

Where's Your Chair?

Mark 15 25-39



I have become like a reproach to all my enemies and even to my neighbours, an object of dread to my acquaintances; when they see me in the street they flee from me. I am forgotten like one that is dead, out of mind; I have become like a broken vessel. Psalm 31:11-12

Praising:

He was lifted up to die:
'It is finished' was his cry;
now in heaven exalted high:
Alleluia! What a Saviour!

Reading:

Mark 15:25-39
Jesus dies

The moment of Jesus' death is hard to move on from. It feels wrong just to read on to the next sentence as if nothing significant has happened. For believers there is something about Jesus' death that touches them, much in the way that the death of a friend or family member might touch them. With personal bereavement, many have written about wanting the world to stand still for a while, as though people should stop what they are doing, desist from all the routine, normal

domestic things. Why? Because a life has ended, a life to which we felt connected. Nothing can be the same without that life. Everything must now be different. If that applies to the death of someone we knew and loved, how about someone who was born to die for us in the first place?

Listening:

Praying:

We pray for the dying

- those for whom the end seems to be coming slowly, painfully and cruelly
- those who will leave this world alone, without the love of family, friends or carers
- those conscious only of life's regrets, disappointments and missed opportunities

Father: he is dead, as he said he would be, and I keep silence. As I do so, take me to the temple and show me the curtain. Amen

Doing: