

## Crucifixion Meditation written by Judith McNicholas

*Image - [‘The crucifixion’ painted by William Roberts 1895-1980](#)*

Lord, I've lost count of the number of times  
I've tried, and failed, to stand  
at the foot of your cross.  
Waiting.  
Watching.

I only ever manage  
to look on from a distance –  
one of the crowd.  
Not one **with** the crowd though,  
but separate, detached.  
I'm not sure what I expect to see,  
but I can't watch you die.  
I prefer the sanitised,  
easier, distant, view.

Then, Lord, you kick me, shock me,  
into confronting my detachment, my fear.  
My fear of what?  
Of your love and forgiveness confronting my sin?  
Of my unworthiness to be near you?  
Of seeing your agony?  
Of death itself?

I can see a blasted tree on a barren hilltop;  
no crowds, only an eerie silence,  
mud, barbed wire moving in the wind.  
Then the whistle blows.  
Hundreds of men go 'over the top'.  
Some fall –  
dead as they take the first steps.  
How were they able to walk  
to almost certain death?  
I struggle to understand it.

*Image - [‘Crucified tree form. the Agony’ painted by Theyre Lee-Elliot](#)*

And then, there's another tree,  
a man-tree.  
Two branching limbs outstretched.  
Head bowed in suffering.  
Lord, how were you able to go through with it?  
I struggle to understand that too.

And now you challenge me to draw closer.  
Closer to your Cross, closer to you,  
to face you in person.  
What do I see?  
Your face.  
Not pain.  
Not sorrow.  
Only love!  
Only life!  
Only hope!

No more sin.  
No more death.  
No more fear.

This is **Good** Friday.