

GREEN BRANCHES

(A series of poems for Easter)

By
Brenda Jackson

© Brenda Jackson 2004

Category Radius Typescript 2004

All rights whatsoever in this script are strictly reserved. Permission for this script to be copied for purposes of public reading or performance has been given but with the stipulation **that the copies be destroyed after use.**

A licence to perform or give a reading of this script, either in its entirety or in the form of excerpts, is required by professionals or amateurs for production in church or elsewhere, whether for charity or gain, regardless of whether admission is charged or not.

A scale of fees is linked to such a licence and is subject to contract and subject to variation at the sole discretion of Radius. Applications for a licence should be made to Radius in advance of rehearsals.

Radius

The Religious Drama Society of Great Britain
e-mail: sales@radiusdrama.org.uk web: www.radiusdrama.org.uk



GREEN BRANCHES: SOME WOMEN AT EASTER

1. THE EVE OF PALM SUNDAY: Evening Meal at Bethany.

John 12: 1 – 3

2. PALM SUNDAY: Hosanna

Matthew 21: 5 – 9 Mark 11: 7 – 10 Luke 19: 37 – 40 John: 12: 12 – 15

3. MAUNDY THURSDAY: The Famous Moment of Abigail Levy.

Matthew 26: 69 – 70 Mark 14: 66 – 68 Luke: 22: 55 – 57 John 18: 16,17
(Abigail (a Hebrew name) was once used in English to denote a woman servant.)

4. GOOD FRIDAY: Theia. (Theia is modern Greek for Aunt)

John 19: 25

(Theia is modern Greek for Aunt)

5. SATURDAY, EASTER EVE: Lady Joanna has been Shopping

Luke 8: 3 and Luke 24: 10

(Chuzai is said to be a Nabatean name, i.e. for a man of Petra)

6. EASTER DAY (MORNING): At the Gennath Gate

John 20: 1 – 18

(The Gennath [Garden] Gate is thought to have been the nearest in the walls of Jerusalem to Joseph of Arimathea's garden tomb.)

7. EASTER DAY (EVENING): Bus to Emmaus

Luke 24: 13 – 32

FAIRFORD

(Fairford Church is in Gloucestershire, near Cirencester. It is famous for its old stained glass.)

1. EVENING MEAL AT BETHANY

He wept, and then he summoned all his strength,
Called "Lazarus, come forth!", and was obeyed,
Knowing in that moment what he had done,
What drawn upon himself,
The bridge to freedom broken at his back for ever.
And now he sits and eats, and smiles, and answers,
And seems to me almost transparent, like a pure candle lighted,
And hears the hum of talk, laughter, argument,
As from another world.

He has already left us.

John's young-eagle gaze sees what I see, if no-one else,
And his heart sinks,
As mine does,
As the devouring power that waits, that breathes hate round about
the house tonight,
At last defied in its own deepest hold,
Roused terribly for war.

The crucial fight
Must now be very near.

Forget I used that word.

Martha, give me the scent of life and joy,
To fill the house, this evening of bitter spring,
While we still call it Now,
Before the feast is over, and the morning comes.