

## Silence

**Meditation:** His suffering is over now. And here I am, in the house of John, and I am content. We all join together daily, myself, His brothers, other women, all those who followed my Son - all those who love Him – constantly in prayer. And we know that He is here, and I am content. My heart is no longer pierced, just overflowing with love and hope.

### My song is love unknown

My song is love unknown, My Saviour's love to me;  
Love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake, My Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know.  
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
Who at my need His life did spend.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;  
In death no friendly tomb, but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heaven was His home;  
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King, never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend. (Samuel Crossman 1642–83)

### Prayer

Lord Jesus Christ, Light of the World, we thank You,  
That You gave Yourself, to bring hope in our devastation,  
peace in our strivings, freedom to serve You,  
And grace, to truly see You as You are.  
Amen.

## A Reflection for Good Friday - Mary Remembers

### Preparation

Take a moment to be calm, and then say:  
Lord, on this day of great sadness and sorrow, I pray that You would count me worthy to watch and wait with You.

### When I survey the wondrous cross

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

**Bible Reading:** Luke 2:25-35

**Meditation – Mary remembers:** I remember it as if it were yesterday. Simeon - so old, so noble, so holy - saying all those things about my boy. It took us by surprise. It was just a family day, going to the Temple to do what was right for Him. But he was right, old Simeon, I have treasured up everything and pondered it all in my heart. Those 3 wise men appearing as if from nowhere. We were having an

afternoon nap, and then there they were. I just wanted time with my new baby, to enjoy him, and to hold him, and there we were trying to find some food to give to these men – so rich and so different. We only had simple food – bread, a few vegetables, a bit of cheese. They took our food and, together with rich meat and the best wine I have ever tasted, they laid at His feet gold, and frankincense and myrrh. I didn't really know what these treasures were - someone had to tell me. I was just a simple woman, am a simple woman, but I did store all of these things up in my heart. And now as I think of Him, alone, being questioned, and who knows what else, a sword is piercing my heart, through and through.

**Bible Reading:** John 6:35-40

**Meditation:** My mother made the best bread in all of Nazareth. So soft, so tasty. She used to say she had the hands for it. I hope they don't hurt His hands – so beautiful and capable. I used to sit and look at them when He was asleep, when He was young. Such a kind boy – but so different, in a way I could never fathom. He used to watch me making bread, kneading the dough, as if He would one day jump up and make it himself! Later, He said, He was the bread, sent down from heaven to give life to the world. He nearly got thrown over the cliff in Nazareth, for the outlandish things He said. Sometimes I just wished He'd be quiet. In the synagogue they didn't like His ideas. 'Isn't this the carpenter?' they said. 'Isn't this Mary's son and the brother of James, Joseph, Judas and Simon? Aren't his sisters here with us?' They really took offense at His words.

And then, they say that He brought Lazarus back to life. But how? And He fed 5000 people with bread – just a few scraps, and said He was the bread, as if the world couldn't live without Him. Bread - it's the staple of our lives. But I know His power. That time at the wedding in Cana, another family doo. I don't know where the words came from: 'Do whatever He tells you,' I said to the servants. 'Do whatever He tells you'. And they did, and I saw a miracle.

### **There is a green hill far away**

There is a green hill far away, without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains He had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven, saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too;  
And trust in His redeeming blood, and try His works to do.  
Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–95)

**Bible Reading:** Philippians 2:5 -11

**Meditation:** It was such a lovely night, and such a lovely room - which had apparently been given to Jesus and His friends to use to share the Passover. This happened all of the time – people only too happy to give Jesus what He needed. They just seemed to know what He needed, and it happened. But then He deserved it; He was so kind and so patient, and had time for everyone. How can it all have come to this? What are they doing to Him inside Pilate's Palace? I don't trust them. They've never liked our people. Too religious.

While we celebrated the Passover there was a cat under the table nursing her kittens. So tender, so caring. She reminded me of home, somehow. Jerusalem was full for the Passover – crowds everywhere. I just wanted to go back home to the peace and quiet. But it was a lovely night. And then, there was Jesus, on His hands and knees washing the feet of us all. And strangely, I wasn't surprised, not surprised at all. 'I have given you an example', He said, 'If your Lord and teacher have washed your feet, then you should wash one another's'. I suppose He was just preparing us for the future – a future without Him, but a future with His love. And again, I felt as though a sword had pierced my heart.

**Bible Reading:** John 19: 17-41