

Via Dolorosa

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pU83z4dzLdA>

English Lyrics: <http://www.songlyrics.com/sandi-patty/via-dolorosa-lyrics/>

Part 1

The wood felt rough but familiar as the carpenter, struggled through the streets bearing a heavy load of wood and an even heavier load of sorrow. He had spent much of his childhood, helping his dad carry around wood and learning to build things, and here he was, back carrying wood around. Something about the smell of it felt comforting, like his fathers presence. But the searing pain made it hard to concentrate on anything but trying to get up that hill. The wounds on his back made the heavy cross and it's splinters so much more painful to carry. He stumbled and fell and the cross fell on top of him. The soldiers roughly grabbed the cross and pulled him up, his feet covered in blood and sweat struggling to keep his footing, and the cross was put on his back again. A tear fell as he took a breath and started down the road again. He was surrounded by a crowd of people, but had never felt more alone and abandoned. He had carried so much love for these people, he had healed them and tried to give them a greater glimpse of the God who loved them, and now, all he could see was fear and scorn and anger in their eyes. And even in that moment, he couldn't stop loving them. Even if they didn't love him back. Every now and then, he'd see a face with tears, and remember the time he had spent with them, but they'd get lost in the sea of anger around him, and he'd be alone again. And then for just a moment, he met the eyes of his mother in the crowd.

Mary was unsuccessfully trying to hold back tears, as she was swept up in the angry crowd. She wanted to scream or cry out, push them aside, throw the cross off his back and cradle her beloved son in her arms. To make the pain go away, and be able to look into his eyes again and tell him that she loved him. To reach up and straighten his wind tousled hair, not because it bothered her, but to show him some small affection, to comfort him. But she stood frozen to the spot, watching in horror as the precious boy that God had given her was dragged towards an unspeakably painful death. He stumbled again, and kept trying to get up and falling as his strength failed and the tears flowed again. A woman reaches out to brush away the blood soaked hair in front of his eyes so he can see better. A little girl looks at him in wonder and confusion with big eyes from behind her father's robe, he remembered her. He had to keep going, but was struggling. The soldiers grabbed an onlooker to carry the cross, and one of them lifted Jesus to his feet.

Marjorie Searcy - O Sacred Head Now Wounded -

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dxw1RVQ2MO0>

Lyrics: https://hymnary.org/text/o_sacred_head_now_wounded

Isaiah 52:13-53:12 The Suffering and Glory of the Servant

13

See, my servant will act wisely[a]; he will be raised and lifted up and highly exalted.

Just as there were many who were appalled at him[b]—

his appearance was so disfigured beyond that of any human being

and his form marred beyond human likeness—

15

so he will sprinkle many nations,[c]

and kings will shut their mouths because of him.

For what they were not told, they will see,

and what they have not heard, they will understand.

53

Who has believed our message

and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?

2

He grew up before him like a tender shoot,

and like a root out of dry ground.

He had no beauty or majesty to attract us to him,

nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.

3

He was despised and rejected by mankind,

a man of suffering, and familiar with pain.

Like one from whom people hide their faces

he was despised, and we held him in low esteem.

4

Surely he took up our pain

and bore our suffering,

yet we considered him punished by God,

stricken by him, and afflicted.

5

But he was pierced for our transgressions,

he was crushed for our iniquities;

the punishment that brought us peace was on him,

and by his wounds we are healed.

6

We all, like sheep, have gone astray,

each of us has turned to our own way;

and the Lord has laid on him

the iniquity of us all.

7

He was oppressed and afflicted,

yet he did not open his mouth;

he was led like a lamb to the slaughter,

and as a sheep before its shearers is silent,

so he did not open his mouth.

8

By oppression[d] and judgment he was taken away.

Yet who of his generation protested?

For he was cut off from the land of the living;

for the transgression of my people he was punished.[e]

9

He was assigned a grave with the wicked,

and with the rich in his death,

though he had done no violence,

nor was any deceit in his mouth.

10

Yet it was the Lord's will to crush him and cause him to suffer,

and though the Lord makes[f] his life an offering for sin,

he will see his offspring and prolong his days,

and the will of the Lord will prosper in his hand.

11

After he has suffered,

he will see the light of life[g] and be satisfied[h];

by his knowledge[i] my righteous servant will justify many,

and he will bear their iniquities.

12

Therefore I will give him a portion among the great,[j]

and he will divide the spoils with the strong,[k]

because he poured out his life unto death,

and was numbered with the transgressors.

For he bore the sin of many,

and made intercession for the transgressors.

-Prayer-

Graham Kendrick -Crucified Man -

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1k0ak1xn5uM>

Lyrics: https://hymnary.org/text/o_sacred_head_now_wounded

Part 2

Mary had to look away. It was too much. She cried again as she heard nails pounding into wood, and her precious child crying out in pain. She dared to look back as they raised the cross into the air. Her knees buckled beneath her.

For most of the soldiers, this was not an unusual day. There was some curiosity about this prisoner, he wasn't like the others. Even now the men on either side of him were cursing the pain and crying out to be released from the pain. He hung there, chest heaving, resigned. It was hard to look away. But they had a job to do. They offered him some wine and gall, a small gesture of humanity to someone in so much pain, just to numb it, but he refused. It was a rowdy crowd for this one, shouting insults and mocking him, even the chief priests and the teachers of the law joined in, laughing at him. They kept an eye on the crowd and turned their attention to the spoils. One of the few perks of the job, if there was anything worth keeping, they got to divide amongst themselves, and in this case, it was well made, woven in a single piece so there were no seams, so they cast lots to see who the lucky recipient would be. One of the younger soldiers stood a little back. It was still a little confronting for him, but he didn't want to let on for fear they'd give him a hard time. He'd been the one to nail the sign above his head "This is Jesus, the king of the Jews". In retrospect, he wished he'd been able to nail that on first, so this poor man didn't have to feel the jarring of the hammer once again. He kept a wary eye on the crowd, but couldn't help looking back up at this prisoner. He couldn't really say why, it's not like the guy was going to climb down from the cross as those who were mocking him suggested. There was just something about this man that made you not want to look away. He kind of wished he'd had a chance to know him before all this. It just felt wrong that he was being mocked like this. Dying a humiliating death is hard enough. From behind him on the cross came a whimper. "Father forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing". The young soldier stared up open mouthed. He didn't know how many had heard, but what kind of man cares about his torturers

and is ready to forgive them in the midst of all the pain even when they haven't asked??

Jesus was aware of what was happening around him. He was grateful for some of the familiar faces he could make out, but seeing the pain on their faces, and watching his mother struggling to stand in her grief. He lifted his head so he could see John more clearly, and nodded to his mother, asking with the little breath he had for John to care for her. John dearly loved Jesus, this was the least he could do, vowing to care for Mary as his own mother. He gently put an arm around Mary, comforting her as best he could, though the comfort seemed so small.

The sky grew dark and a strained voice came from the cross, broken, overwhelmed, abandoned.

Psalm 22	Psalm 31
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish? My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer, by night, but I find no rest.	Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?
	2 Turn your ear to me, come quickly to my rescue; be my rock of refuge, a strong fortress to save me.

3-7

Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One; you are the one Israel praises. In you our ancestors put their trust; they trusted and you delivered them. To you they cried out and were saved; in you they trusted and were not put to shame. But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by everyone, despised by the people.

All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads.

12-13

I am forgotten as though I were dead; I have become like broken pottery. For I hear many whispering, "Terror on every side!"

They conspire against me
and plot to take my life.

8-11

"He trusts in the Lord," they say, "let the Lord rescue him. Let him deliver him, since he delights in him."

Yet you brought me out of the womb; you made me trust in you, even at my mother's breast. From birth I was cast on you; from my mother's womb you have been my God. Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help.

	<p>15 -16</p> <p>My times are in your hands; deliver me from the hands of my enemies, from those who pursue me. Let your face shine on your servant; save me in your unfailing love.</p>
<p>14 -24</p> <p>I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart has turned to wax; it has melted within me. My mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; you lay me in the dust of death. Dogs surround me, a pack of villains encircles me; they pierce my hands and my feet. All my bones are on display; people stare and gloat over me. They divide my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment. But you, Lord, do not be far from me. You are my strength; come quickly to help me. Deliver me from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dogs. Rescue me from the mouth of the lions; save me from the horns of the wild oxen. I will declare your name to my people; in the assembly I will praise you. You who fear the Lord, praise him! All you descendants of Jacob, honor him! Revere him, all you descendants of Israel! For he has not despised or scorned the suffering of the afflicted one; he has not hidden his face from him but has listened to his cry for help.</p>	

	<p>17</p> <p>Let me not be put to shame, Lord, for I have cried out to you; but let the wicked be put to shame and be silent in the realm of the dead.</p>
<p>25 -31</p> <p>From you comes the theme of my praise in the great assembly; before those who fear you I will fulfill my vows. The poor will eat and be satisfied; those who seek the Lord will praise him— may your hearts live forever! All the ends of the earth will remember and turn to the Lord, and all the families of the nations will bow down before him, for dominion belongs to the Lord and he rules over the nations. All the rich of the earth will feast and worship; all who go down to the dust will kneel before him— those who cannot keep themselves alive. Posterity will serve him; future generations will be told about the Lord. They will proclaim his righteousness, declaring to a people yet unborn: He has done it!</p>	

Nichole Nordeman - Why

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0w02o8Fjsr8>

Lyrics : <https://www.azlyrics.com/lyrics/nicholenordeman/why.html>

As darkness covered the land while it was still early afternoon, the usual preparations for the Sabbath were thrown into some disarray. Many found it unsettling. Most people were starting to wonder if something was going on. The officials tried to keep the people calm, but even they were having doubts.

There was starting to be less of a crowd at the foot of the cross, people were shuffling home. It would take all of them a while to die, most folk didn't see the point

in waiting around, especially with everything being so dark. The soldiers waited around uneasily, and a few of Jesus' loved ones remained. With a final burst of life, Jesus called out "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit" and then slumped. Those around him knew. This was no ordinary man.

<p>Philippians 2:8-9 And being found in appearance as a man, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to death— even death on a cross! Therefore God exalted him to the highest place and gave him the name that is above every name</p>	
	<p>Hebrews 10:16-25 "This is the covenant I will make with them after that time, says the Lord. I will put my laws in their hearts, and I will write them on their minds." Then he adds: "Their sins and lawless acts I will remember no more." And where these have been forgiven, sacrifice for sin is no longer necessary.</p>

How deep the Father's Love

Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QQjZp7sdXLo>

Lyrics: <https://www.stuarttownend.co.uk/song/how-deep-the-fathers-love-for-us/>

In Jerusalem, the chief priests were back and trying to return to some semblance of normal. The insurrection had been dealt with for now, and they needed to focus on the Passover and the evening sacrifices. Even the surest of them started to feel very uneasy when the curtain of the temple was suddenly torn in two, leaving the most holy place freely accessible. Then the earth began to shake, sending most of them to their knees, trying to regain their balance. There was an uncomfortable silence, but they had committed to this course of action, there was no going back now.

Pilate and his wife were also sitting in uneasy silence. She was unhappy with his choice, and he was avoiding her eyes. A servant came to tell him that there was someone to see him. Not sure he wanted to see anyone, but not willing to send them away on account of everything happening, he came out to encounter one of the more wealthy of his citizens, asking if he could have the body to give it a proper burial before the Sabbath arrived. It was unusual for someone to die this quickly, but

further inquiries revealed it to be true. Pilate agreed and sent instructions, but remained pacing. He didn't know what any of it meant, but he didn't like it. He almost wanted to go and see for himself, but the governor can't just sneak out like that, people notice. He was an outsider anyway. He almost laughed at the thought. No room for someone like him.

Sabbath would begin soon, and Joseph of Arimathea, now having permission to do so, got some linen, took down the body and wrapped it carefully in the linen. By now the light was nearly gone, but the tomb he had was nearby, so he placed Jesus' body in the tomb and rolled a large stone in front of it. Mary Magdalene and another of the women who had been following Jesus came with him, but there was not time to mourn there today. They didn't like to leave it there uncared for, He deserved more respect, but they must rest on the Sabbath as commanded. They made a note of the location so they could come back at first light on Sunday to finish properly. They hurried back to the upper room where they had been staying. No one felt like talking. Their hopes lay dashed in a cross of wood and a body lying in a tomb. Was there any place left for them now?

As the shadows lengthened, a lonely figure came forward and sat at the bottom of the now-empty cross. His rough fisherman's hands gently caressed the wood at the bottom, and once again he cried till there were no tears left. There was nothing that could make this right, but he longed to be close to his friend, to feel connected in some way. Peter couldn't bear to see the inevitable coldness in his friend's eyes or to risk being recognised, so he had stayed at a distance. He had seen enough. But no one was around now. He wasn't ready to go back yet, he didn't even know if he would be welcome. He felt broken beyond repair. If only.. If only.

Fr Rob Galea- At the foot of the Cross

Youtube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3Sb4TH_KHI

Lyrics: <http://www.songlyrics.com/fr-rob-galea/at-the-foot-of-the-cross-live-lyrics/>