

LITURGY

April 14, 2017

Good Friday :
Death of Jesus on the Cross

Background: The Christ of de la Reina is given out for a prayerful contemplation of it.

Introduction: Jesus came to give us the whole life of the Father. This is the task to which he has dedicated himself all his life. He was crushed like grapes in the wine presser, until nothing was left of him. He has given his divine life without measure and in an irreversible way. At the end, he had himself sown, the Word made of flesh and bone, written on the furrows of human weakness. He carries on his shoulders the pain of the victims and the sin of the victimizers. God died that we may live.

Song: I Suffer with You

Today, I presented myself before you, with all the pain of the world, and simply you pointed to me a man on the cross.

Today, I presented myself before you full of questionings, do not try to understand, you said, simply you have to live.

THAT I, YOUR GOD SUFFER WITH YOU IN EVERY MAN
WHO POURS HIS SIGHS OF PAIN,
THAT EVERYDAY IN SOME PLACE, CALVARY IS REPEATED
AND THE RESURRECCION AS WELL,
EVEN FOR THOSE EYES WHO BELIEVE.

Today, I presented myself to you with the young drug addict,
the woman whose body is for sale and the one who dies in the hospital.

Today, I presented myself to you and you looked at each one
with the profound love you intended to say.

Psalm: OTHER CROSSES

Jesus in Nazareth,
Nobody hangs
from a cross like yours,
nailed in geography
and in the history of ignominy,
with people without words
but with eyes of witnesses,

and generations of humanity
who behold you, love you and
revere your image
hanging on their necks, temples
and their fate.

But there are many who drag
crosses that are screwed daily
on their shoulders and in their brains
and release their hatred
without weeping, friendless,
drop by drop, step by step,
on the ground we tread
hurriedly and unconcerned.

They dwell in the warmth
of your wounded heart
that never heals.

After personally reading this Psalm, **we share**, with the sister by our side,
other crosses we know, that are in the heart of God and never heal.

Petitions: Hear us, Lord.

Listen to me, Lord. Listen to us
Our prayer is the cry
of the defenseless poor,
of the homeless without refuge,
of those who have fallen victims of
the snare of violence,
in the woeful graveyard of death.

Our prayer is woven
with the clamor of the tears
of those who live helplessly,
with their blood shed,
with the fears and sadness of the children,
with the pain and sorrows of the mothers
with the impotence of all.

We call on you in the day of peril,
when death comes with fear, unquenchable
and there is no one to hold back its victorious march.
May our clamor reach you
because you, O Lord, are good and merciful
rich in kindness to those who call upon you.

You watch over the defenseless,
you are moved by their dying,
you weep with us,
for every human being who struggles.
We pray for the miracle of solidarity,
May we learn to see one another
as brothers and sisters,
may we learn to understand and love one another.
We ask you to convert the minds of the violent.
We ask you to change our hearts,
may they be compassionate and merciful, like yours.

We ask you for forgiveness, because
we are, in some way
responsible of so many sufferings
by our negligence and indifference,
by all our selfishness.
This we ask you, Lord,
rich in mercy to those who call on you.

Reading:

“I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink, I was naked and you clothed me...”

Matthew 25, 35-40 “... you did for me...” personas who do not count in the world and yes, are important for God. Do they count for us?

Song: The Numberless