# STATIONS OF THE CROSS

### GOOD FRIDAY REFLECTIONS





### **Good Friday Midday Reflections**

## STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Welcome to the "Stations of the Cross" experience.

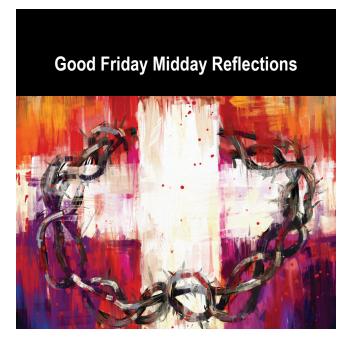
How to use this guide:

Settle in to a quiet and comfortable space in the Chapel.

Begin with the opening meditation, then journey through the eight stations of the cross.

Read the scripture passage and prayerful meditation for each station.

Spend time in thoughtful silence and journal your personal reflections.



### **Opening Meditation**

A custom of our Christian traditions is to keep vigil with Christ at different times and in different ways during Holy Week. One of the places from which we draw this custom is Jesus' request to his disciples to keep watch while he prayed and agonized in the Garden of Gethsemane. We also know that there were those few – including Mary Magdalene, Jesus' mother Mary, and the apostle John – who stayed near the cross and kept watch as Jesus suffered and died. Despite the horror of what was taking place, those most intimate with Jesus stayed with him to the end.

Let us symolically walk and prayerfully enter into these moments of meditation. Watching and waiting with Christ through the darkness of his death and burial, so that together we can share in the joy of his resurrection.

#### Silence/Personal Reflection

A period of silence, supported by quiet music, provides space for you to prepare for walking the way of the cross with Christ.

### Prayer

Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (Book of Common Prayer)

### Hymn for Meditation - Lead me to Calvary By Jennie E. Hussey

King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glory be; Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Calvary.

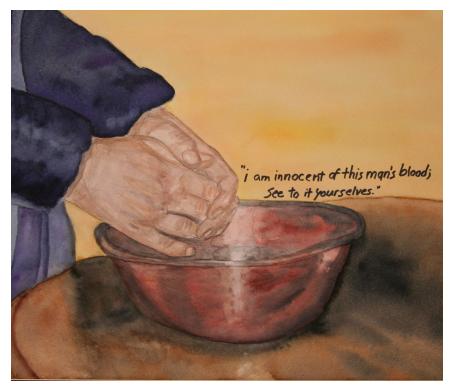
#### Refrain:

Lest I forget Gethsemane, Lest I forget Thine agony; Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.

Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Tenderly mourned and wept; Angels in robes of light arrayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept. (Refrain)

Let me like Mary, through the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee; Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary. (Refrain)

May I be willing, Lord, to bear Daily my cross for Thee; Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me. (Refrain)



### THE FIRST STATION: JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

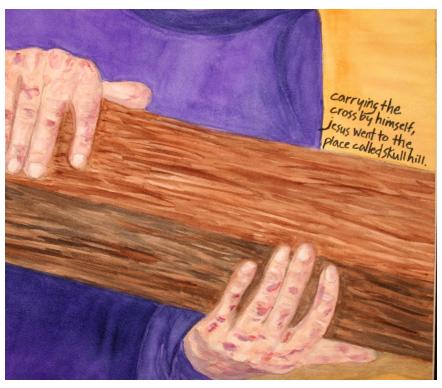
Matthew 27:15-24

Now it was the governor's custom at the festival to release a prisoner chosen by the crowd. At that time they had a well-known prisoner whose name was Jesus Barabbas. So when the crowd had gathered, Pilate asked them, "Which one do you want me to release to you: Jesus Barabbas, or Jesus who is called the Messiah?" For he knew it was out of self-interest that they had handed Jesus over to him. While Pilate was sitting on the judge's seat, his wife sent him this message: "Don't have anything to do with that innocent man, for I have suffered a great deal today in a dream because of him." But the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowd to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus executed. "Which of the two do you want me to release to you?" asked the governor. "Barabbas," they answered. "What shall I do. then, with Jesus who is called the Messiah?" Pilate asked. They all answered, "Crucify him!" "Why? What crime has he committed?" asked Pilate. But they shouted all the louder, "Crucify him!" When Pilate saw that he was getting nowhere, but that instead an uproar was starting, he took water and washed his hands in front of the crowd. "I am innocent of this man's blood." he said. "It is your responsibility!"

Lord Jesus Christ, you faced your accusers with quiet dignity. You walked into your death with honesty and grace. Show me those places in my own life where I must die to self in order to be born into new life.

As we walk this way together, teach me how to meet my own deaths – large and small – with courage and grace.

Thoughtful Silence				
Personal Reflection				



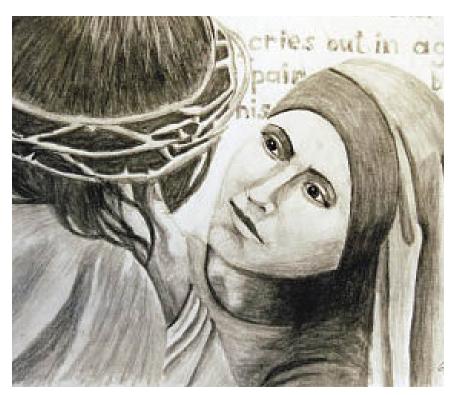
THE SECOND STATION: JESUS TAKES UP HIS CROSS

John 9:17 Carrying his own cross, he went out to The Place of the Skull (which in Aramaic is called Golgotha).

Lord Jesus Christ, sometimes your call upon our lives seems like more than we can bear. We are tempted to shrink from the challenges and hardships of our path. We wonder if we can make it all the way up the hill. Lord Jesus Christ, you carried your own cross with strength and perseverance, and were undeterred by those who demeaned you along the way.

Lord Jesus, as we walk this path together, show me what is my cross to carry, my burden to bear, and teach me how to shoulder it well. Today is the day for me to learn more of what it means to take up my cross and follow you.

Thoughtful Silence		
Personal Reflection		



THE THIRD STATION: JESUS MEETS HIS MOTHER

John 19:26-27

When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to her, "Woman, here is your son," and to the disciple, "Here is your mother." From that time on, this disciple took her into his home.

Lord Jesus Christ, your life on this earth was shaped by a mother who was utterly given over to the will of God in her life. Her prayer "Here I am, the servant of the Lord; let it be with me according to your word," reverberates throughout history as a picture of what it means to be totally given over to the will of God. I wonder what it was like to look into her eyes that day and see the pain that such willingness brought upon her. Who could have imagined that it would all end so horribly? Was there any regret in her eyes?

Lord, your mother's life teaches me that there are times I need to surrender things, circumstances or people in order to be in your will. Sometimes this is the deepest pain of all.

Thoughtful Silence		
Personal Reflection		



### THE FOURTH STATION: SIMON OF CYRENE HELPS JESUS CARRY HIS CROSS

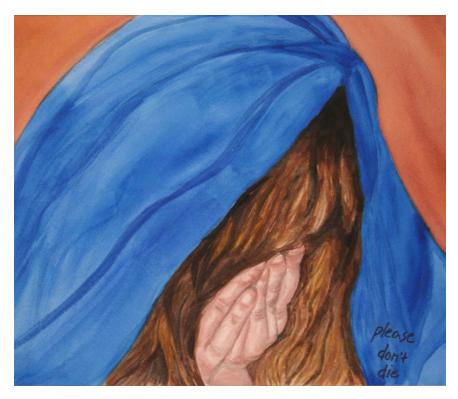
#### Luke 23:26

As the soldiers led him away, they seized Simon from Cyrene, who was on his way in from the country, and put the cross on him and made him carry it behind Jesus.

Lord Jesus, sometimes we need help. We need companions on the way to help us shoulder our burdens when they get too heavy. And yet, we are embarrassed to ask for help, or unable to receive it when it is given. As we walk this path together; forgive me for my proud self-sufficiencies and for all the ways in which they wall me off from you and from others. Save me from the exhaustion that sets in when I am unable to receive the help I need.

Lord Jesus, as we walk together, help me learn to recognize the help you send and to humbly receive it when it is given.

Thoughtful Silence		
Personal Reflection		



### THE FIFTH STATION: JESUS SPEAKS TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

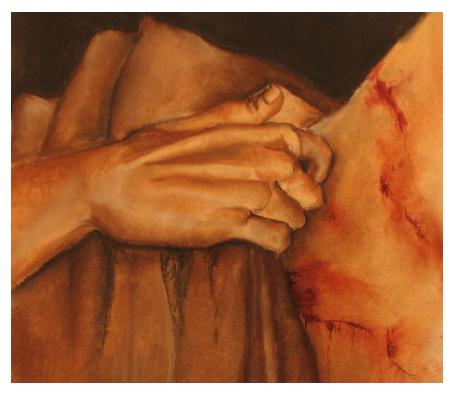
#### Luke 23:27-31

A large number of people followed him, including women who mourned and wailed for him. Jesus turned and said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children. For the time will come when you will say, 'Blessed are the childless women, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed!' Then "they will say to the mountains, "Fall on us!" and to the hills, "Cover us!" For if people do these things when the tree is green, what will happen when it is dry?"

Lord Jesus Christ, teach us how to grieve. We do not know how to grieve and what to grieve for. Like the women of Jerusalem, our grieving is full of melodrama and it usually misses the point. True grief, the kind that comes from seeing and grasping our true situation, is so deep it can hardly be spoken. It can only be endured. Lord Jesus, our journey with you must be one of true sorrow and true conversion.

Jesus, lead me beyond the melodrama of public weeping and wailing into a godly grief that leads to true repentance. Let me know the comfort promised to those who truly mourn.

Thoughtful Silence	
Personal Reflection	



THE SIXTH STATION: JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

Matthew 27:31

After they had mocked him, they took off the robe and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him away to crucify him.

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Lord Jesus Christ, this station is hard for me. Even now, I want to find some way to avert my eyes...pretend it didn't really happen...convince myself they did not strip you completely, that they left you with some shred of dignity. But somehow, I don't think they did. This business of being stripped of one's dignity is more than I can bear. As we walk this path together, I become aware of how much I protect myself to maintain my own dignity. I become aware of how I strip others of their dignity.

Jesus, help me to look at you and see that even though they could strip you of your clothing, they could not strip you of your true identity. Help me to root my identity more completely in you so I know that ultimately I have nothing to lose.

rnoughtful Silence		
Personal Reflection		



### THE SEVENTH STATION: JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

#### Matthew 27:33-37

They came to a place called Golgotha (which means "The Place of the Skull"). There they offered Jesus wine to drink, mixed with gall; but after tasting it, he refused to drink it. When they had crucified him, they divided up his clothes by casting lots. And sitting down, they kept watch over him there. Above his head they placed the written charge against him: THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Lord Jesus Christ, the time has come - the moment to which your whole life has been leading. I look at you and see that you are not afraid. You are resolute and committed and I am in awe of what I see. Is there any word that could come from my mouth, any sentence that could capture what is happening now? You died for me, you gave your all for my sins, and you became the Man of Sorrows so that I can have joy.

As we walk this path together, I learn that sometimes there are no words...

### Hymn for Meditation – Behold the Lamb of God

Behold the Lamb of God battered and bruised, Impaled upon a cross, beaten and abused. Behold the Lamb of God writhing in pain; He took upon Himself all my guilt, all my shame.

Behold the Lamb of God, the Blessed Lamb of God;

All glory to the Lamb that was slain for my sin.

### **Thoughtful Silence**

Personal Reflection		



### THE EIGHTH STATION: JESUS DIES UPON THE CROSS

#### Luke 23:44-49

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Jesus called out with a loud voice, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." When he had said this, he breathed his last. The centurion, seeing what had happened, praised God and said, "Surely this was a righteous man." When all the people who had gathered to witness this sight saw what took place, they beat their breasts and went away. But all those who knew him, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.

### **Prayerful Reflection**

Lord Jesus Christ, how did you know when it was time to let go? How did you know when you had suffered enough and could finally and completely commend your spirit into God's hand? I confess that I don't always know when, or how, to let go. I cling and grasp for every last straw. I do not lay my life down willingly and so it has to be wrenched from me and that always hurts more. As we walk this path together, teach me how to let go when it is time. Teach me to relinquish that very last breath of a thing I think is mine to claim in this life, so I can live in total abandonment to you. But even in this, help me not force what I cannot be or jump ahead of where I really am.

As we walk this path together, show me how to do what I do not yet know how to do.

### Hymn for Meditation – When I Survey the Wondrous Cross By Isaac Watts

By Isaac Watts

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

### **Thoughtful Silence**

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