

Good Friday, The Veneration

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

*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.