

Good Friday.

30-3-18.

Birth out of death.

I wonder what feelings are going through your minds and hearts right now?

We've come together very much like a family in mourning, stunned by the death that took place so brutally, so senselessly.

It need not have been, if those who'd engineered this death had really taken time to listen; - to recognise what his message was all about. But they were too pre-occupied with their own positions, with their own agendas.

Meanwhile we share how he touched us, -

- through his compassion for those who suffered in one way or another,
- healing disease, illness and disability,
- giving new courage to those in despair,
- sharing stories of a God who is love, not angry and vengeful,
- feeding people physically and spiritually,
- making a gift of himself in ways we hadn't seen.

Thinking and talking about it, we recognise that even this death was a gift, - a gift of faithful love to his Father, - and to us who have needed this being drawn out of ourselves, - to give in return for what we have been given.

And while thinking about this, perhaps slowly a realization dawns on us,
- that moment when a soldier opened his side with a lance, and blood and water flowed out,
- and we see the similarity with another occasion when blood and water flow freely,
- at the moment of birth.

This death is not the final word, but the beginning of new life, a life that is shared with all of us, empowering us to live as he lived.

Both the Crucifixion and the Resurrection are unfinished business, and a poem captures this unfinished business very well.

The poet finds Jesus on the Cross, unable to get down, and she, who presumably speaks for all of us, volunteers to take the nails out. But Jesus says: "Let them be, for I cannot be taken down until every man, every woman, and every child **come together** to take me down."

"What can I do in the meantime", the poet wants to know. Jesus gives the obvious answer, "Go about the world. Tell everyone you meet: 'There is a man on the cross'".

There is a continuity between Crucifixion and Resurrection,
- and that is a mystery we dare not cipher away.

"There's a man on the cross.
He is in the throes of labour, rising from the dead."

Was Jesus' death the end? Not really!!