

A Time to Die... and a Time to be Born

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A Meditation on the Scriptural Way of the Cross

You're praying—alone,
Betrayed by your own,
Denied by your friend,
Yet, true to the end.

Arrested and judged,
Your faith never budged;
Though beaten and mocked,
And cursed and defrocked.

Thorns placed on your brow
Pilate leaves you now
His judgment defied
To be crucified.

The suffering way
Is before you today,
There's no time to tarry,
The cross you must carry.

The Cyrene assists,
Golgotha mount mists.
The women you greet
Now mourn at your feet

With devotion fierce;
The nails and spear pierce
Your flesh torn and bleeding;
Your mother is pleading

For it to be done.
"Mom, behold your son;
John, this is your mother,
I could choose no other."

A thief on each side
Also crucified.
One sees in your eyes
Hope of Paradise.

For your cloak dies cast,
As you breathe your last,
"It's finished," you cry.
A good time to die.

Joseph takes you down,
And removes the crown.
With holy discernment
Lays you in interment.

Your followers lost.
The terrible cost
Of what you have given
Has made their hearts riven.

Their darkness so deep
They can't eat or sleep.
Fear scatters their souls,
Erodes them, pokes holes

In their expectations,
Their dreams, contemplations.
Their hoped-for Messiah
Is now a pariah...

Then, on the third day
The stone rolls away.
Death has lost its sting,
Repentant hearts ring!

Now dawns a new morn,
It's time to be born
To day beyond night,
To see beyond sight.

To hear beyond sound,
To touch beyond ground,
To feel beyond heart,
To be set apart.

To smell scents of glory,
To tell the old story.
To taste of God's sweetness,
Transformed in completeness.

To know beyond knowing,
To grow beyond growing.
The gift beyond treasure
To live—live forever.