

LENT 2026

GOOD FRIDAY

God of the darkened sky, At noon, the light failed.

By afternoon, the world held its breath.

And from the cross came a cry— raw, abandoned, honest:

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

This is where the story brings us—not to triumph, but to death. To silence.

To endings we did not choose. To grief that cannot be rushed.

Jesus, you did not avoid this place.

You entered fully into it—the pain, the loneliness, the final surrender of breath.

And those who loved you— they could not fix it.

They could not stop it. They could only witness.

Joseph of Arimathea stepped forward—quietly, bravely—to care for your body.

To wrap you in linen. To place you in the tomb.

A small act. A necessary act. A tender act in the face of irreversible loss.

This is the dirty work of hope.

It is not denying death.

It is not rushing to resurrection.

It is honoring what has ended with care, with dignity, with love.

God, teach us this kind of faithfulness.

When we face endings—relationships, dreams, lives—

give us the courage to stay present.

To grieve honestly. To tend what remains with reverence.

When the light seems to fail around us, remind us that even here,

you are not absent.

When we cannot see beyond the tomb, help us trust that love still matters.

Give us the strength to be like Joseph—to show up,

to do what is needed, to offer care when it would be easier to turn away.

And in this holy in-between—between death and resurrection—hold us.

Hold our grief.

Hold our questions.

Hold our fragile hope.

Through Christ, who entered death and was not lost to it, Amen.

Journal Prompt – Holding What Has Ended

In Mark 15:33–47, the story does not resolve. Jesus dies, and those who remain must face the reality of loss. Yet even here, acts of care continue.

Reflect gently:

- What endings or losses are you carrying right now?
- Who has shown you care in a time of grief? How did it matter?
- What might it look like for you to practice the “dirty work of hope” by tending, honoring, or grieving something honestly?

Write without needing to find a silver lining. Sometimes hope begins not in answers, but in the quiet, faithful act of staying present to what is real.