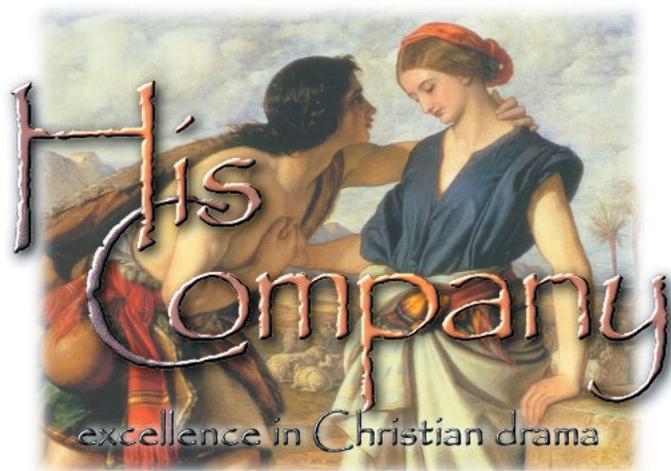


YOU WILL DRINK OF THE CUP

FROM *THE TWELVE*

by
David S. Lampel



AUTHOR'S NOTE

5 **Salome**, mother of the disciples **James** and John, was witness to much of the ministry of Jesus. Her singular brand of devotion was tinged by a protective and prideful spirit toward her sons. But her proximity to the Lord gave rise to a faith that found its fruition at the foot of the cross.

CHARACTER

Salome, mother of James (and John)

SCENE

10 *The Time: c. AD 47*
The Place: Galilee

15 *House lights down.*
Stage lights up.

Enter Salome, the wife of Zebedee. She is in her later years. She addresses the audience confidently, comfortable with her role in history.

20 **Salome**
(proudly)

Sons of Thunder!

(quieter)

25 That's what Jesus called them. Sons of Thunder. Their father would have been proud.

My name is Salome—yes, Salome. Some of you may not know me by that name. There is another Salome—she of nimble feet and a fondness for the heads of prophets. No, I'm not that Salome.

(proudly)

30 I am the wife of Zebedee, mother of the disciples James and John, and sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus. I was a follower of Jesus myself,

(no longer so proud)

but not a true believer. I was there through much of His ministry, but it was curiosity that held me—not devotion. I suppose, also, it was a

35 concern for my sons that kept me close to Jesus. You see, after my
 husband died, they were all I had. And when they took up with Jesus
 there was nothing left for me. No support. No companionship. So I
 followed along with them.

(pause)

40 Mostly my concern was for James. He had always been my favorite. Oh,
 not that I loved John any less, but good fortune and respect always came
 easily to him. James usually needed a little help,

(nostalgically)

and the heart of a mother is sensitive to the child who needs her the most.

45 *(no longer nostalgic)*

So one day I mustered every bit of my courage and requested an
 audience with Jesus. You know, it's hard to explain, but He always
 seemed to know beforehand what you were going to say. There was
 always in those penetrating eyes of His a mixture of compassion and,
 50 well, amusement. Yes, as if He was gently amused by our ignorance and
 couldn't wait for the day when we would all understand what He was
 trying to teach us.

(seriously)

I did come to believe. It happened gradually—almost taking me by
 55 surprise that horrible, dark day I stood with His mother beneath the cross.
 We all felt so helpless. It seemed our whole world was coming apart. It
 seemed all was lost. Some lost their faith that day.

(with growing conviction)

For me, it was the day my faith began. And three days later my faith was
 60 confirmed when we went to His tomb and found it empty—just as He had
 told us it would be.

(but back to her story)

Well, there I was, standing before Jesus with my two sons. I took a deep
 breath and blurted it out: “When You are in Your kingdom, command
 65 that my sons will sit, one on Your right and one on Your left.”

(anxiously)

After I said it, my heart was beating so fast I thought I would faint. Jesus had every right to reward my impertinence with His wrath. Instead, He looked at me—and my sons—and said quietly, “You do not know what
70 you are asking for. Are you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?” It was James who answered. “We are able!”

(quietly)

Ambition is often a sign of weakness, of insecurity. It betrays the feelings of inadequacy most of us have. John was a man of quiet confidence—a
75 man who knew his relationship with the Savior. James didn’t have this assurance. He was close to Jesus and didn’t even know it. Jesus included my James in most of the inner workings of the group, but he was so busy trying to prove himself that he didn’t notice: To Jesus he was already proven.

80 So I spoke up for him. Any mother would. And he learned a priceless lesson in the answer of our Lord. James continued to mature, and after our Lord returned to the Father, he traveled about the land, sharing the news of the salvation of Jesus.

(abruptly serious)

85 That is, until Agrippa caught up with him.

(with bitterness)

Herod used him as an example. One dead disciple and maybe the rest would back off.

(with firm pride)

90 Well, it didn’t work out that way. Yes, I miss my son. I miss his jubilant spirit—his enthusiasm. But I don’t mourn him. He met his ambition. He is now with the Savior.

(quickly)

95 Oh, I know, he probably doesn’t sit at His right hand. But he’s there all right. And it won’t be long before I join him.

(as she exits)

Maybe then I’ll find out just who is sitting next to Jesus.

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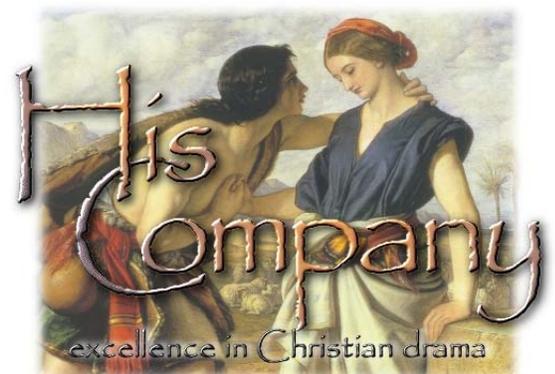
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