

Forest Hill United Church  
'open doors, open hearts, open minds'



Easter Sunrise Service April 4, 2021 6:45 a.m.

WELCOME to worship!

OFFICE

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**A Monologue from the perspective of the Beloved disciple**

*At 6:45: find a comfortable spot where you know you will see this first light of dawn. Settle yourself in as you wait. We KNOW the sun will rise but it is in the waiting that we find time can lose its meaning. Think of everything we have read together over the journey to this day. Imagine that you are the Beloved Disciple, fear lives in your heart, yes, but so does that tiny spark of hope placed there by Jesus that is threatening to burst into flame.*

**When you are comfortable, read these words.**

It is early morning – not quite dawn yet. The sun has not yet risen. It is still dark. I still can't believe he is gone. I loved him so much. I don't think I have ever had anyone else give me as much trust and confidence, love and support as Jesus did. He called me "the Beloved Disciple."

And now he is gone. Even when he was hanging on the cross, I couldn't believe it was happening, that Jesus would die - until Jesus looked at me, standing beside his own mother, and said to Mary,

"Woman, here is your son." And then to me "Here is your mother." I know that I will love and care of her for the rest of my life!

Jesus often talked about his own baptism, when a voice from heaven, said "You are my Son, the Beloved." Now I am part of that family, part of that calling.

I am Beloved.

***And now... wait. When you see the first hints of the dawn, read these words.***

Morning has broken. I have seen the Lord! It was Mary Magdalene who woke Peter and I, each drifting on and off before dawn. She was... happy!

We just ran, we didn't know why or what to expect. It was like a foot race – and I had the edge. I got there first... I stopped suddenly at the edge of the tomb, half off balance, not daring to go in, just seeing the linen wrappings scattered on the ground. I somehow knew that if I took another step, if I entered further, my whole life was about to change. My mind flashed ahead to everything that could have happened – but there was something just beyond what my mind could fathom, something bigger and more amazing, and I couldn't quite grasp, it was beyond reach, unless I took that next step.

Peter moved first. He always did. And then I took that step and even the cloth from Jesus' head was neatly rolled up. The world had changed. I just knew it.

Deep down I knew he was alive. I saw and believed.

***And now, Beloved of Christ, go into this new dawn knowing you are not alone. You are a part of a vast family that worship today with you. See the joy in the world all around you, joy born of a Love too strong to ever be defeated by death!***

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