



Along a Paschal Journey

Good Friday: The Dream is Dead

The Scriptures tell us that Jesus and his followers made a glorious entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. They could not have been more excited as their dream was about to come true. Jesus, their Messiah, was about to ascend. Four or five days later, everything had turned against them. Jesus was arrested because he was a threat to the social and political powers of the day. He had a mock trial and he was taken from all those who followed him. Jesus was flogged, crowned with a crown of thorns and had to carry his cross to his place of execution and his followers were so fearful that they denied that they knew him. With this, everything that his followers had ever hoped for had died. Their dream was dead. Their beloved friend, son and brother was dead on the cross. It was preparation day, which meant from sundown there was no activity. His followers begged for his body to be removed from the cross so that he was not hanging there through the Sabbath and into Sunday. Joseph of Arimathea takes Jesus' body to his tomb. The women followed Joseph to the burial place so that they could return at the conclusion of the Sabbath to give him a proper burial.

The metaphor for us on this Good Friday is to focus on our dreams that have died in our own lives and the world. Perhaps, like Jesus on Good Friday, we have given them a hasty burial. We just set them aside, planning to come back to them, but maybe we never do.

All of us have Good Friday or dark moments in our lives. While difficult and painful, the God of love often emerges for us in the stillness and silence.



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Holy Darkness

Dan Schutte

Holy darkness, blessed night
Heaven's answer hidden from my sight
As we await you, O God of silence
We embrace your holy night

I have tried you in fires of affliction
I have taught your soul to grieve
In the barren soil of your loneliness
There will I plant my seed

Holy darkness, blessed night
Heaven's answer hidden from my sight
As we await you, O God of silence
We embrace your holy night

I've taught you the prize of compassion
You have stood before the grave
Though my love can seem
Like a raging storm
This is the love that saves

Holy darkness, blessed night
Heaven's answer hidden from my sight
As we await you, O God of silence
We embrace your holy night

In your deepest hour of darkness
I will give you wealth untold
When the silence stills your spirit
Will my riches fill your soul

Holy darkness, blessed night
Heaven's answer hidden from my sight
As we await you, O God of silence
We embrace your holy night.

*To speak of sorrow works upon it.
Moves it from its crouched place barring
the way to and from the soul's hall.
(To Speak by Denise Levertov)*

What dreams of yours have died? Are there any that you have hastily or only partially buried? Any that continue to draw your attention away from the life you are living now?

What do you think is needed for a proper burial of your individual or collective dreams?

