

NOTE: Presentation is designed to start with the song. So the dialogue begins on page 2.  
The song (if used) may alternately be done with vs. 2 largely omitted, thus allowing the dialogue to be moved to the start.

DLD

*Sunday*  
*Mary Magdalene*

*He Called My Name*  
By: *Dennis L. Dunn*

*I stand alone outside the streets of city.*  
*The Man of God, has died!*  
*The Holy City, killer of the prophets.*  
*You took God's son and crucified.*

*Why did you do it?*  
*Was it for pride?*  
*Was it for power that you crave?*  
*Your feeble mask --*  
*He saw right though it.*  
*Called you sinful, depraved*

*My Rabboni!*  
*I saw Him die!*  
*Beaten, whipped and stripped*  
*and crucified.*  
*My Rabboni!*

*(Choir)*  
*CRUCIFY!*  
*CRUCIFY!*  
*He said He's God's Son*  
*He should die!*

*CRUCIFY!*  
*CRUCIFY!*  
*For all the people --*  
*He should die!*

*(Mary)*            *(Choir)*  
*My Rabboni!*            *CRUCIFY!*

*Author's Note:*

*The Catholic Church accepts that Mary Magdalene was the “sinful” woman who anointed Jesus feet in Luke 7. See: [www.catholiceducation.org/articles/religion/re0665](http://www.catholiceducation.org/articles/religion/re0665).*

*Many Protestant scholars believe that this is possible/likely, given that her name suggests she lived near the city where the anointing took place.*

*Most scholars believe that she lived a promiscuous lifestyle, prior to her conversion.*

*Part of the background for this story came from meeting a former witch in college (she had converted to Christianity). She indicated that she could still discern the presence of demons (and the Holy Spirit) in others. She said that certain sins gave the demons an opening to enter a person (a theme in this story) and what led her to become a Christian was God's love for her (something absent from the demonic world).*

*I have adopted the Luke 7 account into this story partly because in trying to create a back-story for Mary Magdalene I realized that there was a larger chance of hitting the truth by incorporating this than anything I could make up.*

*DLD*

*Dialogue:*

What can I tell you about Jesus?

I spent my life yearning. Yearning to belong. Yearning for love.

I bounced from one relationship to another.

Different beds. Different men.  
Different pleasures and different sins.

Passed along like a cheap peace of bread at the games.

I craved something -- anything -- to fill the void in my life. I was an easy mark for them – *The Demons*. They enter the hearts of all who give their lives to the path of *their Master*.

They dragged me deeper into my own private hell.

Abuse. More pleasure that wasn't pleasure.

"Love" that wasn't love.

Pain . . depression . . tears.

I tried to fight them. I could feel them, hear them. *Laughing*. Crying out in glee as I descended. I wanted to kill myself - as they desired.

And one night in my helpless pain and anguish, I looked up and cried: "GOD SAVE ME!"

I don't know where it came from. Maybe I was finally ready to hear the love song that God had been singing to me since the day I was born.  
About being clean and belonging and loved.

It's a song some people never hear until blackness and despair cloud out every other sound in their head.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had heard of Him.

"Jesus," I said. The demons laughed. "Do you think he has any use for you!"

But the love song played; its melody fighting the taunts.

And, for once, I listened. "Jesus!", I repeated.

The laughter stopped. For even demons shudder at His Name. The name of God.

When Jesus came to town, I heard he was going to dine at Simon's, a local Pharisee's, house.

The crowd could come and watch and listen. I went. Lingered in the shadows. Trying to avoid the stares. From the crowd. From the men at the table. Some of whom I knew all too well.

As He entered I was surprised that they didn't even extend the common courtesy of having a servant clean His feet. Who would hold *Him* in such contempt!

My heart cried: "Go to Him!" Common sense held me back.

I remembered my sins. The lies. The men.

He turned and it was as he was looking into my heart. And, with a look, a nod, he beckoned me.

I forgot about common sense. I pulled away from the shadows. The tears clouded my vision but I could see . . . His feet.

I cried. Over a life that was nothing more than spilt milk; no, spoiled milk. A life without hope. Of a family. Of love.

Now, the tears had a use. I kissed his feet, unwrapped my long hair, caught the tears and used them to wash His feet.

The whole time, it was like I was enclosed in the Holy of Holies.  
Enveloped in love. Who would have thought that God would call me to touch Messiah?

The dinner continued.

The men stared. It was clear what he thought of Jesus allowing someone *like me* touching *Him*.

Jesus looked up. I could tell he knew their hearts and thoughts, just as He did mine.

“Simon,” he began, “When I got here you didn't offer me water for my feet or a kiss. But this woman . . . since I got here . . . she has not stopped kissing my feet and washing them with her tears. And so, her sins, which were many, are *forgiven*.”

Then, under His breath, two words: "Be Gone."  
The demons fled like dogs before a Lion.

That was two years ago.

I followed Him after that.

I saw the miracles. Of healing. Demons cast out. God at work.

But I also saw something else. I saw the disdain of the religious leaders.  
“*Who is he to forgive sins?*”

Heard the mocking tones in their voices. *The Laughing*. Sounds I knew all too well.

Passover was coming. Many of us tried to warn Him of the danger.  
Tried to persuade Him to wait.

But He had the look He carried whenever He faced the Demons:

*The Lion going to battle.*

\* \* \* \*

It happened the night before Passover.

By the time I reached the city the cries rang though the air: "Crucify! Crucify!"

The religious leaders had turned the people against him. Turned them away from the song of love to the cry of the Demons: "Crucify! Crucify!"

I couldn't believe it. And yet I could believe it.

Somehow, God had let me know that His love song would include a dirge.

There was nothing I could do. . . nothing . . . other than to stand beside Him. . . and cry.

Cry as the hammer was lifted and fell. Cry as the spikes tore his flesh.

Cry . . . as He was lifted up . . . to draw all men to Himself.

Cry as the Pharisees *laughed*.

Cry, as Joseph took down the body and laid it softly in the tomb.

Cold hard stone. Hot steaming tears.

Many have wondered why I didn't run . . or hide. But how could I? After what He did for me?

[*Note: Below paragraph may be omitted for time.*]

I was drawn to that hill. Drawn by a soft love song that was a more powerful melody than the chaos and cacophony<sup>1</sup> of the crowd. More powerful than my fear. More powerful than the all the forces of darkness put together.

The next two days passed in a blur of tears and fears. Tears for Him. Fear of the authorities. Would they come for us? I didn't care. I wanted to die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunday.

We planned how we could visit the body and anoint it.

I dressed in a daze.

The stars still out. Birds singing. Mocking my despair.

How would we move the stone? We didn't know. But the love song played on. Somehow I knew: *God would provide a way*.

We turned a corner and – something was . . . *different*. The soldiers . . gone, their belonging left behind in a hasty retreat.

The stone . . . rolled away.

We looked inside. Two men, seated. Dazzling garments. I was terrified.

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<sup>1</sup> “*and cacophony*” may be omitted or substitute “*cries*”.

They were smiling.

They had been waiting for us.

"Why do you seek the living among the dead? He isn't here; he has risen!"

We turned. And they were gone.

And so was His body.

The others went to tell the apostles.

But I couldn't stand.

I tried to make sense of it. Of so many senseless days. The tomb empty. My head spinning.

"I can't even anoint His body," I thought. "The only real thing I can do for him in my entire life and now I can't even do that!"

The tears that had been building up inside of me came crashing down in a mighty torrent of wails. I clutched a stone and fell to my knees. I couldn't walk. I couldn't do anything.

Except cry; lying on my knees beside an immovable stone . . . that had somehow moved.

Slowly, I regained a measure of composure.

The sun had risen. Warm. Hopeful. Comforting. But I didn't want to be comforted. I wanted to cry forever.

I turned . . . the *men* . . . . *again*.

"Woman, why are you weeping?"

*Can't they leave me alone!*

"Because they have taken away My Lord, and I don't know where He is!"

I turned away. Someone else . . . maybe . . . *the gardener?* . . . maybe the gardener can tell me . . . tell me where He is.

He spoke: "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom do you seek?"

More questions! But his voice was gentle – bemused -- where had I heard it before?

"Please sir, if you have taken him away, tell me where he is laid."

His smile was so big I could see it through my tears.

And then he said it . . . My Name: "Mary!"

*(She starts to cry as she remembers.)*

And in that instant . . . I knew. .

Knew that He was alive.

Knew He'd come back to me . . . to you . . . to everyone.

He called my name.

And He's calling yours.

Out of a world of sin and pain.

He's calling your name.

With a voice soft and sweet,  
with a love song written just for you. . .  
He's calling your name.

Out of your failure;  
Out of your pride;  
Out of the shadows and sins, where you hide.  
Oh, let the melody grow,  
Let the tears of joy flow --  
He's calling your name.

*(He Called My Name -- Part 2)*

*(If time or performance issues preclude doing vs. 1 as an intro, consider presenting vs. 1 here and omitting much of Vs. 2)*

*A trial at night in the courts of the City.  
The verdict in 'fore a word was said.  
God's silent lamb. Abraham's ram.  
The Son of Man is dead.*

*Why did He do it?  
Was it for love?  
Or a plan I can't comprehend?  
It's what I feared. Hot streaming tears.  
My Lord is dead, it is the end.*

*My Rabboni!*

*Page 7—Sunday Morning*

*I saw Him die!  
Beaten, whipped and stripped  
and crucified.  
My Rabboni!*

*(Choir)  
CRUCIFY!  
CRUCIFY!  
He said He's God's Son  
He should die!*

*CRUCIFY!  
CRUCIFY!  
For all the people --  
He should die!  
(Mary) (Choir)  
My Rabboni! CRUCIFY!*

*I stand alone by a tomb outside the City.  
Why is the stone rolled away?  
The angels speak: "Who is that you seek?"  
"Please tell me where my Lord lays."*

*Why would they move Him?  
Was it for spite?  
To pour more salt in the wounds?  
I can only cry,  
Wish I could die,  
And then He called my name –*

*(Jesus)  
Mary  
Mary  
Mary*

*(Choir)  
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary  
Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary  
Mary*

*(Mary)  
He called my name!  
My Rabboni!  
I saw Him die!  
Beaten, whipped and stripped  
and crucified.  
My Rabboni!*

*(Choir/Mary)  
Page 8 – Sunday Morning*



*The tomb couldn't hold Him  
God's Holy son!  
He's overcame death  
and the vict'ries won!*

*(Mary/Choir) My Rabboni!  
Is alive!*

*(Choir) He's alive!  
He's alive!  
He's alive!*

*(OPTIONAL CODA – may be ac capella )*

*He stands alone outside the heart of the hurting.  
A gentle knock rings through the air.  
He's been there before,  
knocking at your door.  
(rit)  
And He calls your name. . .*

**NOTE:**

*This song was originally written with a simpler piano arrangement. If you would like that version (hopefully I can find it), please contact me at: [dldunn\\_att@msn.com](mailto:dldunn_att@msn.com) or 503-375-7722.*

*Dennis*