

Good Friday

Rich Nelson

In the beginning God creates
Was this day bound to come
When all bestowed as a blessing
In sorrow comes undone

Conceived as love, clear, pure, divine
'neath glow of bright night's star
Concludes as dark day on a cross
Wondering where you are

How can such love be rendered mute
Through words with pure intent
It is the human paradox
We send back what was sent

Determined still to live in love
We try and fail again
And yet with absolution God
Sanctifies what was sin

It is in gaps of brokenness
God enters to redeem
For if perfection were the price
All love would pass unseen

That any love be manifest
Is only by God's grace
As beauty flowers from within
The creviced human face

Perhaps by nature every gift
Is bound to wilt and die
If so I could not carry it
By grace of God go I

Have mercy God for of this world
I cannot make much sense
In your compassion, look below
And blot out my offense

With nail made ready in my hand
I rise to crucify

The purest love I've ever known
To live it first must die

That blood of death may usher forth
A new, life-giving Way
Is all that is to be called "good"
On Fridays like today.