

A Good Friday Prayer
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Lord God, our Father;
Lord God, our Saviour,
Here we are with Jesus at the end of 33 years of living amongst us,
Of three years of healing,
Of three years of demonstrating and teaching Your Kingdom.

It all *began* with You wrapped in the swaddling cloths of birth,
the cloth of life and of hope.
It *seemingly* all *ended* once again wrapped in cloth, but now the
cloth of death.
It all *began* in an animal manger, fit only for the lowest of the low;
It all *seemingly* *ended* in a cave of death.

And there we leave You, our Saviour.
An *apparent* end to years of teaching the Kingdom.
In the hands of a good and upright man, who had been *waiting*
For that Kingdom
But now was left perplexed and shattered with a dead Jesus
on his hands.

And there, in that tomb, we leave You
With a group of faithful women who had traveled Your long
journey with You.
Apparently only to be rewarded with that onerous task of putting
Him away—for good.

Lord, we remember the words of the ancient prophet:
You were pierced for *our* transgressions, for *mine*;
You were crushed for *our* iniquity, for *mine*.
And You were buried for *our* sins and evil, for *mine*.

There, in that tomb, we leave You.
Yes, we have a more joyful hindsight than did Joseph;
Yes, we have a more hopeful scene of what's ahead than the women.
But for now, as we go home, we leave You there...
In the darkness of that tomb.