**The Legend of Saint Martin**

**Narrator:** Martin was an ordinary boy. The son of a commander of Roman soldiers. His father recognized the god of war, Martin, and named his son‘Martin’ after him. One day, he called his son Martin to him.

**Father:** “You know, Martin, I want to tell you something. I am old now and I would like you to take over my craft from me. Accept this sword and become a soldier too."

**Martin:** "All right, father."

**Narrator:** Martin made a career in the army and was praised by all for his bravery and heroic deeds.

 One day it was a cold autumn and the soldiers were given warm red coats by the king.

When Martin and his soldiers rode into town on his white horse, the wind blew cold and the first snow even began to fall. At the gates he met a beggar suffering from the cold.

**The beggar:** "Ooo, my lord, my house is burnt to ashes, I have nothing to eat and I am very cold. Give me something, help me!"

**Narrator**: After briefly considering what to give him. For he had neither money nor anything to eat. He gave him a piece of his cloak.

**The beggar**: "Thank you, sir!"

**Narrator:**Martin then checked into the inn and went to sleep. After a while he fell asleep, and then Jesus appeared to him.

**Jesus:** "Martin, get up! Thank You for lending me your cloak! You used it wisely. Think about yourself and your future. More like you are needed."

**Narrator:** Martin reflected and because warfare was not for him. He entered a monastery and took up the monastic path.

Martin was, thanks to his mother, very well-read and clever. And so, people came to him for advice.

**People:**"Martin, I don't grow grain! What should I do?"

**Martin:** "Try watering it."

**People:** “Martin, I don't know what to do with this! What should I do?" "Try ....!"

**Narrator:** "Because Martin gave good advice. After a while, people began to wonder why he was only a priest and not a bishop. So, they got together and started debating.

**Person 1:** "Hey, this Martin should be a bishop."

**Person 2:** "And not the one that's there now. He'd be better - he's smarter, kinder and more charitable."

**Person 3**:" Let's ask him!"

**People 1-3**: "Martin, don't you want to be a bishop? You'd be better, you're much wiser than the current one. We are dissatisfied with him. Please become our bishop!"

**Martin:** "No, I am satisfied as a priest.

*(Martin leaves and tries to hide from the people)*

**People:** "Martin, Martin, where are you?" "Where is he????" "Martin, Martin, where are you??" "Where is he????" "Martin, Martin, where are you?" "Where is he????"

**Martin:** "It's a good thing they didn't find me. There are geese here, I'll hide behind them."

**Person 1:** "Where can he be??

**2.** "That's impossible? Where did he hide?"

**3.** "Martin. Martin, where are you!"

*(The geese are squawking)*

**Person:1**. "A sound is coming, it's from the goose. Quickly there!"

**2:** "Ah, Martin, there you are! Come on, it doesn't matter that you're modest, you'll be a bishop!

**Martin:** "Okay, fine. If that is what you all really want."

**Narrator:**And so, the tradition of the St. Martin's Day meal –a roast goose - was born. As well as the superstition that the first snow comes on St. Martin's Day – November 11th.