

Psalm 22

Deus, Deus meus

- 1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry
and from the words of my distress?
- 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; *
by night as well, but I find no rest.
- 3 Yet you are the Holy One, *
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
- 4 Our forefathers put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.
- 5 They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.
- 6 But as for me, I am a worm and no man, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.
- 7 All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,
- 8 "He trusted in the LORD; let him deliver him; *
let him rescue him, if he delights in him."
- 9 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, *
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.
- 10 I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother's womb.
- 11 Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.
- 12 Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
- 13 They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.
- 14 I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
- 15 My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
- 16 Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
- 17 They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
- 18 Be not far away, O LORD; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
- 19 Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.

- 20 Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
- 21 I will declare your Name to my brethren; *
in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.
- 22 Praise the LORD, you that fear him; *
stand in awe of him, O offspring of Israel;
all you of Jacob's line, give glory.
- 23 For he does not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty;
neither does he hide his face from them; *
but when they cry to him he hears them.
- 24 My praise is of him in the great assembly; *
I will perform my vows in the presence of those who worship him.
- 25 The poor shall eat and be satisfied,
and those who seek the LORD shall praise him: *
"May your heart live for ever!"
- 26 All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the LORD, *
and all the families of the nations shall bow before him.
- 27 For kingship belongs to the LORD; *
he rules over the nations.
- 28 To him alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in worship; *
all who go down to the dust fall before him.
- 29 My soul shall live for him;
my descendants shall serve him; *
they shall be known as the LORD's for ever.
- 30 They shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *
the saving deeds that he has done.

John 18:1-19:42

Jesus went out with his disciples across the Kidron valley to a place where there was a garden, which he and his disciples entered. Now Judas, who betrayed him, also knew the place, because Jesus often met there with his disciples. So Judas brought a detachment of soldiers together with police from the chief priests and the Pharisees, and they came there with lanterns and torches and weapons. Then Jesus, knowing all that was to happen to him, came forward and asked them, "Whom are you looking for?" They answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus replied, "I am he." Judas, who betrayed him, was standing with them.

When Jesus said to them, "I am he," they stepped back and fell to the ground. Again he asked them, "Whom are you looking for?" And they said, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus answered, "I told you that I am he. So if you are looking for me, let these men go." This was to fulfill the word that he had spoken, "I did not lose a single one of those whom you gave me." Then Simon Peter, who had a sword, drew it, struck the high priest's slave, and cut off his right ear. The slave's name was Malchus. Jesus said to Peter, "Put your sword back into its sheath. Am I not to drink the cup that the Father has given me?"

So the soldiers, their officer, and the Jewish police arrested Jesus and bound him. First, they took him to Annas, who was the father-in-law of Caiaphas, the high priest that year. Caiaphas was the one who had advised the Jews that it was better to have one person die for the people.

Simon Peter and another disciple followed Jesus. Since that disciple was known to the high priest, he went with Jesus into the courtyard of the high priest, but Peter was standing outside at the gate. So the other disciple, who was known to the high priest, went out, spoke to the woman who guarded the gate, and brought Peter in. The woman said to Peter, "You are not also one of this man's disciples, are you?" He said, "I am not." Now the slaves and the police had made a charcoal fire because it was cold, and they were standing around it and warming themselves. Peter also was standing with them and warming himself.

Then the high priest questioned Jesus about his disciples and about his teaching. Jesus answered, "I have spoken openly to the world; I have always taught in synagogues and in the temple, where all the Jews come together. I have said nothing in secret. Why do you ask me? Ask those who heard what I said to them; they know what I said." When he had said this, one of the police standing nearby struck Jesus on the face, saying, "Is that how you answer the high priest?" Jesus answered, "If I have spoken wrongly, testify to the wrong. But if I have spoken rightly, why do you strike me?" Then Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas the high priest.

Now Simon Peter was standing and warming himself. They asked him, "You are not also one of his disciples, are you?" He denied it and said, "I am not." One of the slaves of the high priest, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off, asked, "Did I not see you in the garden with him?" Again Peter denied it, and at that moment the cock crowed.

Then they took Jesus from Caiaphas to Pilate's headquarters. It was early in the morning. They themselves did not enter the headquarters, so as to avoid ritual defilement and to be able to eat the Passover. So Pilate went out to them and said, "What accusation do you bring against this man?" They answered, "If this man were not a criminal, we would not have handed him over to you." Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and judge him according to your law." The Jews replied, "We are not permitted to put anyone to death." (This was to fulfill what Jesus had said when he indicated the kind of death he was to die.)

Then Pilate entered the headquarters again, summoned Jesus, and asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?" Jesus answered, "Do you ask this on your own, or did others tell you about me?" Pilate replied, "I am not a Jew, am I? Your own nation and the chief priests have handed you over to me. What have you done?" Jesus answered, "My kingdom is not from this world. If my kingdom were from this world, my followers would be fighting to keep me from being handed over to the Jews. But as it is, my kingdom is not from here." Pilate asked him, "So you are a king?" Jesus answered, "You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice." Pilate asked him, "What is truth?"

After he had said this, he went out to the Jews again and told them, "I find no case against him. But you have a custom that I release someone for you at the Passover. Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?" They shouted in reply, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Now Barabbas was a bandit.

Then Pilate took Jesus and had him flogged. And the soldiers wove a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they dressed him in a purple robe. They kept coming up to him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and striking him on the face. Pilate went out again and said to them, "Look, I am bringing him out to you to let you know that I find no case against him." So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said to them, "Here is the man!" When the chief priests and the police saw him, they shouted, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and crucify him; I find no case against him." The Jews answered him, "We have a law, and according to that law he ought to die because he has claimed to be the Son of God."

Now when Pilate heard this, he was more afraid than ever. He entered his headquarters again and asked Jesus, "Where are you from?" But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate therefore said to him, "Do you refuse to speak to me? Do you not know that I have power to release you, and power to crucify you?" Jesus answered him, "You would have no power over me unless it had been given you from above; therefore the one who handed me over to you is guilty of a greater sin." From then on Pilate tried to release him, but the Jews cried out, "If you release this man, you are no friend of the emperor. Everyone who claims to be a king sets himself against the emperor."

When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge's bench at a place called The Stone Pavement, or in Hebrew Gabbatha. Now it was the day of Preparation for the Passover; and it was about noon. He said to the Jews, "Here is your King!" They cried out, "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!" Pilate asked them, "Shall I crucify your King?" The chief priests answered, "We have no king but the emperor." Then he handed him over to them to be crucified.

So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek.

Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written." When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the scripture says,

*"They divided my clothes among themselves,
and for my clothing they cast lots."*

And that is what the soldiers did.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman,

here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill 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. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Since it was the day of Preparation, the Jews did not want the bodies left on the cross during the sabbath, especially because that sabbath was a day of great solemnity. So they asked Pilate to have the legs of the crucified men broken and the bodies removed. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who had been crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once blood and water came out. (He who saw this has testified so that you also may believe. His testimony is true, and he knows that he tells the truth.) These things occurred so that the scripture might be fulfilled, "None of his bones shall be broken." And again another passage of scripture says, "They will look on the one whom they have pierced."

After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden, there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

(In the name of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.)

Today we arrive at the cross, after what feels like the longest and most intense season of Lent. The cross. It's an image that's present in almost every single Christian church and Christian assembly. It permeates churches like a kind of visual incense. It's set on the tallest spires. It hangs above altars and it proceeds around sanctuaries. It's not limited to churches either. We hang crosses around our necks to identify ourselves as Christians.

Crosses lined the roadways of the Holy Land, as silent witnesses to the inhumanity of human beings. Convicts were executed by crucifixion in the Roman Empire as a matter of course. It's a complex image, this one at the very center of our religious life.

Crosses invite our attention, activating a kind of communal Christian memory. Good Friday invites us to the foot of the cross and the trauma of a space that both repulses and attracts. The theologian Wendy Farley describes Holy Week as a series of events that pulls all of life and history into its consuming frame and fire. All of this is represented in the cross.

Protestants generally prefer crosses that don't depict the crucified body of Christ in his agony. They're the clean, bright, brassy ones, often surrounded by a circle. This is the cross triumphant. Christ is Risen! But it isn't the cross of this day. Today is a day when we pause in the traumatic middle space of the Christian story. Christ hangs dying from the cross, darkness covers the land, and the curtain of the temple is ripped in two.

I don't blame the disciples for running away, leaving the women, the beloved disciple, thieves, and some jeering soldiers to be with Jesus as he dies. The cross can be frightening. Jesus, before his death, asked his disciples to stay awake with him a while, while he prayed. But who really wants to stay in this moment and the brokenness of the world? We prefer the cross of Easter; the triumphant cross. Our lives and our culture seem to revolve around a facade of success, and life lived in constant progress and triumph. Any mistakes, problems, or failures are simply part of the inexorable march forward into improvement. The glory of Palm Sunday leads into the Glory of Easter. A patient observance of each day of Holy Week reminds us not to compress Palm Sunday

and Easter. Parade and celebration do not lead directly to victory without this middle part; the part we'd like to ignore. The part that frankly so many of us skip over in our observance of the most holy days of the Christian year.

The story we tell today shows us that behind the triumphant cross, and always breaking into our vision of it, is our memory of Good Friday and this cross, lifting up a human being in all his suffering. My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?

So why do we call today Good? What's good about this day, we wonder. But today also the cross does vital work, as does Jesus. Not just in that moment when we are completely redeemed, but in Christ's outstretched arms. One of our prayers for mission from the BCP Morning Prayer Rite II reminds us of this every time we pray these words, "Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that everyone might come within the reach of your saving embrace." You've seen this gesture. It's this thrown-wide welcome you get when one person runs towards another to be embraced. You've seen it at the airport, at the arrivals gate, when someone joyously welcomes another person. This! This image, too, breaks into the image of Christ on the cross. In his dying, Christ simultaneously opens his arms to us in welcome. This isn't only a welcome for people new to the knowledge and love of God. It's also a welcome for all of us who know Christ well. It's an invitation.

It's an invitation to bring to Christ every single part of our selves. It encompasses in wholeness all of what we are. We have successes and good times, but we also have times where our suffering, pain, and agony is reflected in the image of Christ on the cross. Jesus lived a fully human life, and he embraces us in every aspect our humanity. On Good Friday, we're welcomed to bring all that that means to the cross. Not just our successes, joys, and triumphs. Christ welcomes us to bring him our grief, our pain, our sorrow, and all the things we wish would die in ourselves. On Good Friday, he takes everything that we have to give him into his arms, and down into the grave.

Today is the day we remember that embrace. Linger and stay with Christ. Don't skip over this time in a headlong rush to Easter morning and the empty tomb. Abide today at the foot of this cross, not anticipating its victory, but honoring the sacredness and the work of Good Friday.

The people who celebrate Palm Sunday and then head straight into Easter miss the chance to understand the gift and goodness of this Friday. Jesus Christ died a fully human death for us. This was his final human act. It was an act of love for us. Jesus' cross, a place of suffering and death, is also the place where we can see our own suffering. It is a place of pain and sorrow, but it is simultaneously a loving embrace. This is the love that God has for us. Divine love. Expansive love. All-encompassing love, filled with grace which we can do nothing to deserve.

Remain in this space for a while. Watch and wait. Contemplate the difficulties and griefs that you carry in your lives, in yourselves, and in the world. Place them into the outstretched arms of our saviour. Don't turn away or rush through. This day, too, is a gift. It is good. All shall be well.

Amen.