

At the Cross - *The Walk*

All day I long to kiss your wounds. No other action would display my gratitude and love. My heart feels pierced through deeply, for I feel as though I cannot utter a cry. For my pain may be all too consuming. For I enter the safety of your heart, but tremble with fear when I am to leave. Lord never let me leave your sacred heart. Hide me in the wounds of your love forever. This emptiness in me fills all parts. I feel almost numb and carved out as if I was gutted by your love. The sorrow I have in walking away. Each step a reminder of the reality of His death. The greatest goodbye of all of eternity. Silence now consumes the land and our hearts. What to express all that has occurred, nothing comes out of my mouth as I try to speak. As I relive the day, the sorrows and atrocities return, oh what blessed way. All my eyes can see is the cross, for I never want to leave.

{Mathew 27: 45-56, The Death of Jesus}

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why so far from my cry for help, from my cries of anguish. My God, I call by day, but you do not answer; by night, but I have no relief.”

{Psalm 22: 1-3}