

# Good Friday

The Passion and Death of  
Our Lord Jesus Christ  
Cycle C | April 18, 2025

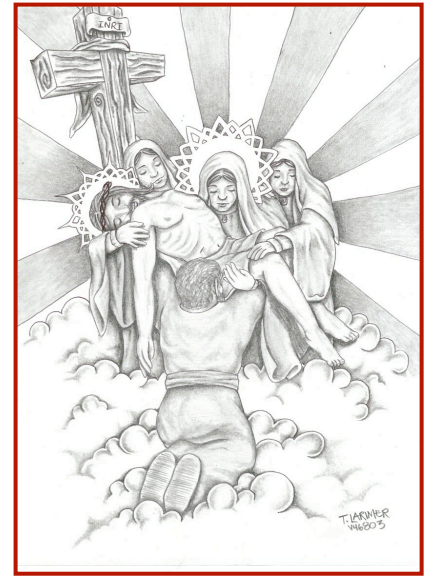
## WISDOM FROM THE CELLS

Dear Mom, I am very sorry for the pain I caused you. I remember the first time you visited me when I was locked up.

I remember sitting at the police station feeling defeated, lost, confused, and afraid that I'll never be able to live life with you as a free man. I was so scared and next thing you know they called me for a visit the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of my initial arrest, and there you were mom, as you have always been. Telling me not to worry and that everything was going to be ok. I cried like a baby when I saw you that day, I felt like I disappointed you and failed you as a son.

I am sorry for all the pain and headaches my past behavior brought you. My change is dedicated to you and I hope to make you proud. I love you. Thank you for NEVER giving up on me and for being here loving me as you son and for being my biggest supporter. Love, your son.

-Saul, who is in a California State Prison.



Artist: T. Larimer

## OPENING PRAYER

Let us pray:

**Lord God,**  
**You invite me to share**  
**in the glory of the**  
**resurrection. Stay with**  
**me as I struggle to see**  
**how accepting the**  
**crosses of my life will**  
**free me from the power**  
**of the one who wants**  
**only to destroy my love**  
**and trust in you. Help**  
**me to be humble and be**  
**accepting like your son,**  
**Jesus. I want to turn to**  
**you with the same trust**  
**he had in you love. Save**  
**me, Lord. Only you can**  
**save me and bring me to**  
**the light. Amen.**



# LITURGY OF THE WORD

## First Reading: Isaiah 52:13 - 53:12

See, my servant shall prosper, he shall be raised high and greatly exalted. Even as many were amazed at him--so marred was his look beyond human semblance and his appearance beyond that of the sons of man--so shall he startle many nations, because of him kings shall stand speechless; for those who have not been told shall see, those who have not heard shall ponder it. Who would believe what we have heard? To whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed? He grew up like a sapling before him, like a shoot from the parched earth; there was in him no stately bearing to make us look at him, nor appearance that would attract us to him. He was spurned and avoided by people, a man of suffering, accustomed to infirmity, one of those from whom people hide their faces, spurned, and we held him in no esteem. Yet it was our infirmities that he bore, our sufferings that he endured, while we thought of him as stricken, as one smitten by God and afflicted. But he was pierced for our offenses, crushed for our sins; upon him was the chastisement that makes us whole, by his stripes we were healed. We had all gone astray like sheep, each following his own way; but the LORD laid upon him the guilt of us all. Though he was harshly treated, he submitted and opened not his mouth; like a lamb led to the slaughter or a sheep before the shearers, he was silent and opened not his mouth. Oppressed and condemned, he was taken away, and who would have thought any more of his destiny? When he was cut off from the land of the living, and smitten for the sin of his people, a grave was assigned him among the wicked and a burial place with evildoers, though he had done no wrong nor spoken any falsehood. But the LORD was pleased to crush him in infirmity. If he gives his life as an offering for sin, he shall see his descendants in a long life, and the will of the LORD shall be accomplished through him. Because of his affliction he shall see the light in fullness of days; through his suffering, my servant shall justify many, and their guilt he shall bear. Therefore I will give him his portion among the great, and he shall divide the spoils with the mighty, because he surrendered himself to death and was counted among the wicked; and he shall take away the sins of many, and win pardon for their offenses.

The Word of the Lord.

**R. Thanks be to God.**

## Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 31: 2, 6, 12-13, 15-16

**R. Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.**

In you, O LORD, I take refuge;  
let me never be put to shame.

In your justice rescue me.

Into your hands I commend my spirit;  
you will redeem me, O LORD, O faithful God.

**R. Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.**

For all my foes I am an object of reproach,  
a laughingstock to my neighbors, and a dread to my  
friends;

they who see me abroad flee from me.

I am forgotten like the unremembered dead;  
I am like a dish that is broken.

**R. Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.**

But my trust is in you, O LORD;  
I say, "You are my God.

In your hands is my destiny; rescue me  
from the clutches of my enemies and my  
persecutors."

**R. Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.**

## Second Reading: Hebrews 4:14-16; 5:7-9

Brothers and sisters: Since we have a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast to our confession. For we do not have a high priest who is unable to sympathize with our weaknesses, but one who has similarly been tested in every way, yet without sin. So let us confidently approach the throne of grace to receive mercy and to find grace for timely help. In the days when Christ was in the flesh, he offered prayers and supplications with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverence. Son though he was, he learned obedience from what he suffered; and when he was made perfect, he became the source of eternal salvation for all who obey him.

The Word of the Lord.

**R. Thanks be to God.**

## Gospel: John 19: 25-30 (Taken from the Gospel John 18:1 - 19:42)

Standing by the cross of Jesus were his mother and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clops, and Mary of Magdala. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple there whom he loved he said to his mother, "Woman, behold, your son. Then he said to the disciple, "Behold, your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his home. After this, aware that everything was now finished, in order that the Scripture might be fulfilled, Jesus said, "I thirst." There was a vessel filled with common wine. So they put a sponge soaked in wine on a sprig of hyssop and put it up to his mouth. When Jesus had taken the wine, he said, "It is finished." And bowing his head, he handed over the spirit.

The Gospel of the Lord.

**R. Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**



# MEDITATION: IN THE ARMS OF MARY

*(through the eyes of mary)*

at last it was time  
to bring my son down  
from the cross  
the earth had  
stopped shaking

the soldiers were pushing  
a small platform  
in front of the crosses  
starting with dismas  
i went over to his mother  
who was bent over  
and destroyed inside  
began consoling her  
in the midst of her sorrow  
the soldiers were  
handing her dismas

now they were in front  
of jesus' cross  
these two soldiers  
hurriedly taking out  
the nails in the hands  
one soldier  
holding jesus in place  
while the other was  
taking out the stake  
in jesus' feet  
it seemed as  
if jesus' body  
was weightless

i spread out my mantle  
on the ground  
i sat on the cloak  
these two soldiers  
slowly handed me jesus  
blood staining my cloak  
holding my son in my arms  
looking into his face  
feeling his body  
against my body  
gently rubbing my hand  
against jesus' face  
at last i could hold him  
in my hands

was not aware  
of anything else  
except this one  
in my arms  
jesus having lost

so much blood  
that he was light  
in my arms  
i knew my son  
could hear me somewhere  
after these last days  
of suffering  
of torture  
needed to  
whisper softly

jesus  
at last  
i have you in my arms  
having experienced  
such darkness  
during these days  
my heart has been  
broken so many times  
since your arrest  
i have seen the cruel face  
of darkness  
i want to tell you  
that i have felt  
the presence of your abba  
i know you are  
together now  
thank you jesus  
for being my son  
for all you have given me

at this moment  
women came close  
with cloths  
with water  
sitting down  
taking the cloths  
dampened in water  
i started with jesus' face  
slowly the dried blood  
fell away  
the cloth entering  
the deep wounds

another cloth  
gently cleaning  
the wound on jesus' side  
taking his hands  
looking at them  
destroyed  
a huge hole where  
the spikes had penetrated  
it was as if  
there was a light

still flowing  
from these wounds  
now taking another cloth  
how does one  
clean jesus' back?  
the flesh was hanging  
off his back  
there was so little to clean  
as i peered at jesus's back  
my friends tried to clean  
the wounds where  
the lashes had fallen

i was feeling  
my son close  
he was with us somehow  
he was present

at that moment  
the two mothers of  
the other crucified ones  
came over  
we cleaned the bodies  
of our sons together

all the pure and religious  
had wandered  
down the hill  
it was only a few of us left  
they bent down  
taking jesus' pierced feet  
into their arms  
with huge holes

how many mothers  
would experience  
what we were feeling?  
holding our dead sons  
in our arms  
with their blood  
soaking through clothes  
cries of sorrow so loud  
they were silent

no noise  
nothing else was moving  
in the universe  
i was holding the body  
i gave birth to  
the body i had bathed  
so many times  
this was the last time  
i would bathe  
the body of my son

the only comfort  
was the rubbing  
of the cloth  
against his skin  
again and again  
becoming aware  
not only of jesus  
but of his abba

such a deep mystery  
as we held jesus  
in our hands  
washing jesus  
with these women  
broken hearted mothers  
connected to the love  
from jesus' abba's heart  
love from their  
mothers' hearts  
being with  
walking with  
accompanying  
their criminal sons  
as they were laughed at  
made fun of  
being accused of  
not raising their sons  
in a good way  
being yelled at  
how they had failed  
as mothers  
look how their  
criminal sons  
had ended up  
carrying a cross

this love  
they had for their sons  
was like the love strong  
flowing from the heart  
of jesus' abba

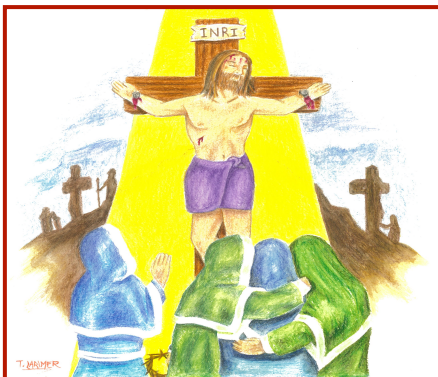
these two mothers  
were also showing  
the face of god  
on this day  
on this hill  
love without conditions  
self-giving  
forgiving love



**REFLECTION:**

*Dear Mom,*

*I am very sorry for the pain I have caused you. I remember the first time you visited me when I was locked up.... I remember.... I remember...*



Artist: T. Larimer

**CLOSING PRAYER**

*Mary,*

*You received Jesus in your arms. You held him in your arms. You bathed him one last time. Even in this darkness, you had other mothers help you. Even in this darkness, you were able to feel your son's presence.*

*Be with me, Mary, in times of darkness and tragedies. Let me know I am not alone. Hold me in your arms. Amen.*

