

Seven Sacred Pauses with the Seven Last Words of Christ

Good Friday, April 15, 2022

6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.

Immanuel United Methodist Church

2900 49th Street, Des Moines

Scripture, poetry and silent meditation (20 minutes)

6:00 a.m. **Forgiveness** *Luke 23:34*

"Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing."

Start close in,
don't take the second step
or the third,
start with the first thing close in,
the step you don't want to take.

"Start Close In," David Whyte

8:00 a.m. **Salvation** *Luke 23:43*

"Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

Last night as I slept,
I dreamt—marvelous error!—
that it was God I had
here inside my heart.

"Last Night As I was Sleeping," Antonio Machado

10:00 a.m. **Relationship** *John 19:26-27*

"Woman, here is your son." Then to the disciple, "Here is your mother."

I want to know if you are willing
to live, day by day, with the consequence of love
and the bitter unwanted passion of your sure defeat.

I have heard, in that fierce embrace, even
the gods speak of God.

"Self-portrait," David Whyte

Noon **Abandonment** *Matthew 27:46*

"My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?"

Beloved,
I abandon myself into your hands;
do with me what you will.
Whatever you may do, I thank you:
I am ready for all, I accept all.

Charles de Foucauld (Prayer of Abandonment)

2:00 p.m. **Distress** *John 19:28*

"I thirst."

Another morning and I wake with thirst for the goodness I do not have. I walk out to the pond and all the way God has given us such beautiful lessons. Oh Lord, I was never a quick scholar but sulked and hunched over my books past the hour and the bell; grant me, in your mercy, a little more time. Love for the earth and love for you are having such a long conversation in my heart. Who knows what will finally happen or where I will be sent, yet already I have given a great many things away, expecting to be told to pack nothing, except the prayers which, with this thirst, I am slowly learning.

"Thirst", Mary Oliver

4:00 p.m. **Triumph** *John 19:30*

"It is finished."

In my darkest night, when the moon was covered
and I roamed through wreckage, a nimbus-clouded voice directed me:
"Live in the layers, not on the litter."

Though I lack the art to decipher it, no doubt the next chapter
in my book of transformations is already written.

I am not done with my changes.

"The Layers", Stanley Kunitz

6:00 p.m. **Reunion** *Luke 23:46*

"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."

The time will come
When, with elation
You will greet yourself arriving
At your own door, in your own mirror,
And each will smile at the other's welcome.
And say, sit here. Eat.

"Love after Love," Derek Walcott

