

ESTHER THE BEAUTY QUEEN

By Rod

Based on the book of Esther! A poem, but one which could be acted out by a team of actors to enhance the action.

Now this is the story of Esther
In looks there was no one to best her.
But her life had begun very sad –
She had lost both her mum and her dad.

An old cousin had taken her in;
Brought her up as his own kith and kin.
Mordecai was the name of this guy;
He became like her dad by the by.

Now our Esther, like Mord, was a Jew,
But in Persia – home far out of view.
King Xerxes ruled Persia from Susa,
Where his queen became the big loser.

Now King Xerxes, he liked to show off,
So he called for a mighty big scoff.
He wanted all his wares to be seen;
That included his beautiful queen.

But Queen Vashti declined to attend,
Which drove good King Xerx round the bend.
For a wife to stand up to her male;
It was something that could not prevail.

Cos it could mean a change for all blokes,
And the end of all Essex girl jokes.
So a contest was held for to see
Who'd be Miss Persia four eighty BC.

The most beautiful girls in the land
Were then brought to the king to be scanned.
But the contest was all over when
Esther scored a clear ten out of ten.

“She’s the one!” good King Xerxes, he said.
“Make her queen; put a crown on her head.”
So in Persia, Queen Esther she soared,
But still heeded her old cousin Mord.

He would often sit by the King's gate,
To keep Esther and he up to date.
It was in one of his 'by the gate lurks'
That he learned of a plot to kill Xerx.

He told Esther, who then told the king,
Who made short work of this murd'rous ring.
Mordecai's name was writ in the book:
The spy whose gen had been gratef'ly took.

Now Haman comes into our story;
And, children, it's gonna get gory.
He was pompous, nasty and spiteful;
In short, he was perfectly frightful.

In his presence he liked all to bow,
But old Mordecai wouldn't kow tow.
And, 'cos old Mord in this did refuse,
Haman vowed, "I will kill all the Jews."

He tricked King Xerx so he issued a law
To make Jews not to be any more.
The Jews went into fasting and mourning
And Mord gave to Queen Esther a warning.

"Remember that you too are a Jew,
And as queen there is lots you can do.
It's your destiny, so now prepare;
If you don't, help will come from elsewhere."

Esther said, "Please will all of you fast.
After three days, I'll give it a blast.
I risk death in approaching the king,
But I say 'Death O where is thy sting?'"

So to court went plucky young Esther,
And, joy, noone shouted "Arrest her!"
No, the king reached out his gold sceptre,
Which meant that he'd gladly accept her.

Since Esther was on to a winner.
She asked good King Xerx round to dinner;
Haman as well to make it just three.
This filled the proud chap with great glee.

That night Xerx tossed and turned on his bed,
So he called for his book to be read.
He heard the tale of how Mordecai
Had saved the king by being a spy.

This led to old Mord being feted,
Which with Haman certainly grated.
As this was clearly spoiling his life,
“Build some gallows”, suggested his wife.

Since asked again by Esther to dine,
He’d mused, “We’ll start with soup – and fine wine.
Steak and chips – I feel weak at the knees.
Death by Choc’late or le bombe surprise.”

Haman certainly got his surprise
When Esther fixed him firm with her eyes.
“Haman wants to kill me and all Jews.”
The king said, “What! To me that is news.”

Haman in fear pleaded with Esther,
But Xerx thought he’d tried to molest her.
Haman looked a complete nincompoop,
And he knew he was right in the soup.

So he got his chips and just desserts:
Death by hanging – which certainly hurts.
And the Jews fought hard for their nation,
Which led to a great celebration.

Purim - this means the throwing of dice;
Which Xerx did when he wanted advice.
It also means the cast of a lot;
Some would say “Chance – an old load of rot.”

But what can we learn from Queen Esther?
Mord’s words, they had clearly impressed her.
And the girl with the beautiful face
Had found herself in just the right place.

There is our challenge – think about that:
We’re useful to God right where we’re at.
So, whatever our lot in the world,
We’re God’s – let’s get His banner unfurled.

