

Death Dealings

The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.

Mark Twain, American humorist

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

Jonathon Swift, Anglo-Irish writer and satirist

Death is a distant rumor to the young.

Andrew A. Rooney, American journalist

When we finally know we are dying, and all other sentient beings are dying with us, we start to have a burning, almost heartbreaking sense of the fragility and preciousness of each moment and each being and from this can grow a deep, clear, limitless compassion for all beings.

Sogyal Rinposhe, Tibetan lama

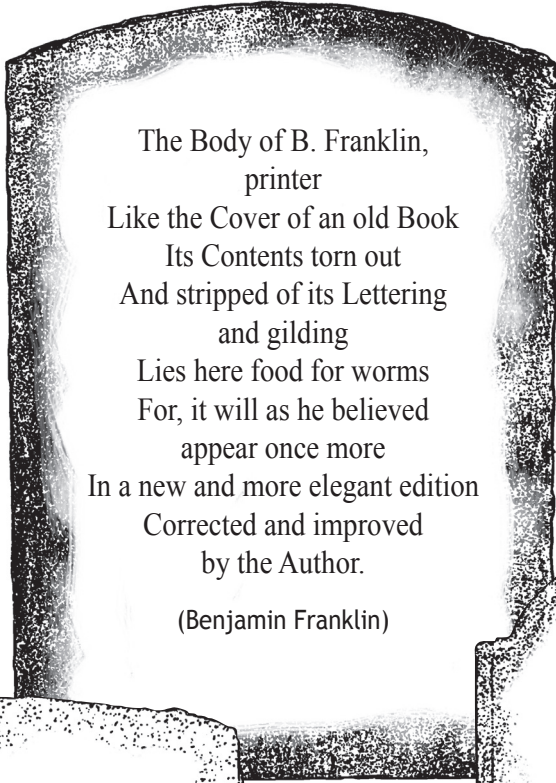
There are so many little dyings that it doesn't matter which of them is death.

Kenneth Patchen, American poet

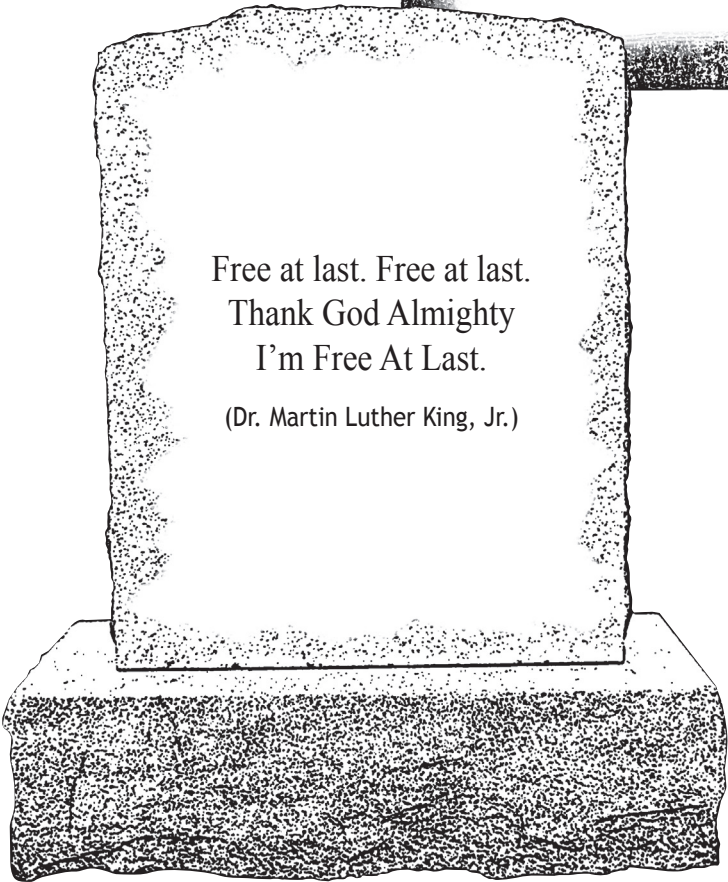
My Last Words

My Obit

R.I.P.



The Body of B. Franklin,
printer
Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stripped of its Lettering
and gilding
Lies here food for worms
For, it will as he believed
appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition
Corrected and improved
by the Author.
(Benjamin Franklin)



Free at last. Free at last.
Thank God Almighty
I'm Free At Last.
(Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.)



That's
All Folks.
(Mel Blanc)

Name _____ Date _____

Chapter 8 Handout 3

Under Arrest

STATE OF ISRAEL

Date of Arrest:

WARRANT FOR ARREST

To any officer with authority and jurisdiction to execute a warrant for arrest for the offense(s) charged below:

I, the undersigned, find that there is probable cause to believe that on or about the date of offense shown and in the territories of Galilee and Judea, the defendant, *Jesus of Nazareth*, unlawfully, willfully, and feloniously did:

These acts were in violation of the Holiness Code outlined in the Torah as well as the dictates of the Pax Romana.

This Warrant is issued upon information furnished under oath by the following complainants:

As officers of the court, you are directed to arrest the defendant and bring the defendant before a judicial official of the Sanhedrin without unnecessary delay to answer the charges above.

Signature,

Annas ben Seth
High Priest
By Order of Quirinius, Imperial Governor of Syria

A Passion Play

Prelude

Narrator 1: Listen that you may hear. Open your eyes that you may see the God who calls us to himself.

Narrator 2: Adhere to the path he has trod. Listen in wonder to the word of God. Listen!

Judas: Listen, indeed! Did you see the ointment wasted on his head, while we, his followers, are all but dead from cold and hunger? The Messiah? The King of Kings? I don't think so. So, I sold him—thirty easy pieces. He's not worth much. The Sadducees will lock him up and keep him out of touch during the Passover feast. No big deal. He'll be out in three days!

✠ Prayer

Last Supper

Narrator 1: The evening sun had set. The Passover feast was set. Jesus had gathered his nearest and dearest about him to celebrate the feast.

Jesus: My heart is heavy, for on this holy night, one of you will hand me over to the powers of this world.

Apostles: Lord, we are loyal. None of us is a traitor.

Jesus: I have said what I have said. One who shares this table will betray me.

Narrator 2: Then Jesus took bread, blessed God, and said:

Jesus: My friends, I have said a blessing on this bread that now I break. Take. Eat. It is my body for your sake.

Narrator 1: Lifting a cup of wine, Jesus went on:

Jesus: This wine—so red, so good—take. Drink for my sake. It is my blood. Let it course through you, warming your hearts. I shall not drink until I taste new wine in the vineyard of Heaven. Do this to remember me.

✠ Prayer

♪ Hymn

Gethsemane

Jesus: Friends, hold your faith tight in both hands lest it be shaken loose when I am taken from you.

Peter: Others' faith may be shaky, but I am rock-solid. I shall stand forever firm.

Jesus: O, simple Simon, before the bird of dawning has time to announce the new day twice, you with your rocky faith will deny

me thrice. But for now, here, in this lush garden, I say, stay awake with me and watch and pray.

Apostles: We'll do our best, Lord, but our eyes are heavy with the wine you gave us.

Jesus: They are heavy with my body and my blood. Still, I say watch and pray.

Narrator 1: Jesus went off a little way to his heavenly Father to pray.

Jesus: Father, the cup you prepare is bitter on the tongue. Dash it from my lips if you love your Son. But not my will—no—yours be done.

Judas: Rabbi!

Jesus: Judas, what is this? You betray the Son of Man with a kiss?

Narrator 2: Then a mob appeared, apprehended Jesus, and led him away to trial before the Sanhedrin.

✠ Prayer

Before the Sanhedrin

Narrator 1: At the house of the high priest, accusations flew like curses, landing on Jesus like blows to the face. In the end, this was the charge:

High Priest: He blasphemes! He is worthy of death!

Narrator 1: Meanwhile, in the High Priest's courtyard . . .

Peter: I swear! I pledge! I guarantee! I know not the man, and he knows not me!

Narrator 2: The Rock had crumbled after a trinity of denials. And Peter was left alone with his sorrow and his tears.

✠ Prayer

Pilate Condemns Jesus to Death

Narrator 1: The Sanhedrin then bound Jesus over to Pilate the Roman procurator.

Pilate: Are you the king of the Jews? Listen to me. Weigh what you say quite carefully. The Emperor has made provision for this sort of thing, that whoever declares himself king should die.

Jesus: So *you* say. Not I.

Narrator 2: Because it was Passover, it was tradition to release a prisoner. Pilate addressed the crowd:

Pilate: Whom shall I set free, the bandit Barabbas or this Jesus from Galilee?

Crowd: We want Barabbas!

Pilate: And what of Jesus? What punishment to him must I apply?

Crowd: Crucify! Crucify! Crucify!

Narrator 1: Cruel and cowardly Pilate, wishing to shut the crowd up, released Barabbas, then handed Jesus over for scourging and crucifixion.

Narrator 2: Now this sort of torture was old hat for the soldiers, so they tried something new to have a bit of fun with Jesus. After scourging him, they crowned him king with thorns, wrapped him in a purple robe, and mocked him.

✝ Prayer

Crucifixion

Crowd: Today is the eve of Sabbath, the day of preparation, the time to sweep and scrub our homes. But we have left our houses, for look there, he comes, Jesus the prophet. Mourn with us today for Jesus who passes by this way to Calvary.

Narrator 1: The soldiers who were leading Jesus to death forced a man called Simon from Cyrene to carry the cross. When they came to the “Place of the Skull,” the soldiers cruelly crucified Jesus between two thieves.

Narrator 2: Above his head, they had posted the news: *This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*. Afterward, they rolled dice for his garment, and sat down to wait for death.

Priest 1: You there, Jesus, all is not lost. If you are God’s Son, come down from that cross!

Priest 2: How can you claim to save others, when your own life’s all but spent?

Jesus: Look with love on them, Abba. I beg of you. Forgive. They know not what they do.

✝ Prayer

Jesus’ Death

Narrator 1: As Jesus hung upon the cross, the dark, like a thick and evil shroud, enveloped him and the crowd that waited. All seemed lost.

Crowd: What is this darkness? Why all this thunder?

Priest 1 and 2: Look! The Temple’s great veil is rent all asunder!

Narrator 2: The hours dragged on. Jesus’ body sagged and ebbed and whitened as death’s grip tightened, leaving him but a wound suspended from nails.

Jesus: Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani? My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?

Narrator 1: They rushed to give him drugged wine, but, as he had promised, he would not take it.

Jesus: All is now complete. Into your hands, Abba, I commend my spirit.

✝ Prayer

Jesus’ Burial

Narrator 1: Jesus died on a Friday. The Sabbath was fast approaching. Quick burial was essential.

Narrator 2: Outcast, homeless, born in a stable found by a man named Joseph, Jesus was buried the same way—outcast, homeless, in a grave borrowed from a man named Joseph.

Narrator 1: No worries for Joseph, though.

Narrator 1 and 2: Jesus would return what he had borrowed . . . in just a couple days.

✝ Prayer

🎵 Hymn