
Holy Week | *together @ home*

A COLLABORATIVE PROJECT BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Oak Grove
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STORYLINE
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EASTER SUNRISE

“But if I’ve learned anything in this journey... it’s that Sunday morning sneaks up on us - like dawn, like resurrection, like the sun that rises a ribbon at a time. We expect a trumpet and a triumphant entry, but as always, God surprises us by showing up in ordinary things: in bread, in wine, in water, in words, in sickness, in healing, in death, in a manger of hay, in a mother’s womb, in an empty tomb. Church isn’t some community you join or some place you arrive. Church is what happens when someone taps you on the shoulder and whispers in your ear, *Pay attention, this is holy ground: God is here.*”

- Rachel Held Evans

Gather at dawn (with permission for liberal interpretation of “dawn”)

Sunrise on Easter morning in Milwaukie, OR will be at 6:29am

- *Gather yourselves together in your household either at “actual” sunrise or at a morning time.*
- *Light a candle or two and gather somewhere quiet where you can notice the morning light. (If you’re outside, be mindful that wind/PNW weather might be a factor and protect your candle/flame accordingly).*
- *Bring with you 1TBS olive oil in a small bowl (you may add 1 drop essential oil like frankincense or lavender as desired)*

Read together:

The first Easter was quiet. Like this. People that had been following Jesus were heavy with sadness and confusion. The first easter began when the women who were closest to Jesus gathered to go anoint his body to prepare it for burial. (The Jewish custom of the day was to entomb a body after death and wait until the soul had finally departed before returning the body to the earth.) They were ready to accompany Jesus’ body to its final resting place. To walk the way of death and grieving. And, in the quiet of that morning... they found something totally different!

Read together: Luke 24:1-5

But on the first day of the week, at early dawn, [the women] came to the tomb, taking the spices that they had prepared. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in, they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, “Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen.

Easter morning is the morning we are reminded that GOD IS ALIVE! In the story of Jesus, we are invited into a story where even in the midst of something hard and sad and confusing like COVID-19, we are invited to be reminded that WE are part of God’s living story. A story where death and sadness and disconnectedness DO NOT have the final say. A story where God turns our expectations upside down. “Why do you look for the living among the dead?”

An Alleluia Anointing

The oil and spices that the women had brought to the tomb will need to be repurposed! Turn to one another and, dipping a finger or thumb into the oil, make the sign of the cross on your/one another’s foreheads or the tops of your hands and say:
“YOU are a beloved of God, invited into a new kind of life! Alleluia!”

Claiming our Hope

You will need paper (of any kind, but feel invited to “splurge” and use your nicest paper!) cut into 3 inch squares or bookmark shapes. Or if you live in Milwaukie, cut into hearts, to offer your contribution to our community’s hidden hearts- symbols of solidarity even in the midst of our separation. (Search Hidden Hearts Milwaukie for more information)

And you will need colors... either markers, crayons, watercolors, paints etc. Feel free to get as detailed or as simple as you like! You will also need yarn, ribbon or string.



After breakfast, or around the breakfast table, over coffee, or still in that quiet space in the morning light, take time to consider what words of hope you are feeling called to claim this morning. While the first Easter was quiet, it was also *defiant*. The story of Jesus showing up in the midst of a city whose officials all thought they had silenced his message is definitely not only surprising, but rebellious!

In the midst of our own time of stress, sadness and disconnection.... Hope can and *should* feel defiant and TODAY is the day to claim that hope! SOOOO.... Think of 6, 8, 10 words of hope/light/resurrection for yourself, your household or family. Maybe "hope" is one of them! Maybe "family" or "connectedness" or "parties"... you pick!

Draw/write/decorate them onto your paper slips. Then, string up each piece of paper individually with the ribbon/yarn/thread as if it were a Christmas ornament. Finally, find somewhere in your yard, on your deck or porch... *outside* where there is light and earth and weather... to hang your words of hope and resurrection. They might be subject to the wind and the sun and the rain, but that is part of the promise! The words still get to bring us hope, even in the midst of the world changing and weathering around us.