



Hail Mary & The Two Sons

By

Roseleen Walsh

In this booklet Roseleen shares personal reflections and prayerful conversations during times spent in the presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. Flowing from her deep faith, trust, love of God, confidence in God's Mother Mary and her life experiences often in face of difficulties, it may be a timely encouragement and reminder in this Year of Faith, that even if we have moved away from God, God never moves from us, we are all God's beloved. Just come as you are....

A line from the Gospel of Mark (Ch 14 V3-9) -- "What she has done will be told in memory of her" comes to mind.

This unusual passage which refers directly to the encounter which Jesus had with the woman who anointed Him with oil before death. Her act of love, done despite criticism, by an unnamed woman, has been treasured and remembered.

This can be true in the context of our daily lives too. Our often little hidden acts of love, prayers, words of kindness, offered like Mary's "Yes" to the angel, can make a difference, bringing light and hope especially in times of difficulty.

Gentle reader, I pray that as you turn the pages of Roseleen's writings, the oil of loving kindness will empower, heal and bless you.

Thank you Roseleen may you be blessed even as you bless.

Mary Consilia Dennehy b.s.

Sisters Emily Tierney and Frances McEvoy (nee McCorry)



Inspirational to all who knew them and especially to their friends at 7am daily mass in Clonard who watched with sadness as each sister grew weaker with cancer, but in awe as we witnessed their living faith and trust in Jesus Christ.

*My aim, as always is to open a door that sheds light on the different ways we can honour God in prayer. I do this at the risk of being thought of as foolish or a fool, but those who get something from this little book-let won't be put off by that, I'm sure. Please, remember that we are ALL loved by God, he has no favourites, you matter no more or less to Him than anyone else. (Isaiah 43:1 **Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine**)*

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, **Jesus**, holy Mary mother of God, pray for us si

nners, now and at the hour of our death.

Amen.

Oh Mary, I come before you the sinner that I am (*for I cannot hide what is in my heart from you*) without fear of rejection, because I know that you have only love in your heart and that it is your desire as a mother to gather all us children around your loving arms and hold us close until you can present us to your Blessed Son Jesus when our day comes. Take pity on me as only a mother can and help me find a way to change the situation I am now in. There is no one I can turn to only you dearest Mother. Help me not to despair dear Mother.

Dearest Mother, today I'm going to a wedding and the weather outside is beautiful. (*a gift that every bride prays for*) Although this wedding is not a relative's it is a wedding I'm glad to have been invited to because I'm thought off as one of the many friends of the family and that feels so good; I'm thankful for that. I pray that the young couple will count you dear Mother as the mother of their best friend. It's important for us all to know that our friends are respectful to our parents, otherwise the friendship we share becomes strained and resentment can flourish.

Dearest Mother, I had a beautiful five minutes of soul talking to your blessed Son, Jesus. In the attic where I have the poster of The Sacred Heart instead of kneeling I pulled up the chair and sat there facing the image and just talked. I talked and He listened. He didn't say a word and yet He is the Word and I understood that. One of the things I said to Him was, "Lord, if you were standing there before me I know I wouldn't have the courage to say these things to you because I am an unworthy sinner and you know me for what I am, I can only imagine that I would cry and my tears would then become the words I search for from my heart. Afterwards I read aloud to God, because I am a reader and I know that would please him, just opening the bible at random I read as best I could to Him and it felt good; then I noticed (as if to confirm what I'd thought earlier) this passage, it's from Job 41:1-3

Is he not relentless when aroused; who then dares stand before him? Whoever might vainly hope to do so need only see him to be overthrown. Who has assailed him and come off safe- Who under all the heavens?

Dearest Mother, my brother Sean died today. He was already dead when he reached the hospital though they tried to revive him. When we arrived a doctor came and asked his wife and daughter if they wanted to go in before they stopped working on him. Time seemed to stand still when they came back and said that he was gone. Dead. At first I refused to go in to see him, but my nephew Brian took me by the arm and there we were

standing together just numb and looking at him. Dead. The nurse was very gentle. My brother, dead. Sean had been ill for many years, but was so blessed to have a loving and caring wife like Sheila. He knew also how fortunate he was with his daughter Roísín, son-in-law and grandchildren as well; through all his pain and sickness he was surrounded by all this love and care. He was truly blessed.

Mother of my God, I pray for all those who are dying alone with no one to care for or about them; I pray for those who have no one in their hour of need, that you will ask your Son to send them His angels. I know you understand Dearest Mother, because, when your poor Son was making His way to Calvary, a woman we call Veronica, took pity and wiped His bleeding face with her towel and in His gratefulness for that act of compassion, He left the image of His face on her towel. Let us leave an image of Your Son on the hearts of those we try to help and support; those who you have sent into our lives for reasons known sometime only to your Blessed Son. Amen.

Dearest Mother, more bad news, we were told yesterday that Martin won't be having his kidney transplant on Monday because there seems to be something wrong with Danny's blood. We are all devastated again. This is the second time in 12 months that his transplant has been cancelled. We are worried sick about Danny who has inspired us all with this great act of love and compassion in the offering of his kidney

to save Martin's life. True love doesn't get much better than that. But now Dear Mother, it is in the hands of your Divine Son, through whom nothing is impossible.

Hail Mary full of grace, pray for all people in need and especially those who have no hope left in their heart.

Hail Mary, so blessed are you, that I, a poor unworthy sinner, feel that I should not even try to talk to you; but then, I remember how you supported your Son Jesus on His journey to Calvary, knowing that he was weighed down not by the wooden cross but by the cross of our sins. I know that you loved each one of us because you didn't hold it against us that he died for us; I know this, because, otherwise you would have pleaded with Him to refuse to carry the cross and to walk away and get on with his life. It is hard for any mother who watches her son die for others.

Hail Mary mother of God, help me to accept that you love me.

Dearest Mother, sometimes we all ask ourselves why things constantly go wrong for us (life's the same no matter where you're from). For example, I try my best but I never seem to see the metaphorical slap in the face coming or things just falling apart. I remember as if it were yesterday when I was about 8 or 9 years old and the two girls of the same age I was running about with started fighting with me. Sometime later I went to walk past them and one called me saying the other wanted to tell me something and she added (when she saw I was

hesitant) “don’t worry we aren’t going to hit you” I remember feeling relieved and I suppose happy that we were all friends again; but when I crossed the street the other girl punched me across the face, they both stood laughing at me for believing them that they weren’t going to hit me. I didn’t cry I just walked away feeling a terrible betrayal of trust; I couldn’t understand it. It was my first experience with that sort of pain; nearly everyone at some stage in their life has experienced ‘betrayal’. Though strangely enough, it never stopped me trusting or believing people and no matter how often that kind of hurt comes I would still rather be the recipient than the sender.

Hail Mary, mother of God, pray for all your children that we will be ever mindful that we are children who God loves so much that he sent His only Son and yours to die for us. How’s that for being loved. Nothing can top that!

Dear Mother, help us to listen not only with our heads but with our hearts to others, and try to understand why sometimes they choose to be unkind to us in word or deed; help us to understand their pain and to forgive their lack of consideration. Help us also not to allow anyone to treat us in a manner that demeans our personal humanity; give us the courage to speak up or to remain silent when needed. Mother, let us always be mindful that our body is a temple for your Son, so what we say and do is done in His presence.

Oh Mary, at this moment many mothers are dreading a knock on the door or a telephone call with bad news about a family member. Mary, I wonder when you were given the news that your Son Jesus had been arrested, where you were (*perhaps you were at home waiting or in bed worrying about what was to befall your Blessed Son*) but, Mary, whether the worry is justified or not is irrelevant, every mother's love is a gift from God and God knew when He gave the gift how eternally important it would be to all His children. And we *are* all His children. *Oh Blessed Mother of God pray for all worried mothers this night. Amen.*

Hail Mary, I join with many others in thanksgiving for the appointment of Sr Molly (Mother Mary Josephine) to the role of Mother General of her order, especially in this the 150th anniversary of the death of Mother Marie Thérèse, the foundress of The Sisters of Adoration and Reparation in Paris. We thank God for the vocations of all the sisters here in Belfast who run the Convent of Adoration on the Falls Road where they work hard, live humbly and treat everyone equally. It means so much to the lives of all who use it; we come and sit awhile in the quiet and peace of Your Son's Sacred Presence and we leave, still with His Presence, unseen, but all around us giving us that peace which the world cannot give us.

Only He can give us that peace which comes from Him.

ANIMA CHRISTI

(Soul of Christ)

The author of this beautiful prayer in honour of Christ's passion is unknown. I learned it at school and always loved it.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me

Body of Christ, save me

Blood of Christ, inebriate me

Water from the side of Christ, wash me

Passion of Christ, strengthen me

O good Jesus, hear me.

Within thy wounds hide me

Permit me never to be separated from thee.

From the wicked foe defend me.

At the hour of my death call me,

And bid me come to thee

That, with thy saints, I may praise thee

Forever and ever. Amen

Mother, as you know I no longer do my Thursday fast because of the heart attack. I have to eat with all the tablets I take but I try to compensate a bit with the adoration. Reading aloud (when I'm on my own) to All Mighty God is giving me so much pleasure. It makes me feel a certain kind of closeness to God (like a child being read a bed time story, I mean that sort of intimacy) I'm trying to get the kids and the grandkids to come and sit on the chair quietly and be aware that they are in the Presence of God, they know the poster of the Sacred Heart is only an image but it's a good image for the purpose of focusing on God. They are beginning to understand that words aren't always necessary to talk to God or to yourself.

Oh Mother of God, help us all to encourage our children to talk to God at some point during each day. By this practice may they never despair when life gets too hard for them. Help us to show them (by example) how to bring God into their lives and most importantly, how to keep Him there. Amen.

Dear Mary, it's near Christmas and it's so cold outside. I pray for all children who aren't expecting much already, please comfort them, Blessed Mother, and give them hope, hope that at least there will be love in their homes

this Christmas and not drunkenness and cruelty. Please help all children who walk the streets with brokenness in their poor hearts. Ask your Son, Mary, to send His angels to protect them; let their lives not be about abuse, poverty and fear. I pray for all those who: abuse, impoverish and frighten children that somehow they may hear the voice of God and turn away from the evil they do and the misery they heap on young lives and find their own peace in the mercy of All Mighty God's love. Amen.

Oh Mary, mother of God, help me to be: ***the child, the mother, the grandmother, the aunt, the cousin the niece, the wife, the sister, the friend, the stranger, the neighbour, the witness to the Word of God, the Clonard reader, the listener, the dreamer and dare I say, the writer***, all these things in the way God wants me to be. I can't be any of them without His help. I am powerless. I've tried it all on my own and it doesn't work for me, I need God in my life. I can't get out of bed in the morning without that certainty that He has a purpose for me during the day. That certainty makes all the difference between getting out of bed or just staying there. To live my life or not to live my life but merely exist is a profound thought. It's a frightening thought at times, but a thought I've lived with for most of my life since childhood or for as long as I can remember. Even when I didn't feel close to God, I still wanted to feel that closeness that makes everything seem so much better

and easier. When I pray for people in despair, I pray from an inner knowledge of what it feels like. It hurts but God's love takes away all pain. Everything becomes bearable and workable if we trust in Him and believe in His Love for us.

Dear Mother, I pray for your help for anyone who can't face getting out of bed this morning and who thinks the world would be a better place without them in it; maybe they even think that they'll not be missed if they're not there, help them Dear Mother to see the Light of God instead of the darkness of despair. Amen.

3 p.m. I remember that it was at this hour that your Divine Son Jesus died for us on the cross. I try to imagine what it's like to stand somewhere at a distance on the hill of Calvary to watch and wait.....your poor heart, Mary, broken and bleeding for your only Son, while his torturer's looked on waiting till the last drop of His precious blood trickled from his body. Maybe some there thought that God Himself would come down and remove Jesus from the cross, but, that wasn't God's plan. We can only think in earthly terms, we are not God and we don't know God's mind or his ultimate plan for us, except of course that in heaven/eternity He wants us to be a complete part of His Love, not a particle of His Love but completeness.

Dear Mary, please step into the lonely room that is bedded into every parent's and/or grandparent's heart as they wait and worry about the child who is lost. Lost in a world that they don't understand. Take their worries and their prayers to your Divine Son Jesus, and ask Him as you did at Cana, **to give peace**, that flows like the best of wine to that family. When morning comes and the child returns home bless his/her thoughts and direct him/her on the right path away from danger and vice. Amen.

12 midnight in the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration on the Falls Road Belfast:

Hail Mary, help me to stay awake this night and to pray to your Blessed Son Jesus in a manner that will be pleasing to him. I begin these night hours by praying for all those who are afraid. Afraid because they live in a war zone and may be killed at any moment. Some people living in flats or apartments are afraid of their neighbours and live in fear of them, and their fear is very real, I pray for them and also for anyone afraid of someone coming home to them drunk or on drugs or being abusive to them or perhaps someone with mental problems whom they fear or want to protect and have to spend the night without sleep trying to cope with the situation. Dear mother, please pray for all who are vulnerable and fear having to face this night alone. Mary, ask your Blessed Son, Jesus, to send His angels to help those for whom there is no other help.

Hail Mary, I need to sit and talk to you, I know you will listen and not judge, no matter how bad or desperate it sounds. Put your arm around me dear mother as I pour my heart out to you; even though I won't feel your arm around me, I know and I truly believe it is there around me and that thought gives me so much comfort. There is no one else here Mary in this room of misery that is my poor mind, just you and I; my broken heart and your sacred heart beating together as one within the merciful heart of your Divine Son Jesus. Mary, mother, I need courage and strength to get through this coming day. I would rather stay in bed hidden away from all that I fear is going to happen. Don't leave me. Stay with me, please.

I fall everyday Mary, please help me to get up again; and again and again. Help anyone who can find no reason to get up when they fall, because, they are at that stage of despair when they believe that the world would be better off without them. Please, dear Mother, bring hope into the brokenness of all who are starved of hope; light a pathway for all who live in the darkness of despair and self hatred so they can find their way back into the arms of Jesus, who in His brokenness was displayed naked and bleeding on a cross, even then His love for us remained unconditional. Let us pray with you dear Mother for all those who have died in that lonely state of despair. We pray that when they closed their eyes and opened them that they saw you and your Beloved Son Jesus, stand before them with arms outstretched. Amen.

Dear Mother, a new phenomenon in the 21st century A.D. which is equally wonderful and harmful if not used in the proper measure and with integrity. It is the internet. The web and the net appropriately called because it does catch users in a web or net that when or if misused can be a source of entanglement from which there seems no way of untangling the mess created by our over involvement in outlets like face book, twitter or Ask.com. The young are particularly at risk here. It is the nightmare of many parents and grandparents. Young people are vulnerable when on line to the deception of dangerous people. A new cruelty is called 'cyber bullying' which has caused misery to many young people and their families and the sad reality is that some young people have taken their own lives because of this. The pain of 'cyber bullying' is instant and humiliating; it demeans not only the humanity of the recipient but also of the sender. Sometimes the response is also instant and unfortunately, can't be undone. Mary, Mother of God, pray for all our young people that when on line they will behave and respond with respect to others in all they write and say and that The Holy Spirit will guide them in all their social communications within this media. Amen.

Ps. Please help all parents and grandparents to guide their children at the introduction of the internet into their lives; help us to be part of the Light in their lives and not the dark into which our children want to keep us at times. Amen Amen!

Prayer for Francis

(Bishop of Rome)

Hail Mary, Mother of the Church

We thank God for our new shepherd

Francis

And we pray for him as was his first prayer;

For God to guide him on the right path

And to continue always to show his love for the poor

As Christ did before him.

For by showing true love, in humility,

He may follow in the Light that illuminates

God's love for each of us

And bring all lost sheep to God through that Light.

Amen Amen.

Engage With God

(Lord, you who know all things)

Begin at the beginning wherever you deem
the beginning to be.

Keep this thought in mind until you finish;

'I am Loved'

God knows the secrets and the longings of my heart,
and still, he loves me.

I have no need for words

When I engage with Him, all I need do is present myself to
Him; whether in a sacred place or: from within a mind so
depressed it can't see the light of day, or on a bus, in a taxi,
kitchen, bedroom, doorway, cardboard box, prison cell,
gutter, beach, among rocks, park, sea or sky or street, in an
over grown garden or a lawn, theatre, pub, night club, cafe or
hate filled environment.

All I need know is that

He Loves Me

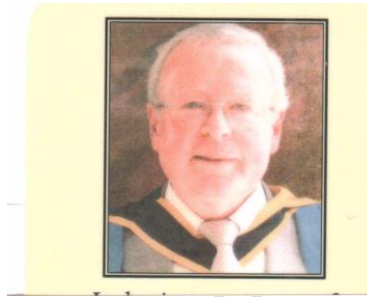
Just as I am; where ever I am; however I am;
whoever I have become. Amen.

Ps. And through His love, who I can become. For through
Him, nothing is impossible.

The Two Sons

In memory of Joe Sheehy

A friend through all seasons



I chose to write my tribute to Joe through a short drama as he was a playwright/screen writer and so much more. I know Joe will appreciate this piece about the Last Supper and my perspective on the two main characters, Jesus and his betrayer Judas. Judas's mother isn't mentioned anywhere in the bible and there is no mention of Our Blessed Mother, Mary, being at the last supper, so I have used poetic licence to tell that part of the story without altering the essence of 'The Last Supper'.

Roseleen

What I hope to achieve through this short drama about The Last Supper is to open up to anyone who might not normally think about the staggering importance of that night in history when the Son of God declared our redemption through His imminent death on the cross. The room, full of ordinary people, many not unlike ourselves were called physically by Christ, and they followed Him, we are also called, but for us, sometimes it is not so easy to hear the call or to believe that we are called by Christ to do something special for Him; the disciples perhaps felt the same at the beginning also.

I am referencing mainly from the gospel of John up until and then after 'The Institution of the Eucharist' (because John does not mention it, so I'm taking that specifically from Matthew 26:29) but not entirely, as I need to dramatise the scene from my own imagination (which I have an overwhelming sense that The Holy Spirit directs me to)) so I want to bring in, for example, the mother of Judas Iscariot, I want her there as the mother who does not give up on her flawed son.

I will hopefully keep to all the important historical facts regarding the Institution of the Eucharist, otherwise this drama will be useless and will aid no one in their spiritual thinking; nor could it give glory to Almighty God, as is my intention.

Roseleen

CAST:

JESUS BARTHOLOMEW

PETER MATTHEW

ANDREW THOMAS

JAMES JAMES (son of Alphaeus)

JOHN SIMON (also called Zealot)

JUDAS (son of James) JUDAS ISCARIOT

The scene takes place in the upper room prepared for the Passover feast. The table is set with food and wine, and the women are busy delivering the food to the table. The scene begins with JESUS washing the feet of Peter (he has already washed the others) There are 12 small stools in front of the long table. JESUS takes off His outer garment and wraps a towel around His waist and is about to wash PETER'S feet.

PETER 'Lord, are you going to wash my feet?'

JESUS 'At the moment you do not know what I am doing, but later you will understand.'

PETER 'Never, you shall never wash my feet.'

JESUS 'If I do not wash you, you can have nothing in common with me.'

PETER 'Then, Lord, not only my feet, but my hands and my head as well.'

JESUS 'No one who has taken a bath needs washing, he is clean all over. You too are clean, (looking around at the others) though not all of you are.'

AFTER DRYING PETER'S FEET, JESUS DRESSES AND THEY BOTH RETURN TO THE TABLE, EVERYONE LISTENS INTENSIVELY AS JESUS SPEAKS TO THEM.

JESUS 'Do you understand what I have done to you? You call me Master and Lord, and rightly; so I am. If I, then, the Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you should wash each others' feet. I have given you example so that you may copy what I have done to you. I tell you most solemnly, no servant is greater than his master, no messenger is greater than the man who sent him. Now that you know

this, happiness will be yours if you behave accordingly. I am not speaking about all of you: I know the ones I have chosen; but what scripture says must be fulfilled: *Someone who shares my table rebels against me.* (looks directly at JUDAS ISCARIOT) I tell you this now, before it happens, so that when it does happen you may believe that I am He. I tell you most solemnly, whoever welcomes the one I send welcomes me, and whoever welcomes me welcomes the one who sent me.'

JESUS IS SEATED AT THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE, NEXT TO HIM IS JOHN AND AT HIS OTHER SIDE IS PETER, JUDAS ISCARIOT IS FURTHEST AWAY AT THE FAR END OF THE TABLE. MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS WALKS TOWARDS THE TABLE WITH A PLATE OF BREAD AND THE MOTHER OF JUDAS ISCARIOT WALKS TO THE TABLE ALSO WITH A JUG OF WINE COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THEY HALT AS THEY ALMOST BUMP INTO ONE ANOTHER.

MARY (Smiling) I am so sorry, all this rushing around in this tiny room for so many big men is confusing is it not?

M.O.JUDAS (Speaks quickly and seem a nosey sort of person) It certainly is. Aren't you, MARY, the daughter of JOACHIN and ANNE? They were friendly with both my parents and of course your aunt ELIZABETH, she was a lovely lady and JOHN, my son JUDAS, (points to him) just there at the end of the table, he adored him, we were heart broken when he left JOHN to follow your boy JESUS, well, I mean we didn't know anything about him except he's from good stock and JUDAS, adores him as much as he did JOHN. Oh MARY, it's so hard being a mother now days, isn't it? (looks into MARY'S eyes waiting for an answer) A carpenter, isn't that what he did before all this? And his father Joseph, he too was a carpenter I'm told, I didn't know your husband but I heard he was a good carpenter; I suppose, JESUS, followed in his father's footsteps?

MARY Yes, JESUS, is His Father's son!

M.O.JUDAS JUDAS always worked with money, he's a good head on him, though I can't say that in the past we weren't worried about him, you know, he was always victim to being lied about, people would wrongfully accuse him of one thing or another, but, all that changed since he

followed JESUS. Oh, he loved the BAPTIST, JOHN, but when he heard JESUS, that was it, he was totally converted. And now he's telling me and his father that JESUS is planning to change things for the better; he's hoping that perhaps he'll be over the treasury in this new government that your JESUS is creating, a new empire, JUDAS says, where all men will be free and can walk in the light instead of underground in the darkness like slaves. He tells me that PETER, SIMON as we know him, brother of JOHN there who sits next to your boy, he says that he heard JESUS tell him that he would be in charge, he's even getting him the key to His kingdom; *(mockingly)* my, aren't those two brothers doing well for themselves!

MARY SMILES THEN PUTS THE PLATE OF BREAD ON TABLE IN FRONT OF JESUS. JUDAS'S MOTHER SETS JUG IN FRONT OF JESUS SMILES AND SAYS TO HIM, POINTING:

M.O.JUDAS That's my son there at the end of the table, my JUDAS. We're so proud of him and so grateful that you've taken him as one of your own. The rest of your catch are all Galileans; but my JUDAS is on his own, in a sense, *being from Judea*;

Kerioth to be exact. (Smiling and dusting crumbs off the table) You're a good son, JESUS, your mother's proud of you, I'm sure, and who could blame her. (Whispers) Don't let him drink too much of the wine; we were there in Cana, at the wedding, you were there with your mother; it was the best wine we ever tasted.

CONCERNED, JUDAS GETS UP AND TAKES HIS MOTHER BY THE ARM OVER TO THE SIDE AWAY FROM THE TABLE AND TALKS TO HER.

PETER Lord, you look troubled, are you all right?

JESUS (Looking straight at JUDAS) 'I tell you most solemnly, one of you will betray me'.

PETER NODS TO JOHN AND MOUTHS FOR HIM TO ASK, WHO IT IS.

JOHN Who is it, Lord?'

JESUS 'It is the one to whom I give the piece of bread that I shall dip in the dish.'

JESUS TAKES A PIECE OF BREAD AND DIPS IT INTO A DISH IN FRONT OF HIM LOOKING THE WHOLE TIME AT JUDAS WHO IN TURN WALKS OVER TO JESUS LEAVING HIS MOTHER AND TAKES THE BREAD. THEY STARE KNOWINGLY AT ONE ANOTHER.

JESUS 'What you are going to do, do quickly'.

JUDAS RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND EXITS. THOMAS, SHOUTS TO PETER

THOMAS Did you see the haste with which ISCAROIT ran to the door.

PETER I believe he's gone to buy food for the poor so they can also enjoy the Passover. Did you not witness him the other evening in Bethany at LAZARUS'S house, about the expensive ointment that MARY anointed JESUS' feet with, that the three hundred denarii, which it cost should have been given to the poor instead. Well then, that must be where he's gone, to feed the poor.

THOMAS I did witness that indeed, and I heard the reply that JESUS gave, correct me if I'm wrong; He said, 'Leave her alone; she had to keep this scent for the day of my burial. You have the poor with you always, you will not always have me.' A

strange thing, I thought, for a young and healthy man such as, JESUS, to have said, don't you agree; or maybe you disagree!

PETER He says many strange things and then tells us that we will understand everything He has taught us after He has gone.

THOMAS But, gone where, where is He going to, that's what I would like to know! *Believe nothing until you see it with your own two eyes, that's my motto!*

PETER Motto? What's a motto, THOMAS?

THOMAS I don't exactly know, a word I think that hasn't been invented yet.....but then again, maybe it's a word that may never be invented.....(laughs) but I like the sound of it.

JOHN You'll never change, THOMAS, always doubting even what your own mind tells you!

THOMAS I don't doubt everything.....no not *all* things.

JOHN Had you not seen with your own eyes, JESUS, walk on the water, would you have believed us?

THOMAS No, I only believed because I saw it with my own eyes; but, even then, I found it hard to understand how He did that, after all, He is flesh and blood like ourselves, is He not?

JOHN Is PETER not also flesh and blood like us; yet, PETER tried and then failed; remember when, JESUS, said to PETER, when PETER cried out, *'Lord! Save me!'* as he sank in the water, *'Man of little faith, why did you doubt?'* Is the difference between, JESUS, and us, not in our flesh and blood but in our faith, or lack of it?

THOMAS I just don't understand all these things that have been happening, like LAZARUS, who but YAHWEH can raise someone from the dead? And then that time in Capernaum, remember that man who was lowered from the roof-top, remember him, he had palsy, and JESUS firstly told him that his sins were forgiven, now, who but YAHWEH, can forgive sins I ask, but, then He told the man to take up his bed and walk and the man did, and so I'm still confused, I just don't know what to believe, the point is this, when I am with JESUS, I believe, but, when I'm not with him I start to doubt. I am indeed, a man of little faith, just like PETER.

**AT THIS POINT JESUS STANDS UP AND SAYS A
BLESSING OVER THE PLATE OF BREAD
ON THE TABLE.**

JESUS (Raising his arms over the bread and in a whisper says) FATHER in heaven, bless this bread which YOUR HOLY SPIRIT has brought life to.

THE ROOM IS COMPLETELY SILENT. THEN LIFTING THE BREAD HE BREAKS IT INTO SMALL PIECES, HE GIVES EACH OF THE APOSTLES A PIECE IN THIER HAND, AND RAISES ONE PIECE WITH BOTH HANDS HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN FRONT OF HIM AND SAYS:

JESUS 'TAKE IT AND EAT; THIS IS MY BODY'

JESUS KEEPS HIS HEAD ERECT LOOKING UPWARDS AND STANDING STILL FOR A MOMENT THEN THEY ALL EAT AT THE SAME TIME. WHEN THEY FINISH, JESUS, STILL STANDING, FILLS A CUP WITH WINE FROM THE JUG AND PASSES THE JUG ALONG FOR EVERYONE TO POUR A CUP, THEN HE RAISES HIS CUP AND WHISPERS A BLESSING THAT ISN'T COHERENT BEFORE SAYING OUT LOUD:

JESUS 'DRINK ALL OF YOU FROM THIS, FOR THIS IS MY BLOOD, THE BLOOD OF THE

COVENANT, WHICH IS TO BE POURED OUT FOR MANY FOR THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS. FROM NOW ON, I TELL YOU, I SHALL NOT DRINK WINE UNTIL THE DAY I DRINK THE NEW WINE WITH YOU IN THE KINGDOM OF MY FATHER'.

THEY ALL DRINK IN UNISON. AFTERWARDS THEY ALL LOOK UPWARDS AS THOUGH THEY ARE HEARING SOMETHING AND SEEING SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME. AFTER A MOMENT JESUS SITS DOWN AND SINGS PSALMS: (116:3-4, 8-9, 12-13) IN THE BACKGROUND THE APOSTLES ARE HUMMING.

JESUS *(Singing) The snares of death encompassed me, the pangs of Sheol laid hold on me; I suffered distress and anguish. Then I called on the name of the LORD "O LORD, I beg you, save my life!"...For you delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from stumbling; I walk before the LORD, what shall I render to the LORD for all his bounty to me? I will lift up the cup of salvation and name of the LORD....O LORD, I am your servant; I am your servant, the son of your handmaid, you have loosed my bonds. I will offer you the sacrifice of thanksgiving....*

THE SINGING ENDS AND JESUS STANDS TO SAY:

JESUS Before we leave this room to cross the Kedron valley to pray in the garden, I have some things I want to tell you and it is this: 'I shall not be with you much longer. You will look for me, and, as I told the Jews, where I am going, you cannot come. I give you a new commandment: love one another; just as I have loved you, you also must love one another. By this love you have for one another, everyone will know that you are my disciples.'

PETER 'Lord, where are you going?'

JESUS 'Where I am going you cannot follow me now; you will follow me later'

PETER 'Why can't I follow you now? I will lay down my life for you.'

JESUS 'Lay down your life for me? I tell you most solemnly, before the cock crows you will have disowned me three times. (Softly) Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God still, and trust in me. There are many rooms in my Father's house; if there were not, I should

have told you. I am going now to prepare a place for you, and after I have gone and prepared you a place, I shall return to take you with me; so that where I am you may be too. You know the way to the place where I am going.'

THOMAS 'Lord, we do not know where you are going, so how can we know the way?'

JESUS 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No one can come to the Father except through me. If you know me, you know my Father too. From this moment you know him and have seen him.'

JOHN Master, what is *this* you are telling us?

JESUS 'This is my commandment: love one another, as I have loved you. A man can have no greater love than to lay down his life for his friends'.

THEY ALL STAND AND HOLDING HANDS SING THREE TIMES, ALLELUIA; JESUS IS THE FIRST TO MOVE FOLLOWED BY THE REST OF THE APOSTLES OUT THE DOOR. MARY AND JUDAS'S MOTHER REMAIN CLEARING THE TABLE.

M.O.JUDAS (To MARY) See, my boy JUDAS, he'd no time for eating or drinking, he went ahead of the others to prepare things for JESUS, isn't he a good boy, MARY, my son JUDAS.

THE TWO MOTHERS LOOK INTO ONE ANOTHER'S EYES

END: LIGHTS OUT

BACK COVER

Author also of: The Stations of the Cross (from a female perspective)

Sharing My Faith (a little)

To Love The Holy Spirit

Seek Silence in your Soul

Prayers to Our Blessed Mother Mary and a short drama about the last supper when The Word of God was fulfilled and where **perhaps** two mothers met briefly for the first time and spoke quietly to one another about their sons: Jesus and Judas.

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*The front cover is of Our Lady of Las Lajas
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