Poured Out:
Elements of a Resurrection
A drama by Dr. Marcia McFee, Worship Design Studio

Here’s the idea for letting these elements “poured out” be the focus for the Holy Week journey and doing it with a bit of drama: On Palm/Passion Sunday, you introduce these with the descriptions I’ve written (feel free to tweak them, personalizing them… but I think the length is about right). There are six “characters” that represent the six elements. In the introduction on Palm Sunday, they are part of a “tableau”—what I call a “living sculpture”—perhaps gathered around the communion table or other table.

Depending on your Lent series, you may be finishing up that series with this 6th Sunday of Lent. If you are, save about 10 minutes at the end of the service (perhaps after communion if you are utilizing your Lent theme in your communion prayer, such as the one I’ve suggested in the “Ready for a Change” Lenten materials). If you are not incorporating an ongoing Lent theme into this service or the communion prayer, you could do this before communion. At any rate, you may have to watch your time and do something like have the choral anthem be part of the Palm Sunday entrance parade or keep the sermon brief (!) or use this as your sermon.

Then at a Good Friday service that moves through from the Last Supper in the Upper Room to the laying of Jesus in the tomb, these characters have monologues that they do interspersed with music and then there is a time of ritual actions of the people.

Then these same characters are present at the Easter Vigil (Saturday night late) or Sunrise service (Easter morning starting before sunrise) and participate in part of the liturgy.

Holy Week is a wonderful time to utilize those in your congregation who are dramatists (or just good readers who can be coached to be dramatists!). I’ve suggested scripting here but have fun with it, adapt it, have some writers in your own congregation, or even the six dramatists themselves, work on it to make it their own.
Poured Out: Elements of a Resurrection  
Palm/Passion Sunday

The six dramatists come to their positions around the table. They each have an object representing their element. They have two “sculptural” positions, the first is their starting position, another that they move to when their paragraph is read, and then they go back to their original position as the reader moves on to the next.

Leader: Palm Sunday is also known as Passion Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week. With Jesus’ entrance into Jerusalem, he set in motion a series of events that would change the world. His notoriety had spread in three years of teaching, miracles, flying the face of established authority when he felt people were suffering. He was beloved by many, but misunderstood, hated and feared by some… and some who were in power. We stand at the precipice in this moment of a week that changed the world. It was a week of things poured out for us. Yes, God’s love poured out for us. But as we read the scriptural accounts of this week, we encounter some very tangible elements poured out that will offer us a glimpse into the drama of that week.

**OIL** - Mary, friend of Jesus. She has long hair and it is draping down obviously with her head tilted to one side. She has a beautiful flask of oil in her lap. As this paragraph begins, she stands and holds the flask of oil high.

Leader: Oil was an essential element of life in the time of Jesus and was used for many purposes: to make something smell better, to soften the skin, for healing, for burial, and to mark someone as “anointed,” special, honored, lifted up. We hear of all these purposes in the scriptures. Oil came in many forms and it was the oil mixed with costly herbs and perfumes which Mary used to anoint Jesus’ feet at a meal at the beginning of this fateful week. This oil, this gesture would turn out to be an ironic precursor to the anointing of Jesus’ dead body for his burial only a few days later. Oil will be one of our essential elements for the resurrection of our hope in this Holy Week Series.

**WATER** - Simon Peter, disciple of Jesus. Peter is standing at one corner of the table with a basin of water. As the next paragraph is read, he dips his hand in the water and lets it be shown pouring out of his hand into the basin. He puts the basin on the ground and steps into it.

Leader: There can be dispute that water has always been an essential element of life for all living beings. No wonder it has become an essential element in the rituals of so many religions as a sign of cleansing, renewing, starting anew.
Throughout biblical history, water was a sign of God's presence and help. Jesus, the Teacher, the Master, uses it to wash the feet of his disciples before that Last Supper to model the kind of love we must have for one another—a love that kneels and serves the least of our brothers and sisters. Resurrected hope depends on this element of self-giving from all.

**WINE - Judas, disciple and betrayer of Jesus.** Judas sits with a chalice/cup in front of him and his hands around it with his head hanging down. When this paragraph is read, he stands and lifts the cup, keeping his head lowered.

*Leader:* The fruit of the vine was probably more frequently consumed for meals than even water in ancient civilizations where sterilization sometimes depended on fermentation. And to share a cup of wine at a meal was more than simply an exercise in proximity. It was a statement of relationship in a society that drew boundaries around appropriate table-company. Wine shared with those who Jesus knew would cower and betray him became a statement of forgiveness, of grace given “already.” And it became a metaphor for the life he was about to give up on behalf of justice for all in the name of God. Such an element is central to our understanding of God's saving act in Jesus Christ.

**BLOOD - Roman soldier, executioner of Jesus.** He stands a bit away from the table as if looking on. He has a long red cloth (at least a couple of yards) in his hand. When the next paragraph is read, he stretches it out like an arrow or spear in an attack stance.

*Leader:* Make no mistake, there was blood spilled in that week. Sometimes it is easier to speak of the less violent elements of the story—moving from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday in a leap. But part of understanding the radical nature of the death-defying resurrection is to claim the gut-wrenching pain of the political execution that was Good Friday. Forces of power were at stake, Jesus and his topsy-turvy proclamations of God’s reign, God’s power, God’s love for the least was seen as a threat to the status quo. In a culture of retributive justice, someone has to pay. It is difficult to face the element of blood poured out on the cross just as it is difficult for us to name and claim and lament the injustices—the blood spilled—in violent ways still today.

**TEARS - Mary, mother of Jesus.** She sits at the table upright and looking off into the distance with a blue cloth the size of a long scarf in her hands. As the paragraph is read, she brings her hands and the cloth to cover her face in grief.

*Leader:* The salty tears that show up in this story of love and loss are essential elements in human lament. Salt was used in the ancient world for preservation and healing and thus became an element in rituals of covenant-making and
healing as well. The salty tears cried by those closest to Jesus are part of the connection we all have to loving deeply. Pain and despair can seem to overwhelm in the face of tragedy. But because we believe that Christ’s resurrection is also our own, we also know that tears of joy are also not far behind. As God makes all things new, lament can turn to praise and tears can turn to dancing.

LIGHT - Salome, follower of Jesus. She has a lantern with a candle in it. She is sitting or kneeling and when the next paragraph is read, she stands and holds the lantern aloft in a position as if looking through the dark.

Leader: From the beginning of the readings of Holy Week, we hear that God’s light will prevail. The element of light, like all the elements poured out for us this week, is essential to life and hope. From the beginning of the creation story to the light that shined continuously, guiding the liberation of the Hebrews, to the light to which Jesus himself witnessed often in his ministry, this symbol becomes the most powerful element of resurrection. At the dawn of Easter morning, when the light itself was just returning to the earth, the women find that the stone is rolled away and the dark of the tomb is transformed to the Light Still Shining in the World!

The Leader moves toward the congregation in front of the tableau and continues: Friends, this is our journey through Holy Week. Through these elements poured out, we will experience yet again the transformation of our spirits, the resurrection of hope. Great joy often only comes out of immense anxiety and even deep sorrow. We all have stories like this in our lives. I invite you to join us this week on Good Friday night when these characters and their symbols of God’s love poured out will tell us a very special story. You’ve heard the story before, but you are invited to come and hear it, experience it, in a new way. Then join us in the wee hours of Easter Sunday morning when we will gather to welcome the resurrection Light into the World, again accompanied by the people in this greatest Story ever told. And I promise there will be great pancakes in your Easter future as well!!! Holy Week is our “high holy days,” my friends. Make this year like no other. Deepen your spiritual journey all week long. As you go, the ushers will give you our Holy Week Devotional booklet. [Continue to closing hymn, benediction, the dramatists exit]
GATHERING

A fellowship hall space is lit with many, many candles and dim lighting, if possible. People sit around tables with the main table where the six dramatists sit, in the center. As people come in, musicians are already playing a set of Taizé chants or meditative music, if another musical genre suits your congregation better. On each table are the elements, the symbols that we will encounter along this way.

A small bowl with a dollop of scented oil.
A glass basin of water big enough to wash your hands. Hand towels or paper towels.
A cup of grape juice (or wine, depending on your tradition) and a small loaf of bread big enough to serve the number of people at each table for communion.
A red cloth about one yard long and one foot wide.
Each table is covered with a blue colored cloth.
Christmas-eve-like small candle, one for each person.
(There should be at least one pillar candle lit at each table to light the smaller candles from when it is time)

Note: it is a good idea to train one person at each table as a “table host” who will know about each ritual action ahead of time and can begin each one at their table so the instructions from the leader can be kept to a minimum.

Welcome

Create a welcome that includes some of the introductory wording from Palm/Passion Sunday about the focus on the elements of a resurrection poured out in the Holy Week scriptural story. Some people may not have been at the Sunday service.

... And so tonight we encounter six people who had front row seats in this incredible real-life drama. Sometimes this story feels only like a story to those of us who have heard it so many times. But it was real. It was painful and rich and life-changing for generations and generations of Christians after it, but how much more so for those who lived then and loved this man named Jesus. They will share with us about all the ways that God poured out God’s self through Jesus in those final days.

Song: (suggestion) “Jesus Draw Me Close” FWS 2159
OIL

Read Scripture reading: John 12:1-11

Mary, friend of Jesus:
I was in the middle of the marketplace that day and it hit me like an overwhelming wave of feeling... I loved him so much. It was a love beyond anything I’d ever known. Not romantic, not like a sibling, certainly like family but he was so much more to me... he was teacher, he was priest, he was wise one, he was hope itself.

And for the first time, in those days before the Terrible Thing happened, I felt he might not be invincible. He had told us, he had warned us, he had been saying this could happen all along but I just couldn’t imagine it. He was so eternal, it seemed. Like nothing, not even God, would dare to take him away from any of us. But the tension was building. I will beg him, I thought, to not go to Jerusalem – just go back to Galilee. Go to the hills. Go to Nazareth, go anywhere but Jerusalem right now. But even as I thought it to myself, I knew that he wouldn’t go. This is where he was supposed to be. With all these people gathered for Passover Jerusalem is where he had to be. And I knew he might never leave.

I suddenly became aware that I was still standing stock-still, oblivious to all around me here in this marketplace and a I began to double over with fear. But just as I did my eyes came to rest on the stall to my right. A jar, a most beautiful jar of anointing oil. The seller offered it to me for a price that seemed outrageous and I didn’t care. No price could compare with the price I now had a sudden feeling that my teacher, my master, would pay. And so I bought it. Whether in life or in death, my beloved friend would need it. [She picks up the jar of oil and hugs it to herself. She then goes to each table during the song and pours a bit of oil into a small dish (unless you have too many tables, then oil should already be in the dish on the table)].

Instrumental of “Jesus Draw Me Close” begins for the ritual action (or whatever song you are using)

Leader invites to anointing:
Mary’s anointing of Jesus belonged to the tradition of honoring someone with sweet-smelling oil made of a combination of many herbs. This was used at the investiture of royalty and also as anointing for burial. In this one act, Mary offers signs of love and honor. The early Christians then used this same scented oil as part of their baptismal and confirmation rites to emphasize their new identity with Christ (which also means “anointed one”). So tonight, inspired by
Mary’s act, we anoint each other’s foreheads, as those early Christians did, with a sign of the cross and the words, “You are God’s Beloved Child.”

_Reprise “Jesus Draw Me Close” when all are finished with the ritual action._

**WATER**

_Scripture: John 13:3-8; 12-16_

_Simon Peter, disciple of Jesus._

He continually baffled me. My whole time with him—one surprise after another. Jesus turned my world upside-down. Especially when it came to relationships. We would worry about who was his “right-hand man” and he always would turn it around with his “last-shall-be-first” stories. I wanted to know where I stood with him. I needed for him to be my Lord, my Master, my Teacher. And he was. But then he went and did this [indicates the basin of water and towel] that night.

Now, none of us were of really high lineage, but we weren’t slaves or servants. I mean at the meal that night were people to wait on us – the service just comes with any good room rented out for a meal. But I was going to wash his feet that night. I was overwhelmed with love for him and fear for his life. I had this nagging need to show him, demonstrate to him, that I would do anything for him. But before I could even go there… he knelt before me. He insisted on washing my feet. I was horrified. I thought maybe he was losing his mind. Another reversal of the order of my world. He just kept doing that.

“You can’t be part of the family of God, the kin-dom of God, Peter, if you don’t let me do this.” If I couldn’t see that he really meant what he said about serving our neighbors, our friends and our enemies, I just wasn’t getting it. I had to surrender all my preconceived ideas about how relationships are, how they go, who we love. I had to surrender and let his loving act of washing my feet heal my soul and heal every disappointing relationship I’d ever had. This was the kin-dom, the family. This was what it was all about.

_“Brother, Sister Let Me Serve You (The Servant Song)” Faith We Sing songbook, 2222, vs. 1-4_

_Leader invites to washing hands_

I invite you to stand. There is a basin of warm water on your table. You are invited to wash each other’s hands around the table. The table host will begin by washing your hands and then you will move the basin and wash the next
person’s hands. Then a towel will be handed to you to dry your hands as the basin continues around the circle.

*Instrumental of the song as the action is done. When all have finished, the people finish the song: “Brother, Sister Let Me Serve You” vs. 5-6*

**WINE**

*Scripture: John 13: 21-30*

**Judas, disciple and betrayer of Jesus**

I was so angry with him! Why wouldn’t he fight? We had so many followers by this time and so many were in Jerusalem right now. Why did he insist on this “blessed are the meek” stuff?! I think all along I had hoped that this was the revolution. That we would finally stand up to the Roman occupiers. And he had such power and charisma. Couldn’t he have done anything? This “Son of God?”

I suppose I finally just got so bitter. I had kept it all inside for some time and it had started to boil and rage until I just snapped. If I couldn’t get my revolution, I could get out. I was tired of holding the purse for this motley group of people who gave it away as soon as it came in. And then I discovered I could get out with some money from those dirty Romans...

It all happened so fast. They approached me. They had seen me, watched me, perhaps read my indecision, my anger, my separation at times from the group. And it just happened.

And then there I was at the table, his table. Knowing what I had set into motion. All of a sudden I was flooded with panic as we all sat here with the air heavy with fear and unknowing. At the table, again. It reminded me of all the meals in our years together. Sometimes just us, this small band of disciples, but often with someone Jesus had invited to dinner... someone we couldn’t believe, yet again, he was hanging out with. Sometimes it was hard to understand. People that took advantage of others, those who were against us, those who questioned him, people who were beneath him, really, he invited to the table! The bottom-feeders... [he stops, suddenly aware of what he is saying] And then I realized as he stretched out the cup of wine to me and dipped the bread in it, [he picks up the cup] and named me as betrayer... that he was doing it once again... only this time it was me. He was offering to share the cup and break the bread with despicable me. No matter who we are or what we’ve done, he always invites us. Mercy really was his true nature and I realized that love really was the biggest weapon of change. He would never have hurt anyone. He loved us all, even the lowest of the low... [he hangs his head]
Song: (suggestion) “Come to the Table of Grace,” Worship & Song 3168, verse using the word “grace”

Great Thanksgiving and Communion

Presider: Friends, just as Jesus did not hesitate to share the cup of wine with Judas, who he knew would betray him to the authorities, Jesus invites all of us, no matter our pain, our despair, our failures and faults. Jesus says, come and eat with me for this grace can transform you. And so this night you are invited, just like in that Last Supper, to partake of food that nourishes our spirits and saves our very souls from those depths. We remember his words that echoed that night to his disciples and that have echoed through the ages, “I am always with you.” And so,

Presider: The Lord be with you.
People: And also with you.
Presider: Let your hearts be lifted even in the heaviness of your sorrow and fear.
People: We lift them up to the Lord.
Presider: Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.
People: It is right to give our thanks and praise.

Presider: In the midst of the events of the last week, the disciples had really floundered. It started out fine, with excitement really, as they had entered Jerusalem with crowds following along, saying:

People: Holy, holy, holy Lord!
God of power and might!
Heaven and earth are full of your glory!
Hosanna in the highest!
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

Presider: But that excitement turned to doubt, questions, confusion, fear. This Jesus was the one who had proclaimed a message they could all believe in, the disciples thought. This was the one who had come to fulfill the scriptures, to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, and to announce that the time had come when God would save the people.

And then that moment at the Passover meal had come. The moment of betrayal at the table. The moment when Jesus said the words...
On that night that he gave himself up for the message of peace, of hope, of justice... the night he gave himself up for us, he took bread, gave thanks to you, O God, broke the bread, gave it to his disciples, and said:
“Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.”
And for the first time his next words send a chill down their spine:
“Do this in remembrance of me.”

When the supper was over, he took the cup, gave thanks to you, gave it to his disciples, and said:

“Drink from this, all of you; this is my blood of the new covenant, poured out for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.”

We eat and drink of this meal tonight, especially remembering the death of Jesus. But we also know “the rest of the story.” We know that what emerges from death is always life. And so we proclaim this night to each other and the world, that

**People: "Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again."**

Presider: I invite two people at the table to lift the bread and cup. And I invite all of the rest of you to raise your hands in the ancient Christian posture of prayer. [hands lifted to the sides in the “orans” position]

Pour out your Holy Spirit on us gathered here this night, just as you did on our ancient ancestors. Pour out your Holy Spirit on these gifts of bread and wine. Let them be for us the body and blood of Christ so that may be for the suffering world the body of Christ, liberated by his witness, passion and resurrection. Let us die to the ways of injustice so that we may live again in your promise. Let us be inspired to proclaim hope, peace, love and justice in your name.

By your spirit we are one with Christ, whose memory... whose presence was real to his disciples and is real to us even now. By this spirit we are one with each other. Let this love be seen in us outside of this place. And all God’s people say “Amen!”

[The people are invited to serve one another around their tables]

*Instrumental of song as the action is done, then the people repeat the song: “Come to the Table of Grace” (using the verse “love”)*
BLOOD


**Roman centurion, executioner of Jesus**
The scene was horrifying. Not that I wasn’t used to crucifixions. They were the favored way of putting prisoners to death by the Romans and so I’d assisted many times. But I’d heard about this man, Jesus. We thought Barabas was going to be on this cross but the crowds had become almost out of control and I’d heard that Pilate simply washed his hands of it–sent this one to die just to shut them up. Who knows what these crowds really were screaming about, there was so much confusion and rumor, no one will probably ever know the truth is what I think.

But when the reality hit his followers that Jesus was really going to die and they saw him heading to Golgatha with the cross, the horror really began. Even the heavens seem to be wailing as storms began to appear. It gave me a chill, I’m gonna tell you. These are not things I want to tell you, I am a soldier. But it is always easier protecting others than protecting yourself... from the mothers who beg for mercy for their sons, from those who insist on waiting the hours and even days it takes to die this agonizing death. Being a soldier can’t always protect you from what you witness first hand. Like hearing Jesus talk to the prisoners on the other two crosses next to him... the promise that death is not the end for them. And then he looked at me. Right at me and he spoke the words I’ll hear for the rest of my life and the words that mean I can no longer do this anymore... “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.”

[suddenly with anger and then softening] Later, after he died, they pierced him in his side. I still don’t understand why but in that moment I knew that he was truly the Son of God. His blood was poured out just like the love he poured out for his people. The blood flowed from his side. The blood flowed. The love flowed...

[the other characters cover the table with a black cloth and he lays his long red cloth on it]

[as the song is sung, the table hosts begin to hands the red cloth around the circle at the tables... when it comes back to them, they get up and bring it to the table and lay them all there together, in a cross shape]

Song: *(suggestion: “Were You There...”)  
... when they crucified my Lord?....  
... when they pierced him in the side?*
TEARS

Scripture: John 19: 25-30

Mary, mother of Jesus.
My son. From the moment the angel said to me, “you will bear a son” my life was no longer my own. And yet it was every bit mine. Moments treasured, remembered in my heart alone. Every moment he grew within me. Every day of his youth. Every movement of his ministry from that day at Cana to this very minute. At times the pain threatened to outweigh the wonder of this unimaginable life God had given me.

And especially now. Like the blue cloth that covers your table, the color of Mary, know that in this moment I am not just the mother of Jesus shedding tears for my son. I am the tears of any mother who has seen their child die before them. I am the tears of every mother who has lost children in political warfare and oppression. I am the tears of all loved ones who cannot save their loved ones as they starve, are ravaged by illness or injury, are swept away by tsunami or flood earthquake or hurricane, lose their lives to addiction, are consumed by depression or suffer violent ends. And I am the tears of all loved ones who do not know the fate of the missing ones... I am the tears.

Music/dance with blue cloth: “They Dance Alone” by Sting

(Sting wrote this after he saw a brief news story about women dancing in the streets of Chile torn apart by the Pinochet regime. The women were dancing in the streets with pictures of their husbands, fathers, brothers or sons pinned to their clothes or they were holding the pictures and dancing with them. To familiarize yourself with this song/context see http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=18lD_laUh_o&feature=fvwrel)

LIGHT

Salome, follower of Jesus.
[she holds her lantern high] My story of light must wait for the first light of the day after tomorrow. But now, I invite you to light the candles on your tables, ready to carry them to Golgatha. I have my lantern to light the way, to lead you to the place where we will stay with Jesus a while, praying for all those who suffer injustice in this world. Our time together this night will end in as we sit in the sanctuary after the anthem by the choir (or you could simply have organ music or any other music, or silence). You are invited to stay as long as you want for prayer. When you are ready, bring your candle to the cross, placing it in the trays of sand to burn out through the night vigil and leave in silence (you could
make staying until the candles burn all the way down an option for anyone or perhaps for the confirmation class or youth group).

She leads the people on a candlelit pilgrimage to the sanctuary, where there is a cross set up with a spotlight on it (use a floodlight shining up from the floor in front and behind a free-standing cross).

GOING OUT

Please stay as long as you would like for prayer, leave in silence when you are ready.
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Sunrise Service

(Somewhere outside of the church just before dawn. You may want to gather around a bonfire outside - could be a parking lot, side yard, etc. Flute, drums, or other instrumental as people gather on Sunday morning at sunrise.)

Call to Worship

Salome, follower of Jesus:
Yes, this is the morning of my story. For light is dawning and hope is resurrected!

This is the day the Lord has made!
Let us rejoice and be glad in it!

Each character...

Mary, friend of Jesus:
The burial oil is needed no more! We rejoice with the oil of gladness!

Simon Peter, disciple of Jesus:
The waters of death are now the waters of new birth!

Judas, disciple and betrayer of Jesus:
The wine shared for the last time is now new wine in new wineskins!

Roman soldier, executioner of Jesus:
The blood of Jesus now flows through the veins of all who believe!

Mary, mother of Jesus:
Tears of sorrow have become tears of joy!

Salome, follower of Jesus:
Come one and all to rejoice this day for no matter who you are, this is your day of resurrection!

(All characters repeat, overlapping...) 
No matter who you are, this is your day of resurrection!

Hymn of praise
(choose an Easter hymn that is familiar to your congregation so they can sing out! Sing a couple of the verses now, then a couple of verses after Salome’s monologue. If it is a cyclical/refrain song, simply repeat.)

Scripture: Mark 16: 1-8

LIGHT - Salome, follower of Jesus. She has her lantern from the Good Friday service.

It was time to go tend to him. We had waited, waited, waited, in the agonizing depth of Sabbath-keeping stillness bearing our grief like black cloaks. I had shut out the light of day between the moment of death and this moment of moving back out into the world that seemed so cruelly-violent to us now. I had snuffed out my lamp, vowing to light it no more so that my heart did not have to see the future lurking before me.

But it was time. Tending to his body would perhaps help me find comfort in the darkness, there in the tomb with the memory of him even in his lifeless body. I knew how to tend to the dead. I would let my movements carry me into a future I was afraid I could not face.

And so I did light the lamp in the early-morning just before dawn. And we made our way...

My biggest concern was getting into the tomb, finding someone this early to help us roll the stone to let us in. But there we were, at the tomb and the stone was already moved! Someone had come before us! When?! In the midst of the Sabbath? Must have been Romans... did they MOVE HIS BODY?!

And then the light poured onto us as we entered the tomb... cool, white, amazing light pouring from the corner, from a figure there.Already completely spooked, I jumped out of my skin at first and then was overwhelmed with the beautiful brilliance of this light poured onto my skin, my clothes, my face... into my very soul. And then the light became a voice, a message, a miracle, a moment I can never ever forget.... “He is risen!”

Reprise of hymn of praise

Message

Ritual of Light
Someone lights a big Christ Candle from the bonfire. Then everyone lights their votive candles (some kind of candles that can stand alone) from the Christ Candle (unless you have a lot of people there, then figure out a faster way to spread the light).
Leader: The light of Christ!
People: Thanks be to God!
(repeated as all candles are lit)

The Procession of Light
The people process, led by the characters (perhaps to “We Are Marching in the Light of God” with drumming) into the sanctuary (that has no lights on at this point) and they are invited to put their candles on preset tables/the altar, etc... whatever your visual team has created.... the elements carried by the characters are placed on the altar or in a worship center setting. An idea would be to have a photographer in the church ready to take digital pictures of the people as they process the Christ Candle and their lights into the sanctuary and use that as a slide show in the beginning of the Easter worship later that morning.

Prayers of the People
Consider inviting people to stand all over the sanctuary, in the chancel area, in the choir loft, in the back, scattered among the pews... so that the whole sanctuary can be “covered” in prayer. Lead a time of intercessory prayer related to:

- The church’s own resurrection
- The power of the Spirit to transform lives
- For the resurrection of those who grieve, who despair, are homeless, hungry, ill, afraid, etc.

Intersperse these with a “Come, Holy Spirit” or “Hear Our Prayer” song of some kind.

Closing Song of Praise
A suggestion: “In the Lord I’ll Be Ever Thankful” (song from Taizé)

Benediction

Mary, friend of Jesus:
May the oil of gladness be poured out for you.

Simon Peter, disciple of Jesus:
May the waters of rebirth be poured out for you.

Judas, disciple and betrayer of Jesus:
May cup of forgiveness and salvation be poured out for you.

Roman soldier, executioner of Jesus:
My the lifeblood of righteousness be poured out for you.
Mary, mother of Jesus:
May tears of joy be poured out for you.

Salome, follower of Jesus:
May the light of Christ be poured out for you.

Leader:
No matter who you are, this is your day of resurrection!

(All characters repeat, overlapping...)
No matter who you are, this is your day of resurrection!

Leader:
And as we go, please tell those around you... “This is your day of resurrection!”
And all God’s people said, “Amen!”