



**Mennonite
Church
Canada**

Resource Centre

From our Churches

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Date: Good Friday 2012

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What Did I Sign Up For? A Good Friday Communion Service with 4 Monologues

Order of Service

Note: The monologues are below

Welcome

Call to Worship - HWB 666

Prayer of Invocation

Opening Song - STS 80 *Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley*

Scripture - Mark 14:22-26

Monologue - The Ungrateful

Song - HWB 240 *Go To Dark Gethsemane*

Scripture - Mark 14:32-38

Monologue - The Lukewarm

Song - STS 81 *When We Are Tempted*

Scripture - Luke 22:54-62

Monologue - The Pompous

Prayer of Confession

Leader: Living Lord, you taught us that if we overcome the troubles of the world, our names will be written in the book of life. Yet even the best of humankind have turned aside from the way of the cross.

People: We confess that we, too, have strayed from our devotion to you. Our desire for comfort, our longing for status and our fear of rejection keep us from following Jesus Christ.

L: We know that from the cross, Jesus offered us forgiveness for our sins.

P: Have mercy on us, O God, for the sake of your Son, that your Holy Spirit might restore in us the joy of your salvation.

L: Lord Jesus Christ, we long for the healing of the world but we cannot do it by our own power.

All: Establish your realm in our hearts and in your creation so that the glory of God will be known from the least to the greatest, through you, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Song - HWB 247 *Jesus Remember Me*

Scripture - Mark 15:25-30, 33-39

Monologue - The Helpless

Song - HWB 250 *Beneath the Cross of Jesus*

Service of Communion

Song - HWB 258 *Man of Sorrows* (verses 1-3)

Benediction

The Ungrateful Monologue

Phew, that was close. I don't think anyone saw me leave the upper room. I, uh, (*looks over both shoulders*) I can be pretty sneaky when I need to be. I tell you, I wanted to get away sooner but James is always watching what people are doing. I'm sure he'd give me a lecture the next time we're together (*pause*) - if there is a next time. The way Jesus is talking lately it's getting scary. "The Son of Man must suffer." (*Pretend to raise a cup*) "This is my blood." I could barely pretend to sip from the cup when Jesus passed it around. Creepy! When a guy starts talking like that, like the soldiers are just waiting around a corner for us, I get jumpy. I didn't sign up for this. I'm gonna lay low for a while, see what happens. Yeah, I'm takin' a break from being a disciple.

Don't get the wrong idea. I'm grateful to Jesus for what he did. When I saw him heal my buddy, I would have done anything for him. But life goes on and sometimes you just got to move along. I don't think Jesus will even miss me. (*look back*) He's got all those other followers. And don't think I'll be missing them. Oh sure, there were some good times. Peter is a riot. But I can go back to hanging out with my buddies back home.

I kinda wish Jesus would just forget about Jerusalem, just come back with me to good old Galilee. I like his drive, his passion, his courage to do what's right. The way he stands up to those phony religious folks even when he knows it could get him killed. I love to see him in action. I wish (*pause*) - I wish I could see him do it one more time. See Jesus look them straight in the eye and say, "Do your worst. You won't stop me, even if you kill me."

Wouldn't that be somethin'? But it ain't worth the risk. Cause if I stick around, they could do their worst to me. And what good would that do? Cause when you're dead, you're dead. Better to live and fight another day. Which is what I'm gonna do – at least the living part. Maybe it's time to stop sticking up for principles.

The Lukewarm Monologue

Did you see where Jesus went? I sorta lost him, I think. I don't know. I don't want him to think I abandoned him. He already seems to doubt us. But I think Peter speaks for all of us when he says, "Even though I must die with you, I will not deny you." Not sure I want to die but I'm not the kind to turn my back on my friends. Yet, somehow I lost him.

It's not really my fault. He took Peter, James and John with him and told the rest of us to stay here at the edge of the garden. I think Jesus wanted us to pray but it's so late. After following Jesus all the way from Galilee, walking around the city for days, going back and forth to Bethany to sleep, well I've done a lot to stay with Jesus already. I think I deserve a little comfort, a little break. I mean, do I really have to do what Jesus wants all day and all night? And anyways, I can pray better after I get a little sleep. Then I'll be ready to pray. I'll be a prayer warrior. Just a little sleep and I'm ready to go.

So-o-o (*looking around for the others*) I'm ready to pray now. I'm not sure where the others are. I guess I don't really need them to pray with. I'm just as good praying on my own. You know, sometimes when we're praying together, I can't really pay attention to what they're saying, anyway. Not all the disciples are good pray-ers, you know. Yeah, I can pray better on my own.

It's just that (*look around again*) - I wonder if I missed something. Did Jesus come back and tell them to go somewhere else? Or are they just in another place in the garden? I'd like to know what Jesus wants me to do, but that would mean walking around some more. I think it's easier just to do what he told us to – wait here and pray (*pretends to pray for a few seconds*).

You know, it's kind of creepy here. I can probably pray better at Mary and Martha's house. I am a little thirsty and Martha would probably have something to drink. That wine we all shared in the upper room really wasn't enough to quench my thirst. I've probably prayed enough anyway. Yeah, I'd better head out to Bethany.

The Pompous Monologue

What have I done? What have I done? I can't believe I just denied him. Jesus isn't surprised. He knew I'd do it. I never thought it was possible. I thought I'd die first. Why did I do that? Maybe if I can figure out why I did it, I can go back, I can face up to it.

Okay, so what might have made me do that? Let's see – I could have been scared of what might happen to me; or I might have been ashamed of being associated with a failed Messiah. Okay, so it wasn't fear – walking on water in the middle of a storm is scary. Admitting to a serving girl that I was a disciple of Jesus isn't scary.

And it can't be because I'm ashamed of Jesus. After all, I was the first one to see that he was the Messiah. Well, I was the first one to say it out loud. I could tell others were thinking it. No ordinary man could understand scripture so well, could pray so powerfully, could do such miracles. I was proud to say it. "My rabbi is the Messiah!" How could I be ashamed of him?

Yet some of his ideas were strange. Why not stay up on the mountain with Moses and Elijah, when he shone with the glory of God? It was awesome up there. And why go around telling people that the Messiah must suffer and die? Even some of the disciples laughed at him. Didn't he see how the scriptures said the Messiah would sit on David's throne forever? I tried to tell him to stop talking like that, stick to the message people love - about how corrupt the high priest is, how the scribes and Pharisees are such hypocrites, how God's authority is greater than Caesar's! People won't follow someone who shows weakness.

Ashamed of his weakness, of his crucifixion? Now I know why Jesus looked at me with such sorrow. I can't face him again, I'm too ashamed of what I did.

The Helpless

Monologue

This is the end. Jesus is dead. I know because I saw it myself. I was one of the few who stayed until the end. I didn't think so many would abandon him. Where was Peter? Levi? Thomas? I wish they had come with me but I don't blame them. In that horrible place - surrounded by cries of pain and agony - I was lost.

When I got there, I could hardly look at Jesus. The most righteous and innocent person I knew was in agony and there was nothing I could do about it. I couldn't stop them from killing him. Even if we had the courage to face the power of Rome, the disciples were not an army. Up on that cross, beyond my reach, I couldn't ease his suffering.

Nothing in this world makes sense. You find someone worth following, worth giving your life to, and the evil powers of this world crush him. I want to keep Jesus' movement going but I'm alone now. I don't know if I'll ever see the other disciples again. Even if I did, how can a bunch of cowards and deserters do what Jesus did? Should we even try?

At least I stayed until the end. It was hard to watch, yet as the end approached, I couldn't look away. I think everyone was drawn to him, for there was still great power in him. When he breathed his last, and gave up his spirit, the ground seemed to shake. Even the centurion watching said, "Truly this man was God's Son!"

Which leaves me with one last mystery: If Jesus' death shows he's the Son of God, then is this the end, or the beginning?