

Good Friday Love

He loves us then,
He loves us now,
Even to his own death.
His arms always open to enfold and embrace us.
A shepherd gathering his lambs,
A parent hugging children,
Friends greeting each other,
Someone holding a stranger while they weep.

It is fitting,
Ironic even,
That at this moment,
When enemies refused his love,
That they should nail him to the tree
With his arms spread out;
That they should nail him to our hearts
With his arms forever open
To embrace us with his love.

(Prayer for Passiontide starts on the next page)

Prayer for Passiontide

Lord Creator

How vast is your imagination?

How did you come up with all of this?

A vast ball spinning in space;

All its forces working together to sustain us.

The soil, the air, the mountains, the sea,

Fire and water

Fish, animals, plants

Every tiny part created by you.

And how do we show our love and thanks?

We tend the plants,

We trim the hedgerows, and plant the seeds.

We layout lawns and dig the beds.

Our attempt at Eden, as we harness nature,

But we prepared that tree with special care,

Shaped it, secured it, labelled it,

To hold the tortured body of Jesus.

We let our imaginations run, to create machines;

Aeroplanes that fly up into the skies.

Proud of our cleverness,

Forgetting whose majesty gave us these skills.

Yet the clouds through which they fly are truly beautiful,

Magnificent billows that water our lands:

cool the summer, warm the winter, sustain our life.

Is it any wonder that we look up to the sky

expecting heaven to be up there.

But, on that day, we lifted up Jesus,

Held him high

So that we could look up and mock.

And from the very heart of this planet,

Comes the hard rocks,

Won through sweat and grind,

Converted by heat, massive chemistry

Into sharp metal, fashioned by skills entrusted to us by God.

We could make wondrous things to offer you in service.

We could make beautiful things to offer you in worship.

But, on that day, we created nails,

And we gave them to you.