my arms! Such a tiny being held the balance of heaven and earth in a tiny fist that could barely grasp my finger.

I held up the child to his heavenly father and spoke, "Sovereign Lord, now let your servant die in peace, as you have promised. I have seen your salvation, which you have prepared for all people. He is a light to reveal God to the nations, and he is the glory of your people Israel." I bent my head down and kissed the face of God, then returned him to his earthly mother.

Then my heart ached at the words that I had to say next. I looked from the father to the mother, wondering if this weight was more than any mortal couple could bear. "This child is destined to cause many in Israel to fall, but he will be a joy to many others. He has been sent as a sign from God, but many will oppose him. As a result, the deepest thoughts of many hearts will be revealed. And a sword will pierce your very soul." The mother's eyes were focused and accepting, the father's arms were protectively around her shoulders. I knew that God had prepared a special couple for his incomprehensible plan.

I watched them leave but I did not move. I wanted to savor every moment, let every ounce of my being absorb the magnitude of this event. My mind still cannot wrap itself around the meaning of it all.

God in such a tiny baby... I would not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own two eyes, if I had not held him in my own humble arms. The next time I see that child, I will see him from a grand seat in heaven. Amazing! His journey is just starting and mine is coming to an end. May God's will be done.

.....*Lights down.*