

Good Friday, The Veneration

by [Marda Messick](#) in the [March 2024](#) issue

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*If desired, a wooden cross may now be brought into  
the church and placed in the sight of the people.*

He lies prostrate before  
the altar, his face on the floor,  
our rended priest.

He is so low on our behalf  
a centurion could trample  
footprints on his back.

The liturgy of violence  
is the work of the people.  
O Gabbatha, O Golgotha,  
a mob feeling comes  
with our clamor.

*Away with him! We have  
no king but the emperor.*

The cross trudges  
the road of the nave,  
is starkly raised.  
We touch the hurt wood,  
some sinking down.  
This rood that bears our praise  
dreams of a fruiting tree  
in a garden, roots around  
the skull of Adam.

We pray the solemn  
collects and take a collection  
for the saints in Jerusalem.  
We weep with the wailing

daughters thereof,  
and with our brothers,  
the thieves.