

Sunrise Monologue

By Pastor Greg
April 4, 2010

Bunkertown COB

I suppose most of you have heard by now about what happened on Friday. This town, this crazy town. They crucified our Lord! What's wrong with these people? What were they thinking? Why would they do something like this?

I would like to personally thank Joseph from Arimathea and Nicodemus for their kindness. Did you hear what they did? They got permission from Pilate to take Jesus down from the cross and placed Him in a nearby grave. And thank you Nicodemus for supplying all the ointments and spices for the burial. I think some of the women will be traveling back out to the grave this morning to finish the process. John says His body is a horrible mess.

His body. I can't believe I'm saying this. I wasn't there, but they say the beating was inhuman. So much blood. And even after He died, they still stuck Him in the side with a spear. What was that for? So much hate. So much hate. And for what? I think all of us here knew He was the Messiah. Why couldn't these religious men see that?

Do you remember when He healed that guy on the Sabbath, the one who couldn't walk? Man, the Pharisee's were really ticked off. I think that's when things really started to get worse. I remember thinking that He should probably back off just a bit, but He wouldn't listen. Wouldn't listen to any of us. Even Peter tried to talk Him out of this whole dying nonsense, but He wouldn't hear of it. It almost made Him mad. Boy, Peter sure got emotional when Jesus said He was going to die in Jerusalem. Peter acted like he would take on the whole Roman army just so it wouldn't happen.

That was weird; the times He kept telling us that He was going to die. I mean, here we were walking all around Israel, and Jesus would just walk up to someone, touch them, and they were healed. Do you remember the time he healed that boy from Capernaum? I mean, all He did was say the boy was healed, and it happened! And I kept thinking that nothings gonna stop this guy. He can do whatever He wants? Half the time I wondered if He wasn't holding back; as if He didn't want people to follow Him just because He could do miracles. Remember what happened

after he fed that huge crowd of people out on the hill? They asked Him to do it again, and He wouldn't. He lost almost a third of His followers that day. Anyway, I could never figure it out. He did these great things, then would turn around and talk about dying. And now He is dead. He's dead, and I don't know what to do. I just don't know what to do.

I can't think right now. I don't even know what to think. Maybe a song would help. Could we sing a song?

So our Lord is gone. These hateful people killed Him. Well, I hate them. They took away the only hope we ever had. Jesus was going to be the one to reestablish our nation to power. He was going to drive these stupid Roman pagans out of our land. So now what? Where do we go from here? What do we do now?

Were we wrong about Jesus? I remember what the teacher used to tell us at the Synagogue about the Messiah. He would read from the Book of Daniel and tell us about how the One who looks like the Son of Man will be given authority over all the nations of the world, and that His rule will be forever. We were told that His kingdom would never be destroyed. And every time Jesus referred to Himself as the Son of Man I thought of this verse. It was almost as if He was claiming to be this ruler mentioned in the sacred texts. But now He's dead. He's gone. And I'm wondering if we might not have been wrong.

I was talking with Peter not long ago. He's thinking of going back to Galilee. I believe James, John, and a couple others are going back as well. We need to keep Peter in our prayers. It looked like he took this really hard. You should have seen him early Friday morning. I'd never seen him cry like that before. And Judas. I think we should keep his family in our prayers as well. What he did took all of us by surprise. Matthew says he threw the money back at them and confessed that he had sinned. I only hope it is true.

I hope the guards at the tomb don't give the women any trouble. They should be there by now. In a few days I plan to leave for Emmaus. I might as well just go home. If anyone wants to join me, you are welcome to tag along. It looks like this whole thing is over. Let's sing something and then I guess we can all go home.

There's nothing more to do here. I don't know about you, but it's going to take me a while to get over this.

(During verse 3 of "Where you there", Hannah needs to come in and interrupt, when we start to sing "Tremble, Tremble, Tremble). "It's missing. His body is missing. They took His body and we don't know where they have put Him!"

What? What are you saying? Are you sure you had the right tomb? I thought there were guards there. Mary, just calm down. We need to figure this out. Who would have taken it? Okay, come on. Let's all go out and see if we can figure things out together.

(At the area near the cross). The stone is moved, but who moved it all the way over here? Where are the guards? Is this the right place? But wait. Look here. Here is the cloth the wrapped His body. Look at the blood stains. And here is the cloth that had covered His head. Who wrapped it up so neatly? Could it be? Wait. Wait. Do you remember what He said about rising from the dead three days later? Do you remember, how was it, "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will rebuild it". You don't think . . . my Lord! Is it You?

(Hymn followed by prayer)