

Can we wait and watch with Jesus?

Lord we praise the beauty of your creation. The fish in the seas, the birds in the sky celebrate your majesty. We praise you for creating all creatures, and us in your likeness. Thank you, God, for each new day, each dawn, that greets us with a halleluiah. Everyone breathes your life-giving breath, graciously given.

Lord, you came to the garden to pray, breathing in the smell of olive trees mixed with a whiff of anxiousness and weariness. Your disciples were sleepy.

Forgive us lord when we too are tired and not in the moment. We are all so busy, even when we are not.

We spontaneously avert, sleep, work, eat or just do something. We avoid the possibility of deep, Christ imbued human engagement with our hearts and souls. Fear, nervousness, callousness, even panic, subtly, through learned responses, energize us negatively ... into being, not present.

O Lord, time and again, opportunities to give hope and life, slip from our fingers; fall by the wayside.

How foolish we are. Forgive our carelessness each day. We sleep on when around us many souls are in agony of spirit, in need of care, hurting, helpless, lost, abused, belittled, ignored, labelled, betrayed, othered.

When we are awakened, literally or figuratively, we are contrite, we may even weep. But the time has passed, the moment dissolved in the mists. Imparting of love, hope, justice, grace, was not to be.

We did not watch; we did not wait. We were not present. We were not engaging with life. We were not bringing life.

Lord may we learn to journey in the presence of your presence. Unclog our hearts to be love and hope where we are and in in the world. Unblock our minds and free us from prejudice and hate, from ignoble rituals and practices. Untether our tongues to speak loudly in love and truth to the powerful and the poor. Clear our ears to hear the cries for help, unceasingly. Open our eyes to see the pain and suffering in vivid colour. Let us experience the true feeling of flesh on flesh in wiping the brow of the ill and dying.

Help us lord to be thankful for our moments and days; many, or not; so that we may share your living and loving presence, even to a cross. But, O great joy, even beyond!

Our hope Lord is in watching and waiting for your hope in us and for us, and yes lord, through us.

With the psalmist we pray

I wait for the lord.

My soul, waits, and in his word, I hope.

My soul waits for the lord, more than those who watch for the morning,
more than those who watch for the morning.

Amen.

Good Friday

2021 04 02

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