

Twelve Years

by John Walsh

two separate monologues
Jairus and the woman with the issue of blood.

The marking (...) indicates a dramatic pause

Throughout the drama, both people repeat the following phrases together
(they are in quotes).

“Twelve Years”

“I had to do something.”

“And then He stopped”

“I’m going to tell everyone.”

Jairus: “Twelve Years!” She was only twelve years old. Dads are supposed to be proud of their sons, but ... well ... she was daddy’s girl. She has always been so healthy and full of life – and smart too! She was becoming a young lady. Then she got sick. She was only —

“**Twelve Years.**”

Woman: “**Twelve Years!**”

Imagine being sick for twelve years. Twelve years of being unclean because of the blood. Twelve years of spending money on doctors and not getting any help. Twelve years of being called a sinner as if God were judging me for something. (quietly) ... Twelve years thinking they were right. It’s been a long —

“**Twelve Years.**”

Jairus: “**Twelve Years!**”

She was too young to come down with a deadly disease. I had to do something, but what? Then I heard about Jesus and the people he healed. I know I am an overseer of the synagogue, and ... well ... our leaders have not really given their approval on his ministry. But —

“**I had to do something.**”

Woman: “**I had to do something!**”

All of those years of weakness, guilt, shame, and loneliness. I totally ran out of options. I just wanted to die! Then I heard about Jesus – the miracles he performed ... the people he healed. Still ... I knew I wouldn’t be allowed to get close to him. If he touched me ... or I touched him, he would be unclean. Getting his help was impossible, but —

“**I had to do something.**”

Jairus: “**I had to do something!**”

I went to him and fell down at his feet. “My daughter is only twelve years old, and yet she is on her bed about to die. Please, I beg you. Come put your hand on her and heal her.” ... And he said yes. Did you hear me? He said Yes! He came with me to heal my daughter. Oh, don’t think badly of my begging like that – for someone in my position. ... —

“I had to do something!”

Woman: **“I had to do something!”**

And I had to do it quick! Word came that he was walking down my street. The excitement was high, and the crowd was large. This was my opportunity – if there ever was one. Without thinking, I went out into the street and into the crowd. No one seemed to notice me – and that was all right with me. (talk faster) I knew I couldn’t stop him and ask for healing. He would just turn away like all the other religious leaders. I was unclean. (talk faster) What was I to do? Oh no, there he is. (talk with worry in voice) What should I do? He passed me and I did nothing. He went right by me and I said nothing. ... I know what I’ll do! I’ll reach out and touch the hem of his cloak. Surely that would heal me – maybe. So I reached out ... touched his cloak. ... And (excitement) I was healed. It happened instantly. (laughing) It was a miracle! ... —

“And then He stopped”

Jairus: **“And then He stopped!”**

I can’t believe he stopped. My daughter was about to die, and he stopped. And for the silliest reason – someone touched him. This is not a time to be hypersensitive about someone bumping into you. After all, we’re in the middle of a crowd. And then it became obvious what the issue was. He healed some woman. Not as if she couldn’t wait until tomorrow. My daughter is dying, and he stood there visiting with that woman. —

“It’s hard to believe.”

Woman: **“It’s hard to believe!”**

He took away my shame. He took away disease. I am no longer unclean. I can start living again. Oh Praise the Lord!

“It is hard to believe.”

Jairus: **“It’s hard to believe!”**

We came so close (looking down). ... As we stood there, news came. My daughter ... my precious daughter ... died. ... But oh, it doesn’t end there. Jesus came to my house anyway. (growing excitement) He sent away the mourners. He took me, my wife, and three of his disciples. We went into the room where she laid. He took my daughter’s hand and simply spoke to her. I will never forget those three words. “Child, get up.” ... and she did! I’m telling you, she did. She got up and walked around. I don’t care what the religious leaders say, —

“I’m going to tell everyone.”

Woman: **“I’m going to tell everyone.”**

Jairus and woman look at one another and repeat to each other:

“I’m going to tell everyone!”