

A meditation for Good Friday

by David Owen

As we take part in this Meditation you might like to place a cross in front of you to act as a focus for your thoughts and prayers.

Grace, mercy and peace be with us all.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the Cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord. Amen.

Psalm 22: 1-11

- ¹ My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the
words of my groaning?**
- ² O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.**
- ³ Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel.**
- ⁴ In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.**
- ⁵ To you they cried, and were saved;
in you they trusted, and were not put to shame.**
- ⁶ But I am a worm, and not human;
scorned by others, and despised by the people.**
- ⁷ All who see me mock at me;
they make mouths at me, they shake their heads;**
- ⁸ "Commit your cause to the LORD; let him deliver—
let him rescue the one in whom he delights!"**



⁹let it was you who took me from the womb;
you kept me safe on my mother's breast.
¹⁰On you I was cast from my birth, and since my
mother bore me you have been my God.
¹¹Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and
there is no one to help.

Hymn

**There is a green hill far away
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.**

**We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.**

**He died that we might be forgiv'n,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heav'n
Saved by his precious blood.**

**There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n and let us in.**

**O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.**



We adore you, O Christ and we bless you

**Because by your holy cross,
you have redeemed the world**

Near the cross of Jesus stood his mother and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary of Magdala. Seeing his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing near her, Jesus said to his mother, 'Woman, this is your son.' Then to the disciple he said, 'This is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his home.

(John 19: 25 - 27)

Silence

Prayer

Let us pray.

Gracious Lord,

in your cross and passion you make one new family out of all the peoples of the earth: with Mary your mother and all faithful Israel,

with John your brother and ours, and all the disciples, lead us to love one another, and glorify your name, now and for ever.

Amen.



**Lord Jesus, we thank you for all the benefits you
have won for us, for all the pains and insults you
have borne for us. Most merciful Redeemer,
friend and brother, may we know you more
clearly, love you more dearly, and follow you
more nearly, day by day. Amen.**

Hymn

**Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.**

***This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.***

**Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Every bitter thought,
Every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.**

**Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.**



**Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.**

**Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.**

**This, the power of the cross:
Son of God, slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.**

**After this, when Jesus knew that all was now
finished, he said (in order to fulfil the scripture), "I
am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing
there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a
branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth.**

(John 19: 28 - 29)

Silence



Prayer

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus, mighty word that spoke over the waters of creation, source and giver of the water of life: in the poverty of nakedness and death you give up all your riches that through your poverty we might become rich: By your thirsting on the cross may we receive the living water, and learn to be thirsty no more.

Amen.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.

Body of Christ, save me.

Blood of Christ, refresh me.

Water from the side of Christ, wash me.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

O Jesus, hear me.

Within your wounds hide me.

Let me never be separated from you.

From the power of darkness defend me and bid me come to you, that with all the saints I may praise you for ever and ever.

Amen.



Hymn

**Meekness and Majesty
Manhood and deity,
In perfect harmony,
The man who is God.
Lord of eternity
Dwells in humanity,
Kneels in humility
And washes our feet.**

***Oh what a mystery,
Meekness and majesty,
Bow down and worship
For this is your God,
This is your God.***

**Father's pure radiance,
Perfect in innocence,
Yet learns obedience
To death on a cross.
Suffering to give us life,
Conquering through sacrifice;
And as they crucify
Prays Father forgive.**

**Wisdom unsearchable,
God the invisible;
Love indestructible
In frailty appears.
Lord of infinity
Stooping so tenderly
Lifts our humanity
To the heights of His throne**



When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

(John 19: 30)

Silence

Prayer

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, who on the cross accomplished the work of creation, and from the tomb brought the dead out into the sunlit lands of new creation, give your mercy and grace to the living, rest to the departed, to us sinners eternal life, and to all the world the hope and liberty of the children of God.

Amen.

**Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.**





Hymn

**When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.**


**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.**

**See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.**

Reflection

During this Holy Week we have realised how lonely it can be when we are unable to visit, or be visited by, friends, family or neighbours. For some, loneliness is what they experience throughout the year. And of course one can be lonely in a crowd. Whilst we think of that, I wonder, as we read or listen to the three short passages from John's gospel, what were the emotions and feelings



experienced by Jesus. He, like the psalmist cried out in his loneliness... “My God, my God why have you forsaken me?”

In the first reading we hear him speaking to his mother and to his disciple about caring for each other, for the creation of the bond of family. Christ on the Cross gives us that injunction to be family. To care one for another.

The second reading highlights the humanity of Jesus. We struggle (I know I do) to fully comprehend the anguish that he is experiencing on the Cross. He thirsts. Only once have I felt really parched and it's not a pleasant feeling at all! But for Christ it is also something that he is unable to address. On occasions I have been with someone who is dying. Whose lips are so dry that a little water on a cotton bud is all they require to moisten them. A couple of weeks ago the Sunday reading was about Jesus meeting the Samaritan woman at the well and how he offered her life giving water so that she would never thirst again. Here he takes on our thirst.

The third short reading includes a cry from Jesus: A cry of what; a cry of pain or a cry of triumph? I suppose it depends on how you will respond to Easter itself. For some it is one of pain, yes and that is understandable, but to those who, like Archbishop Desmond Tutu once said, know the end of the story, then it is a cry of Triumph from Jesus. **It...., all that he came for; is...., now and forever; finished...., completed in his death on the Cross.**



We adore you, O Christ and we bless you,

**Because by your holy cross,
you have redeemed the world.**

Hymn

**Here is love vast as the ocean,
Loving kindness as the flood,
When the Prince of life, our ransom,
Shed for us his precious blood.
Who his love will not remember,
Who can cease to sing his praise?
He can never be forgotten
Throughout heav'n's eternal days.**

**On the mount of crucifixion
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers
Poured incessant from above;
And heaven's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.**

We adore you, O Christ and we bless you,

**Because by your holy cross,
you have redeemed the world.**



