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Full of Grace

By Andrew Hyatt

Hail Mary...
Full of grace.
The Lord is with thee.
Send word to Peter.
It's time.
Peter.
Peter.
Peter.
Peter.
Where did we lose you?
Oh.
I'm sorry. I...
I was somewhere else.
Do you have anything
to say about this matter?
Andrew and I have been
in Pontus for weeks
listening to these arguments
and your...
Interpretations
of the truth.
Can any one of you here
besides Andrew and I
say that you were with Christ
when he spoke of these things?
You know we were not.
And you know that
we did not follow
cleverly invented stories
when we told you
about the power and the coming
of our Lord Jesus Christ.
And we were eyewitnesses
to his majesty.
Prophecy never found its origin
in the will of men,
but men speak from God
as they are carried along
by the Spirit.
I understand your arguments.
I... I understand your concerns,
but...
we cannot risk interpreting
these things falsely.

We cannot risk...
leading his flock astray.
We understand all this,
but it is almost ten years
since he left you.
The church is growing.
Our people need guidance,
organization.
Decisions must be made.
We cannot wait
on these matters,
or our flock will be
led astray by others.
If I am not allowed
to interpret,
then you must interpret
for us, Peter.
There are many things
that he didn't instruct us.
But he gave you
the authority
over building
and leading his church.
You must give us
the answers.
We will follow you,
Peter,
but you must tell us
what direction to go.
I am sorry, brothers.
I must leave.
Leave?
To where?
There are important issues
at stake.
Decisions must be made.
The church in Pontus
depends on it.
I'm sorry. I have to go.
Andrew.
I'm sorry.
Do not be, Peter.
You must go to her.
Someone will

talk to...
You're okay
staying behind?
Go.
I will continue
the conversation
until your return.
Thank you, Andrew.
Hear now, you house of David.
Is it not enough
to try the patience of men?
Will you also try
the patience of my God?
Therefore, the Lord himself
will give you a sign.
The virgin will be with child
and will give birth to a son,
and you will call him
Immanuel.
But he gave you
the authority
over building
and leading his church.
The church is growing.
You must give us the answers.
Our people need guidance,
organization.
The church is growing.
Decisions must be made.
Guidance,
organization...
We cannot wait on these matters.
Decisions must be...
Or our flock
will be led astray by others.
We cannot wait on these matters.
If I am not allowed
to interpret,
then you must interpret
for us, Peter.
We will follow you, Peter,
but you must tell us
what direction to go.
Mm-hmm.

Mmm.
Have more.
It's been
a long journey.
Mmm.
Thank you, Zara.
How's your family?
Sometimes I feel they are
more understanding
of the situation
than I am.
How long has it been?
Too long.
I pray for them
every day.
You must give them my love
when you see them next.
I will.
So tell me,
what has been happening
in the world?
Did you not receive
my letter?
I have,
but I prefer hearing you
talk about it.
The movement
continues to grow.
More are saved
with every teaching,
every healing.
Paul and Barnabas
are converting Gentiles
in Antioch.
It's my feeling that this
is just the beginning of...
God calling us to all
the corners of the world.
Even as you speak
of salvation,
there is a heavy burden
on your heart, my son.
I left Andrew in Pontus.
There are difficult issues

that we need to sort.
It seems that the longer
that these men spend time
in their faith,
the more they depart
from the truth.
They argue about all things
that they don't understand,
and each day,
there are new...
Texts on the truth
from those that
should have no claims.
And what do they claim?
There are those that
claim that the Lord
was never a man
and only a spirit,
and there's others
that preach
the lack of authority
of the commandments
and promote all forms
of perversions on the flesh.
There are those
that deny the Trinity
and the real presence
of Christ among us.
And then there are
those who claim
to be brothers of the Lord
or sisters of the Lord...
Even wives of the Lord.
Brothers and sisters
of the Lord?
Of all people,
I would imagine I would
have insight on that.
And there are those
that I preach and taught
that pick and choose the words
of Christ to their own liking.
I find myself
waking up at night

in cold sweats
wondering if we've done
something wrong.
He wanted his church
built on the rock.
And what have I done?
I have gathered...
Confused men
who organize to debate
and philosophize his words.
I'm not a great debater.
I'm not a philosopher.
I believe that is precisely
why he chose you.
Perhaps it's time to rest.
The church cannot rest,
not now.
Do not be afraid.
You have found favor
with the Lord.
The Holy Spirit
will come upon you,
and the power of the Most High
will overshadow you.
Even Elizabeth
will conceive a son
in her old age,
for nothing
is impossible with God.
She's put on
a brave face,
but she's not
been well.
The last few weeks
have been difficult for her.
Is it true what they say
about your escape
from prison?
Hmm.
Depends on what they say.
I heard that you were chained
and surrounded by soldiers
while awaiting your trial,
yet in the middle

of the night,
the room became ablaze
with a light
that blinded your captors,
and an angel of the Lord
descended upon you.
The chains
fell from your wrist,
and the angel
escorted you out of prison
before anyone
was aware of your escape.
Yes, it happened as you say.
What is it, Zara?
It's just...
Weren't you surprised
by a miracle like that?
Are you surprised
by miracles?
Yes.
But I've only heard of them.
Maybe I wouldn't be so surprised
if I saw them with my own eyes.
I'll prepare your room.
Thank you, Zara.
When I had the strength,
I walked this path every day.
It helps me remember everything
that he has done for us.
I woke up this morning
with our conversation
on my heart.
Do you remember what it was
like in those early days,
crowds of
temple worshippers
coming out to see
what was happening?
Mm-hmm.
They did not
understand
what they were seeing
and hearing.
Do you remember

your boldness
when you
addressed them?

Mm-hmm.

I remember that day.

I remember thinking

they would rush us

and kill us

on the spot.

And yet they didn't.

They came

by the thousands

to be baptized.

I thought...

We thought they

would never stop.

Hmm.

People brought their sick

into the streets,

laid them on beds and mats

just so that your shadow

might fall upon them

as you passed by.

They used to live with

the truth in their hearts.

Now they live with...

they try to live with

the truth in their heads.

They try to make sense

of things

they were never meant

to understand.

They're growing weary

of miracles.

They'd rather pick apart

the living word

until their minds

are exhausted.

They demand something new,

even greater signs that

we really do hold the truth.

The frailties

of our humanity,

to never be satisfied,

to always be seeking,
perhaps that is
what God used
as our greatest
strength...
holes in our hearts
so big,
only he can fill them.
The men I speak of know
what our Lord has to offer,
and yet they choose
to be swayed
every way the wind blows.
What would you
say to them?
I would say that
they know the truth,
but they do not
know him.
Take that one.
Isn't this beautiful?
When I take this walk
to remember him like this,
I find that all the other
complications in life disappear.
No, it is beautiful.
The world out there doesn't
care about that sentiment.
Chaos reigns,
and people
are persecuted.
I wish it was as easy to solve
their problems with a walk.
It's not the reality
we're in.
He never told us it was
going to be an easy road.
Perhaps remembering
where it all began
will help you figure out
where it ends.
Master,
we have worked hard
all night,

and we haven't caught
anything,
but because you say so,
I will let down the nets.
Go away from me, Lord.
I am a sinful man.
Sorry to disturb you.
Oh, no, it's okay.
I was...
somewhere else.
It's a sweet drink,
a gift from visitors
from the East.
Thank you.
Here, please, come sit.
Can I ask you
a question?
Of course.
You were just a child
when all this began.
You never met him.
You never heard him speak.
You never even saw him
from afar.
Yet you...
have more faith
than most people.
How is that possible?
My mother died
in childbirth,
my father soon after.
I was lost,
alone,
but Mary took me in
as her own.
She cared for me.
She loved me when
she didn't have to.
She has told me
all the stories,
but that is not what
makes me believe.
When I look into her eyes,
when I see how she lives,

that's how I know
it's all true.
I see him in her.
I hear him because of her.
Mm. Mm.
Mother,
how do you feel?
It won't be long.
I can hear the faint choir
of the angels.
I sent word to the others.
Have I ever told you
what it was like
for me in the beginning?
No.
I would like to hear it.
It was as if a bright light
from the very throne room
of heaven
was shining directly upon me,
following me
everywhere I went,
and yet, everywhere else,
it was darkness...
Darkness of the kind
I had never known before...
Darkness that only
this light could expose.
And it was so lonely
in the light.
But the light was
the only comfort I had.
Why didn't you tell them?
Faith is not about
explaining things.
It is about living
and breathing
and walking in that light
that is upon us.
But we will suffer
in the light.
At times, our souls
will be squeezed dry
down to the very

deepest roots.
We will wither
and grow weary
to where we cannot take
one step more.
The light will fade
to the faintest glimmer,
nothing more than a grain
of sand on the shore.
But the light
will never disappear.
This walk of faith
comes with a promise...
The promise that we
will never be abandoned.
Joseph, son of David,
do not be afraid
to take Mary home as your wife
because what is conceived in her
is from the Holy Spirit.
She will give birth to a son,
and you are to give him
the name Jesus
because he will save his people
from their sins.

- Ah.

- Brother, how are you?

Better now.

How is mother?

Won't be long.

- Peter.

- Simon.

- It's been a long journey, huh?

- Yeah.

It's good to see you.

Okay, come,
come, please.

John,

I wanted to apologize
for not speaking with you
after your brother's death.

I had to leave
the city immediately,
but I wanted to be with you

as you mourned.
He has been reunited
with the Lord.
We must rejoice, brother.
All of us should be so fortunate
to die with our hearts
singing praises to God
in front of unbelievers.
You are right.
Brother James, may the Lord
bless you and keep you,
and may you rejoice
in the Lord's presence,
and may God give us
the strength and power
and courage
to die as you did.
Brother James,
please, pray for us.
Thank you.
There are urgent matters
that we must discuss.
We've all read Paul's letters,
and from Jerusalem
to Pontus,
people are looking for answers.
Pagan converts continue
to disobey the law
and lead others astray
in the name of our Lord.
I am aware of the problems
in Jerusalem.
I have just come
from Pontus.
So, then,
what should be done?
Paul says that Gentiles
should not have to follow
the rules and customs
to receive the Spirit
and be saved.
So they are allowed
to turn their back
on the law and tradition?

Peter, it's outrageous.
You have seen with
your own eyes what happens
when you turn your back
on the law and tradition.
What Paul is saying is that
those who do not understand
our laws and traditions
and customs,
should they not be allowed
to hear the good news?
It is for them
as much as it is for us.
If our traditions and customs
keep them from understanding,
is that not a wall?
Walls to what, Peter?
Walls to a holy life?
These men and women have been
saved by the grace of God,
so does not
the same grace of God
continue to save them,
no matter what they do?
There is no limit in grace,
I agree,
but what is grace
if you've thrown out truth?
I tell you, brothers,
this concerns me.
We must be more vigilant.
I fear the day that
we become a slogan,
an institution
led by wicked men
to further their own gains
or that they may use
this cause to hurt others
as many of my zealot brothers
and I have done before.
Peter, when you
are dead and buried,
who will be there
to keep straight the path?

So what would you
have us do, Simon?
Stop preaching?
I don't know,
but I feel that the divide
has become too great
between Jewish
and Gentile believer.
We have all held the law
to its entirety.
We have all been circumcised,
observing the rules
of purification.
We all spend time
in the temple
for morning
and afternoon prayers.
It is true that these things
are no longer required
for salvation,
but what
will the Gentiles have
when they are faced
with the enemy's lies
or they are deceived
by another leader's
trickery or words?
Peter, you cannot deny
that you have heard
these disturbing rumors
of wayward followers
who are using
our sacred ceremonies
as gatherings
to sexual perversions
and infant sacrifices.
You see what happens
when they turn their back
on the law and tradition.
They lack knowledge
of how to live daily
in the light of truth.
I am not saying
that these men

have not received
the Holy Spirit,
but I ask and question this:
what happens after
they receive the Spirit,
and how may our traditions
instruct them
so that they may not stray
from the Spirit?
If they have truly
received the Spirit,
then why would they throw away
the truth and the law?
They don't throw it out.
They never understood it
in the first place.
Peter, please,
what do you say to this?
There was a beginning
to all this.
How did we get here?
How did this start
for each of us?
There was no plan for this.
Did he care about the law?
Did he care
about traditions?
Did he say that love
is the greatest law?
I don't know.
I don't know.
I don't know.
I don't have the answers.
I don't have the answers
for Pontus.
I don't have the answers
for Jerusalem.
And I...
I don't have answers
for any of us.
Peter, we love you.
We are brothers in this.
We will wait on you,
but we need you to lead us.

If we don't deal
with this now,
then anyone
with a charismatic smile
and carefully plotted out words
can distract their own crowds
for personal gain.
It will only be
the very beginning
to the troubles with our church.
How did this start
for each of us?
That is precisely
why he chose you.
We will wait on you.
There was a beginning
to all this.
- But we need you to lead us.
- I see him in her.
Peter, where did we lose you?
You must give us the answers.
Peter...
Do you still
speak with the Lord?
Mary, what are you
doing out of bed?
Sit, my son. Sit.
The bed won't save me.
My time is coming.
We didn't mean
to wake you.
Is it much the same heard
in Pontus these days?
In Pontus, in Jerusalem,
everywhere we go.
Now do you see?
We're lost.
Do you think the Lord
has left you?
Peter,
he has gone away
so we will find him.
He has gone away
so we will seek him.

I don't understand.
I remember him
as a boy in temple.
For three days,
my heart was broken,
for I thought I had
lost him forever.
It was as if I had lost
a piece of my own soul.
But when he was found,
he had been speaking amongst
scholars and rabbis.
He had not been lost.
He had gone
to his Father's house,
and he knew and expected me
to find him there.
Listen.
In the stillness,
in the silence,
he calls me once more
to his Father's house.
But where does he
call you?
Peter, when you
are still...
Where does he call you?
To the sea.
He calls me to the sea.
Master,
we have worked hard
all night,
and we haven't caught
anything,
but because you say so,
I will let down the nets.
Go away from me, Lord.
I am a sinful man.
Yes, Lord.
You know that I love you.
Lord, you know
that I love you.
Lord, you know all things.
You know that I love you.

You doubt yourself
these days, my son.
You ask yourself if you have
what it takes to lead the way.
The answer is no,
you do not.
But you are not leading,
are you?
You are following.
He has already gone
before you.
The path has already
been set.
Follow it.
Seek him in all things,
and failure
will be impossible.
Take it.
It's time.
I did not want you all
to go through the trouble
of being here
at this late hour.
But now,
seeing all your faces
has brought me
great joy.
Perhaps you will entertain
the little wisdom
I have to offer.
I have been remembering
the first moment
I encountered him.
I've been remembering
the first moment
I heard the angel's word.
Even after the angel
spoke to me,
I was deeply disturbed,
for how could this be?
But in my heart,
I had already heard
the answer.
Nothing is impossible

with God.

I remember feeling more alive
than I ever had before.

It was as if every day
before that day,

I had been living
in some sort of a half life.

I can still feel
the sun on my face
from that day...

The smell of the trees,
the dirt surrounding me.

The sound of the birds
still sings in my head.

Everything about the world
changed on that day.

I have remembered that day
every day.

The years have continued on.

But have you forgotten,
my children?

Have you forgotten
the first time

you felt his gaze?

Do you not keep that moment
in your heart?

Do you not treasure it
every day?

You cannot let
the weight of this world
outshine the light
that you carry within.

For nine month,
his heart beat with mine.

My own flesh and blood,
everything of him in me
and me in him.

You were not there
the night that he was born.

The whole world
for all eternity
was waiting for that moment.

Perhaps you do not believe
that he exists in you

in this same way.
When you said yes to Christ,
you brought him forth
in your heart into the world,
your heart beating with his
for eternity.
Do you think
your doubts and fears
are unique to you today?
They are not.
The question is not
whether we will struggle.
We will struggle greatly.
The question is,
to whom do we look to
in the struggle?
When he took the bread
into his hands,
giving himself
to all of humanity,
those hands
were worn-down hands
by splintered wood
day after day.
Those were the same hands
that feebly searched
for its mother's breast,
same as you all did
in the blindness
of your first days.
Those were the hands
that laid upon the sick
to heal,
that raised the dead.
He gave himself
from beginning to end,
through trampled dust
and scores of blood.
But remember this.
If our heart
beats with the Lord's,
then those same hands
are our hands.
That same flesh and blood

is our flesh and blood.
The suffering
that Christ suffered
is our suffering.
Oh, my children,
you know how much
I suffered.
When I fled to Egypt
with this tiny child
and Joseph,
do you know the sadness
that still occupies
till this very day
a corner of my heart
for all those children
that were killed
as Herod sought
to stop the prophecy?
Be thankful
you were not present
when the crying and laughter
of children went silent
and was replaced
by only the mournful wails
of heartbroken mothers.
We will suffer
as we walk with the Lord.
That is one thing
I know for sure.
My children,
you have already suffered
with him.
Do you remember
how your fears and doubts
were confirmed
when you saw him on the cross,
when you saw him die?
I saw myself die in that moment
with my son.
Do you understand
that from the moment
I looked upon his body
in that tiny cave
in Bethlehem

that I had been following
behind him
all the way to the end
marked with blood and death?
When the stone was rolled
in front of the tomb,
our world torn down
by confusion and doubts
so great,
you hid in the darkness,
longing for it to be
the end of your life...
We still had dust
on our sandals
and on our clothes
from the road
where they flung him down.
Angry shout of the crowd
flooded our ears.
We still had the smell of blood
in our nostrils,
pouring out of his head,
his feet, his hands.
And yet,
three days later,
Mary Magdalene,
inconsolable,
longing to see him once more,
found the empty tomb,
and all things were made new.
Never again
did the sun rise
in the same way.
Never again did you hear a song
with the same meaning.
Our eyes and ears
have been removed
and replaced by the sight
and hearing of the Lord.
That is the hope and life
we found in Christ risen.
When I look at all of you,
all my children,
there is only one face

I see.
It is the Lord's face.
It is the face of my son,
risen,
alive, and breathing...
As if he himself was
right in front of me.
My children,
if you do nothing more
in this life,
remember the moment
he first looked upon you.
Your soul rejoiced,
for salvation was upon you.
Darkness was lifted,
and you saw the great light.
Remember that moment,
and everything you do
will glorify the Lord.
Peace be with you.
Do not be sad for me.
Like him,
I will never leave you.
I will be with you
until the end of days.
Remember when we took our walks
in the hills
in the early light of dawn?
We spoke
of such wonderful things.
Oh, how I long
to take those walks
with you once more.
Her breathing has slowed.
It will be soon now.
She will rise straight
into the arms of our Lord.
There will be nothing like it
ever again in this world.
Remember,
this is not the end.
We thank you, our Father,
for the holy vine of David,
your servant,

made known to us
through Jesus,
your servant.
To you be the glory forever.
Kyrie
Eleison
Christe
Eleison
Kyrie
Thank you, our Father,
for the life and knowledge
made known to us through Jesus,
your servant.
To you be the glory forever.
Eleison
Christe
Even as this bread
was scattered over the hills
and brought together...
To make one...
Eleison
So let your church
be gathered
from the ends of the earth
into your kingdom.
Kyrie
Eleison
Kyrie
For yours
is the glory
and the power...
Through Jesus Christ forever.
Eleison
My son,
waste not
a moment more.
Give me my wings
so that my soul
can fly to you.
Spiritui
Sancto
Honor sit
Qui
In mente Ursule

Virginis
Virginalem
Turbam
Velut
Columbas
Collegit
Unde ipsa patriam suam
Sicut Abraham reliquit
Et etiam propter
Amplexionem
Agni
Desponsationem
Viri sibi
What now?
We do exactly what she did.
We remember the good grace
that brought us here today.
And we listen,
we follow,
and we trust.
Come.
It's time to tell
the world the good news.
You were formed in me,
the light in the darkness.
Our hearts beat as one
together,
never separated,
even in death.
My own soul has rejoiced,
has been saddened,
been crushed,
bruised,
bloodied,
killed,
and resurrected.