

Eritrean Catholic Gheez-Rite Chaplaincy (ECGRC-London)
St. Aidan of Lindisfarne RC Church
85 Old Oak Common Lane
London W3 7DD

A PRAYER ON GOOD FRIDAY

Let me be, Lord, that person in whose house you celebrated your Last Supper. Let me open my house and my heart to you that they may become the Upper Room where you dined with your disciples for the very Last time before you died for me. Yes, Lord make me generous to you by becoming generous to the poor, the needy, the homeless, the neglected by welcoming them when they need my hospitality.

Let my heart become the Upper Room that has seen the most sacred moments of your life in your redeeming work. Let it be the place of your rest and consolation and the place where you send your Spirit on Pentecost.

Lord, let me be that penitent woman who washed your sacred feet with her tears of repentance and like her, let me cover your head with the perfume of holy and good deeds in love of you. Like that woman, Lord, let my name be remembered wherever your Passion is recounted. Let me always be related to your Passion, Death and Resurrection.

Lord, let me be Simon of Cyrene who helped you carry your cross. Let me share, Lord, the sufferings and trials of others. And let me alleviate their pain and doing so, let me share in your sufferings for me and the whole world; for I know that this will enable me to share in your consolation too.

Lord, let me be that thief on your right who repented and asked for your mercy at the last moments of his life. Grant me Lord, the courage to stand by you when I hear your Name profaned (insulted) by my friends and colleagues. Yes, grant me the grace to see the truth and to follow it as my salvation depends upon it. Most of all merciful Lord, at the hour of my death, grant me your grace to hear your promise of eternal life "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise." (Lk 23:43)

Let me stay beneath your holy cross Lord, that I may be granted the gift of your mother, that she would be my mother and let me be, Lord, entrusted to her motherly care by you. Lord, you have promised us that you will not leave us as orphans and I can see the partial fulfillment of that wonderful promise by this stupendous exchange. I know I am not worthy to be called the child of your Immaculate Mother; but you wanted me to be your brother not only by giving your precious life on my behalf but also by giving me your mother to be my mother too. I cannot comprehend the depth of your love for me, Lord, for you have allowed me to be called the son of your Eternal Father too.

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One thing I understand is, that it is indeed very good for me to stay beneath your holy cross to learn the mystery of your unfathomable love. Beneath your cross, Lord, I learn to love and to humbly receive your mercy. Here, I feel safe and protected, redeemed and loved eternally. Here, I know my old enemy Satan is defeated; his head crushed by you O my precious Lord. As sin and death entered our world through a tree, now Lord, you have given me grace and life from the wooden cross.

Lord, let me be that centurion who believed in you as the Son of God by just looking how you died for me. Lord, grant me the grace of redeeming faith through which I may see you as you are, as it stands written, "They will look on the one whom they have pierced" (Jn 19:37). Let my looking at your suffering and death open up for me the treasures of eternal life.

Lord, let me be Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea who wrapped your body with spices and linen clothes for your burial. Let your suffering and death bring about courage and boldness in me that I may follow you not in secret but openly. Let me be transformed by this encounter that I may no longer fear what others may say about me but what you may say about me at the end. And let my heart be Calvary and the garden where your dead body lied that I may also see your resurrection there.

Lord, let me be the women who followed you all the way from Galilee to Calvary while your supposedly friends and disciples deserted you. Grant me Lord, the grace of perseverance to the end amidst outright persecutions against my faith and hardships that my following of you might incur. In life and at the hour of death, let me serve you Lord, like those courageous and dedicated women whom society otherwise may regard as weak and useless. Like them, let me prepare your body, Lord, for burial and let me experience the joy of your resurrection.

Let the wall of division and sin crumble beneath your cross Lord, that I may be united to your Father through your death and through the Spirit of Life you have breathed upon me from your holy cross. And let the curtains of division and separation be torn apart from the temple of my heart that I may always be one with you and my brethren.

AMEN

***"For while I was still weak, at the right time Christ died for me the ungodly. ...
God proves his love for me in that while I still was a sinner Christ died for me."
(Cf. Rom 5:6, 8 italics mine)***

By Abba Ephrem Andom