

(ring ring)

Hello, Central Casting. How may I help you?

Well, Mr. Cameron, how are you? Good good. Working on a new movie?

Wonderful. What's it about this time? Green people?

Pirates! I see. What's the plot?

You're still working on it. Okay. You're the genius Oscar winner, not me.

How can we help with this project? Looking for extras. Okay. What do you need?

Pirates. Well, duh. Let's see.

You want them complete with eye patch and hat with skull and crossbones? Okay.

You want a hook hand, too. Alright. Just a sec and I'll see what I can come up with.

Oh wonderful. We have just what you're looking for. (Pulls out pirate puppet.)

How many do you need? Twenty. Wonderful. We'll have them on set for you tomorrow. Thank you and thank you for calling Central Casting. Good bye.

(ring ring)

Hello, Central Casting. How may I help you?

Mr. Spielberg, how nice to hear from you. You're making a disaster movie? You need firemen? Don't you mean firefighters? It's more PC, you know.

You don't care about gender. Great. You just want them in heavy coats and a fire hat. We can do that, sir. A dozen? One moment please. (pulls out puppet)

Ok, no problem. That's twelve assorted firefighters in coats and hats. When do you need them. Two weeks. Okay, they'll be there.

As always, thank you for calling Central Casting. Shalom!

(ring ring)

Wow...things are busy today.

Good morning, Central Casting. How may I help you?

Ms. Bigelow, how are you doing today? Wonderful, wonderful. You need doctors for a new movie. What happened, did too many people get HURT in your

LOCKER? HAHAHAHA....okay, not funny. I'll keep my day job. White coats? Just scrubs. Okay. And...just female. Let's see. (pulls out puppet)

I think I'm going to like this movie. How many? Ten. Got it. Ten female doctors in scrubs.

By the way, your ex is making a pirate movie. Thought you might like a heads up.

Buh Bye!

(ring ring)

Hello. Central Casting. How may I help you?

You're looking for a king? Well, I'm sure we can take care of that Mr.....?

Thunder. John Thunder. I don't believe I've met you. Are you new to the movie making business? Well, welcome! And, you work with your brother James! How wonderful. Just like those Coen boys.

Well, we have all sorts of kings around here. Everything from Scottish lairds to English monarchs; Japanese emperors to Native chiefs. Tell me more about what you're looking for.

Middle eastern. Like a sheikh or an emir or a crown prince? Not really. Well, I need to know what type of royalty to be able to find the correct costume. Just some homespun fabric. A tunic and sandals.

You're kidding. You're not kidding.

Well, okay, but what about headwear? We have keffiyeh and agal...you know, the Lawrence of Arabia look. No? Well, there are other traditional options. How about turbans? We have those in all colors. No.

Okay, how about the golden, jewel-encrusted kinds. They usually look great in technicolor.

THORNS? You must be kidding me. What kind of king wears a crown of thorns?

You must be some sort of nut. Thanks for calling and have a nice day.

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What kind of king wears a crown of thorns?

What kind of king wears homespun instead of purple cloth?

What kind of king has as his purpose to testify to the truth?

No earthly king, that's who.

Jesus didn't fit the kingly image of Central Casting. Not. One. Bit.

No ego-infested power trip. No golden crown. Only the truth.

Jesus has been proclaiming the truth that God's kingdom is present on earth, if only in part. God is and wants deeply to be in relationship with God's people.

Those of us who take this truth seriously reflect it in our relationships with each other and with ourselves.

We don't need to put on a costume and become something that we are not. God knows the truth.

God knows the truth and loves us. God loves us so much that over two thousand years ago, God decided to come and camp out with us for a season. God's kingdom will have no end.

Jesus shall reign wherever the sun doth its appointed journeys run. His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore, 'til moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where e'er he reigns. Prisoners leap to lose their chains. The weary find eternal rest and all those who suffer want are blessed.

Let every creature rise and sing peculiar honors to our king. Angels descend with songs again, and earth repeat the loud: Amen.