

Good Friday Written: April 14, 2000
Single Character Play - John, Chapters 18-19

Satan - Dressed in a tuxedo. Smoking a cigar (*unlit!*). Hair greased back. Dark sunglasses.

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great disappointment, and some alarm, that I introduce to you our uninvited guest. I present . . . Satan!

Satan: O come now, don't look so down in the mouth. I know you had pinned your hope on this Jesus. But face the facts -- he wasn't up to doing battle with me. He's dead. You hear that? He's dead.

I have to admit that it was a struggle. I thought I had him in the wilderness, but there wasn't anything I could do that would tempt Jesus away from God. I went after his hunger, I flattered him, I even used Scripture to back up what I said. But he hung tough.

I also thought I could get to him when he prayed in the Garden. He prayed to have the cup pass from him. Jesus didn't want to die. "He's mine," I thought, but then he pledged himself, not to his own want, but to the Father's will. Rats.

But the struggle with Jesus was worth it. He's dead. And I must say that I appreciate your help, for I could have never done it without *you!*

Judas, you buckled rather easy for some silver. Thanks for betraying your so-called Lord. But you overdid it a bit when you brought so many soldiers. Jesus wasn't the fighting kind, nor would he have run away. Even so, you double-crossed Jesus and got the job done.

And Peter, if I were one to render gratitude--which I am not--I would send some thanks your way. What a superb pawn of mine you turned out to be. You almost had *me* convinced that you were *not* one of his followers, that you didn't know him. You were a triple-play denier even when that rooster crowed his brains out smack-dab in the middle of your betrayal. Well done!

I thought perhaps Jesus would slip away when a choice was presented between him and Barabbas. But you members of the "Crucify him" mob certainly did your part. It was a brilliant move, emancipating a dangerous criminal. For some time I'd been trying to think of a way to get Barabbas out of prison and operating in the city again.

The result of all of your efforts I enjoyed immensely, for Jesus is dead. I followed along as Jesus carried his cross to Golgotha. Poor baby, he fell down a few times. I was there when the points of the nails penetrated his wrists and feet. I looked on as the beam was raised. I heard when he groaned and cried out it . . . it was music to my ears.

And then he breathed his last. I took no chances. Just to make sure he wouldn't gasp once more, I

had a soldier stick him in the side with his spear. Jesus didn't even quiver. Dead. Dead at last.

Even though everything didn't go quite as I planned, overall, I'm quite satisfied with the results. This certainly has been a *Good* Friday for me!

Darkness has won! I have snuffed out the Light of the World! The world is mine! *You* are mine!

Now with Jesus out of the way, my plans can be put into full swing. My operatives will shortly initiate the next phase.

But, ooohhh (yawning) . . . it can wait for a few days. I'm a little tired. Enfolding the Son of God in death took a lot out of me. If the Creator could rest after he fashioned the world, then I can take a little nap before I refashion the world in my own image.

So, I'll just take a little nap. I'll wait until the first day of the week.

And then, you will see power.

Then, you will see a new future for all humankind.

Then, a new sovereign will rise!

Ha! I can hardly wait!

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