



John 16:31,32 "Do you finally believe this?" Jesus asked. "But the time is coming – in fact, it is here – when you will be scattered, each one returning to his own home, leaving me alone. Yet I will not be alone, for the Father is with me."

With him, you could face anything
They could all run
their fears overtaking them
like a swift tide
drowning their well-meaning intentions
with cold waves of reality

With him, you could face anything
They could arrest you, take you in
climax of a campaign to silence you
You knew it would happen
you were ready

With him, you could face anything
This final act of a drama
known before the world was born
You were in it together

When did he leave you?

In the garden
as you struggled
blood coating your skin?

In the courtroom
which rang with frenzied accusations?

In the armory as fists smashed
your blindfold face?

Was it in the streets
as you staggered
excruciating pressure
on your whip-torn back?

Or on the hill
as nails split your hands
and you hung to die?

You'd expected he'd be with you
with strength
reassurance
comfort
constant companion
as he always had been

But there was darkness
terrible, frightening blackness
total, destroying emptiness
shocking, agonising aloneness

In vain your spirit cried
searching for his
In vain you waited,
longed, suffered

My God, my God
why have you forsaken me?
Words of grief torn from
your broken heart

