



MARY: What do you mean, chosen?

GABRIEL: *(Walking behind the table to her right and leads her down stage left to sit on the bench)* Ok, really soon, you're going to get pregnant and have a son, and you need to name him Jesus.

MARY: What?

GABRIEL: *(Kneeling beside her)* Listen, this baby's gonna be the Greatest. The Son of God. God will give him the throne of King David, he'll rule over Israel, and there will never be an end to it—his kingdom will be forever!

NARRATOR: Messiah. They'd been waiting hundreds of years for the messiah, the rescuer. But there was one big problem.

MARY: I don't get it. How could I be pregnant? I'm not getting married soon, and I've never, you know....

GABRIEL: *(Standing, shaking his head)* No, no. It won't be like that. No men. The power of the Spirit of God will come over you *(he does a sweeping gesture over her head)* so the baby will be holy—God's own Son.

NARRATOR: Joy and fear fought in Mary's heart. She could feel God's nearness, like perfume in the air, like music, but she wondered if anyone else would understand.

MARY: *(Standing, drifting down stage left)* My parents—they'll be so shocked. So sad. And Joseph! Everyone'll think I cheated on Joseph. They won't get it. How could they? The law says to stone someone....

GABRIEL: *(Interrupting)* Hey, easy. God's in charge of this. *(He joins her, puts a hand of comfort on her shoulder.)* And don't be worrying about Joseph. He's my next visit. Now listen, your cousin, Elizabeth—the one who could never have kids—she got pregnant six months ago, in her old age. She knows that nothing's impossible with God. She knows what's going on.

NARRATOR: It was starting to sink in. The Messiah was really coming. And she was going to be his Mom.

