

Growing Up Years

by John Walsh

During announcements, a man and woman enter from rear of auditorium in modern dress. They are talking back and forth to each other and appear to be in some distress.

Joseph: I don't know how he could have just disappeared.

Mary: I thought you were watching him.

Joseph: I thought you were watching him - I was watching the other kids.

Mary: I was talking to my cousin Elizabeth. I thought he would stick close to us.

Joseph: Well, I guess we both thought wrong. (Pause - then big sigh)
We'll just have to retrace our steps.

Mary: Finally, we're back at the temple where we last saw him - let's ask someone.

Joseph: I don't want to ask a stranger - what will they think - I can't keep track of a twelve year old?!!

Mary: We have to ask someone. Let's ask her. She was here the other day too.
Excuse me, you were here the other day when we were here for the Passover.

Woman: Yeah, you and 100,000 other people.

Mary: I was hoping you might remember seeing our son. We can't seem to find him.

Woman: Um, tell me about him. How would I know him?

Mary: Well, he is about this tall (holds her hand up to demonstrate height.)
Dark hair - um, I guess he looks like lots of other Jewish boys.
(looks dismayed back at Joseph)

Woman: Ha! And you expect me to remember him?
Anything, (pause) *special* about him?

Joseph: (blurts out) He seems wise beyond his years!

Woman: Um, maybe - (half mockingly) a twelve year old kid who thinks he has all the answers? (Pauses, then points as she says) Look in the temple.

Mary and Joseph head towards the temple. Joseph stops, turns to the woman and says to her:

Joseph: (With mix of fatherly pride and reverence)
He thinks he has all the answers - because he does.