

# HOME.A.TON

OUR 2020 MUSICAL



FEATURING ADAM. LEA. MILLIE. MAXX. & ROSIE MARSHALL  
(SPECIAL APPEARANCES BY KODIE & ECHO)



These scenes are in no particular order since time is a construct in 2020.

We would apologize to those of you who haven't watched the musical Hamilton,  
Though really you should have seen or listened to it by now... don't WAIT FOR IT.

### **SCENE 1: TAKE A BREAK**

**Rosie & Lea get an extended Spring Break and join Adam on a work trip to Kentucky**

*My dearest, Lea & Rosie, tomorrow and tomorrow creep in this petty pace  
from day to day, and you'll be several states away*

*and Lea, you don't have to put on a play, or take Thespians to State...*

*Let's go up to Kentucky for Spring Break.*

*There might be some restaurants open (well, at least we are hoping...)*

*And you can take a break. I'm sure just a short little break...*

### **SCENE 2: ALL.OF.US R HOME.A.TON (ALEXANDER HAMILTON)**

**During her spring virtual teaching, Lea writes a play and it is published by Theatrefolk**

*She got a lot further by working a lot harder,*

*By being a lot smarter, by being a self starter*

*At 52, she wrote her first play. Shakespeare's Bachelorette.*

*A mash up where reality TV and Shakespeare are strangely met.*

*Now- All.of.us R Home.a.ton & Lea is waiting on Zoom for students too...*

*There are a million puzzles we haven't done, just you wait!*

### **SCENE 3: IT'S A TURD, SIR (AARON BURR, SIR)**

**The Eufy Robovac (Rif Raf) drags Kodie's dog poo through the Marshall home**

*Pardon me, is that a turd, sir. I cannot tell for I am a robo-vac at your service sir.*

*I got out of sorts with that turd sir, I may have spread it.*

*You look at me like I'm stupid, I'm not stupid. I wish I could prove*

*I am worth more than anyone bargained for.*

*The brown coats have started a revo-poo-tion,*

*And I am working on a full house distribution...*

### **SCENE 4: MY BOT (MY SHOT)**

**Eufy promises a fresh new Rif Raf RoboVac after Lea's pleas for help**

*I am not throwing away my bot- My house is dung, crappy, and stinky*

*But I'm not throwing away my bot!*

*It's got a lot of range and no polish, A diamond in the rough,*

*A shiny piece of coal just trying to reach a goal.*

*Whoa, whoa, oh woe...*

### **SCENE 5: THE STORY OF EVERY NIGHT (THE STORY OF TONIGHT)**

*We dine alone at home. That's the story of every night...*

*Raise a glass to the two of us. Why are there so few of us...*

## **SCENE 6: THE MARSHALL SISTERS** (THE SCHUYLER SISTERS)

**Millie stays in Pittsburgh to teach/study/write. Rosie works at a camp in NC and then returns to Montreat's campus fall semester.**

*Daddy said not to go downtown. Daddy doesn't need to know.*

*Where is the emergency credit card? Oh, we are good to go...*

*Look around, look around, How lucky we are to be alive right now.*

*We are looking for a mind at work... There's nothing like summer in the city.*

*Someone reading books (and someone taking mountain photos so pretty.) &*

*Pittsburgh is the greatest city in the world (or Montreat, depending on which Marshall sister you are...)*

## **SCENE 7: THE ROOM/ZOOM WHERE IT HAPPENS**

**Lea and Millie spend their summer prepping to teach hybrid style (in person and through Zoom.) Millie preps in Pittsburgh, Lea in Tallahassee.**

*No one else was in the room where it happened*

*No one really knows how the game is played, the art of the trade,*

*How the online lessons get made.*

*Cause no one else was in the room where it happened-*

*We just assume that it will happen.*

*And soon everyone will be on the Zoom where it happens...*

*Let me offer you some advice... Talk less. Smile more.*

## **SCENE 8: SINUSFIED** (SATISFIED)

**Lea gets sinus surgery in October because she has been sick for MONTHS**

*I remember that cough. I just might regret that cough*

*For the rest of my days*

*I remember those doctors trippin' over themselves to clear my head*

*You'll feel better they all said.*

*But I will never be sinus-fied. I think those doctors lied.*

*My head is still stuffed and the cough survived.*

*I will never be sinus-fied.*

## **SCENE 9: TEACH THEM HOW TO DRIVE THE RYE**

(TEACH THEM HOW TO SAY GOODBYE)

**Maxx delivers bread for Dozen Bakery and writes songs and stories**

*Pick up a pen, start writing -I wanna talk about what I have learned.*

*The hard won wisdom I have earned.*

*As far as the people are concerned -I still have bread & songs to serve,*

*I will continue to serve. As the large bread truck swerves.*

*I wanna sit under my own vine and fig tree-*

*A moment alone in the shade at home... before I have to drive the rye.*





## **SCENE 10: YOU'LL BE BACK**

**Lea teaches high school theatre in person and online at the same time**

*You cry in your tea which you hurl from the screen, Why so sad?  
Remember we made an arrangement when you went away (in March)  
You'll be back - soon you'll see- time will tell, it will be swell.  
Grades don't rise, they actually fall -  
But we'll see each other through it all...  
No don't change the subject, cause you're my favorite subject.  
You'll be back, like before I will fight the fight and win the war,  
For your time, for your grades and I'll teach until my dying days.  
When your camera's off, I'll go mad -  
So don't throw away the thing we had...  
Oh, your internet is down again. Awesome. Wow.*

## **SCENE 11: NON STOP**

**Adam works in Georgia and Kentucky - no break in the action**

*He's not falling behind or running late. He's not willing to wait.  
He has something to prove, he has bill payments to lose,  
His pace is relentless, no one can ever spend less.  
He wastes no time (or money) - what's it like in his shoes?  
Leap year of 366 days. Adam worked 361 (or so it seemed.)  
Why are you the hardest working man in the room?  
While the rest of us are wearing pajama pants on Zoom?  
Why do you work like you're running out of time?  
Work day and night like you're running out of time?  
Everyday you fight like you're running out of time  
Keep on fighting in the meantime - Adam Marshall is non stop.*

## **ACT 12: THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN**

*Tens of thousands of people flood the streets  
There are screams and church bells ringing  
And as our fallen foes retreat, I hear the song they're singing  
The world turned upside down...*

## **ACT 13: WRITE UP (RISE UP)**

**Putting together a Christmas card in 2020**

*Write up when your living on your knees,  
Write up, you've got card readers to please. Write up, this is our legacy.  
Tell your father he's gotta write up,  
Tell your mother she's gotta write up  
We're gonna write up - it's time to take a shot at our Christmas cards...*

## WHO LOVES, WHO CRIES, WHO WRITES OUR STORY: lea's letter for 2020

my 2019 word of the year was LACE. i chose a word about keeping things together, adding an ingredient, a hard hit, and a painstaking and time-consuming production. hmmm... perhaps it was a bit too on-brand for this year. it was a year that LACED us in very UNPRECEDENTED ways... ugh.

maybe i should have wished for a year reminiscent of a simpler time. a time to cook and bake new recipes (or banana bread). a season of rediscovering hobbies like sewing, gardening, and spending time outdoors, cycling, camping, kayaking, and taking walks. being able to wear yoga pants anytime, reading more, playing board games, and solving jigsaw puzzles. a year where people took time to adopt a pet, create a squirrel obstacle course, discover indie films, and rewatch old favorites. a time of using technology to connect with family, invest in education and medical advice, visit museums, and attend concerts, musicals, and even worship services, all virtually. a time when nurses, doctors, teachers, food servers, retail assistants were genuinely appreciated for the help they provide. a moment to think about all the things we take for granted, friends, family, our neighbors, and the amazingness of our diversity.

however, this year does not seem simple, and 2020 almost ended the marshall family christmas card (which did seem slightly fitting.) in a year where we could not get together physically, we could not get together ideologically either. adam's idea of "i'll have a zoom christmas without you" album with a song list meant to be a light-hearted remembrance of the challenges COVID brought this year was, like so much this year, fraught with concern that it would be insensitive to some who were hit hardest by 2020. we know many recipients of this card have had a year that has been extremely difficult.

we are intensely aware that card will be held by those struggling with financial stability. many of you yearn for time with extended family but may not feel safe being with them right now. there are many who fear loss of personal freedoms during this season. those who may have lost faith in our fellow man or faith in anything Good at all. i know there are those who mourn the loss of grandparents, parents, children, siblings, spouses, &/or friends this year. we all are struggling to find hope for the future in a time when hope seems as limited as toilet paper was in 2020. while we may not know all that this year brought to you, know that we send this card out with prayers for you and your family. each recipient of this card is precious to us. and to this world.

in all my 2020 time for reading, i ran smack dab into my word(s) for this year. and since there was SO MUCH EXTRA READING TIME, it got pretty esoteric this year. i hope you brushed up on your roman classics. let's get started...

i have chosen the latin words **LACRIMAE RERUM** for this year. they come from the first book of virgil's aeneid. perfect, right? i need not explain a thing. you clearly see the connection. my job here is done. HA. well, i had to look up this phrase when i ran across it. seems these words, & their two contradictory interpretations, continue to fascinate readers and thinkers through the ages.

these words show up when the trojan hero, aeneas, observes a mural showing the battle of troy. viewing the depiction of his ancestors and compatriots struggling and losing their lives in the legendary trojan war, aeneas muses, "*sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangent.*" this is translated into "*there are **tears of/for things**, and mortal matters touch the mind.*"

scholars of the aeneid provide two possible translations for the phrase: "tears FOR things" or "tears OF things." they like to champion one OR the other for their translation. but we all know how much i love TWO meanings for one thing. just another appearance of my beloved "power of &". i think both translations are comprehensive & comforting for this confusing year. i also think they both exist together for this (and every) difficult season.

**LACRIMAE RERUM: tears FOR things.** there have been tears for things this year. so. many. tears. adam's powerhouse of a mother went Home to be with the Lord this summer. she had been in failing health for a few months. we were able to spend a lovely weekend with her shortly before she left this world. but like so many of you, covid has kept us at a distance from many of our loved ones. my year long sinus issues (& a continuous hacking cough) have made me terrible company and unwelcome anywhere in public. don't ask about the time i cleared out an entire coffee shop with one coughing spell. teaching high school hybrid style & feeling so unsuccessful at that herculean task has brought more tears. the lack of empathy i see in our country is sorrowful & shameful & definitely produce weeping and grieving.

& not just the events around me produce tears. the daily egregious events in my own soul are also shocking (not sure why after over 50 years of living with my self.) every year, there seem to be tears FOR more and more things. i cry easier and more often. am i alone in genuinely thinking by the time i was in my 50's i would have this life thing figured out? that i would be killing the game? out here slaying it all with wisdom and grace? living my best life?

well, despite how together i may look on social media (or in this card), rumors of my brilliance/best life/brightest days are woefully exaggerated. every year i come face to face with more of my own frailty, false idols, and failures. these are catching up with me, overtaking me, & there are tears FOR these regrets & recriminations. this is a time of LACRIMAE RERUM: tears FOR things.

the second translation is **LACRIMAE RERUM: tears OF things**. this is the beautiful and hopeful part (glad you made it through that first downer section.) this contains the idea of "things" that weep with us. a vision of invisible entities who also weep for the deep sorrows in this life. for me, this is the amazing idea of a God who collects the tears we shed. One who holds each & every tear i shed as worthy of being seen, saved, & storied.

**psalm 56:8**

***You've kept track of my every toss and turn through the sleepless nights,  
Each tear entered in your ledger, each ache written in your book.***

i see this God who values tears all through Scripture. as hagar sobbed in the wilderness of beersheba, God drew near (genesis 21). when hannah wept bitterly outside the temple, God noticed and remembered (1 samuel 1). poetic david became weary with moaning, but God didn't become weary with listening (literally all of psalms. talk about some tears for things.)

i read about a God who says to king hezekiah, "*I have heard your prayer; I have seen your tears*" (2 kings 20:5). a God who tells us, "*blessed are you who weep now*" (luke 6:21). i believe He sees and holds in His nail-scarred Hands every tear we shed as we slog through the sharp ruins of our broken world.

He watched a widow weep over her son's dead body, "*He had compassion on her*" (luke 7:13). mary & martha fall apart at Jesus's feet over the death of a brother, and "*Jesus wept*" (john 11:25) for them and for all of us who are often confused by where He is or why He tarries in our grief. the same Jesus who raises the dead stops to linger with us in our sorrow. showing me how every tear shed in faith, shattered but trusting, weary but watchful, has this eternal hope "*the Lord is near to the brokenhearted*" (palm 34:18)

Jesus told his disciples, "*truly, truly, I say to you, you will weep and lament, but the world will rejoice. you will be sorrowful, but your sorrow will turn into joy*" (john 16:20). He was known as the "*man of sorrows*" (isaiah 53:3). He understands our moments, seasons, or lifetimes of sadness.

every tear you and i shed is preparing "an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison" (2 Corinthians 4:17). every drop of agony and heartache falls and sinks into the ground like a seed, waiting to sprout into a garden of laughter. but sometimes this joy is slow to grow. painstakingly slow. painfully slow.

there is a beautiful andrew peterson song i discovered this year of tears. it is aptly named "After the Last Tear Falls"...

***"in the end, . . .  
we'll see how the tears that have fallen were caught in the palms  
of the Giver of love and the Lover of all.  
and we'll look back on these tears as old tales.  
'cause after the last tear falls, there is love.."***

our tears will one day be tales. they will be a part of my Story and yours. joy will come in the morning when God turns this valley of tears into a city of everlasting joy. after the mourning, we are promised a joyful Morning. One Day, God himself will stoop down to each of his grieving children, and He will dry up tears forever. may you rest in this for 2020 and into this new year...

***He will wipe away every tear from their eyes,  
and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying,  
nor pain anymore, for the former things, have passed away.  
(revelation 21:4)***

and know in  
all of our Stories  
(as tolkien wrote  
in The Return of the King)

***"everything sad  
is going to come untrue."***

until that Glorious Day,  
LACRIMAE RERUM...

*lea marshall*  
december 2020

