



A delightfull readable yet profound survey of the way stories inform our faith and values, and are essential to our Christian witness. Ralph Milton at his best.

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## **Syro-Phonecian Woman**

**as reader's theatre or chancel drama**

**based on Mark 7:26-30 and Matthew 15:21-28.**

**by Ralph Milton**

**adapted by Rev. Marianna Harris and Terry McNeil**

Peter: "You can't go in there."

Woman: "Well, I AM going in there whether you like it or not."

Peter: "I said you can't go in there, woman."

Woman: "I'm going in, mister. I have a sick daughter at home, and I am going in there and that prophet of yours is going to fix her. Now get out of my way before I give you a swift kick in the shins." (she pushes Peter out of the way and goes toward Jesus)

Peter--(following)--"I told her you didn't want to be disturbed, Jesus. But she wouldn't listen."

Woman: "Jesus? That is your name? They say you are a prophet. They say you are a very mighty prophet. Some say you are the Messiah. All right, I'm asking you, No," (going to one knee) "I'm begging you, Jesus Lord, son of David, help my daughter. She is desperately sick with epilepsy. If she doesn't get help, she will die."

Narrator: Jesus was sitting on a mat in a corner of the room away from the hot sunshine coming in through the window. He was meditating - trying to rest, trying to regain some strength after the exhausting work in Capernaum. Jesus was tense and tired and annoyed at the woman for intruding on his retreat. He kept his eyes closed, hoping she would take the hint and leave.

Woman: "Look, I'm sorry. But I need your help, Jesus. My daughter is dying and I NEED YOUR HELP!"

Peter: "Just tell her to leave, Jesus. : She'll listen to you."

Jesus: "I can't help you. I'm sorry. That's the way it is. I was sent to the people of Israel. To the Jews. Please leave."

Woman: "Surely, if you are a man of God, you have come to ALL of God's people."

Jesus: "The children of Israel are God's people. Look, I'm sorry. But you don't take bread that is meant for the children and feed it to your dog, do you?"

Narrator: Jesus smiled just a little during the last comment, perhaps to soften the insult. The smile gave her hope.

Woman: "RIGHT, but even the mutts on the street get to eat some of the scraps off the family

table. Surely, Jesus, Your God has enough love to give a little to those of us who are not Jewish!"

Narrator: Jesus recoiled a little. His Hand massaged his forehead as if to ease a headache. He felt the woman's piercing eyes. Though his mind flashed the stories of his people, the wonderful humor of Jonah who was sent to bring God's message to the hated Ninevites, the moving story of Ruth, the foreigner, who became an ancestor to the great King David, and the stories his own mother had told him of his birth - of foreign Magi who came bearing gifts.

Jesus: "You are right, Of course you are right. You are also very courageous. Go home. Your daughter will be well."

Woman: "Thank you," (turning to speak to him as she is leaving) "Go back to your meditation. You look as if you need the rest."

Jesus: "Meditation, yes. You have given me much to meditate upon."

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,  
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