

## GOOD FRIDAY – Year C

Today we gather in this Sanctuary/holy church to commemorate the death of Jesus. It is a sad & challenging time for all Christians. But, His death on the Cross atones our sins & gives us a chance to enter Heaven. We are grateful for His love & salvation for us.

Jesus often visited the Temple & the Synagogue to celebrate His Jewish tradition & find quiet time to be with God the Father & God the Holy Spirit. We are called to follow His example & search for a quiet place like this Sanctuary to have peace for our souls & ask God to help us make the right decisions in our daily life. A lot of wonderful things have happened in this place over the year, including the celebration of the Last Supper with Jesus, First Communion, Baptism, Confirmation, Wedding, Anniversary, Reconciliation, Healing & Last Rite, Funeral, & many other special occasions. Some of us have stopped by here to pray throughout the week & look for strength & help from God.

I hope this place will be the Sanctuary for you in good time & in bad & help you find God's love & guidance in your life throughout the year. Let me leave with you the following poem as we come together today to remember what our Lord has done for us on this Good Friday & bring to Him our needs & prayers.

### SANCTUARY

Whenever I'm feeling troubled,  
When the trials of life press in,  
When my spirit's overburdened  
With real or imagined sin,  
I seek out a sanctuary  
In some quiet, peaceful spot,  
Be it church or room or woodland  
Or a little garden plot;  
There, alone in contemplation,  
I recall a passage dear  
From the psalms or from the gospels,  
And I feel God's presence near.  
I may hum a simple hymn tune  
Or recite a soothing verse,  
And with God, my Friend & Savior,  
Through the act of prayer converse.  
Then the solace, strength & courage,  
Benisons from God above,  
Fill my being with contentment,  
In the knowledge of His love.  
And as I abide in patience,  
And with spirit cleansed & quickened,  
I can turn to face life's fray.

By *Alice J. Christianson*