

Homily. Good Friday. 2/4/2021.

Today is all about the passion and the depth of God's love for us, a love that in Jesus has proven itself to be bottomless and everlasting. What we're calling to mind in this commemoration is that God has elected to be at our side in every affliction and through every one of our fears. No evil, no sin, no destruction, no desolation, not even death itself despite all appearances to the contrary, can now ever get to have the final word. What we need to take deeply into our hearts is that the palm of victorious Hosannas must pass through the shame of the Cross, for the green palm branch and the hard wood of the Cross are inseparable.

As much as it's true that Jesus is alive in us, it's also true that He is still suffering, sacrificing Himself and dying through us today. Our salvation, won for us by the Lord, is always being worked out in the world and in human history through every person who walks His way towards life, for both the rose that delights us and the thorn that pierces us are one.

Some crosses come upon us because we've chosen to give of ourselves in service and sacrifice for the good of others, be they friend or stranger, family or foe. Yet, there are those other crosses that push down hard upon our shoulders from causes and people beyond our control. Jesus bore all of these for us. He wants us to know that, yoked in beside us every day if we'll let Him, He carries them with us turning the barren wood of our sufferings and sacrifices into a tree of life bearing fruits, the very foundation of the universe and creation's binding force of unselfish love. Soon we'll come to yet another offering, that of our prayers in the Crucified Christ for the good of the world, carrying these offerings to the

image of His Cross in faithful veneration and with humble submission. We realise that without Him our crosses and offerings would be no more dry, splintered, thorny wood bringing forth no hope, no fruit, no palm of victory and no hope of Easter life.

This afternoon of the Good Friday always looks forward to tomorrow night and the Sunday of His rising where victory is won, when the green palms wave and the fresh shoots sprout from the dead wood and dry earth. It's then that we'll all meet again and it's there that we will see Him as He really is and find each other made into His likeness.