3rd April 2026 - Good Friday

Cross

"The mystery of the Cross shines bright."
Venantius Fortunatus, *Vexilla Regis*

I have a simple wooden cross in my study, made for me many years ago by a friend who, sadly, died too young. I've had crosses of one sort or another around me all my life. But as I gaze on this cross again, I'm thankful for what my friend means to me. When you love someone, what can you do?

But there are also questions. Why a young death? Why suffering and pain? Why the offence of the cross? Why does it matter? Why crucifixion? So today, as I look at my cross again, I sit with thankfulness *and* questions, understanding *and* doubt, as I do every Good Friday. For "the mystery of the Cross", whether it "shines bright" or not, demands that of me.

I gaze upon the cross,
high on a treeless hill,
and wonder what this day will bring
as I stand gazing still.

I kneel before the cross,
and watch them raise on high
the Lord of life, my friend, my guide,
as Christ they crucify.

I pray beside the cross
that God will intervene,
to bring an end to such offence,
so hateful and obscene.

I weep beneath the cross
as Jesus' suffering ends,
so fearful that they'll come for me,
His follower and His friend.

I wonder at the cross
when suffering I see.
This Christ, who's laid His life aside,
has He done this for me?

I move on from the cross,
the loss, the death, the pain,
with questions, struggles, doubts and fears,
to search for God again.

A prayer for today

If the Cross could speak, perhaps it will say, "When you love someone, what can you do?"

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