

Crazy Talk
“Will hope come in the morning?”
Mark 16:1-8
A FIRST-PERSON DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE
(A DISCIPLE, IN THE EARLY MORNING)

Rev. John H. Hice
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First United Methodist Church of Royal Oak, Michigan

The Word from the Women

Mary was here. And what she just said really doesn't make sense. She said that she went to the tomb and it was open. And then there was something about angels and a word, "He's not here: why go to a graveyard to look for someone who lives?"

That's her story: she stepped into the cold darkness and saw

NOTHING.

That's just crazy talk. That's what I think.

I mean, how could it be empty? I think it must be that everything's just caught up to her and to James' mother and Salome. Too much has happened. Too much grief; and now it's come to this: wishful thinking.

From Sunday to Sunday

It must have been a touch of wishful thinking that affected the lot of us but a week ago. With mounting threats swirling about us Jesus had become so bold. He had openly challenged the authorities who were not swayed by the people he healed or the compassion of God he gave. Yet, he had us stage a demonstration that declared him King – his way the answer to all the poverty, injustice and unrest.

We believed it. And we rallied with signs and chants and believed that the time had come when we'd see swords beat into plows and spears into pruning hooks.

Wishful thinking. When he gathered the people and taught that week, we thought the world was a changed place; and the only thing we wondered was who among us would be selected the most powerful and important in the new order.

We had no doubt that through Jesus God was establishing final righteousness in the earth. Wishful thinking.

Then Friday came with the setting of the sun and the Passover Seder and the uncovering of his betrayal.

This is the reality of the world: the reality of poverty with no end. Hunger that ends in death. Disease and brokenness that will not be mended.

Isn't that what is real? Isn't that what is true?

Death, the ever-resurgent truth of evil and oppression: now, that's what we can count on in this life.

So he was arrested and tried in a court of injustice. We all abandoned him out of our own fear which was our own disbelief. We all let go of his crazy talk of God's Kingdom; ran back to the sensibility of disappointment.

So he was alone. And alone, he was put to death.

Perhaps it was our sensibility that killed him and the dream he carried.

Now look who's abandoned. Each of us in our own quarters separated from each other and hiding for fear that they will come after each of us next. All of us alone and accounted as sheep to be slaughtered. Each of us...

...without hope.

Crazy Talk – Or is It?

So here we are before sunrise, when the gray of the first morning's light first exposes the shapes of the day to come. And Mary comes already, out-of-breath and rambling something about angels and an empty tomb...

...and her crazy talk about Jesus

ALIVE!

O, how I wish that her word would make sense.

If it could be true it would be hope as certain as the rising sun:

Hope that would sustain us and assure us that nothing could separate us from him.

Nothing at all could separate us from the love of God and a victory of his dream.