

SIMEON'S PRAYER

by Christina Morales

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

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.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Christmas, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 2:25-35

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Christmas Program, Pre-sermon

CHARACTERS: Simeon

PROPS: None

COSTUMES: Biblical

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Simeon's room

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SIMEON is center stage, deep in thought. Notices someone entering room, which is the audience.

SIMEON: I knew that today would be different. This morning when I woke up, there was a certain energy in the air. Though my eyes were weary and my body ached, I could not ignore the excitement within my spirit. As I bent down on my knees for my morning prayers, I could scarcely hope that God's promise might be fulfilled today: that I would hold the foretold 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 a wind brushed my garment 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 diligently fought the spirit of doubt and lies. It's curious how the mind can play such tricks on us. Time and imagination certainly make a clouded piece of glass; 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.

I went into the temple courts. I knew not what I would see or how I would determine which child among the many would be the hope of our nation, but I watched eagerly. As each child passed I couldn't help asking "Lord, is this the one? How about that one? Look over there! Could that one be him?"

Then, I saw a couple who stood out from the crowd. The woman had a small bundle clutched close to her breast. She had such a peace, such an aura of anointing. 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 minuscule fist that could barely grasp my finger.

I held up the child to his heavenly father and spoke, "Sovereign Lord, as you have promised, you now dismiss your servant in peace. For my eyes have seen your salvation, which you have prepared in the sight of all people, a light for revelation to the Gentiles and for glory to your people Israel."