

Good Friday Reflection Part 1

Let me tell you a story about love,

Unconditional, unstoppable, unimaginable love,
Which spilled out from the heavens above

And so the world came to be,
The earth, the sky, the sea.

So great the love of God that we,
You and me,
And the animals, plants and trees
Happened.

We walked in the garden with a Father who adored us
Who implored
Don't stray, stay, my beloved ones.

But we left.
Left God bereft.

Let me tell you a story about love,

Unconditional, unrequited love
poured down from heaven above

onto us, you and me,
humankind through the centuries.

God looked on the world created for good

Which turned away,
looked a different way,

Greed instead of goodness,
kindness starved by bloodlust,

Self-satisfaction before walking with our creator,
Thinking we were greater
Thinking we'd be better on our own.

A wedge was driven between us,
Love riven apart by sin.

Let me tell you a story about love
Love so great, so strong,
Looking past our wrong
and wanting to make it right,

So God sent us light,
Heaven's greatest delight

The Father sent the Son
To a world in darkness

Knew Jesus was the one,
To break down the barriers,
Pay the price and carry us
back to God.

And what a price to pay,
As we look back upon the day
When the Son of heaven
Flogged and beaten
Was sent to die.

The voices echoed loud as the shouts from the crowd
Which once had cried "Hosanna, Lord save!"
Now condemned to the grave
The one on whom all sins were laid.

It was them, then, yes,
but now you, too
and me,
Who instead of saying
'it's mine, the fault'
shout Crucify, Crucify, Crucify!

There can be none innocent of Jesus' blood,

none who can shake the conviction
as he heads to crucifixion,

head bowed,
body bent,
bloodied head,
mocked and flogged,

spat upon and beaten for the thrill of the crowd,
for those voices

our voices
which sang loud
now baying for the violence
which might break the Saviour's silence
as he heads to his end
not wishing to defend
himself

but offer, once for all
something that might mend
that love we threw away.

Let me tell you a story about love,

Love we cannot hope to know,
Love which loved me
Though I pinned Christ to the tree.
Love which spent it's life for us,
Which sent the precious Jesus
To take frail flesh,
And die.

Good Friday Reflection Part 2

Let me tell you a story about love
Broken.

Love which watches them pick tokens
For the scraps of clothing which Christ wore
Naked now and nailed to the tree which he bore
Up the hill.

The tree which grew
as only it's creator knew
Now holds his hands and feet
and waits for heart's last beat.

Friends walk away,
strangers go about their day,

Entertained, perhaps, at first
Disinterested now as their thirst
for agony is sated.

On each side of him,
A rebel hangs in cruciform,
One spitting insults, 'save me, save you,
Stop this punishment I'm due'.

The other sees the God in Christ,
And begs 'remember me in paradise'
As Jesus answers tenderly,
'As we hang here together so you'll be there with me.'

Let me tell you a story about love,
And it's a story nearly done,
The love of heaven for the Son,
the one,
Now hoisted up in agony
As God's heart breaks
And the earth shakes.

The sky turns black
The light of the creator
Gone
There's no will to make the sun carry on
shining.

The Saviour breathes his last.

The curtain in the temple tears,
The whole earth moves in anguished cry
At the crucified Christ lifted high

And the heart of God is broken,
Grieves with heavy heart
All that was inevitable from the start.

The ground is shaking
The stones are making
Their voices heard as humanity falls silent.

Why should the world stay still?
Why should it not be moved?
Why should the sun shine and birds sing?
We have murdered heaven's King.

What 'good' this Good Friday?
What 'good' this loving story,
If we do not seek to look upon the cross
And feel the sense of loss
That we have caused.

What 'good' this Good Friday?
What 'good' this loving story,
If we forget the love we're shown,
The way in which we each are known
And loved and forgiven in Jesus' death.

What 'good' this Good Friday?
What 'good' this loving story,
If we can't see this love of His
For every child that was or is?
Every child of God,
Every child and woman and man:
all are saved by this great plan.
What good if we cannot show this love to others too?

Why should we stay still?
Why should we not be moved?
How could the sun shine and birds sing?
We have murdered heaven's King.

Yet He has the grace to love us still.

This the 'good' of Good Friday,
That you and I and we may
Know that despite it all
Our initial fall
And all that followed:

We are loved
To the point of death,
And in Christ's final breath
We know that the price of our wrong is paid
We are no longer slaves
To sin
But free.

Free to love, for we first were loved.
Free to love our God above
Free to love one another too and share
The Saviour's tender care
With those we meet.

Why should we stay still?
Why should we not be moved?
How could the sun shine and birds sing?
We have murdered heaven's King.

(But heaven has a greater plan
For the perfect Jesus 'God-man'
It may be Friday, but Sunday is on the way,
And after the loss of today,
Let's look with anticipation at all this love story has in store.)