

NO ROOM IN THE INN

A Dramatic Reading

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Hagar stood in the doorway of the Inn and gazed out into the night. There was a hint of chill in the air. The stars in the dark sky seemed so close she could almost reach out and touch them.

She glanced back over her shoulder into the common room of the Inn. Enos, her husband, slept at the registering table, his head pillowed upon his outstretched arm. Their son slept in the room beyond.

It had been a long day. So many had come who had to be turned away. There was simply no more room in the Inn.

Hagar felt a great sadness as she thought of the couple who had come so late. Their names, Mary and Joseph of Nazareth. It had been a long, hard journey for them. Mary, riding on the donkey, and Joseph, walking protectively by her side. They had turned away when Enos had said:

“There is no more room in the Inn.” Then he added, for he was a kindly man, “The stable is crowded, too, but you can find shelter there. It is warm and dry and will be protection from the night.”

He had lighted a torch and handed it to Joseph. “It is beyond the courtyard and down the incline to the back.”

Mary had smiled her thanks.

When they were gone, Hagar had turned to Enos: “Oh, Enos, why did you not let them have our room? I could have wrapped our little son well and brought him into the common room for the rest of the night.”

“No, Hagar, the child is not yet three weeks old. We cannot risk the dangers of the common room with so many strangers coming and going.” Then he had reached for her hand and clasped it close in both of his.

“We’ve waited and prayed so long for this son of ours.”

Hagar stood a moment longer in the doorway then turned and entered their room. She gazed down on her sleeping son, then quickly and without knowing exactly why, she lifted the child and wrapped him carefully. Hanging her long, dark cloak about her shoulders, she placed the child against her breast and folded the cloak snugly about them both.

Quietly and quickly she crept across the common room and out into the night.

The stars made it bright. “A strange thing,” she said to herself. “One star is brighter than all the rest and hangs low over the stable.”

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