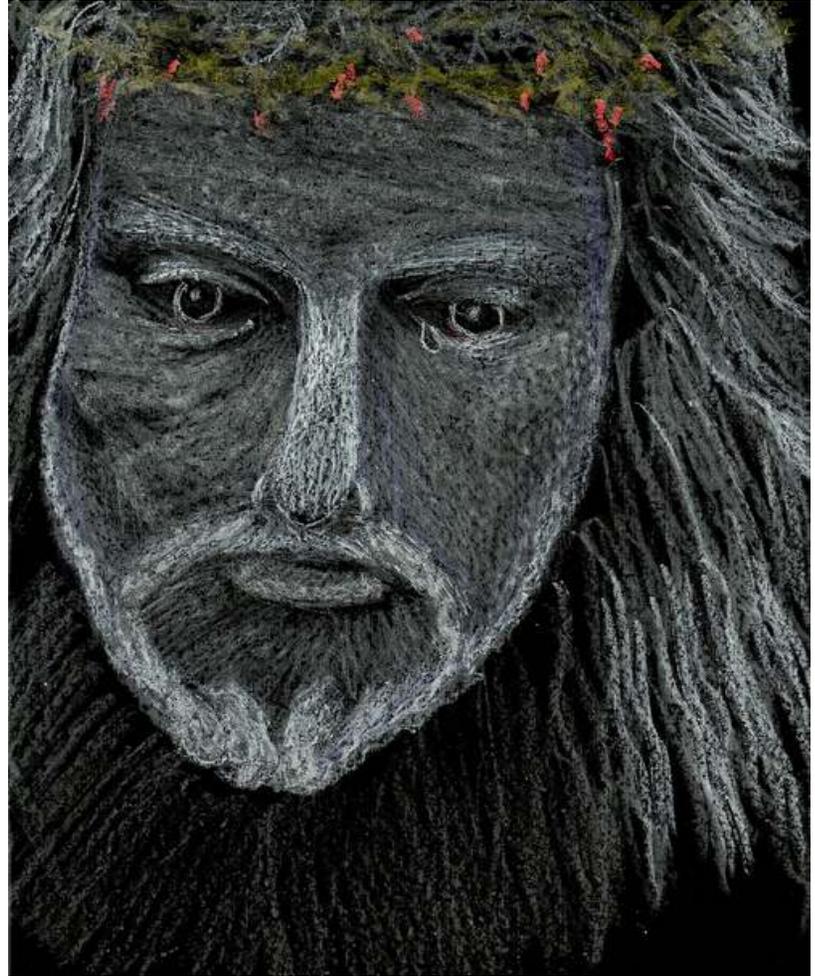


## **The Way of the Cross**



**St. Peter's Anglican Church**

*The Way of the Cross originated in Jerusalem with pilgrims visiting the sites where the events of Jesus' life and death took place. Although there is evidence this was occurring as early as the third century, an actual set route with specific stations was probably developed when the Franciscans became responsible for holy sites in Jerusalem in the 14<sup>th</sup> Century. Over time, the Stations were placed in churches throughout Europe, allowing people who could not afford to go to Jerusalem to undertake a "mini pilgrimage".*

**Narrator:** The Way of the Cross is also called The Way of Sorrows (Via Dolorosa). We walk it to follow the steps of Jesus through the streets from the palace of Pontius Pilate to the cross. We are encouraged to feel the weight of Jesus' burden and the sorrow of his mother and disciples. At the same time we sense the mood of those who condemned Jesus to die, those who nailed him to the cross, and those who died on the cross with him.

Let us begin the journey in the Garden of Gethsemane. Jesus has been arrested and the Passion begins.

## IN THE GARDEN

Come. Into the garden while the night  
Still covers our approach.  
Some may yet watch, though the deed is done,  
To catch up those who think to  
Carry on the work when he is gone.  
I would not be the fish caught in that net.  
But all ran; none remained.  
Few followed even,  
Though the crowd consumed them.  
Still, caution can do no harm.  
A little caution might have left  
This deadly work undone.

Do you feel it? The weight of silence  
Behind tumultuous acts?  
The weight of power sucked out of the night  
Into a world that does not know  
What it has done.  
The weight of agony so profound  
It makes me weak to stand upon the spot. See,  
Where tears and sweat touched the ground,  
See where the crowd fell back, dismayed,  
In terror of the glory that approached.  
And here, Where the power of that same crowd  
Bore him away to judgement  
And to death.

Silence once again enfolds this garden  
Peace, I think, will not so soon return.  
Time has moved on; He has been taken.  
Acts begun this night have travelled  
Well beyond the point of turning back.  
Something of the pain of this betrayal  
Hangs now in the air and sickens it.  
No good remains to keep us here.  
No answers are approaching with the dawn.  
Day breaks. The story grows.  
Let us move on.

## **Station One: Jesus is condemned to death**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* “As soon as it was morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. Pilate asked him, ‘Are you the King of the Jews?’ He answered him, ‘You say so.’ Then the chief priests accused him of many things. Pilate asked him again, ‘Have you no answer? See how many charges they bring against you.’ But Jesus made no further reply, so that Pilate was amazed. Now at the festival he used to release a prisoner for them, anyone for whom they asked. Now a man called Barabbas was in prison with the rebels who had committed murder during the insurrection. So the crowd came and began to ask Pilate to do for them according to his custom. Then he answered them, ‘Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?’ For he realized that it was out of jealousy that the chief priests had handed him over. But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas for them instead.” Mark 15:1-11

Caiaphas, the Chief Priest speaks:

## JOSEPH CAIAPHAS

How easily those who are weak condemn the strong.  
How easily those who lack both will and wit  
To seize and hold the reins of power  
Claw at those whom God disposes  
For mighty acts.  
This is no time for fools or cowards.  
There is no place in this for weakness  
Or for doubt.

There are some who publicly condemn  
Yet secretly attend his every word,  
Some in this room who understand  
The nature of the threat,  
And still would have him be  
The Son of God.  
Fools to think that we would live through that!  
Fools to think that Rome would countenance  
The coming of your liberating King.

Our time is short!  
Soon now, the ignorant and blind will shout his name  
From hills and rooftops,  
Begging him to rule them as their King.  
Who will stop the storm that they create?  
Who will tame this whirlwind of desire  
That threatens to consume all our existence?  
Is one man worth this risk?  
Do we trade one glib prophet  
For an entire race?  
My duty tells me otherwise.  
That we might live,  
It is most seemly one man dies.

## **Station Two: Jesus carries his cross**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* “When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge’s bench at a place called The Stone Pavement, or in Hebrew Gabbatha. Now it was the day of Preparation for the Passover; and it was about noon. He said to the Jews, ‘Here is your King!’ They cried out, ‘Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!’ Pilate asked them, ‘Shall I crucify your King?’ The chief priests answered, ‘We have no king but the emperor.’ Then he handed him over to them to be crucified. So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha.”  
John 19:13-17

**Pontius Pilate speaks:**

### **PILATE**

In the beginning,  
When the Gods created the heavens  
And the earth,  
There was Rome.  
Everything else, formless void.  
Everywhere else, darkness.  
Rome was the light, Rome the sun.  
In the beginning.  
As it was in the beginning  
So it still is, and I  
Have been too long absent from the sun,  
Too long wallowing in miserable dark  
With blind, blasphemous savages  
Who think their God the only one.  
Such provincial narrow mindedness  
Can only offend.

My sun, my Emperor can you not see  
Their crime?  
Your face offends, your name brings cries of rage,  
They bite the hand that feeds and keeps them safe.  
And yet,  
Again,  
They will be right and I wrong.  
They'll win your favour and I?  
Enough to say I'm loathe to risk comfort  
With the wrong decision.

Now here before me stands the Son of God.  
King and Messiah of the chosen race.  
Odd that they don't want him.  
Odd that they aren't throwing down my gates,  
Marching behind their Righteous Lord to  
Destroy the oppressor Rome.  
Odd that they want him dead.

Hear this crowd of imbeciles,  
Clamouring to see their Saviour die,  
Presuming to call me to my duty,  
Threatening again with Caesar's wrath.  
Why would I care?  
What's one savage more or less to a son of Rome?  
Better they squabble themselves to death  
And leave me be.

Yet, something in this frightens me.  
Something more than anyone can see  
Moves these events  
And bends us to a will none understand  
Except perhaps this silent  
And rejected king.

I find I have no stomach for this death,  
No need to crucify the King of Fools.  
But see the madness of the crowd.  
See that I've been left without a choice.  
To keep the peace, I will be used in this  
If this time they will shoulder all the blame.

### **Station Three: Jesus falls the first time**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* Consider this first fall of Jesus under his cross. His flesh was torn by the scourges, his head crowned with thorns, and he had lost a great quantity of blood. He was so weakened that he could scarcely walk and yet he had to carry this great load upon his shoulders. Scripture tells us that when Judas saw Jesus thus condemned he repented. In despair for his role in the death of an innocent man, he went away and killed himself.

Judas Iscariot speaks:

#### **JUDAS**

There is a dark silence where my heart once was  
A peace of ending, of emptiness, of sorrow.  
I am lost  
I am gone  
Nothing remains of sureness  
Nothing remains of fear  
Nothing remains where he and I were one.

It was so clear in the beginning.  
He was the One.  
How eagerly I followed when he called,  
Left all behind,  
Believed that I would do  
Anything he asked of me.  
Face to face, I knew it wasn't so;  
What those eyes asked  
Brought terror to my soul.

I tried to cut him down to something safe,  
Tease out each flaw to criticize,  
Magnify each inconsistency.  
A wasted effort; no one saw.  
So sure they knew where we were bound  
They didn't see the path that we were on,  
Didn't comprehend the thing he asked,  
Didn't know the price we'd have to pay.  
I knew.

I knew if no one ended it  
The end would be that he'd destroy us all.  
I knew when I asked the priests their price,  
I knew when I kissed him one last time.  
I was so sure it was the only way,  
So sure this was the way we'd all be saved.

And now I taste  
The bitter poison of my knowing;  
That in the end I did what he had asked,  
That all along he understood my fear,  
And loved me with unwavering concern.  
And at the last I find  
The terror of that love is nothing  
To the peace of emptiness where he is not.

## **Station Four: Jesus meets his mother**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* "When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, 'Woman, here is your son.' Then he said to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home." John 19:26-27

**Mary speaks:**

### *MARY*

Is this the son I brought into the world lifetimes ago  
Under such auspicious signs,  
All beauty and potential, all splendid joy?  
Is this the son I gazed upon with love new fired,  
Beheld with awe to think  
That such a miracle of God could come from me?

See now where he is.  
See where that promise brought him,  
What he has made of all that fine potential.

From the beginning, I kept my silence.  
Pondered all things, as they say, within my heart.  
God alone knew the burden I carried.  
God alone, the cost of carrying  
My widow's portion of a great history.

Did I know?  
When Gabriel in all his glory came to me,  
Most highly favoured lady,  
Did I know what was being asked?  
Who ever knows before the fact.  
Who, if she could see the end,  
Would summon courage for that first step.

Ask rather what I thought, what I expected;  
A king, in David's line,  
A king forever, and a son of God!  
Who was I, simple girl, village girl,  
To bear a king. How could I imagine?  
What did I expect? I expected my son  
To be lifted above the world in greatness.

I tried to do my part, a mother's part,  
To give him what he needed for the journey.  
But he played that, played all things, close,  
Never shared where he was heading  
Never spoke of what he thought  
Or felt  
Or needed.  
My beloved stranger  
Who never let me know he was afraid.

Now look at him, already in another world.  
Out of reach of my touch. Out of reach of my comfort.  
The child I bore and nurtured,  
The child I loved,  
So like his Father, He was always out of reach for me.

## **Station Five: Simon of Cyrene help Jesus carry his cross**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* “As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus.” Luke 23:26

Simon speaks:

### **SIMON OF CYRENE**

Oh most pitiable of men  
How shall I serve you?  
What can a man do to make  
The step easier  
The load lighter  
When your journey must  
Have such an end?

Not a weak man this prophet  
This teacher  
Who drew hosannas from our lips  
Short days ago.  
Not weak  
This once builder in wood  
Builder of men  
Builder of dreams and  
Unsustainable hopes.

Not weak, but stricken  
Gasping raw, ragged breaths  
Crushed beneath a tortuous load  
Beaten to the ground  
Life dripping slow crimson  
Into the dust at my feet.

Oh most pitiable of men  
Oh Man of sorrows  
Despised, rejected  
Wounded and reviled  
How shall I serve Thee?

## **Station Six: A woman wipes the face of Jesus**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* Tradition has it that a holy woman in the crowd, seeing Jesus suffering and his face bathed in sweat and blood, presented him with a towel with which to wipe himself.

The woman speaks:

### **WOMAN OF JERUSALEM**

How soon the winds change  
How soon the glad hosannas turn  
To wails of pain and loss.  
What did we praise, then  
With song and shout  
And waving branch?  
The Son of Man  
Come with the breath of spring?  
The Son of David  
Full of triumph  
And a new, green hope?

What do we grieve  
Now that the air is dry of promise  
And the winds of fear return  
To grip our hearts?  
"Tis not for me," he said  
For I do only as I must"  
Though plain to see  
His heart is heavy  
With the weight.

## **Station Seven: Jesus falls the second time**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* "Surely he has borne our infirmities  
and carried our diseases;  
yet we accounted him stricken,  
struck down by God, and afflicted.  
But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
crushed for our iniquities;  
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,  
and by his bruises we are healed.  
All we like sheep have gone astray;  
we have all turned to our own way,  
and the LORD has laid on him  
the iniquity of us all."

Isaiah 53:4-6

Andrew, the brother of Peter speaks:

### **ANDREW, BROTHER OF PETER**

We thought it could not come to this.  
We thought, for all the trickery and threat  
It would not come to this.  
It could not. He  
Would not let us down.  
In the end  
The power that stilled the waves  
Would still the power of men  
To do him harm.  
We were so certain  
We did not hear when  
He said otherwise.

My terror shames me.  
I cannot follow where he goes  
Cannot 'take up my cross'  
To match him step for step  
To the end.  
I see him stagger  
See him fall beneath the weight  
Of wood and wounds  
And yet I cannot move one step  
Out of the darkness of my fear  
One step closer to his doom  
For fear that doom  
Would then encompass me  
Would place his rod upon my back  
And drag me down  
To death and darkness. But,

I was so sure it would not come to this.  
I did not think I'd have to make the choice  
To run  
Or see it to the end.

### **Station Eight: Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* "A great number of the people followed him, and among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, "Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed." Then they will begin to say to the mountains, "Fall on us"; and to the hills, "Cover us." For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?'"

Luke 23:27-31

Jesus speaks:

## TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

The bombs fall again  
Again the rockets fly  
Far off, a child screams  
A mother wails and rails against  
Unstoppable destruction.  
Pray for the mother of the one  
Who fires the rocket.  
Weep for the mother of the one  
Who drops the bomb.  
Cry out for the mother of the wounded soldier.  
Wail, oh wail, for the mother  
Of the child who dies.

Old hatreds rise again  
Again clan follows clan  
Into the deep magic  
Of ancient offence  
Remembered, banked  
In coals of modern greed  
Shaped for infinite destruction.  
Cry now for the mother of the child  
Stolen in the night  
And trained for death.  
Wail for the mother of the infant  
Conceived in violence, born in bondage  
And in woe.

Women of Jerusalem!  
Cry out for these if you must weep  
For these whose sorrows lie  
So perilously near your own.  
Pray for the mother, hungry  
Refugee  
Who cannot give her children food or drink  
Or warmth in unforgiving night.

Weep for the mother, broken  
Battered  
Helpless to protect her child when harm  
Turns his inebriated eye.  
Grieve for the mother, barren  
In her heart  
Who's seen too much to risk  
The pain of love.

Weep, women of Jerusalem  
But not for me.  
Weep for your sisters, sons and daughters  
And yourselves. Then  
Tiring of your tears  
Go  
Change the world.

### **Station Nine: Jesus fall; the third time**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* Consider this third fall of Jesus. His weakness was extreme, and the cruelty of his executions excessive as they tried to hasten his step when he barely had strength to move.

‘He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,  
yet he did not open his mouth;  
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,  
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,  
so he did not open his mouth.  
By a perversion of justice he was taken away.  
Who could have imagined his future?  
For he was cut off from the land of the living,  
stricken for the transgression of my people.’

*Narrator:* Mary Magdalene speaks:

Isaiah 53:7-8

## MARY MAGDALENE

One lone carrion crow  
Wheels about the sky above our heads,  
Eager for the task assigned it  
By the Creator.  
Very soon now, more will come,  
Drawn by the cries of the first,  
Borne on the gathering storm,  
Boldly inquiring if the time is ripe.  
Such eagerness of mind,  
Such purity of purpose should be praised,  
As these small servants of the Almighty  
Share in the task of making all things new.  
But I cannot now be so detached  
When it is my Beloved they would dine upon  
For the good of the earth.  
Sweet Lord, my heart is weary unto death.  
I find it harder than I thought  
To trust  
That all will be well in this.  
Darkness falls and with it  
Hope descends to places I would rather never go.  
I have seen dark places in my lifetime,  
Danced with demons that consumed my light  
Until you came and shone so bright  
That all dark places ceased to be  
And everything was clothed with Heaven's glory.  
Yet, now I see the light extinguished.  
Once again the dark consumes the world.

I see broken remains of those  
Who thought they understood,  
Who could not, though you spoke them,  
Hear your words,  
Who did not know the nature of your glory,  
Huddled now in astonished fear,  
Paralysed, tormented, lost  
In hopeless grief.

Do I grieve less because I trusted more?  
Hope more because I questioned less?  
Would that it were so.  
There is no comfort I can give to ease their fear.  
All who loved now cower in the darkness.  
Faint my hope that light will dawn again.

### **Station Ten: Jesus' clothes are taken away**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* "When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, 'Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it.' This was to fulfil what the scripture says, 'They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots.'" John 19:23-24

Consider the agony of that moment. Jesus had been beaten, his back made raw with the blows. His inner garments would have adhered to that torn flesh so that, as they were roughly dragged off him, the skin would be torn a pulled anew.

A Roman soldier speaks:

### **SOLDIER**

Don't say my name.  
I was but one of many.  
Weren't my idea to flay him raw  
Nor hang him on a tree.  
Sure, I was there  
We all were.  
Weren't nothing personal in what we did.  
Orders be orders  
And I won't be the man  
Who shirks his duty.

Captain says we went too far  
That day. The thorns, he says  
Weren't on the order  
Strictly speaking.  
But what's a man to do  
When foreign trash  
Think they're too good to touch  
Or look at you,  
And those who look  
Would kill you if they could?

Say we were bored  
Or weary of our tour and missing home.  
Say he was one more beast  
Marked for slaughter,  
Nothing else.  
Say that his bloodied mouth  
Refused to snarl or spit.  
His pain-filled eyes  
Refused to hate or blame.  
Say that his silences  
Whipped up in us a rage  
We could not check  
Because he would not answer  
With his own.  
Say what you will.

But I say only this;  
That I am changed.  
Not all at once  
Nor all because of this  
But I am changed  
And it began that day  
When he stood fast  
Amidst our blows and jeers and torments  
And looked me in the eye  
And understood.

## **Station Eleven: Jesus is nailed to the cross**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* “Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, ‘Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!’ But the other rebuked him, saying, ‘Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.’ Then he said, ‘Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.’ He replied, ‘Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.’” Luke 23: 33, 39-43

A criminal speaks:

### **THIEF**

D’you not fear God? Says he.  
Of all the words to come, choking  
From the lips of one rotting thief to another  
Too long in the sun, we were  
Starting to spoil  
Like the rancid, good for nothing meat  
We were from birth.  
Inside like outside  
And why not? say I.

But ‘D’you not fear God?’ says he  
And meaning it, poor sod  
Not long enough in the business  
Ere they strung us up  
To dance with death and carrion crows  
For the pleasure of the sadistically virtuous.  
Plain as day in my view.  
‘Twern’t God we had to fear.

Me, I had a long run  
And an ugly one  
Disruption to the peace, I was  
And pleased enough to be.  
I had my woes and caused what woes I could  
To pay them back. But fear?  
Fear left me long ago  
And now don't seem the time  
To call it back.

D'you not fear God? This puppet god  
Dancing in the sun the same as me?  
This mess of meat and bone  
Can't save the flies that light  
Upon his wounds. Nor me, nor you.  
If dreams of paradise and God  
Will ease your pain, dream on  
But such a broken heaven's  
Not for me.

## **Station Twelve: Jesus dies on the cross**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* "Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. Now when the centurion, who stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said, 'Truly this man was God's Son!'" Mark 15:37-39

The centurion speaks:

## CENTURION

I stood witness then, upon that hill  
That place of skulls  
Where spears and crosses raised  
A forest of destruction  
On a field of hate  
Where self-congratulating crowds  
Spat jeers and jibes at those  
Soon to be dead.  
Soon, but never soon enough.

No surprise to one who bears the eagle  
Who sees it planted new in foreign ground  
Where fear of Rome and of the cross  
Take root together  
Turning citizens to gibbering sycophants  
Approving grisly death so long  
As it be not their own.

I stood witness then, a witness to it all  
As I had done a score of times before  
Yet knew not what to think  
As innocence surrendered to  
Dread death's uncompromising hand  
Broken,  
Bloodied, by the cipher hand of man  
Bent low in agony  
Still whispering absolution  
From the edge of utter dark.

The spears, the cross, the crowd  
The death of Him  
Who rose above it all  
Whose dying, death  
With all its pull upon the minds of men  
Here had no cause to boast  
For in this life, this unresisting death  
A Son of God had been revealed.

## **Station Thirteen: Jesus is taken down from the cross**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* “And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.” Luke 23: 48-49

Tradition has it that when Jesus' body was taken down from the cross, it was laid in the arms of his mother, Mary, who received him with unutterable tenderness and held him close.

A woman speaks:

### **PIETA**

I met a mother once, long ago  
Who'd held her dying baby in her arms,  
Who'd watched one precious breath follow another  
Weaker, slower, softer,  
'Til at last the terrible inevitable  
Had come and gone  
And there was only silence  
And a broken heart.  
She dared not look away  
Despite an agony of grief  
She'd kept the watch as  
One by one, all others went away  
Unable to endure until the end.  
And still she stayed  
Doing the only thing she knew  
Giving the only gift within her power  
Her arms of love to bear him  
On his journey home.

## **Station Fourteen: Jesus is laid in the tomb**

*Narrator:* We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you  
*All:* Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world

*Narrator:* .Now there was a good and righteous man named Joseph, who, though a member of the council, had not agreed to their plan and action. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea, and he was waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God. This man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then he took it down, wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in a rock-hewn tomb where no one had ever been laid. It was the day of Preparation, and the sabbath was beginning.”

Luke 23:50-54

Joseph of Arimathea speaks:

### **JOSEPH**

It is finished.  
Night comes.  
Soon we pious Jews must hurry to our prayers,  
Thankful for the One who alone is God,  
Thankful for His blessings and his implacable love,  
Thankful that this once  
We've bent imperial strength to our own ends;  
Shaping the powers of the world to a holy purpose.

It is finished.  
Yet my horror carries on,  
Never to diminish now the deed is done,  
The broken shell, emptied upon cold stone  
Poured out to feed our weakness and our fear.  
I had nothing to offer him but fear  
And a dark and silent heart.  
I have nothing to offer now  
But a dark and silent tomb.

And if our fears were true?  
If chaos had consumed us all  
Because this Lord of upside down  
Turned all our tables,  
Tore away our props and left us cold  
Before our most formidable God?  
Powerless before the might and hate of Rome?  
Oh, we stood to lose much more  
Than we had left to give.  
I held my silence when the moment came,  
Assenting by that silence to this unspeakable act.  
And now. . .

It is finished.  
And hope lies decomposing in its tomb.  
Cold is the body, colder still the stone,  
Coldest yet my heart where hope once lived  
Because I knew he spoke the truth  
And when he spoke I knew that God was there.  
All that is finished now,  
Erased by silence and complicity  
Crushed by violence and fear.  
Snuffed out by the sure, irrevocable finality of death.

It is finished.

### **Closing prayer**

*Narrator:* Lord Jesus Christ, your passion and death is the sacrifice that unites earth and heaven and reconciles all people to you. May we who have faithfully reflected on these mysteries follow in your steps and so come to share your glory in heaven where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit one God, for ever and ever.

*All:* Amen.

**The Diocese of Rupert's Land  
The Anglican Parish of St. Peter**

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Bishop of Rupert's Land  
Rector  
Honorary Assistants

Music Director  
Honorary Deacon Assistant  
Deacon-in-Training  
Administrative Assistant  
Rector's Warden  
People's Warden  
Deputy Warden  
Treasurers

The Right Rev. Donald Phillips  
The Rev. Canon Donna Joy  
The Rev. Canon Mary Holmen,  
The Rev. Rod Sprange  
Linda Fearn  
The Rev. Dr. Lissa Wray Beal  
Diane Panting  
Shelagh Balfour  
David Thompson  
Margaret Clarke  
Colin Dorrian  
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*All Scripture quotations are taken from the NRSV.*

*Additional narrative adapted from [www.fisheaters.com/stations.html](http://www.fisheaters.com/stations.html).*

*Closing prayer - [piercedhearts.org/treasures/devotions/other\\_prayers/stations\\_cross.htm](http://piercedhearts.org/treasures/devotions/other_prayers/stations_cross.htm)*

*All poem from Passion, by Shelagh Balfour*