**Jesus is condemned to death**

The very air that Pilate breathes, the voice  
With which he speaks in judgment, all his powers  
Of perception and discrimination, choice,  
Decision, all his years, his days and hours,  
His consciousness of self, his every sense,  
Are given by this prisoner, freely given.  
The man who stands there making no defence,  
Is God. His hands are tied, His heart is open.  
And he bears Pilate’s heart in his and feels  
That crushing weight of wasted life. He lifts  
It up in silent love. He lifts and heals.  
He gives himself again with all his gifts  
Into our hands. As Pilate turns away  
A door swings open. This is judgment day

**Jesus is nailed to the cross**

See, as they strip the robe from off his back  
And spread his arms and nail them to the cross,  
The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black,  
And love is firmly fastened onto loss.  
But here a pure change happens. On this tree  
Loss becomes gain, death opens into birth.  
Here wounding heals and fastening makes free  
Earth breathes in heaven, heaven roots in earth.  
And here we see the length, the breadth, the height  
Where love and hatred meet and love stays true  
Where sin meets grace and darkness turns to light  
We see what love can bear and be and do,  
And here our saviour calls us to his side  
His love is free, his arms are open wide.

**Jesus is laid in the tomb**

Here at the centre everything is still  
Before the stir and movement of our grief  
Which bears it’s pain with rhythm, ritual,  
Beautiful useless gestures of relief.  
So they anoint the skin that cannot feel  
Soothing his ruined flesh with tender care,  
Kissing the wounds they know they cannot heal,  
With incense scenting only empty air.  
He blesses every love that weeps and grieves  
And makes our grief the pangs of a new birth.  
The love that’s poured in silence at old graves  
Renewing flowers, tending the bare earth,  
Is never lost. In him all love is found  
And sown with him, a seed in the rich ground.