

Arthur Edar

"Zaccheus"

(Dramatic writing on scriptural themes)

Characters

Zaccheus

Zaccheus's Wife

Zaccheus's Sister in law

Citizen a

Citizen b

Citizen

Blind a

Blind b

Jericho Citizens

Jesus

Twelve Apostles

First Scene

Zaccheus's house

Zaccheus's wife sets the table. Wiping his hands with a towel Zaccheus comes in and takes his seat at the table.

Zaccheus – *(with gratitude)*. Oh, good, what a woman!

Wife – *(skeptically)*. Sure, and I'll believe you.

Zaccheus – And you are doing right *(handing her the towel)*. So where is the salt?

Wife – On the table, where else?

Zaccheus – Then why I don't see it?

Wife – *(carefully watching the table)*. Yeah, you are right. I'll get it *(leaves)*.

Zaccheus – *(to himself)*. I just wonder – will I ever see that you haven't forgotten salt while setting table?

Wife – *(bringing the salt)*. Hmm, did you say anything?

Zaccheus – *(getting nervous)* I said "For all these years that we have been a husband and wife, I never saw you putting salt next to bread".

Wife – *(putting the salt against him)*. Here is your salt, Zaccheus.

Zaccheus – *(mimicing)*. Here is your salt, Zaccheus *(putting aside the salt cellar)*. When will you get rid of that habit?

Wife – And of course, you never miss an opportunity to nag me. For a pinch of salt you make me nervous every time.

Zaccheus – Just for a pinch of salt?

Wife – Yeah! Just for a pinch... You don't care for anything in this world except eating and sleeping. As if I have no other worries...

Zaccheus – What? I didn't get it. And it's you who speaks about worries!?

Wife – Why not? I am not a King's wife, am I?

Zaccheus – Not a King's wife but a wife of the customs chief, isn't it enough for you? I see the money and goods I bring home are not sufficient for you. Just look around, is there anyone else who leads a luxurious life like you: a woman who lives according to her needs?

Wife – I don't think you have chosen the right person for comparison. Shall I compare myself with these common folk (pointing around)?

Zaccheus – (*ironically*). Sure, how is that possible? You are a noble girl, having grown up in a palace, in a mansion and they are hillbillies, born in huts..., what a shame. Shame! When I married you, you even did not have a proper dress to wear for the wedding party. Instead of a dowry your divorced sister was placed in the middle of a parlour...

Wife – Zaccheus, please, leave my sister alone.

Zaccheus – Nobody cares to ask where do I take the money: I grab and rob at my work place? Don't I take it home? Isn't it all for you?

Wife – Oh, oh, what words you are making up... Grab, rob... (*Attacking him*). Your robbery you like to speak about all the time is nothing else but this dinky house. Grabbing, robbing! You don't say, isn't it a shame that people of our stature live in such a shabby house. Can't you build a more decent house?

Zaccheus – Please, let me eat my supper!

Wife – The supper won't run away, but a new house will...

Zaccheus – Come on, again your uncontrollable passion for a new house? As soon as I sit down at the table you start complaining about it.

Wife – When else may I find time to talk to you? You work all day. When you come back – you just take your meal and go to sleep. When should I talk to you? Shall I speak when you are sleeping?

Zaccheus – Ah, well said. Just wait I'll finish my supper, go to bed, then you may talk as much as you want.

Wife – And you think you are a real man? You bring home some pennies and consider yourself to be almighty.

Zaccheus – Don't sin, wife, no one in the city makes as much money as I do.

Wife – What's the point? Men under your supervision live better than you do. Just compare our standards of living.

Zaccheus – Wife, I can't wait for the day when you realize that I spent a lot of money to get this job

Wife – Who cares?

Zaccheus – Who cares! As if you don't know that nowadays you can do nothing without money. That's the way it is and it's not only me...

Wife – Let's say I know it, so what? You have been the boss of customs for a year now. Didn't you get your money back?

Zaccheus – I did! No one denies that. I have made a lot of money, four times more than I paid, but

those at the top really do not have the slightest idea about it. They are responsible only for their own "kickbacks" and do not control us. But as soon as I purchase some land and start building a magnificent house, they will guess at once that I have made much more. For sure, they will make me regret it.

Wife – Will they fire you?

Zaccheus – No, they will increase their "kickbacks". They will double, no, even triple them. Do you understand now? So, let's be patient and make a fortune for another three–four years, then please, whatever you want, whatever you say will appear in front of you...

Wife – Oh, Zaccheus, I am so tired...

Zaccheus – (*amazed*). And why is that?

Wife – Tired of waiting. Tired of promises of "a good life". As an ordinary customs official you used to say we would have a better life as soon as you become the sub–division manager. As a manager you told me to wait for the perfect life until you become the head of customs. Now you are a big boss and again the same old story: just wait... Why should we wait, Zaccheus, why? (*abruptly*). If you are a breadwinner and provider, do it now, not in three or four years... Your children will catch a disease and lots of other things while living within these damp walls. Have you ever given serious thought to it? At least you could renew it...

Zaccheus – Nothing will happen. They will survive. (*Jokingly*). I am afraid your poor sister will suddenly get moldy...

Wife – You are so unflavoured...

Zaccheus – Sure I am if you forget to put salt every day.

Wife – Don't change the subject ... Children grow up, expenses as well. We need money, money we need. They'll grow up before you know about it. They need education. They should get married. What are we going to do then, still wait? You like to joke about my "dowry", have you ever thought that you have two girls as well? So, what do you say to that? How are you going to face them in the future?

Zaccheus – (*kidding*). They will also have a nice fortune like you, even without any dowry. Don't worry!

Wife – (*in the same mode*). Sure... Where are they going to find a grabbing and robbing husband like you?

Zaccheus – Come on, wife. Do you think all fiances have been removed from the face of the earth? If I snap my fingers a bunch of them will be right there.

Wife – Are you kidding? You mean all these poor men around us... Don't even think of it! My girls could marry rich and well–off people only.

Zaccheus – No doubt about it. It will be a shame if a man like Zaccheus allows his daughters to marry poor guys.

Wife – Very good ... Rich men need a fancy dowry.

Zaccheus – Well, all those clothes and goods you have stored upstairs should be enough.

Wife – No, Zaccheus, it's not enough. I am going to provide my girls with such a dowry that the whole city will be surprised and never stop talking about it, at least for one year.

Zaccheus – (*in distress*). Yeah, before our children grow up moths will spoil all our clothes and goods...

Wife – Moths will spoil... then we have to get new ones. If you don't hang around with your

friends, eat less and drink less and don't spent your money on whores – things will go back to normal and there will be no money shortage at all.

Zaccheus – I have told you a thousand times you don't understand a thing and it's better to close your mouth. My friends are the big guys in this city. All of them own a business, they occupy high posts: big bosses, managers. So yeah as I am... And one hand washes the other. We all do "take care of each other". If I "don't take care" of a prosecutor, then he will not ignore the complaints against me. And I in turn will not close my eyes on the smuggled goods he imports. And this is a chain which reaches till... And surely you don't think it has given me great plesure to present a diamond ring to the judge's idiot son at his wedding? What a pity! The ring was so expensive. It was all a waste. My heart aches every single time I think about it. But what can we do? Tomorrow they will bring wedding presents to my son and daughters. Their hurts will ache as well, but no choice...

Wife – I don't know, Zaccheus, you are the householder. Do what you think is best.

Zaccheus – Oh, Good for you. If you obey me and especially don't forget putting salt next to bread then there won't be any problem at all.

Wife – You said what you meant.

Zaccheus – Otherwise money, only money? What is money? It's nothing but shit. I may shower you with so much of that shit that you won't be able to wash off that dirt in your lifetime (*laughs*).

Wife – Oh, Zaccheus, it's not a joke...

Zaccheus – Ok, take it easy... Hope everything will be fine. (*changing the topic*) Better tell me some town gossip: what are the women speaking about?

Wife – Instead of me asking you, it's you who asks me?... funny.

Zaccheus – I am no match for women in that.

Wife – I see you want to say something, Zaccheus.

Zaccheus – (*avoidingly*). Whatever I had under my tongue I swallowed with the meal ...

Wife – But I know you inside and out. Well tell me, what do you worry about?

Zaccheus – (*becoming serious*) Frankly speaking, yeah, I do worry... Have you ever heard about Jesus?

Wife – Why do you need Jesus?

Zaccheus – Look here, you, woman, here and there they say Jesus himself is the Messiah ...

Wife – You almost sound as if you care.

Zaccheus – I do care. If he is the Messiah then everything changes automatically.

Wife – Why is that so?

Zaccheus – Well, a New King: consequently a new life, new people, new bribes, new "kickoffs"; and not to mention about the possibility of being replaced in my position by one of his men.

Wife – Oh, Zaccheus, oh... (*consoling him*). The Messiah, you mentioned, people call him Jesus, is not a king, but an ordinary human being like me and you, even poorer then we are: a slacker.

Zaccheus – What? A slacker?

Wife – Yeah, yeah! They say he is healing people for free, without even a penny and preaching for hours on empty stomach.

Zaccheus – (*with interest*). And what does he say?

Wife – What is he supposed to say? He is a poor guy and judges corresspondingly. If you listen to him you have to take off your last shirt and give it to another man. I wonder if has a shirt at all...

Zaccheus – You say he is so poor, then why he does not take money for healing?

Wife – Who knows?

Zaccheus – Something is wrong up here.

Wife – There is nothing special about it. Just go about your own business. We need money, money!

Zaccheus – Oh I get tired of hearing it: money... money, yah, money, money, yah, money... (*calling his wife to his side and almost whispering*) But listen to me – do you know what the other people say? They say Jesus goes to the houses of customs officials and rich people. Pharisees consider that a dishonorable thing ...

Wife – Don't you see? If you say that tomorrow or the day after Jesus is going to become a king then there is only one reason, one motive: his own benefit. May be he is already distributing posts and positions...

Zaccheus – I don't know, wife, I do not understand anything! If a man heals without taking money then what sort of king is he? And if he is a king then why is he so poor? To me he is a good man; on the other hand neither the poor nor kings have a good heart...

Wife – Don't create a problem out of nothing. Go, go to bed...

Zaccheus – No, wife, I lost my sleep. I would like to see that Jesus.

Wife – Oh, I want you out of harm's way.... What's the use of a poor man? Mind your own business!

Zaccheus – That's my business, don't you understand? And keep your nose out of my business, wife!

Wife – You will be the death of me, man...

Zaccheus – (*rudely*) Go to you sister. Don't disturb me.

Wife – (*wants to go but still lingers*). So what, will you go to bed or not?

Zaccheus – Didn't I tell you to leave? I have to think about some affairs.

Wife – (*disregardingly*). Count your money, Zaccheus, your money...

Zaccheus – Are you still here, I ... (*she comes out*). "Count your money, count your money." This woman is trouble. Look, as soon as I got this position I saw contempt in everybody's eyes. You won't find a person, rich or poor that smiles and greets me in a normal way, talks open-heartedly. Everything is false, everything is a lie... If there is money then – no humanness. Cheating each other, not respecting the law, sinking lower and lower, for how long, nobody knows. Yeah, it's worth it to have a lot of money but just ask me, is it easy to make money? It's impossible to have a lot of money without lying and cunning. Is there any rich man who has sweated away to make money? It is a lie, just a lie. I'm an instance of this myself. For a year making that much money, have I sweated ever even a little bit? Instead, I have fearlessly chased people like a beast. I am biting, bleeding them dry, taking their money, and goods. But what can I do, taking a bribe and giving a bribe has become something like drinking a glass of water. Do whatever you want just manage the "kickoffs" in time... Take and give, take and give. A trade of the Soul. Where to get money if not to steal, not to grab and not to rob? We all are thieves nowadays; no matter rich or poor. The difference is that the poor steal less and steal from each other and the rich take more and from everybody... All are false; all show themselves lambs but at every opportunity will tear you in pieces like wolves. Don't take into account their holy and modest appearances while praying. Nobody has a true belief, just showing that they follow the God's

testaments. But who follows? They steal, they fornicate, they give a false oath looking directly into each other's eyes ... Terrible, it is terrible... We are just beasts. We do not respect each other, no love for mankind ... Everyone thinks about himself only. We have gone away from God so much that if even the Messiah appears one day, there will be no escape from Gehenna. The Earth has become a dust-heap, yah a dust-heap – a complete Gehenna. Instead of cleaning the land of the garbage the garbage is being spread all around. And we are like hungry dogs, poking about that garbage; and if we are lucky we find a nibbled bone, or moldy bread to take home to make our women shut up and not speak any more. So that our children keep respecting our breed and the neighborhood looks at us with envy ... No, Zaccheus, there is no escape. Whatever you do there won't be a single human who will treat you humanely, do something selflessly, respect you without fear and love you not for your money... Well, there is no end to this topic. It's better go and see that Jesus, just to understand who he is to be or glorified or cursed so much... I do not believe in the news that he heals people for free, just doing a favor being himself only a poor guy. Or that he isn't afraid of going into customs official's houses and sharing bread with them. Pharisees will do such a terrible thing with him that his own mother won't know him anymore... Was he fed with lion's milk when a child? Or like people say he has a good heart. How can a person survive with such a heart? Just ask me, if there is a kind man in the world; and I'll answer "Yes but only when that man is sleeping"; just run away as soon as you see he is waking up. This is life, Brother Jesus, you have to fight... It's better go and see everything with my own eyes. It's a pity I am not tall enough: he may pass next to me and not even notice me. No way to add two inches of height even with so much money. Whatever God has given – that is our fate. Otherwise – what is money? Dirt on the hands, nothing more... (*leaves*)

Second scene

One of Jericho's streets. A Crowd of citizens looks with curiosity at the point where Jesus is supposed to appear with his apostles. On the left side, not so far away, two blind beggars are seated. On the right side a sycamore fig tree is seen. Zaccheus appears and tries to push his way through people.

Zaccheus – (*hastily*). Let me pass, let me pass... (*to someone*). Hey you, let me pass!

Citizen A – Don't push!

Zaccheus – (*getting angry*). Don't speak to me that way, you, an ignorant thug? You have no idea who stands before you.

Citizen a – I do have, why not? A dressed up dwarf, let alone your bald head.

Zaccheus – (*furious*). This isn't about me, right? You, filthy one. Zaccheus the customs chief is standing before you.

Citizen b – (*jumping in hostilely*). Frankly speaking, bro, this is not customs and you are not our boss to command. If you want to see very much then manage it yourself. But why don't you just get away – while your half that is above the ground has not gone down to your other half that is under the ground...

Zaccheus – (*looking up at the sky*). O my Lord, you see what these godless and rude people say...

Citizen a – Oh, as soon as you were hurt you started to remember God? And when you every day and every hour offend people like us, then doesn't God see it?

Zaccheus – (*steps back, but is furious. To himself*). Ah, if I catch you at the border I'll make you

regret it. I will peel seven layers of your skin so you would know who Zaccheus is... But what can I do, here you are the majority ... (Looking around). I don't know what to do, how to see him... (Seeing the sycamore fig tree)? Yeah, I got it. I will climb that tree. But...isn't it a shame? What will people say when they see me in a tree? I would be laughed at. "Well, well, look Zaccheus sitting in a fig tree like an old hen...", Who cares? Anyhow, they'll always find an opportunity to gloat. But I cannot miss the chance to see Jesus. If he's not like other men then actually God has sent him, and so, there is a hope of salvation, very little, very miserable, but there is... (*Climbs up the tree*).

Noise and bustle among the Citizens. Jesus and the apostles come in. At that very moment a blind beggar questions a citizen.

Blind a – Who is passing by causing such a stir among the people?

Citizen – Why do you even care, old fool? Anyway you can't see him.

Blind b – Yeah, but at least I can beg some money.

Citizen – Yes, why not? But you are out of luck today, for sure. This man is not rich, he is just like us.

Blind a – Well, will you tell me who he is?

Citizen – Jesus from Nazareth, have you ever heard of him?

Blind a – (*amazed*). How can it be, Jesus himself?

Citizen – Yes, he himself. Why are you surprised?

Blind a – Well... He may help me to regain my vision.

Citizen – Go back to your own place, you, fool and beg your money. Will anyone approach such a stinky, lousy animal like you?

Blind b – (*to a blind man*) Don't listen to him. Let's yell and ask Jesus to lend his helping hand. Maybe he will hear and assist us...

Blind a – (*to Blind b*). You do believe that our miserable views won't cause disgust in him.

Blind b – No, out of the question. He is kind. I have heard many times that before he had taken pity on a lot of offcast and godforsaken people like us and helped them to get rid of pain... (*appealing to Jesus loudly*). Lord, the son of David, have mercy on your humble request...

Jesus – (*stops for a while hearing his voice, turns back and approaches them*). What do you want me to do for you?

Blind b – Lord, let our eyes see again.

Jesus – (*touching eyes of Blind b*). Then regain your vision. Your faith saved you.

Blind b – (*the one whose eyes were opened. overjoyed*). Oh Lord, thank you! I see, I see!

Blind a – Lord, have pity on me too... Help me to see... (*Jesus opens his eyes as well*). My God... I see... I see your light... I see my Savior...

Jesus humbly gets up without a word, and moves forward.

Zaccheus – (*in the tree, amazed with what he has seen*). It's a miracle... He healed them... He has cured the blind ones ... He approached them like a lamb without hesitation to touch those dregs whose hair has changed color because of mud... What a good– hearted man who honored even the fallen ones... And what about me, a man who is guilty, what would he say to me, how would he treat a man up

to his neck in sins... If he talks to me then indeed God really has not forgotten me...

Jesus – (*approaching the sycamore fig tree speaks to Zaccheus*)? Come on Zaccheus, hurry up and climb down as I have to stay at your home overnight.

Zaccheus – Hey, my Lord... (*readily climbs down from the tree and joins Jesus*).

Citizen – (*unhappy with Jesus' behavior*). Why would you eat and drink with customs officials and guilty souls?

Jesus – Healthy people do not need a healer but sick ones. I did not come to call fair ones, but for the repentance the guilty souls.

Jesus, apostles, Zaccheus and some other citizens leave the stage.

Third scene

A parlour at Zaccheus's house. Zaccheus's Wife and her sister are busy setting the table.

Wife – (*Nervously*). I really do not understand him. About an hour ago he said: "I go to see Jesus". Now he is back saying "Wife, go and set the table. We have guests". He was almost beside himself and made such a fuss as if we had never accepted guests before. I ask him "Who are your guests"? He says "Mind your business". "OK, how many of them?" He says "Twenty"... That man has completely lost his wits.

Sister – Then where did he go?

Wife – To get wine. It is just waste of money to party with several gluttonous friends like himself and feed their ravenous appetite... It doesn't do any good.

Zaccheus – (*Coming in happily*) have not you finished yet, wife? Come on, hurry up. The guests are supposed to arrive soon.

Wife – Let me ask you why so much fuss. One would think we are having a big event, nothing special, just some guests...

Zaccheus – Don't say so, woman. This guest is completely different...

Wife – What do you mean by saying completely different? A King or what?

Zaccheus – (*meaningfully*). Even higher...

Sister – Oh, my God! Oh my God! Sorry. It isn't Pilate?

Zaccheus – Stop asking me about it. It's useless! You'll see when he comes!

Wife – But who is the man who has made you so happy?

Zaccheus – "Happy" is not the word. I am very happy.

Wife – (*wondering*). I don't understand anything... (*in thoughts*). Let me guess... Why did you leave? You went to see Jesus. Isn't it so?

Zaccheus – Quite true...

Wife – But your idle thoughts knocked you off course?

Zaccheus – My precious wife, you are wrong. I just took the course leading to Jesus.

Sister – (*very interested*). Did you see him?

Zaccheus – Yes, personally.

Sister – What he looks like?

Zaccheus – Exactly the same we have heard about him.

Sister – Was he Kind?

Zaccheus – Kind!

Sister – Good–hearted?

Zaccheus – Good– hearted!

Sister – Healing suffering?

Zaccheus – And not only. You should have seen his attitude towards the common people.

Sister – Oh, no, was he arrogant?

Zaccheus – Not at all. Like a lamb. It was obvious that he loves everyone. He is not rich but also not one of the poor at all. He was like us, but only in appearance! There was something in him. He is different from us. He looks like an ordinary man but he isn't an ordinary man...

Wife – (*rudely*) Well, I got it. And now tell me why are you so excited that you are ready to give money away?

Zaccheus – Yeah, you are right, woman, I am very excited!

Wife – (*snarky*). Let me say, for the first time in your life.

Zaccheus – Yes, the first. And do you know why?

Wife – And why?

Zaccheus – For the first time my guests come without an invitation, with an open heart, without any personal interest. For the first time they come to a human being's house, not a house of a guilty man, not a house of the head of customs. For the first time with their arrival they honor me as a man, God's creature – who deserves respect.

Sister – Forgive me, brother in law, likewise you are preaching here...

Wife – Yah, what happened is he went mad after seeing Jesus. I told you poor people are good to no one...

Zaccheus – You are stupid, wife, and don't understand what I have obtained.

Wife – So what have you obtained? What? A pot of gold, a palmful of precious stones?

Zaccheus – Dignity!

Wife – (*not believing her ears*). What? What did you say? Repeat please!

Zaccheus – Dignity!

Wife – Funny! I am not kidding. Then who is that creep that has convinced you in his respect towards you? Do you deserve respect? Your house is cursed and a barrier placed against the door like a faithful dog, not permitting any believer to enter through your sinful threshold.

Zaccheus – (*decisively*). Jesus.

Sister – (*with throbbing heart*). Jesus?

Wife – (*to Sister*) who did he say? I could not catch it.

Zaccheus – I said Jesus!

Wife – What did he say to you?

Zaccheus – Nothing. Just treated me as a human being!

Wife – Why, aren't you a human being?

Zaccheus – You just said that I am guilty. Yes exactly. And he in spite of the complaints of the crowd is coming to my place. To my... to a guilty one... Do you understand?

Wife – (*disappointed*)? How? Is Jesus the guest we are expecting?

Zaccheus – He himself – the Messiah!

Wife – Oh no, this man has lost his wits, for sure. Do you mean to say you spent this much money for him?

Zaccheus – Forget the money even don't mention it to me. Let me feel like a man. Do you hear wife? Let me feel a brand new man... *(noise from outside)* Yes, they are coming... Quit this now. You bring the wine as well. And do not forget to put out salt.

Jesus and the apostles come in.

Jesus – Peace to your home!

Zaccheus – Welcome. May your visit bring goodness to my home. Please have your seat. Do an honor to me...

Guests sit around the table.

Wife – *(approaching Zaccheus)*. This is a shock to me. You are always finding ways to make a mess.

Zaccheus – Shut up and mind your own business.

Wife – You know, really I don't understand anything. How did it happen you became another man at once?

Zaccheus – Not another man, I just became a man... You were telling me that I sleep a lot, I have been sleeping all my life and everything that has happened looks like a nightmare to me. And I woke up. Better to say a human being woke up in me.

Wife – For the life of me, I do not understand anything... If you were blind and he opened your eyes then I could understand it somehow...But it is not the case...

Zaccheus – Try to understand, he unveiled the eyes of my soul. In fact my soul was blind. Now I see new values in life, in man and in everything that our Lord God has kindly granted people. My heart beats four thousand times faster, when I think that I am just a man and God via his Son accepts me without prerequisite, that He loves me. I also in my turn love them – God and people: all and I'll do my best to help Jesus no matter what happens. Yes, he was the only one who understood me, understood my striving for salvation. And not only my desire but of the thousands...

Wife – *(saddened)*. No idea what's going to happen but I also do not doubt that God's will is the mightiest. *(leaves silently)*.

Zaccheus – *(enthusiastically turning towards the guests and appealing to Jesus with respect)*. Lord, I'll give the half of my property to the poor ones and will indemnify fourfold the ones whom have been deprived.

Jesus – *(raising from place)*. Today salvation came to this home as he is also Abraham's son, because the Son of the Man came to seek and save the lost one. *(sitting)*.

Zaccheus – *(happily turning to spectators)*. It's a miracle when the eyes of soul are being opened. Who or what was I three hours before; a petty customs official, adulterer, faker that was making all possible efforts to cheat and impoverish people with a single craze to make money, money. And a whole life full of hatred towards others, being odious, emulating and rude, becoming a target for their envy. Disliking everything that is not tangible, trusting my treasures to the rust. Looking for a single person to respect him because he doesn't call you "dishonorable" and deep down would not swear at you for

being arrogant and pompous. You do not see anything else besides your self, you have no God and whatever you have spuriously shown as a value, as a faith was just a play aimed at showing yourself spiritual among soulless people. What kind of life have you lived that even your wife, asking only about your earnings instead of your health, is sleeping not with you but with your money? And your children who you do not see for days: you are very busy by hoarding money so that later to prepossess the hearts of you children with a little bit of money. In order them to accept and love you as father no matter that they are shallow and their souls and minds are empty... Three hours before... my soul was blind, when I came scrambling to Jesus... And met him... And saw him... And believed in him because he came and accepted me... He accepted me unconditionally... And everything changed... And the man awakened in me... (*Turning to go to the guests but stops for a moment. Turning his eyes to the spectators*). I would like to know just one thing: Has any of you ever met Jesus? ... Or would like to meet?

END