Christ the King

Christ speaks from the back of church with lighting behind him. James and Kathryn will be at the lectern and pulpit at the font of church. The church will be darkened with small lights on the lectern and pulpit (in theory!!!) The reading should be very slow, with lots of pauses. There will be music in the background.

Christ: In the beginning
I was.

In the darkness
I stood by
As creation was formed,
moulded,
Grown in the hands of the Creator.
Nothing that was
and is
and shall be
Passes me by
Unnoticed.

James: How, O Lord, can we reach you -
Loftier than the stars?
How can we feel your presence?
How can you touch our lives
In your majesty and
Your greatness?

Christ: You are loved,
So deeply loved
By God the Father
Your Creator.
The Hand of Heaven
My Father
Sent me His only Son
Humbled
Naked
A refugee of this world
To live among you
To touch you
to hold you
to wipe away your tears.

I am not a King
Of distant majesty.
I was among you
And shared your pain.

Kathryn: But Christ our King
Where are you now?
It was so long ago that you walked our road.
So much time has passed -

Where are you now?

Christ: Watching
Waiting
Guiding.
I am in the sun that rises
The rain that falls
I am in the autumn glow
The winter snow.
I am in the waves that roar
The road never ending
The steep winding path.
My Spirit breathes
Life
where there is Barrenness;
and Hope
where there is Despair.

James: But Lord – how can you be
Majesty
Kathryn: And poverty?
James: Heavenly
Kathryn: And earthly?
James: Far away –
Kathryn: And yet so close by?

Christ: I am in all things
And all things are in me.
The far-flung stars are in my hands
And yet I see each hair on your head,
Each tear that you shed
With eagle's vision.

But I am no man's fool!

I see the way of you humans
And my heart is sad
Where selfishness
Greed and anger
Rule the ways
And make paths of hatred,
Tripping those who strive to find me.

Kathryn: But Lord – your way is too hard.
James: We cannot reach your perfection.
Tell us – how can we follow your path?
Be more worthy of your calling?

Christ: My Kingship comes as
Servant-hood
And those who follow me
Must serve others.
The lowest will be

First to rise;
Those who wear clothing patterned with
Sorrow and pain
Will exchange them for
Robes of Glory.

Yet I am the King of Love
And Love is my banner,
My language
And the uniform of my people;
And in my Eternal Love
Will you find
Rest
Peace
and Joy.

Christ slowly walks up the aisle.

Both: All hail to Christ the King!
All hail to the Servant King;
In Power
offering Gentleness,
In Strength
offering Kindness
All hail to Christ the King!
All hail to the Servant King;

All hail to Christ the King
Whose Name is Love.

James and Kathryn put golden robes on Christ.