

Good Friday, The Veneration

by [Marda Messick](#) in the [March 2024](#) issue

Published on March 28, 2024

If desired, a wooden cross may now be brought into the church and placed in the sight of the people.

He lies prostrate before
the altar, his face on the floor,
our rended priest.

He is so low on our behalf
a centurion could trample
footprints on his back.

The liturgy of violence
is the work of the people.
O Gabbatha, O Golgotha,
a mob feeling comes
with our clamor.

*Away with him! We have
no king but the emperor.*

The cross trudges
the road of the nave,
is starkly raised.
We touch the hurt wood,
some sinking down.
This rood that bears our praise
dreams of a fruiting tree
in a garden, roots around
the skull of Adam.

We pray the solemn
collects and take a collection
for the saints in Jerusalem.
We weep with the wailing

daughters thereof,
and with our brothers,
the thieves.