

Miriam's Tambourine

O: (Struggles anxiously to manage a microphone while trying to untangle a long cord) Here we go again! I can't even tell if this thing is plugged-in or not! ...Hello-Hello! (Taps the head of the microphone) Testing! Testing 1-2-3! Can you hear me?! (Struggles to figure out a way to untangle the cord) Oh me! Oh My! (Set down the mike and with a deep sigh, regains his composure and greets the audience.) Hi! My name's O-me-o-miah – for obvious reasons -n- I'm here to pay tribute to a faith proclaimer known for her work in and out of the wilderness.

Today we're going to open the door to the book of Exodus and go "onsite" to the desert where the people of God have been wandering around in the wilderness looking for the Promised Land. (Takes off his socks and shoes, roll up his pants and puts on a pair of sunglasses) Let's go now to Miriam, a true wilderness woman if there ever was one!

(Bible stage door opens and looks inside)

O: Hello? Hello...is anybody there?
MT: Me! (Making a little jingle sound) Over here!
O: (Takes a closer look at the travel pack) Who's me?
MT: (As someone moves or shakes the tambourine in his face) Me!
O: Hey! (Steps back, startled) Want are you doin' there?
MT: I'm just sitting here on top of everything else she decided to throw into this travel pack!
O: Where IS Miriam anyway?
MT: Miriam's is walking up near the front with the others. She's quite the leader, you know, and people rely on her to keep them on their toes.
O: Well, if they're on a step-by-step trek through this sizzling hot desert, I bet their feet are already programmed to walk on their tippy-toes!
MT: Very funny! I'll take it from here! Just come on over here and pick me up so everyone can see me!
O: Ok – Ew! Ouch! (Hops on one foot and then

the other as he walks over to pick up the tambourine) This is ONE EXTREMELY HOT SANDBOX!

MT: You gotta toughen up to be a part of this traveling team!
O: I wish I would've brought my flip-flops!
MT: Whatever! Now...If you could just shake me or move me around a little whenever I have something to say, then everyone will know that I'MMMM the one telling the story
O: Gottcha! (O-me-o-miah walks toward the audience and manipulates the tambourine as if it were a puppet.)
MT: I think I'd like to get all of you (pointing to the audience) involved in this story, too. So, here's something you can do! - Whenever I shout or say "Hooray," you can make the sound of a tambourine and play along with me! Like this...I'll say "hooray" and you'll say "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!" Ok?! - Let's try it altogether. I'll say "hooray" and you'll say...
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: Alright! Ready?!...Here we go...
O: (O-me-o-miah sits down on a stool and proceeds to enrich the story with nonverbal cues as Miriam's tambourine engages both O-me-o-miah and the audience in telling her story.)
MT: I wasn't even sure that I'd be taken on this journey! All I could hear was people rushing around shouting, "Hurry! Pharaoh's changed his mind today! So, let's be on our way. Hooray!"
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: Over and over they repeated these words as they prepared for their journey. If only they could've have started packing earlier, it would have made this trip so much easier. But, if Pharaoh and his guards had a clue - that would've been the end of you! But now, we're free! Yeah and Hooray! Yes! We're headed toward our Promised Land. Hooray!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: This story goes back alooooong way - to a land called Egypt and a band of people called the Israelites. They were taken captive by Pharaoh and forced to live and work as slaves for hundred's of years. Ugh! This was no time to shout hooray... but use it to shake the thought of all that hardship and fear, anyway!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: Now, that's where my story begins...back when baby Moses went for that boat ride in a basket! Yes, that was quite a ride! He left a future in slavery for a life in the lap of

luxury! Now that's what I call "living!" Hooray for Moses! Pharaoh's daughter is taking him in! Hooray!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: It was all a part of Miriam's plan to keep him from slavery's hand. Little did she know he'd be the one to finally make a stand! (Pause for a moment)
When Moses became a young man, it bothered him to be living this way – while the rest of his clan was trudging through their days. And so, he went away.

But that's not the end of the story, in fact, that's just about when the drama begins! 'Cuz God called him back again to bring slavery to an end! Yeah! Thanks be to Yahweh!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: But when Moses went to Pharaoh to ask him to let God's people go, he said "Nooooo way!" (Pause for a moment)
So, God sent many challenges his way. The land of Egypt became filled with frogs and flies and locusts and sores and poisoned water and all kinds of horrid things to make him change his mind that day! And, after each plague, Moses would go to Pharaoh and say, "Let my people go." But, Pharaoh wouldn't sway. He'd just say, "Nooooo...way!"

Then, one fateful day, God took away the Egyptian sons, including Pharaoh's. Ouch! Pharaoh had had enough! He was done! "You're free from my captivity." What an amazing day! Hooray!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: Everyone hurried and scurried and packed pretty light for their flight from Egypt. I remember Miriam half-way saying, half-way singing, "What to bring? What to bring? I can't carry everything." (Pause for a moment)
I just hung on a peg on the wall and I watched and waited. There were certain things that seemed important to bring — clothes, cooking pots, mixing bowls, knives and spoons, needles and thread. Would I be one of them? All my jingles shook with wonder and fear! Then - she reached for me! Yes! I'm on my way! Hooray!
A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
MT: That was several days ago and I've been riding on Miriam's pack ever since! I was just jingling my way through each journey's day - minding my own business - - when

the blast of a ram's horn crashed through my meager accompaniment (Jingles frantically.)
 Whoa! and it sent us into a code red alert!
 - Just when we thought we were in the clear we find out that Pharaoh was drawing near!
 He'd changed his mind AGAIN and was closing in - to bring us back into slavery with him!
 Geez! What-do-we-do?! We're stuck between Pharaoh and the deep blue sea.
 (Pause for a moment)
 People went crazy with concern. They'd trusted Moses and now, look what they'd gotten in return! But, Moses assured them, "This is where the Lord wants us to be, so we'll just need to trust and see."
 (Pause for a moment)
 As wandering Jews, what else could we do..." And sure enough, God did come though! God sent a mighty wind and we witnessed some serious activity! God pathed a way through the sea -
 To keep us free from captivity! Hooray!
 "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"

A:

MT: Yes, it was a new day, but Miriam and Aaron, still had their say! They wanted everyone to know that Moses wasn't the one and only hero! 'Cuz only God could do such things! Thank you, Yahweh! Hooray!
 A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
 MT: Then, everyone started singing songs, old and new. Miriam even added a new verse or two. "We have much to celebrate today! Hooray!"
 A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca..."
 MT: (Make up a tune) "Sing to the LORD, for he has triumphed gloriously horse and rider he has thrown into the sea." That was Miriam's song. And, all the women danced and sang as I kept the rhythm and jingled along. God brought us through this day! Hooray!
 A: "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching! Chicca-chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching! Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"

O. Carry on, my little friend. It's quite an adventure that you're on – this hot desert marathon! You're a pretty hopeful band headed for the Promised Land!
 (MC sets the tambourine back on top of the travel pack and closes the Bible stage door)
 For Miriam's courageous leadership, we're proud to name and claim her a Bible Time faith proclaimer! Hooray!
 A; "Chicca-chicca-chicca...Ching!"
 O. (Trips over his tangled cord and struggles with it) Lucky for them! They didn't have to deal with microphones and extension cords! (twisting and turning them in dramatic frustration) Let's call it a day at the Proclamation Station! Shalom!