

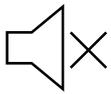
Good Friday: Finished?

During Lent 2020 in the Parish of North Wearside, Sunderland, we did a project looking at how we relate to the key moments of Holy Week for 'This is Our Story'. We asked each other questions about being welcomed, betrayed, grieving and celebrating. We shared stories and experiences of profound loss and pain, hope and joy; we held space for them and laughed and cried through the journey.

We learnt that while we are each different, we hold similar understanding of the highs and lows of life and what matters to us.

From these conversations soundbites and images were then used to create some backdrop boards which will be used in future years as prayer resources.

For the Good Friday 'Dead and Buried' board we asked people to discuss and describe grief. It was painful but cathartic. A bleak picture emerged which was uncomfortably explicit and dark for some, and yet, it needs to be told. To be held.



On Good Friday hope was broken. Dead and buried.

Jesus was gone.

It was finished. Over.

Done.

It was a day for numb grief and disbelief for the disciples, heavy even for the sceptics.

Dark scribbles messing up the plan, the picture, disrupted and damaged.

Upset as Grey clouds roll in, taking over.

Empty, lonely tears of confusion, anger and pain.

Stuck in memory loops that can't be changed

Doubt. Guilt. Remorse.

Sighs fuelled by a bottomless supply of emptiness and sorrow.

Devastation stealing words of certainty, hope and clarity.

Denial not enough to penetrate the loss.

Like a wave that catches you again and again

Hitting you, battering and bruising

Sweeping out the solid ground

Overwhelming in its power, sneaky in its approach.

And ever present, if sometimes deceptively subtle.

Grief is a place where words are finished.

They cannot say what the heart is calling.

Yet those words are heard and held by God. Loud and Clear.

Because it isn't over. The story is not yet done.

We are not finished. There's more to come.

