

Katie's Luther's Love Story

A skit for Women of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America as we approach the 500th anniversary of Martin and Katie Luther's Wedding

Narrator:

I'm here today to tell you about an important figure in the Reformation.

And to help me . . . we have a special visitor with us today. Oh my gosh. . . Is it? Is it? It is! Hold onto your hats. . .

May I introduce Katharina von Bora Luther, of Wittenberg, Germany!

Katie:

Guten tag!

Ich heise Katharina, but you can call me Katie.

I'm so pleased to be here with all you wonderful women. It's really just a pleasure to come and, of course, to get out of my medieval kitchen!

(Did you know that Martin believed that no matter how clean a maid keeps her kitchen, mice will spring up ex nihilo like the original creation! That tells you something about the medieval German kitchen. SIGH!)

Seems all I do is cook not just for my family but for all the students that are always crashing dinner, and then do the laundry for all the theologians who end up spending the night, and then there is all the brewing of beer (for all those students and theologians and Martin too of course) and selling it to others in order to balance our finances. Finances! Doing the work of God is expensive!

Narrator:

Wow, it sounds like you worked hard! Was it worth it, leaving the convent?

Katie: Ha Ha! Well, anyone who said that being a nun was harder and more pious work obviously hasn't tried to be a wife and mother. Up to my elbows

in cold soapy water. Mice running at my feet. The children crying for dinner and then Martin brings home 4 students to have supper and spend the night! I tell you that is when I really knew what it was to sacrifice to do the work of God. My life in the cloister was quiet.

Narrator:

Tell me, then, why did you leave the convent?

Katie: Well, let me tell you—do you know why I joined the convent?

Narrator: I imagine you were riding through a thunderstorm and got frightened and pledged yourself to God?

Katie: Ha, no, not exactly. But I did enter the convent the same year that Martin became a monk. 1505 I was 5 years old! He was 22! He defied his parents by becoming a monk when they wanted him to be a lawyer. I obeyed my parents and did as I was told. I didn't officially take my vows until I was a teenager of course, but it was all according to their plan.

Narrator: So back to the question, why did you leave?

Katie: I heard about the things this young professor at Wittenburg was saying—and it made sense to me. Some women may have been called to celibacy and the cloister—but it wasn't the only way to be holy! It wasn't necessarily the best way either. Lots of us decided we wanted to live outside the convent.

Narrator: So you just got up and took off the habit and walked out?

Katie: Not quite. It was not that easy. We had to get our parents' permission to leave, and there needed to be some exchange of money. Most of us could not get that permission so we couldn't just walk out. And helping a woman leave a convent was considered a crime, so we couldn't get help.

Legend has it, we hid in some empty herring barrels that were being taken to the home of . . . you guessed it. . . Martin Luther.

Narrator: Was he happy to have a barrel full of women at his door? Did he sing “Roll out the barrel, and . . .”

Katie: Um. . . No. . . I think he was nervous. He felt responsible for us. He knew we would need someone to take care of us and the safest bet in 1523 was marriage.

Narrator: Was that the line he used on you. Hey Katie, the safest bet for you is marriage. . . and lucky for you, I am available?

Did he take one look at you, crawling out of that barrel smelling like pickled fish and fall instantly in love?

Katie: Ha! Not exactly! Despite that meet-cute, he did not propose right away.

(pause) Actually, to be honest, I proposed that we marry, and he said that he didn't think he was cut out for marriage. And when I pushed him he said if he did marry he wanted someone prettier and less bossy!

Narrator: Ugh, Men!

Katie: But as the year went on and all the other sisters found husbands, I started to feel him turning towards me.

Narrator: And then he proposed and you had a lovely long engagement!

Katie: Ha! He proposed, and so no one would dissent we got married the same day! June 13, 1525.

Narrator: What! Has it been 500 years!?

Katie: Not yet—now it has only been 499 years.

Narrator: Wow! What do you give someone for the 500th anniversary—25 is silver, 50 is gold, 75 is platinum. . . 500 is . . .

Katie: Maybe a few books on theology?

Narrator: Maybe a few books on theology of marriage. Tell us what did you learn being married to Martin Luther?

Katie: Maybe you should ask him what he learned being married to me.

I think I taught him that love was given not earned.

**That changing a baby’s diaper is as holy as presiding over the Eucharist.
That we sometimes can understand God’s love for us best when we feel that
love for our partner or our child.**

**And don’t forget—I taught him that no matter how clean the house, God will
still create mice ex nihilo.**

Narrator:

Well, Katie, it has been *wunderbar* to hear from you—and we will think deeply about what marriage continues to mean today.

Katie: Thank you for having me and letting me tell a little of the romantic comedy that led me to be the first lady of the reformation.

The End

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