

A Journey into Hope



...a worship packet
for Lent and Eastertide

*worship tools with a peace and justice emphasis from Seeds of Hope Publishers, people you've come to trust;
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Seeds Church Resources

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Statement of Purpose

Seeds is a ministry of Seeds of Hope, Inc., a private, independent group of believers responding to a common burden for the poor and hungry of God's world, and acting on the strong belief that biblical mandates to feed the poor were not intended to be optional. The group intends to seek out people of faith who feel called to care for the poor; and to affirm, enable, and empower a variety of responses to the problems of poverty.

Editorial Address

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contents

- 3 - Bulletin Art
- 4 - Meditations and Prayers
- 5 - Youth Activity for Lent and Easter
- 6 - A Service of Ashes
- 8 - Sermon for the First Sunday in Lent
- 10 - A Tenebrae
- 11 - Responsive Confession
- 12 - A Drama for Easter Sunrise
- 13 - Children's Sermon for Easter Sunday
- 14 - Bulletin Art
- 15 - A Sermon for the Second Sunday in Eastertide
- 19 - "Godspell" Art
- 20 - Benediction

a word about this packet

These materials are offered to you on clean, unattached pages so that you can more easily photocopy anything you wish to duplicate. Feel free to copy any of this, including art, and adapt these tools to your needs.

The art in this packet is yours to use freely. In some cases, it is included with permission from the church in which it was first employed. In most cases, it was created especially for *Seeds* and for your use.

We have tried to provide these tools to you in a user-friendly, yet attractive presentation. We also endeavored to choose a variety of age groups, worship areas, and angles, so that you would have a potpourri of art and ideas from which to choose.

We have made a conscious effort to maintain a balance between the apostolic and the contemplative—on the one hand, the dynamic challenge to stay true to God's mandate to feed the poor and see to the struggle for justice, and on the other hand, our own compelling need for nurture and healing while we work toward those dreams.

We prayerfully hope that these aids will enhance your congregation's Lenten journey.

Bulletin Art

The art to the right is ideal for use on Lenten bulletin covers. Here's an idea to enhance the feeling of approaching Easter: Since there are six lines in the scripture and six Sundays in Lent, we suggest that you run only the first line of scripture the first Sunday, two lines on the second Sunday, and so on, until on Palm Sunday the whole passage is there. The use of banners with this theme would also be effective. (This idea is stolen with permission from Michael Usey, a pastor in Greensboro, North Carolina.)



The blind receive their sight;
The lame walk;
The lepers are cleansed;
The deaf hear;
The dead are raised up;
The poor have the good news
preached to them.
—Matthew 11:5

*Art on this panel is by Rene Boldt and is used courtesy of
Central Presbyterian Church in Waco, Texas.*

Meditations and Prayers

Lenten Prayer
by Susan Cowley



Each year Easter seems to catch me off guard. I find myself struggling to find some meaning in this season that will help me understand the kind of love that allows itself to be crucified by the very hands it came to heal. Each year I am left wanting. I do not understand. I want to see the holes in Jesus' hands and thrust my hand in his side. Like Peter I deny knowing Jesus, if not by words, surely by actions, and constantly find myself asking forgiveness. Just as many of Jesus' closest friends did, I often run and hide fearing that my savior has gone to the grave never to be seen or heard from again. What a long three days it must have been. But the wait is over. And the good news is that there is a love that is alive with compassion and saving grace for those of us who struggle to find concrete answers. A love that forgives all of our denials and overcomes our fears. Love so powerful that it stands in the face of those trying to destroy it and offers to heal their wounds. A love that will not die. Good news indeed.

—David Tatum

David Tatum is a furniture maker in Greensboro, North Carolina. The art in this column is used courtesy of Seventh and James Baptist Church in Waco, Texas.

Oh, God,
You who multiplied the loaves and the fishes,
teach us a blending of sod, seed, sprout—
and your Spirit,
that we might find no separation between food
for the hungry and faith for the righteous;
that we might so liberate ourselves
this Lenten season
from lust for more and our self-seeking ambitions
that we will turn and see
those whose empty hands outstretched
yet bear the nail scars
of your own hand—the scars of prejudice
and the torture of rejection.
Lord Christ, make us your own.
Surrender us wholly to you
so that, as we fill the bodies of others,
we restore our own souls to health.
In your blessed name we pray,
Amen.



—Susan Cowley is part of an ecumenical faith community in an impoverished neighborhood in Waco, Texas. The art in this column is by Robert Darden.

Journeying from Anguish to Joy: a Youth Activity for Lent and Easter

by Katie Cook

Here's a way that I found effective in involving young people in the liturgical rhythm of the Lenten and Easter seasons. Just before Ash Wednesday, I gathered my small youth group at my house to begin making a series of banners for Lent. Being a small, impoverished country church, we had no budget for this project, so I found coarse dark cloth, construction paper, and various other materials and doodads in the rummage closet. We based the banner themes on the the "last sayings" of Christ. I used the order of sayings according to the Dubois cantata, *The Seven Last Words of Christ*. (See the *Tenebrae* on pages 10-11)

I found the different sayings in the gospels, read them to the youth, and encouraged them to create a design for each saying. (For instance, for the first saying, "Father, forgive them; they do not realize what they are doing," they cut out an outstretched arm and hand with a nail through it. For another, they cut out a crown of thorns. I encouraged them to come up with the designs without my help. It was delightful to watch them discover that they were, indeed, creative, and that they could do something to enhance the worship experience for the adults in their church.

We carefully stored these banners and waited to hang them one by one in the sanctuary. We hung the first one on Ash Wednesday, and the others (the youth took turns hanging them) on the Sundays in Lent. By Holy Week, all seven banners were hanging in the sanctuary.

We hung them along the altar rail and on the pulpit. We also saved some of the dark cloth to place over the altar table in front of the pulpit, and arranged different objects on it that represented Christ's suffering. (A sea shell with a smudge of red on it reminded someone of the wounds of Christ. Someone else brought a branch from a thorn bush. Someone else thought a small purple blanket looked like a purple robe that Romans would use.)

During Holy Week we made a white table cloth and banner, again using material from the rummage closet. This time they designed a scene with an empty tomb and sunrise. All week we gathered silk lilies and dogwood from anyone who would donate them. On Easter Sunday morning, we blew up balloons.

When the time came for the morning worship service, one of the youth read the resurrection passage in Matthew 28. As he

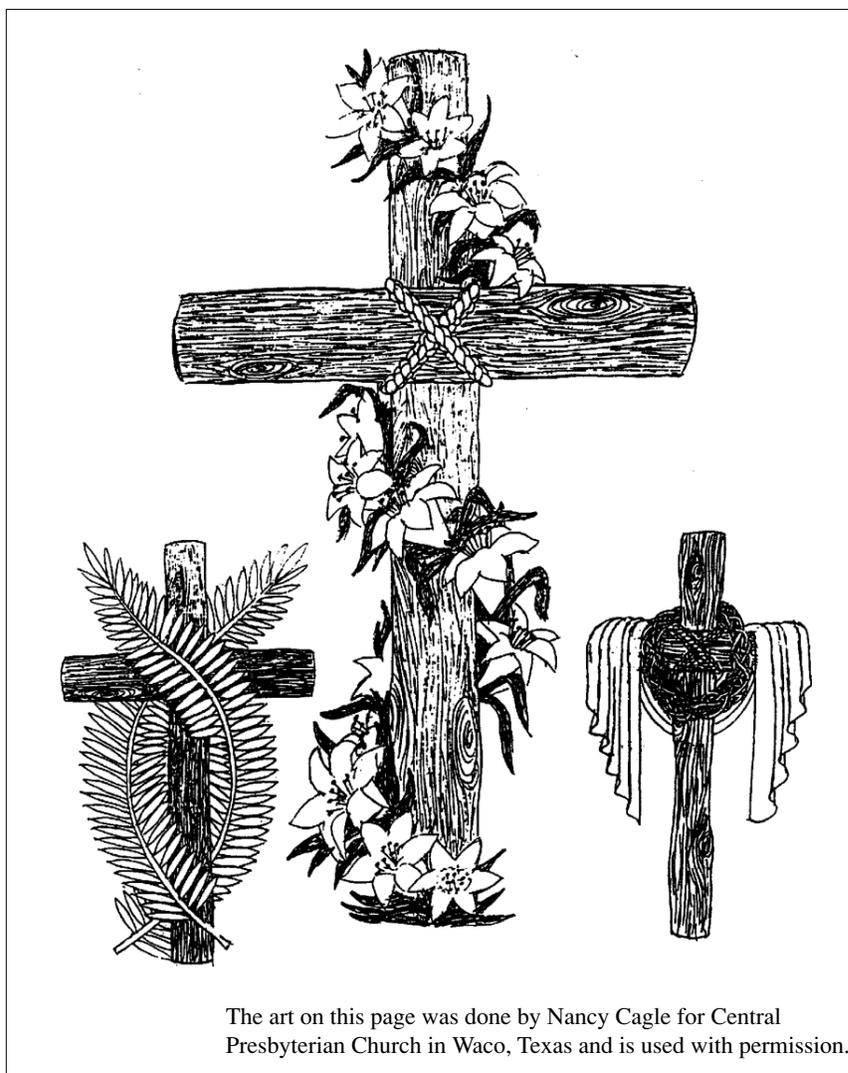
read Jesus' words, "Do not be afraid," the pastor (who was also the organist) began playing "Christ the Lord is Risen Today."

As the congregation sang, the youth and children practically frolicked down the aisles carrying lilies, dogwoods, and the white banner and altar cloth.

They ripped down the Lenten banners, moved the Lenten objects off the altar table, put up the Easter "paraments", laid the flowers on the altar, and tied the balloons wherever they could find to anchor them in the altar area.

Later I heard from several of the adults that the youth's participation that season had made the whole Easter event more meaningful. One of the youth said, "Now I understand what it's about." That was enough for me.

—*This took place in the Bible Methodist Church in Shamrock, Texas.*



The art on this page was done by Nancy Cagle for Central Presbyterian Church in Waco, Texas and is used with permission.

A Service of Ashes

by Katie Cook

service begins in silence

Prologue

participants will read the following silently

As we enter into this service of ashes,
we should think about these things:

- that we are admitting our mortality,
which reminds us how vulnerable we are,
and how dependent on God
- that our renewal of promises to God happens
internally and is not just an outward
show of piety
- that our Lenten journey is to free us to use
our lives and our possessions
in ministry to others
- that we will spend these weeks examining
our lives and our relationship to God
- that we offer all our suffering to God,
and ask that it be transformed into resur-
rection

Invocation

Almighty and everlasting God, we know that you love everything you have made, and that you readily forgive our transgressions. God of mercy, create in our spirits a newness, that we, admitting our mortality and our tendency to falter, may be assured of your unconditional love. Through Jesus Christ, for whom we live. Amen.

The Imposing of Ashes

LEADER: Dear people of God, the first Christians observed with great devotion the days of our Lord's passion and resurrection, and it became the custom of the Church to prepare for them by a season of penitence and fasting. This season of Lent provided a time for reflection, confession, and a restoration of fellowship within the church. It became a time for all Christians to renew their covenant with God, and to strengthen their faith.

I invite you therefore, in the name of the universal Body of Christ, to the observance of a holy Lent, to self-

examination, prayer, fasting, and self-denial; to reading and meditating on God's word. And now, to make an appropriate beginning of Lent and as a mark of our mortal nature, let us now kneel before the Lord, our maker and redeemer.

(Participants kneel in a circle)

LEADER: Almighty God, you have created us out of the dust of the earth; Grant that these ashes may be to us a sign of our dependence on you, that we may remember that by your gracious love we are given everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, who became dust like us. Amen.
We are created from dust, and to dust our bodies will return. We all suffer, and we all make mistakes.

(each participant takes ashes and makes the mark of a cross on the forehead of the person to his or her left, saying the following words:)

By the wearing of these ashes, we offer our suffering and brokenness to God.

Scripture Reading

Psalm 51

Litany of Penitence

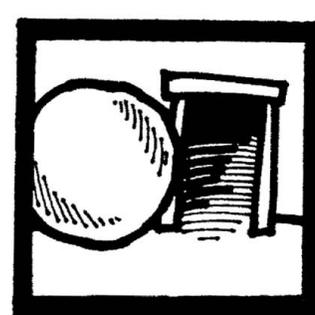
(participants kneel)

LEADER: Most holy and merciful Creator;

We confess to you and to one another,
and to the whole communion of saints
in heaven and on earth,
that we have made mistakes and acted
selfishly
in thought, word, and deed;
by what we have done, and by what we
have left undone.

We have not loved you with our whole heart and mind and strength. We have not loved our neighbors as ourselves. We have not forgiven others, as you have forgiven us.

ALL: God, have mercy on us.





LEADER: We have been deaf to your call to serve others as Christ served us. We have not been true to the teachings of Christ. We have grieved the Holy Spirit.

ALL: Christ, have mercy on us.

LEADER: We confess to you, God, all our past unfaithfulness, and the pride, hypocrisy, and impatience in our hearts;

ALL: We confess all these things to you.

LEADER: Our self-indulgent appetites and ways, and our exploitation of other people;

ALL: We confess all these things to you.

LEADER: Our anger at our own frustration, and our envy of those seemingly more fortunate than ourselves;

ALL: We confess all these things to you.

LEADER: Our intemperate love of worldly goods and comforts, and our dishonesty in daily life and work;

ALL: We confess all these things to you.

LEADER: Our negligence of prayer and worship, and our failure to take seriously the faith that is in us;

ALL: We confess all these things to you.

LEADER: Accept our repentance, God, for the wrongs we have done; for our blindness to human need and suffering and our indifference to injustice and cruelty;

ALL: Accept our repentance, God.

LEADER: For all false judgement, for uncharitable thoughts toward our neighbors, and for our prejudice and contempt toward those who differ from us;

ALL: Accept our repentance, God.

LEADER: For our waste and pollution of your creation, and our lack of concern for those who come after us;

ALL: Accept our repentance, God.

LEADER: Restore us to full communion with you, and let your anger depart from us;

ALL: Hear our prayer, God.

LEADER: Continue in us the work of your salvation,

ALL: That we may show your love and truth to the world.

LEADER: By the suffering of your Son our God and brother;

ALL: Bring us through these weeks to the joy of resurrection.

Prayer

Almighty God, Maker of heaven and earth, we know that you want to be in communion with all of us, for you have told us so. We often turn away from you, and create a chasm between ourselves and you, and between ourselves and other people. Our inner selves are fragmented. We know that you will meet us more than halfway, if we open our hearts to your love. Teach us how. Make our hearts clean and ready for your love, that we may never be cut off from you again. Through Jesus Christ who gave his life in love, Amen.

Passing of Peace and Removal of Ashes

(Participants now pass the peace of Christ to each other in a circle, and in doing so remove the ashes of the person to each one's right. This is a sign that God's love and grace are more powerful than our mortal mistakes, and that this love can heal our brokenness.)

The above is adapted from the Anglican liturgy. The art on the preceding page is by Peter Yuichi Clark, a divinity graduate student in Atlanta, Georgia. The art on this page is from Seventh and James Baptist Church in Waco, Texas.

Limping Toward Easter

a sermon for the first Sunday in Lent

by George Williamson, Jr.



When Jesus went on his final pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he said, “We’re not wearing sandals.” Note that he didn’t say to wear combat boots or snowshoes or flip flops instead of sandals. He meant to go barefoot. As someone who goes barefoot myself whenever it isn’t too cold, I can guess why. You can’t go as fast barefooted. You feel every step up through the bottom of your feet, especially the sharp stones. I think that’s why. (Also, he wanted their feet dirty so he could wash them with his own hands when they got there.)

Jesus headed the movement toward Jerusalem. But he wanted them limping, not running. If you fall a lot you’ll pick up a limp. That’s what I share with the Jesus Movement. They and I fall a lot. Try to get in your mind the image of barefooted, skinny-legged kids in the summertime, highstepping down a gravel driveway, bony knees up and elbows out, trying to keep both feet off the hot, sharp rocks at the same time, trying to fly

with their folded-in arms. It hurts *so bad*, but anything’s better than shoes.

Luke’s Gospel folds in half on the phrase “he set his face toward Jerusalem.” Not half, really. The part of Luke after “he set his face” is nearly twice as long, though the time-span of the short part is thirty-odd years and of the longer part only a few weeks. As the crow flies it’s only about eighty miles from Galilee to Jerusalem. That’s why he wanted them barefooted, so it would take long enough for everything to happen.

Nothing really happened until Jesus “set his face toward Jerusalem.” Before that, Jesus was popular. His followers thought he was sure to be king of the world. But afterward, mothers would pull their children in off the street when he would limp into town. Old people would slam the sashes on their windows. After he set his face toward Jerusalem—that’s when everything happened.

What Jesus set his face toward, when he started that journey, was Easter. Everything depends on where you’re going, and he was going to Easter. We underline this point because that’s not how it seemed. His disciples thought he was heading for trouble and tried

to talk him out of it. The crowds saw him stirring a ruckus, and retreated behind their shut windows. Some thought he was on an ego trip, heading for the media center. Pharisees saw him going into politics, making for the capitol. Dramatists have seen him turning toward his fate. Activists like me and some of you have seen him turning toward his inevitable engagement with principalities and powers.

No! When Jesus “set his face toward Jerusalem,” it was because he couldn’t stand waiting any longer. He had this great vision of a world without meanness, which he had inherited from the Prophets. Jerusalem was where it was bound to happen: the rising, the other side of the tombs, the morning of the new times—Easter.

Jesus didn’t set his face to fight with the religious establishment, or take on Roman imperialists, or challenge the economic enterprise. He went there because of his vision, hot in the hope

of seeing it realized. The things that actually happened, the ugly encounters, chasing the changers from the Temple, screaming at the Pharisees, Gethsemene, the midnight trial, the cross, the tomb, the tortuous rising from the claws of death, those were just the steps he had to take, limping toward Easter—the new day, the world transformed.

When we set our face toward what looks like Easter, Jesus wants us barefooted, limping there, feeling the sharp rocks registering every last sensation. Because Easter is not in getting there. Getting there is just an empty tomb and a new horizon. Easter is in the steps, the solid earth and bruising rocks of every limping step, the awkward, off-balance moves you have to make on the way.

The villages Jesus limped through wouldn't receive him, because his face was set toward Jerusalem. His cocky disciples were indignant. Here they had come with the harbinger of the good new world. But the Neanderthals in these hick counties to the south were so ignorant and mean-spirited as to refuse them; *them!* The very apostles of Jesus Christ, I'll have you know!

In the thrill of righteous indignation they suggested to Jesus the biblical Sodom solution. "Rain down fire on all ultra-right-wing towns!" These proud, angry men are the ones who, in a few weeks, will sleep through Gethsemene, high-tail-it into hiding at the crucifixion, and dismiss an announcement of the resurrection as "the idle chatter of women."

They hadn't taken their sandals off. They couldn't feel the Easter in these sharp stones. They thought that setting their face toward Easter was all that was needed to change the world. You and I struggle up through demons of economic injustice, racism, warmongering, and homophobia, and promptly forget how far it was for us to get here. We're promptly furious at everybody else for not having gotten here before we did, for the demons that still possess their wills. We forget how many other demons still hold us.

Limping toward Easter was not all rocky. Jesus sent seventy of them ahead on a healing mission, to free people of these demons, so that other people could set their face toward Easter, too. And sure enough, demons were on the run. The seventy came back proud as peacocks. "I converted a racist, Jesus!" "I got a Baptist church to call a woman pastor, Jesus!" "Jesus, I got a freshman Congressman to sponsor a hunger bill!" Proud as peacocks they were, for all the good they'd done.

But Jesus, still reeling from the Sodom solution these very seventy had just proposed, was driven to despair. "You haven't done anything; don't you see?!" he cried out to them. "If you could feel this road in your feet, you'd know. The joy here is not in what you've done. The joy is in the Easter that's rising up from the ground, that is liberating you. In liberating you, Easter is lifting demons from these others too."

The Bible says the only folks between Galilee and Jerusalem who took barefoot Jesus in were prostitutes, tax collectors, lepers, the maimed and defiled—people who had nothing to lose but their chains. But these did take him in. None of them, except maybe the tax collectors, had shoes either.

Jesus met Zacchaeus on his way toward Easter—little, shrimpy Zacchaeus with the Napoleon complex, who'd sold his soul to the establishment so he could be somebody. Jesus had

lunch with Zacchaeus. It is absolutely forbidden in scripture to eat with prostitutes, lepers, the illiterate poor who can't read Torah, menstruating women, imperfect people (blind, deaf, paralyzed, maimed), or tax collectors like Zacchaeus.

It's like eating pork or using unclean utensils to eat with excluded, defiled people. It isn't kosher. It's bad enough to look upon such people, worse to speak to them, forbidden to bring them to synagogue. But worst, it's an *abomination* to eat with them.

So says the Bible. It was the Bible that was quoted to Jesus by scribes and Pharisees every time he ate with prostitutes, lepers, illiterate poor who can't read scripture, menstruating women, imperfect people, or tax collectors like Zacchaeus.

Having an accusatory Bible read at you by Pharisees is part of the gravel, limping toward Easter. You need to have your sandals off so you can feel it. You need to listen to the reading

Peter was limping along, Mary Magdalene and Joanna, James and Andrew, Matthew, twenty of them, the sharp rocks of each step making it seem not like Easter at all. But the company, the grace of it, the miracles, are just the right salve for sore feet.

and struggle with it. You need to do like Jesus did, just listen, then move on toward Easter.

Zacchaeus repented. His repentance transformed the Roman tax system from structures of exploitation and self-aggrandizement to moneyraising ventures for social action. "Half my goods I give to the poor," he said in his repentance.

And Jesus left there, limping toward Easter. Peter was limping along with Mary Magdalene and Joanna, James and Andrew, Matthew, twenty of them, the sharp rocks of each step making it seem not like Easter at all. But the company, the grace of it, the miracles, are just the right salve for sore feet. Yes, this is Easter. Many friends are limping with us toward Easter. You can look across and see the other faces.

Easter is coming—the piercing light in the vision we've been given. This is why we're on this pilgrimage. It's because our eyes are fixed on Easter that we're always stubbing toes and cutting feet. But it's stubbed toes and cut feet through which Easter is rising in us. ■

—George Williamson is a pastor in Granville, Ohio. The art on the preceding page was done by Robert Darden for a college retreat with a "Godspell" theme.

Journey Into Darkness

A Tenebrae of the Seven Last Sayings of Christ

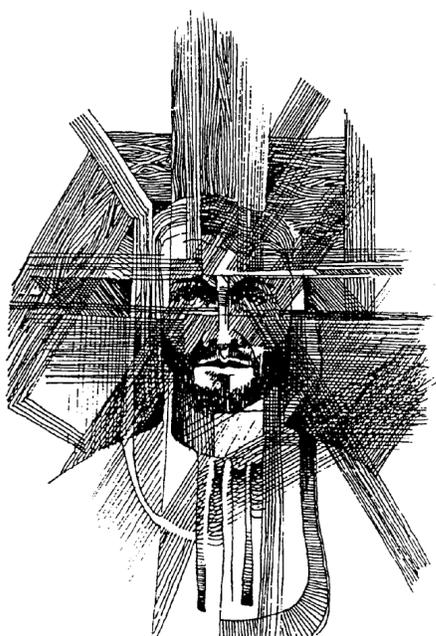
by Katie Cook

Notes about Tenebrae

This Tenebrae service is designed to create an atmosphere in which worshippers will enter into the suffering of Jesus Christ as he endured the vicious mockery of the fickle crowd, the blatant hatred of the Jewish leaders, the cautious indifference of the temporal rulers, the brutal precision of the Roman Guard. We are reminded at this time of the horror, the anguish, the utter desolation that caused him to sweat “drops of blood” on Thursday night and that caused him to cry out from the cross, “My God, My God; why have you forsaken me?”

Even in the distress of this memory, we are somehow encouraged. Through the pain of Christ, we are comforted; we know through this that he who we are taught was fully God, was also fully human. We find that he knew, as we sometimes know, the feeling of utter despair. We know through this that there is no suffering that we can face that he does not understand.

We are also reminded of the overwhelming love and grace that caused Jesus to face such a hideous death. C. S. Lewis once wrote that Jesus would have given his life in love, even if there had only been one person to die for. Even if it were just me. Even if it were just you. As we remember this, we then commit ourselves to be true to the dream that he died for—the vision of a peaceable Commonwealth of all God’s children. And as we remember these things, we look to the first sign of that hope—the events of Easter Sunday.



We arranged the readings below in the order of “The Seven Last Words of Christ” in the Dubois cantata.

The setting should be a darkened room, perhaps the church’s sanctuary, with seven candles lit. (You may want to make the candles uniform, or you may not. I have used candlesticks with graded heights and uniform candles. One international group chose candles that were all different shapes, sizes, and colors.)

If possible, make the seven candles the only light source. Try to make it as dark as possible. You may choose to observe communion just before the readings; this adds a sense of shared experience to the service. Keep the elements and dishes simple—rustic if possible. Break the bread and pour the wine in silence, and then begin the passing of the elements. Involve as many of the congregation as possible in passing. The cello prelude to John Michael Talbot’s “The Lord’s Supper” makes an appropriate accompaniment to the communion.

Set aside seven readers ahead of time. Each will read his or her portion and then snuff out one candle. A hymn sung at the end of the readings is quite effective. Encourage the people to enter and leave the room in silence.

The first saying

The gospel of Luke is the only manuscript that tells us about the first thing that Jesus said from the cross. When the Roman soldiers had taken Jesus up to the place that was called Skull Hill, and when they had nailed his hands and feet to the wood and set the cross upright in its hole, Jesus is said to have cried out, “Father, forgive them. They do not realize what they are doing.”

The second saying

There were two criminals there also, to be put to death at the same time. The religious leaders and others in the crowd were jeering and cursing at Jesus, and the Romans put up a sign over his head, saying “This is the King of the Jews.” The Jewish leaders told them to change it, to make it say, “He *said* he was king of the Jews.” But the Romans refused to change it.

The book of Luke says that one of the thieves, suspended on a cross beside Jesus, joined the crowd in mocking him; The thief said, “Why don’t you save yourself? and us, too, while you’re at it.” And Jesus didn’t say a word.

But the other thief said, “Shut up, you fool! Don’t you fear God at all? We deserve to die, but this man has done nothing wrong. “Then he said to Jesus, “Remember me when you come into your kingdom.” Jesus answered this time. He said, “You can be assured that this very day you will be with me in Paradise.”

The third saying

The fourth gospel, traditionally attributed to the apostle John, is the only manuscript which recorded the third saying of Christ from the cross. While the soldiers were casting lots for Jesus' robe, he looked down and saw his mother Mary standing nearby with Mary Magdalene and a third woman referred to as "the other Mary." John was also standing nearby—he was the only one of the twelve who had ventured near the execution site that day. Jesus said to his mother, "Woman, this is your son," indicating John. And to John, Jesus said, "This is your mother." And from that day on, John took Mary into his own home and treated her as if she were his own mother.

The fourth saying

The gospels of Matthew and Mark tell us that, during the sixth hour—which, according to most scholars, would be midday, or noon—there was a darkness over all the earth. This darkness lasted for three hours. At the end of that time, Jesus cried out with the words that the king and psalmist David had once cried into the darkness: "My God, My God; Why have you forsaken me?"

This story shows us that even the one whom we call Lord experienced the feeling of utter despair.

The fifth saying

The fourth gospel recorded for us the account of the fifth saying of Christ from the cross. Jesus had been suspended on the cross for several hours. Those who have studied the practice of crucifixion say that victims found it difficult to breathe. We may assume that Jesus was feeling this loss of breath. His hands and feet were bleeding from the nails that were pinning him to the wooden beams. Blood was running down his face from the places where a crown made of thorns had cut his head. He said, "I'm thirsty."

Someone lifted up to his mouth a sponge filled with sour wine that, we are told, they sometimes used to dull the pain. Jesus drank from it.

The sixth saying

The gospel of Luke tells us that, when darkness had been over the land for three hours, the veil in the temple—the veil that separated the Holy of Holies from the rest of the temple—was torn right down the middle. Jesus knew that death was very near.

He said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."

The seventh saying

In the gospel of John we are told that, after all of the events of this cruel day, Jesus simply said, "It is finished," which we are told means "I have accomplished and completed all that I came here to do." And having spoken these words, he bowed his head and died. ■

The art on the page to the left is used courtesy of Seventh and James Baptist Church in Waco, Texas. The art on this page is by Rene Boldt and is used courtesy of Central Presbyterian Church, also in Waco.



A Responsive Confession for Lent

by Sherry Castello

ONE: God, we come to you in confession. More than we seek you and your will, we seek our own comfort and advantage. We have allowed ourselves to become blinded to the needs of our brothers and sisters so that we can enjoy our privilege.

MANY: Disturb our peace, O God. Give us clear eyes to see the suffering around us on all sides and the courage to ask what you require of us.

ONE: We confess that we protect our hearts from pain by judging those in need, although we have not walked life's paths in their shoes.

MANY: Give us the true humility to know that we do not know the hearts of those we judge. Give us a glimpse of your love that sees us all as your beloved children.

ONE: And we confess that we would rather talk about what your teachings mean than be taught by the struggles of trying to live them.

MANY: God, help us to trust you enough to follow you into a life of loving. Give us brave companions for the journey into hope.

—Sherry Castello is the chef for an urban ministry called *The Gospel Cafe* in Waco, Texas.

Note: This drama was written for a sunrise service and was originally performed by one person. It would also be effective to employ different readers, perhaps in costume. If you enlist more than one reader, station them across the front of the stage area with the celebrant in the middle.

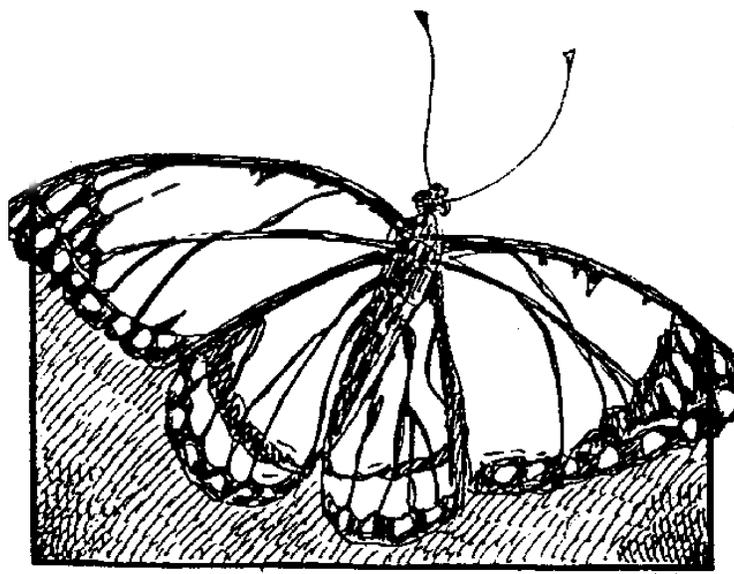
Celebrant

So it's Easter again. We're up at dawn—celebrating the rising of the Son—outside, sitting on dew damp grass. Listen. At this high and holy moment, all creation celebrates the unity that should be—the intended harmony—the ongoing work of a creating God who dreams.

Listen! Do you hear the voices of Easter all around us?—whispering in the river—singing on the wind—shhhh—the birds hear—listen to them echoing—do you hear your heart? Listen. Listen to the voices of Easter:

Drama for Easter Sunrise

by John S. Ballenger



Pilate

I washed my hands of it. It was one of those symbolic actions that we politicians are so skilled at—like kissing babies, and shaking the hand of someone we can't stand while grinning at them. A symbolic action—designed to allow us to control as many of the consequences as we can.

So I dipped my hands in a basin of water that I had brought out—swished them around, rinsed them thoroughly, then held them up high and dramatically dried them off—a symbolic action—a symbolic gesture full of drama and photo opportunity, but signifying nothing—a symbolic action...but it wouldn't stay symbolic. Some actions, some gestures go beyond symbol—tapping into something fundamental that is more real and more true than we are—connecting us to that reality—to that truth.

And whether or not waters flow in symbolic action, we are immersed in this more, and if we do it wrong we'll never feel clean, and the more we try and wash off, the dirtier we'll feel (Out, damned spot! Out, I say!), but if we do it right, we're clean forever—having buried our lesser parts and having been raised to the newness of being a part of the more. I buried the parts of me longing for the more and raised the lesser parts of me to a deadness of life with which no one would be well pleased—least of all myself, and what's done cannot be undone.

Guard

I was told to watch the stone. I watched the stone. I never fell asleep. I hear they say I fell asleep. I never fell asleep. I was watching the stone—like they told me to—my eyes never left it, and I'm sitting there watching this stone and suddenly there was a great noise—a rattling and then there was a bunch of stones coming together—stone to stone—this stone connecting to that stone—this stone to that one—constructing something—something far bigger than I could see—extending beyond sight...I looked, and as the stones came together they ceased to be separate only, but became also part of one mighty whole, and it was utterly still. Waiting?

And then the wind swirled around me—whirled around me—into this—into it, and deep deep within the stone I was watching, the cornerstone of this assembly, there was a pulse—a pulse of light—a wild singing against which it seemed nothing could prevail, and I was looking at something so much more than a collection of stones.

I watched that stone. I still see it—the foundation of something I don't understand—the cornerstone of something immense and strange and beautiful—eternal and alive.

Disciple

I ran. I remember running. Running away from the angry crowd around him. Running toward the tomb. I

remember a sense of driven-ness—a sense on the one hand of not being able to get away from him fast enough—a sense on the other hand of not being able to get to him fast enough—and between the two extremes—the crowing of a bird. I remember a sense of urgency—this can't happen soon enough—ordinary time's too slow for what needs to happen here. And I remember a sense of the impossible—of what could not be—surely I'm not running away from my friend—my teacher—my master—when he needs me most—and then surely I'm not running to a tomb expecting what cannot be.

I remember reaching the point where you don't think your body can keep up with what you want it to do—the spirit is willing, but the—...oh, my God. I'm running, and there is fear, and there is great joy.

I'm still running—sometimes away—sometimes towards. When confronted with God—there is fear and there is great joy, and I can't respond soon enough.

Mary Magdalene

I stand—having trouble breathing—as if it weren't something natural, something automatic—as if it were new and surprising—my heart pounding like it was going to project itself right out of my chest—as if I'd been running away from something—toward something that pushed me beyond myself—as if I were a new born baby for whom nothing was natural.

And there were stones that looked like lightning, and they moved like thunder, and my eyes were so intense that they hurt—because I was looking at something that should have been full, but was empty. And I heard the sound of someone walking in the garden and I thought they had hidden him and I couldn't see and he spoke and I couldn't see him, and then he named me, and I was called out of my hiding, and I saw one who should've been empty, but was full—raised to a strange and beautiful newness.

There was a wild singing—lightning pulsed around us, and I saw the undoing of what had been done, and there was fear, and there was great joy.

Celebrant

Listen—to symbols that won't stay symbols—that tap into reality and truth.

Listen to the river: washing—cleansing.

Listen to the wind: the breath of

one who sings life eternal.

Listen to the birds: between your fear and your joy.

Listen to your heart: telling you that all is new and that you can be full.

Listen to the voices of Easter—telling you your story—telling you that God is part of your story—that God dreams of you being a part of the harmony—a part of the assembly—one with light and life.

Listen.

—John Ballenger, a minister in Waco, Texas, is the drama and poetry editor for *Seeds of Hope*. The art on the preceding page was done for an Easter service at Seventh and James Baptist Church in Waco, Texas by Robert Darden, and is used with permission.



children's sermon

by LeAnna Bryant

Materials needed: illustrations of the metamorphic stages of a caterpillar/butterfly and butterfly stickers

Show the children pictures of a caterpillar. Ask them what they know about caterpillars. Ask questions like, "Did you know the caterpillar is not always going to look like this?"

Next, show the children pictures of a cocoon. Ask "Do you see a caterpillar in this picture? What happens to this caterpillar?"

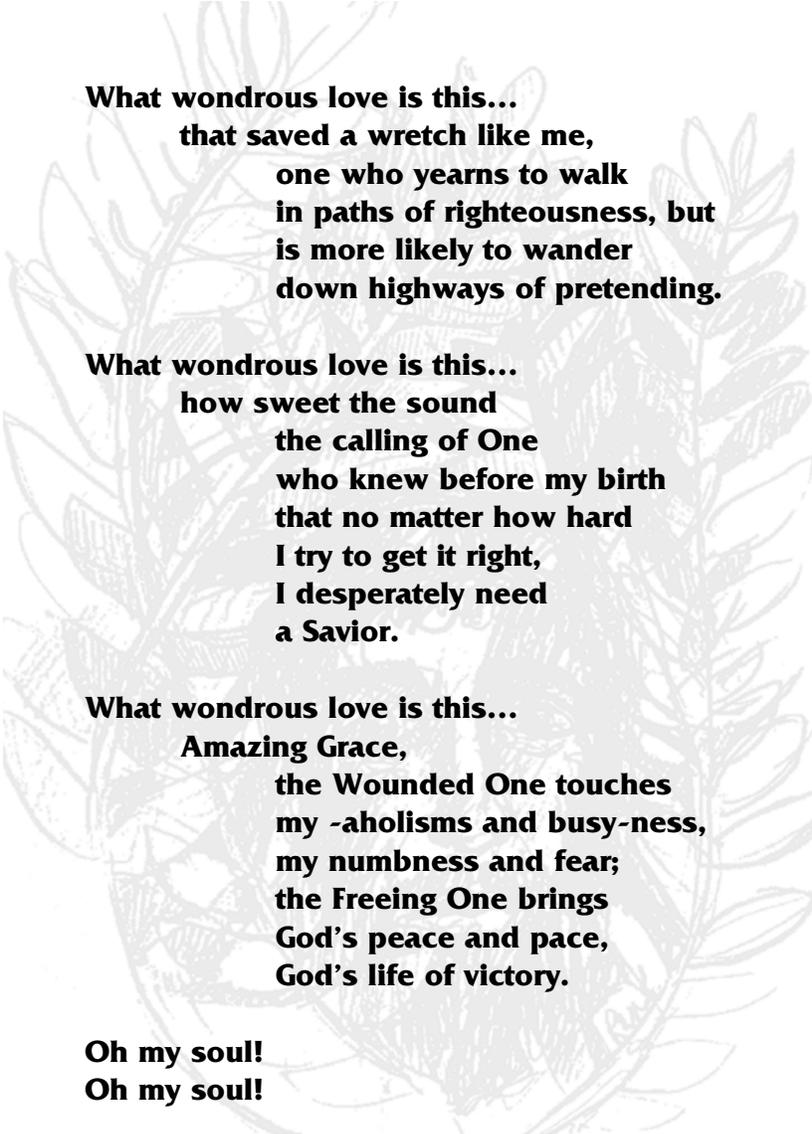
Then show pictures of a butterfly coming out of the cocoon. Ask "What's happening in this picture?"

Tell the children that the Easter story is similar to this caterpillar becoming a butterfly. Say something like, "Jesus lived many years serving God. Many people did not like what he did and taught, so they did a bad thing and killed him. But, just like the caterpillar doesn't stay in the cocoon, Jesus did not stay in the tomb where they buried him. And just like the butterfly is beautiful when it comes out of the cocoon, Jesus was also beautiful when he came out of the tomb."

Give each child a butterfly sticker and say something like "This sticker is to remind us that Jesus is alive and beautiful. When we act like Jesus, we are beautiful, too."

—LeAnna Bryant is a graduate student in Curriculum and Instruction and plans to teach elementary school children in Atlanta, Georgia.

more bulletin art



**What wondrous love is this...
that saved a wretch like me,
one who yearns to walk
in paths of righteousness, but
is more likely to wander
down highways of pretending.**

**What wondrous love is this...
how sweet the sound
the calling of One
who knew before my birth
that no matter how hard
I try to get it right,
I desperately need
a Savior.**

**What wondrous love is this...
Amazing Grace,
the Wounded One touches
my -aholisms and busy-ness,
my numbness and fear;
the Freeing One brings
God's peace and pace,
God's life of victory.**

**Oh my soul!
Oh my soul!**

*—Dawn Darwin, who wrote the above Lenten meditation, is a minister in Lubbock, Texas.
The art above is by Rene Boldt and is used courtesy of
Central Presbyterian Church in Waco, Texas.*

one for all and all for one

a sermon for Eastertide

by John S. Ballenger

Acts 4:32-35

Psalm 133

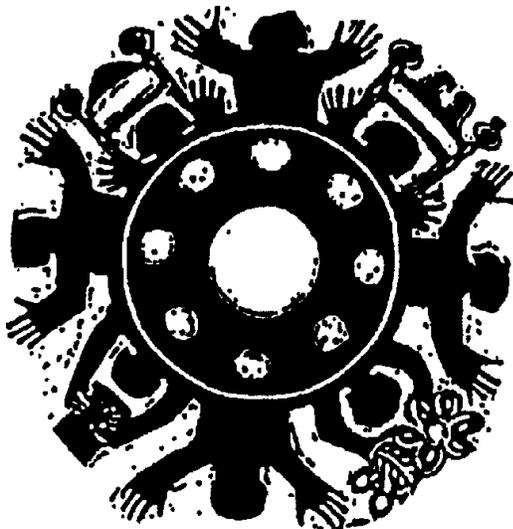
1 John 1:1-2:2

John 20:19-31

Last week we celebrated resurrection. And we did it up right. The music was wonderful. Alleluias resounded. When we had our responsive affirmation, “Christ is risen indeed,” the sound of voices in unison filled this place. The pews were packed. We felt good about who we are and what we do. You remember one of the questions the pastor asked in the sermon: “What good does all this do if we go out from here and are silent?”

This is the second Sunday of Easter. What difference does it make today that it was Easter last week? At a very practical level—so what? We tried to answer that in a college department discussion and had difficulty coming up with other than religious affirmations. So it’s important to the way we verbalize our faith, and to the liturgical year, but how does it affect my life?

Can you imagine the disciples in the confusing aftermath of Easter, not knowing, you know, what Easter meant—that Easter meant ultimate triumph and joy—there in that locked room, maybe the same room where some of them had celebrated the Passover on Thursday, trying to figure out how everything could have changed so profoundly so quickly. The trauma of the betrayal and arrest, trial and death of Jesus, the dawning awareness of how each one of them had let Jesus down. And what do we do now? Go home and say, “Father, I have sinned against God and against you and am no longer worthy to be called your son. Treat me as one of your hired fishermen”?



Then there’s the shock of resurrection news. Mary’s probably in that room—head in her hands, frustrated as all get out—wondering how Jesus put up with these guys who don’t listen to what you say and who don’t believe what they hear, but she’s still trying to convince them that she wasn’t hallucinating when she saw Jesus in the garden. The disciple Jesus loved, well, he believed. He’s off in some corner muttering to himself: “How do I put this? Where do I start? Let’s see, in the beginning was...what?” The linen wrappings on the ground. Some are in shock. Some in rather violent discussions about things Jesus said and what those things might have meant or what those things might mean.

And then Jesus is there. In the locked room. “Peace,” he says, and as many commentators as there are who say this was the normal greeting of the time, I maintain that it’s a good bit closer to ‘Fear not’ than to ‘Hi guys.’ And he goes on, “As God has sent me so send I you.”

Seven days later, notice how much progress the disciples have made. They’re still locked up in that room. Still trying to figure things out. Still not sure what’s happened—what any of this really means. All right, so Jesus is alive, what does that mean? Is he going to come back? Are we going to follow him around again like we have for the last three years? Add to the impressive list of neat stories and cool miracles? So he’s alive, what now?

And what are Caiaphas, Annas and Pilate going to think of this? “If he won’t stay dead let’s see about some of the others!” That could get nasty pretty quick. Everyone’s trying to figure out what it means for them that Jesus is alive, except, of course, for Thomas, who doesn’t believe that Jesus is alive. And there he is again.

We have this image of a calm, controlled, quiet Jesus. I am as convinced that Jesus had a mischievous streak a mile wide as I am that the least one of the disciples had prematurely gray hair and that several had irregular heartbeats due to repeated shock. “Peace. Hi, guys. Fear not. What are you all still doing here? Hi, Thomas.”

And here we are. The week after Easter in our enclosed room. Trying to figure out what Easter means to us. What does it mean to us to say that Jesus is alive? Because it should matter, shouldn’t it? After all, it’s what most of us say is basic to who we are as Christians. But maybe it shouldn’t just be a triumphant, beautiful sense of peace, a definitive clarity of

dogma, but a scary proposition—confusing—unsettling, and infinitely mysterious.

“Fear not. Leave these enclosed rooms. Get out from behind these locked doors. As God sent me so send I you.”

And John’s over in the corner still muttering—trying to pull it all together: “In the beginning was the—in the beginning was the—in the beginning was *the word*, and the word was—the word was *community*. And everything that was made was with God and God was with everything. And the man and the woman were the stewards of all that is, and there was mutual responsibility—interdependence. In the beginning was community—full of grace and truth.” And John scratches his head. “Well, it’s a first draft.”

It’s not the draft that “took”, but it’s not bad. Not bad at all. As you look through the biblical record, community is one of the major dreams of God for humankind. As T. S. Eliot puts it: “What life have you if you have not life together?”¹ Community is a part of creation, as Matthew Fox writes: “Creation is all things and us. It is us in relationship with all things.”² It’s part of the law, and we read in Deuteronomy commandments to take care of each other. It’s integral to Jesus and basic to the epistles. Remember one of our texts: “If we walk in the light, we have fellowship with one another.” In the beginning was the word and the word was community.

I am as convinced that Jesus had a mischievous streak a mile wide as I am that the least one of the disciples had prematurely gray hair and that several had irregular heartbeats due to repeated shock.

Community is one of those things we like to think we’re good at. We tend to define it as the sentimental, warm fuzzy circle of friends that make the hard times bearable and the good times even more fun. And I in no way mean to “knock” that. That’s incredibly important. But there are perhaps even more important levels of community beyond that. And we do have some sense of this. We go on to define community as ever-larger, concentric circles of which we’re a part: family, friends, work place, church, neighborhood, town, country.

Let me make two observations: First, circles are closed. When you draw a circle you include and you exclude. My family—not my family. There was a TV show about a family of dinosaurs a while back, and the baby called his parents ‘de mama’ and ‘not de mama.’ I bet ‘de papa’ felt real included! Second, the closer we deem a community—the more intimate we deem a community, the smaller the circle seems to be, and the more we seem to think it needs to be comprised of people we know and of people of whom we approve.

Parker J. Palmer cautions us: “In a true community we will not choose our companions, for our choices are so often

limited by self-serving motives. Instead, our companions will be given to us by grace. Often they will be persons who will upset our settled view of self and world. In fact, we might define true community as that place where the person you least want to live with always lives.”³ You’ll note that churches are places in which we do choose our companions—and our theology—and our worship style. In our consumer society churches exist to meet our needs, and if they don’t, we’ll find another church. To the extent that this is true, church cannot be true community, as defined by Palmer.

In the beginning was the word and the word was community. But it comes as no surprise how early in the experience of community the question comes up: “Am I my brother’s keeper?” A question, you might notice, that God doesn’t even deign to answer—which doesn’t keep people from asking it over and over again: “Am I my brother’s keeper? Am I my sister’s keeper? Are they a part of my circle?”

And close on its heels is the next question: “All right, then who is my brother? Who is my sister?” And Jesus looks at us quizzically in our closed room. “There was a man on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho who fell among thieves.” Remember the lawyer who prompted the story of the Good Samaritan? “Who is my neighbor?”

God isn’t too pleased with those who seek to set limits on those we’re supposed to care about.” C. S. Song writes of “the tenuous nature of what is called community in which people, to use a Chinese expression, “have different dreams in the same bed.”⁴ God looks beyond the circles we draw. And let’s be honest, church is a circle we draw. God always looks beyond circles we draw.

“Fear not,” Jesus says. “Leave these enclosed rooms. Get out from behind these locked doors. As God sent me, so I send you, in the name of the Holy Spirit.”

We’re pretty good at getting beyond the circles we’ve chosen—the circles in which we’re comfortable in times of crisis. In the movie *Starman*, the alien played by Jeff Bridges says at one point, “The interesting thing about you humans is that you always seem to be at your best when things are at their worst.” Will Campbell writes in his novel *The Glad River*: “You know what community is?...it’s a bunch of folks getting along for some reason. Something holds them together. Generally, something bad...Being miserable seems to hold folks together. But when they’re easy and everything is going right, they drift apart.”⁵

We’re pretty good in times of crisis, but what does it say, to say community can’t survive good times? What does it say when in times of war, crisis, disaster, when there’s an external force working on us, we do well? It means there’s a good reason the readers and hearers of the epistles are so often addressed as little children. It’s true that it’s a term of affection. It’s also true that it’s a reminder that we have yet to grow up.

An important part of the process of maturing—of growing up into responsible adults has to do with the transition from external motivation and validation to a motivation and validation that is internal. As children it’s Okay for us to work for the praise of our parents or teachers, but at some point, we’re supposed to grow into working because it’s what we need to do—

for ourselves and for others. What does it say, to say we do well in times of crisis? It says that we need to work toward a time and a way of being where we can do well without the external factors making us do well. It might mean that we need to practice accepting external forces working on others.

The story is told of how Adolf Hitler, with the might of the German military machine behind him, demanded of the royal court of Denmark that all Jews living within Danish borders be identified—be marked. The next day all Jews were to be wearing the yellow Star of David on their person. The story is told of how the next day the King of Denmark appeared, wearing a star of David. Sentimental, warm and fuzzy? I'm guessing it made the King of Denmark pretty much sick to his stomach.

I tried tracking this story down on the internet and found that it might be a myth. But that the real story might even be better. In September of 1943, the Nazi occupiers of Denmark decided to round up all Danish Jews and ship them to the death camps. Danes from all walks of life looked beyond their immediate circles, mobilized whatever would float and ferried 5,900 Jews, 1,300 part-Jewish people, and 700 Christians married to Jews to safety in Sweden. All this they accomplished secretly in one month. The practice of community.

A friend of mine who pastors in Richmond, Virginia, was telling me about how his church banded together with an African-American church and how the church members would patrol the most dangerous streets of the city late at night—by their presence indicating that they had something to say about what was done in this neighborhood—indicating by their presence that they had something to say about what was allowed to happen—about what was tolerated and what would not be tolerated.

I guess that might be like several churches here sending their membership into Cameron Park at night. Now if you were walking through Cameron Park late at night do you think you'd be feeling warm and fuzzy or sick to the stomach? Go beyond your circle. As God sent me, so send I you. Practice community. Practice being uncomfortable in a circle that seems beyond you.

In the 1994 July/August issue of Salt magazine this article appeared: "When racism rears its ugly head in the form of a hate crime, the first response of a lot of communities is to downplay the significance of the problem. That's not how the folks in Billings, Montana, handled their problem with racism.

Racist flyers attacking Jews, Native and Hispanic Americans, African Americans, and homosexuals were left in mailboxes and under windshield wipers. The situation became even more serious when neo-Nazi skinheads began making appearances at services in African-American churches, and a swastika was nailed onto the front door of a synagogue.

That was enough for Police Chief Wayne Inman. "Hate crimes and activity will flourish only in communities that allow them to flourish," he later told the *New York Times*. Inman and other community leaders made sure that Billings responded quickly to hate crimes; a corps of volunteers from a painters union began repainting homes and garages that had been spray-painted with swastikas.

When homes were vandalized because they displayed Hanukkah menorahs, local Christian communities distributed paper menorahs that began to appear in thousands of windows throughout the city. At the same time, church, civic and business leaders loudly condemned the hate crimes. Other sporadic incidents followed, including vandalism at a Catholic school that had displayed the paper menorahs. But each incident triggered a vociferous reaction from the community.

Billings has learned that while a community on its own cannot eradicate the sin of racism, a quick, aggressive, unified and noisy response to hate-violence can at least intimidate the hate-mongers. As a billboard rented by one Billings business, the Universal Athletics Company, put it: "Not in our town! No hate. No violence."⁶

Practice community. The stakes are frighteningly high. As a Catholic Worker poster put it: "When they came for the innocent without crossing over your body, cursed be your religion and your life."⁷

So how do we practice? Have you ever done that thing where you read "for God so loved the world," but instead of "the world," you fill in your name? What if you were to read a newspaper, and as you read the stories of the day, you inserted the name of someone you know and love into each story? What if you filled the Oklahoma federal building with your family reunion? That car accident with your neighbors? What if Rwanda was a story about your church, or your children's school? What does it mean to all suffer when one suffers and to all rejoice when one rejoices? It means each one of us embraces the peoples and the stories of the world as affecting us.

All right, so Jesus is alive, what does that mean? Is he going to come back? Are we going to follow him around again like we have for the last three years? Add to the impressive list of neat stories and cool miracles? So he's alive, what now?

It means that when we read this report from Bread for the World it is a challenge and a commissioning. "The global community has the capacity to provide every man, woman and child with adequate food, clean water, safe sanitation, primary health care and basic schooling by the end of the century at an affordable price. UNICEF estimates that the US share of such an effort would be an additional \$2 billion a year. That's less than what people in the United States spend monthly on beer."⁸

It means we have a goal of finding—of working our way out to the circle that encompasses all of God's children. It means we don't tolerate excuses. It means we transform the way things are. We make the world a better place for all God's creation. We leave this world a better place for those yet to come.

Did you know that some Native Americans won't make major decisions until the wisdom of the previous seven generations and the consequences for the next seven generations have been considered? The circle is immense—encompassing what has been and what is yet to be. In the beginning was the word and the word was community. And in the end will be the word—community as God has desired it to be all along.

Have we here in our city—have we here at our church decided that in the name of God it is wrong for anyone to be without a place to live—food to eat—adequate health care? Have we decided that racism and abuse of any kind is intolerable and we will not allow it? Have we shoved our way into the circles around us as much as we need to? Working for transformation in the immediate community around the church? Throughout the city?

“Leave these enclosed rooms. Get out from behind these locked doors. Go beyond your comfortable circles. Shove your way into other circles and make a difference. As God sent me so send I you.” Margaret Mead reminds us: “Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.”⁹ In the beginning was the word, and the word was community—full of grace and truth.

I came across these disturbingly challenging words from Dietrich Bonhoeffer: “Whether in our time Christ can still occupy a place where we make decisions on the deepest matters known to us, over our own life and over the life of our people, that is the question we will consider today. Whether or not the Spirit of Christ has anything final, definite, and decisive to say to us, that is what we want to speak about....”

“One thing is clear: we understand Christ only if we commit ourselves to him in a stark ‘Either-Or.’ He did not go to the cross to ornament and embellish our life. If we wish to have him, then he demands the right to say something decisive about our entire life.”¹⁰ The way I live my life does matter. God has changed my life and my life needs to be about changing life for others—something we in the church all too often hear as changing the lives of others. Two different things. We need to be about changing life for others. Creation will be different—better because of how I have chosen to live my life.

William Sloane Coffin wrote: “Socrates had it wrong: it's finally not the unexamined but the uncommitted life that is not worth living.”¹¹ Pierce Pettis, a folk singer from Atlanta sings in one of his songs: “I was frozen in fear—like a rock in the ground—but you move me—you give me courage I didn't know I had—you move me—I can't go with you and stay where I am—you move me.”¹² Did you hear it? “I can't go with you and stay where I am.” It's a stark ‘Either-Or.’ Christ makes a difference or doesn't. We are committed to God's dream of community, or we are not.

“A Zulu proverb says that when a thorn pierces the foot, the whole body must bend over to pull it out...”¹³ The body does not consist of one member, but of many. And we are the body of Christ. Have you ever thought about who you would identify as Jesus' community? Peter, James and John, and Judas; tax collectors, prostitutes and Pharisees; Roman soldiers with hammers and high priests with political agendas; the home-

less, the mentally ill and the folks whose pictures are in *People Magazine*. CEOs who have five homes scattered over the globe and the garbage collector in his one-room apartment. Christians and Buddhists. Atheists and secular humanists. Practice community. The circle includes us all.

Isn't it time to prove G. K. Chesterton wrong: “The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried.”¹⁴ Isn't it time to confront the damning truth of what is attributed to Gandhi: “I might have become a Christian if I had ever met one.” Or, the other version I've heard: “I might have become a Christian if it weren't for Christians.”

Listen to this poem by an Indian woman:
“Husbands, lovers and friends of every creed
Be true to your vocation, 'tis the hour of need
The world with broken families and broken hearts
Is crumbling to pieces and falling apart
Sustain us with love human again
We love you, need you, our strength to regain
There will come a day when we live the happy way
Listen, O listen to what we women say.”¹⁵

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word became flesh and dwells among us, full of grace and truth.

—John Ballenger is a college minister in Waco, Texas.

End Notes

1. T. S. Eliot, from *The Rock*
2. Matthew Fox, *Creation Spirituality: Liberating Gifts of the Peoples of the Earth*, (HarperSanFrancisco, 1991) p.7.
3. Parker J. Palmer, quoted in *Alive Now*, May/June 1990, p. 37.
4. C. S. Song, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 16.
5. Will Campbell, *The Glad River*, (Rutledge Hill Press: Nashville: 1982) p. 59.
6. reported in *Salt*, July/August 1994, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 27.
7. quoted in Christine M. Smith, *Preaching as Weeping, Confession and Resistance*, (Westminster/John Knox: Louisville: 1992) epigraph
8. Bread for the World Background Paper No. 128, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p.17.
9. Margaret Mead, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 35.
10. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *A Testament to Freedom: The Essential Writings of Dietrich Bonhoeffer*, (HarperSanFrancisco: 1990, 1995) p. 50.
11. William Sloane Coffin, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 12.
12. Pierce Pettis, *Making Light of It*, (Compass Records: Nashville: 1996)
13. Larry Miller, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 33.
14. quoted in *Pulpit Resource*, Vol, 245, No. 1, Year B, January, February, March 1997, p. 33
15. C.S. Song, quoted in *The Living Pulpit*, October/December 1994, p. 16.

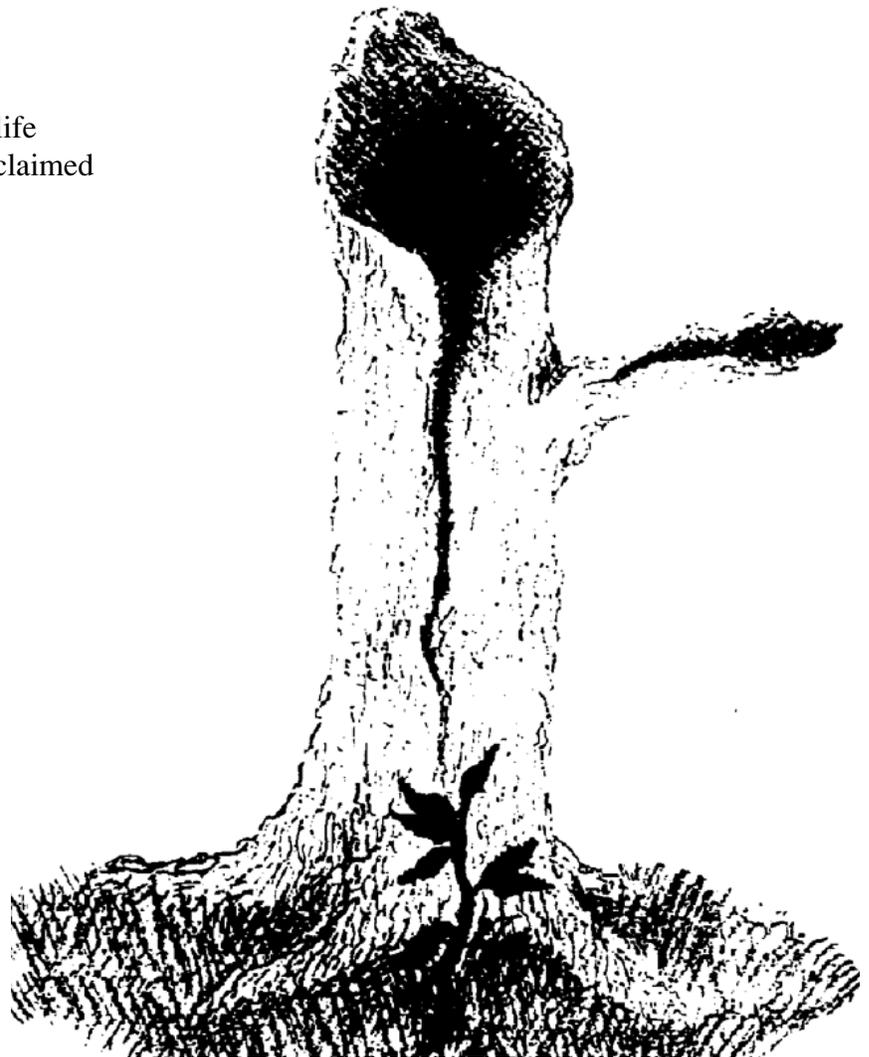
The art on this page was done by Robert Darden for a Seventh and James Baptist Church college retreat with a "Godspell" theme. Used courtesy of the Seventh and James college department.



Benediction

by Katie Cook

Go in peace,
and may the spirit of God drench all of us,
so that the blind will receive sight
the lame will walk
lepers will be cleansed
the deaf will hear
the dead will be raised to life
and the good news will be proclaimed
to the poor.
Amen.



This art is a "resurrection testimony" by Sharon Rollins, a Rotary scholar in New Zealand.