

Elizabeth's Reflections:
a soliloquy
by Donald Schmidt

Scripture reference: Luke 1:26-56

Elizabeth: Oh Zechariah, I'm so glad to see you. How was your day? Oh that's right, I'm sorry: you can't talk. Well, let me tell you about my day.

Mary's here—Anna's girl—she's lying down in the spare room right now.

Zechariah, she's pregnant. I know, only fourteen years old, and not married, but these things happen. And Zechariah, she should be scared stiff, but she's not!

I mean, here I am with a loving husband to care for me, and I've thought and dreamed about having a baby for years, and I've attended many a birth in my time—I know what I'm in for, and still I'm half scared out of my mind. But not Mary! Something's come over that girl; it's amazing.

She arrived on the doorstep and, you know, it's as if I knew she was coming. What's more—now I know you're going to think I'm a crazy old woman, Zechariah, and maybe I am—

but I'd swear our baby knew she was coming, too.

I was standing at the table kneading bread dough when I felt the baby leap inside me. I know he's kicked before—he's a feisty little character—but today was different. When I felt it, I just knew something special was going to happen. And I looked up, and there was Mary.

Oh, Zechariah, she was glowing! I knew she was expecting—she doesn't show or anything, but I could just tell.

Well, I was worried. They haven't gotten married yet, and you know how people talk. But Mary, she didn't have a worry in the world.

She was just bursting with incredible news: about an angel, about the Messiah, about God's love for all people. And about how lucky she was. Imagine that Zechariah, thinking about all of that at her age.

We sat out in the garden drinking lemonade, and we talked about babies, and life, and dreams, and stories.

Mary: "Oh, Elizabeth! I feel just like Hannah, the prophet Samuel's mother,"

E: (LAUGHING) If anyone feels like Hannah, it should be me, Mary.

Pregnant at my age, after all these

years. Hannah was quite past her prime, too, when Samuel was born.”

M: That’s true, and your baby is going to be special, Elizabeth. I just know that something incredible is about to happen. God has not been absent, all these years. God has been quietly preparing.”

E: Preparing for what?

M: To do something new. You know all the promises God has made to us, ever since the time of Abraham and Sarah? I think God is fulfilling those promises now, through us—through our babies.”

God is doing something amazing, Elizabeth. In fact, it’s already begun, I just know it. Some might look on me as a nobody, as an insignificant young girl from the backstreets of nowhere, and yet God is changing the world through me—through *us*. I’m not just having any baby, Elizabeth, I’m carrying the Messiah! And your child will be a prophet. I suppose in a way, that makes us prophets, too.

E: Well, that idea will take some getting used to.

M: You see, God is tired of injustice and will stand for it no longer. The rich and powerful have had their day; they are finished. But the poor, the meek, the

hungry, the downtrodden, the lonely, the hurting: God will bless them. They will have new life. Those whom others have looked down on for so long will find themselves standing tall and proud.”

E: (TURNING TO ZECH) I wish I could tell you how enthusiastic she was, Zechariah, but it isn't possible to capture. She was just so alive. I felt God's spirit in the air.

Something is going on, Zechariah, I can feel it. I *know* it. I'm not sure exactly how it will all unfold, but I know that God has some amazing things in store. And you and me and our baby, and Mary and her baby—we're all a part of it somehow.

You sense it too, don't you?

(ZECH NODS ENTHUSIASTICALLY) I know you do. I wish you could tell me what you're thinking and feeling.

Oh, there—the baby's kicking again. Put your hand on my tummy. There—did you feel it?

E: (ARM AROUND Z'S SHOULDER) Life is pretty incredible sometimes, isn't it Zechariah? What? Is that a tear? You don't have to hide it. It's okay to cry.

