

Creative Morning Worship for the 12th of April, 2018 – Churches Tackling Gender-Based Violence Workshop

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1. Welcome
2. Prayer
3. Bible Reading: Mark 16: 1-8 (*Drama while role plays acted out*)

Reflection - role plays (*The women going to the grave talk about Jesus' in their lives*)

Frida: When I think of Jesus, I can remember clearly, the smell of death ... when I was nearly stoned to death because of adultery. I did not want to do it, but the man forced me to. He said if I didn't he would report me to the authorities that I had broken the law. I was just a poor woman, what right did I have to defend myself - the man was of social status, educated and respected.

Seru: Really? That is serious! What happened?

Frida: Well, they dragged me half naked, out of the house, and threw me in front of someone standing there. All I could see with my swollen eye, was dust and a pair of feet in sandals, while waiting for the first stone to hit me and finish me off. Then I heard angry and accusing voices who reported me as being caught in act of committing adultery! As if I was the only one doing the deed!

Dobora: My poor sister ... were you stoned?

Frida: No! That was a strange thing, I saw a finger writing on the ground close where I had been thrown, and after sometime of silence, I heard a voice, so full of compassion but stern, saying, '*Let anyone among you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone at her!*' I had closed my eyes waiting for pain and death, but a miracle happened! The voice which had spoken now had a hand which stretched out and gently touched my head, resting for a while before saying, '*Woman, where are they? Has no one condemned you?*' To which I replied, amazed and afraid, '*No one, sir.*' And the man I came to know and follow said, '*Neither do I condemn you. Go your way, and from now on, do not sin again.*'

Seru: Wow! That is cool. Jesus, our Jesus did that for you?

Frida: Yes, I owed him my life ever since. I have never known any man to be so gentle, loving, kind, so full of compassion and mercy. I am blessed indeed to have known him. The only Saviour who saved me from death and now, he himself is dead!

Dobora: Yeah true, I remember him too.

Seru: I am curious, why did you follow him?

Dobora: Well, I had been sick for 12 long years.

Frida: What kind of sick was it?

Dobora: You know, our women thing – the bleeding. It did not stop and I tried every possible way to get medicine, massage, herbs from mediums, sorcerers and doctors, it has costed me a lot of money! 12 years, the Priest in the Synagogue would not let me in to worship God because I was termed as unclean. I felt like an outcast, a foreigner who had no family, clan and tribe because of this sickness. I had prayed for someone to help me, but everybody looked at me as ‘unclean’ and I was not allowed into anyone’s home, even my own family. I was a wanderer, seeking help and wanting to be able to join again my family.

Seru: But you are good now, right, – did Jesus have something to do with this?

Dobora: Well, it was more me making the bold move for Jesus to heal me.

Frida: How come?

Dobora: I had heard so many good stories about him and how he healed people through his touch and words or raised them to life. I decided to take my chances. I knew that many people would not dare come close to me if they knew I had this disease. So I mingled with the crowd and got close but not close enough, for his disciples were guarding him and shooing everyone out of the way for their Master not to be touched. Then Jesus suddenly stopped to talk with Jairus, the Synagogue leader. I knew him by sight because he was the one who had turned me away many times from entering the synagogue. He was begging for Jesus to heal his daughter. That’s when I saw a small opening amongst the crowd at Jesus’ back and suddenly thought, if I could only touch the hem of his garment, I would be healed. I reached out and actually tugged the end of his robe, suddenly feeling better and whole, when Jesus stopped walking and demanded: ‘*Who touched me?*’ Peter argued with him that there were too many people pressing in on all sides, but the Master asked again, ‘*Someone touched me, for I noticed that power had gone out from me.*’ I was full of fear and shocked, I could not move but his eyes gently came to rest on me and without a doubt, I blurted out, ‘Jesus, my Lord, it is me who touched you. I had been sick for 12 long years and knowing that I only had to touch the hem of your garment, I would be healed, and I am.’ Waiting for his reprimand or scolding, I suddenly heard this much long for welcoming words: ‘*Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace!*’

Frida: Wow! That is amazing! Jesus, a man, lets you touch him with faith, heals you and fills you with good health and peace! Wow!

Seru: I’m no stranger to that!

Dobora: What do you mean?

Seru: Well, you both know that I am not a Jew, right. I am from Canaan. You, women from the Holy Land, don’t talk much to Jesus as your men do. You are always filled with respect and keeping your distance. I, was not sick, but my daughter was. She was tormented by this demon, who threw her to the ground, fire, river and nothing could help her recover or chase the demon out from her. One day Jesus came to our place and on hearing him pass by, I knew that he was my only chance and hope of healing my daughter. My husband told me to shut up as Jesus was a Jew, but I loved my daughter too much to shut up and so I called out, ‘Have mercy on me, Lord, Son of David; my daughter is tormented by a demon.’ Did Jesus answer? No! So I kept on shouting out to him to help my daughter. His disciples told him to send me

away for I was disturbing them and others, – men ... they don't know how to deal with people and their needs! Then Jesus answered: *'I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'* But I could not give up that easily, 'I ran and knelt before him, *'Lord, help me!'* He answered again: *'It is not fair to take the children's food and throw it to the dogs!'* Oh, man, hearing Jesus calling me a dog ... how could I have sunk that low ... yet, I knew he was the answer to my daughter's illness. So I hated myself for being a dog but to save my daughter, I humbly answered our Lord, *'Yes, Lord, yet even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table.'* And you know what?

Frida: What?

Seru: The Lord said, *'Woman, great is your faith! Let it be done for you as you wish.'* My daughter was healed that very moment! But the great thing was that Jesus called me 'woman' not a dog! I have believed in him ever since, until ... his sudden passing ...

Dobora: Yeah, our precious wonderful Lord, seeing him at work and then seeing him die before our very eyes ... why did he have to die at all? He was God's Son, wasn't he?

Seru: True, but do you realize that we are living witnesses of his mighty healing power, not only physically but emotionally, mentally, financially, spiritually. He was our everything!

Frida: Halleluia! He was! And now we have lost our everything!

Dobora: Hey, guys! Look over there, we were wondering who was gonna roll the stone away ... it looks as if it is opened already?

Seru: It is! Someone's stolen our Master's body!

Angel: *'Do not be alarmed; you are looking for Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified, He has been raised; he is not here, look, there is the place they laid him. But go, tell his disciples and Peter that he is going ahead of you to Galilee; there you will see him, just as he told you.'*

Amen

4. Brief Conclusion:

5. Chorus

He's alive again for the stone is rolled away
 He's alive again, he's no longer where he lay
 He's alive again, I can hear the angels sing
 Let the whole world rejoice he's alive!

6. Benediction