

GFW24 Script

Part 1

In life's maze, we fret amidst the mundane,
Exhausting time and energy in pursuit of the "Who am I?" refrain.

The question of "When am I?" seldom crosses our minds,
Yet within life's intricate dance, its significance we find.

Each of us, a tapestry woven with the strands of time,
In this grand procession, our tales interwine.
No solitary wanderers in this cosmic parade,
Only united can the full picture be displayed.

Defined not by solitary pursuits, but by forces beyond our gaze,
In the grandeur of creation, divine intelligence plays.

What if, indeed, history's course, creation's arc, time's sway,
Pivoted not around the Sun, but a Son, The Christ, the eternal day?

Exploring who we are in light of when we are,
Reveals vistas of insight, truths impossible to dismiss.

A narrative transcending the chains of time, shaping each and every event,
The cross of Jesus emerges, eternal, all-seeing and heaven-sent.
A pledge from days gone by, with might in this present tense,
Where Creator, Spirit, and Son merge in eternal confidence.

Will you ponder "When We Are" in the shadow of the cross?
For therein lies the heart of our being, amidst life's gain and loss.

One moment, one story, encompasses us all,
The cross, a beacon in the tempest, we heed its call.

Its arms open wide to the four winds, a signpost for the free,
Inviting us to discover, who we're truly meant to be.

Part 2 (After Fall before Table)

Through time's relentless march, the echo of that one moment in Eden reverberates, a melody of longing for a home lost, a harmony of hope for restoration. Through valleys shadowed by the spectre of mortality, where time itself seems to hold its breath, one voice resounds, a shepherd's call that slices through the fog of fear, "I am with you," it whispers, "you shall not want."

In a moment outside of time, a table appears. Not just any table, but one prepared in the presence of all that once threatened to undo us. This table transcends time, linking past to future, Eden to eternity. Here, the one who walked through garden paths, who led through valley depths, now breaks bread, pours out wine, an invitation not just to remember, but to partake in a communion that defies the boundaries of time itself.

One promise, one shepherd, one sacrifice, one saviour to end all division, to heal all wounds, to restore all that was lost. Here, in this sacred meeting place of past, present, and future, we are offered a seat, one of unending grace, a place where sin and death no longer dictate our distance from the divine, but where we are eternally, intimately one with the One who calls us beloved.

Part 3

In the dim glow of evening's embrace, they gathered 'round, a band of brothers, hearts heavy with anticipation, minds clouded with uncertainty. At that last supper table, amidst the flickering candlelight, a solemn hush enveloped them, like a shroud woven from the threads of destiny.

There, in the midst of laughter and lingering echoes of shared stories, a somber truth hung heavy in the air. A truth whispered in the quiet gaze of the One who knew, who understood the weight of what lay ahead.

As they broke bread and sipped from the cup, his voice, steady yet laden with emotion, pierced through the silence. "Take this," he said, his eyes reflecting the depth of his love, "and remember me."

But oh, how quickly the warmth of that moment faded into the chill of betrayal's kiss. For in the garden of Gethsemane, amidst the rustle of olive branches and the scent of impending sorrow, he knelt in fervent prayer. "Father," he pleaded, "if you are willing, take this cup from me. Yet not my will, but yours be done."

And so, from the last supper table to the cross, the journey unfolded, each step heavy with the burden of humanity's sins. Through the streets of Jerusalem, amidst mocking cries and scornful jeers, he carried the weight of the world upon his weary shoulders.

But even in the shadow of the cross, amidst the agony of nails piercing flesh and the searing pain of abandonment, his voice rang out, a beacon of unwavering faith. "Father, forgive them," he cried, "for they know not what they do."

And in those words, uttered from a heart overflowing with divine mercy, echoed the essence of his journey. At the cross in the echoes of history run, His story is retold with each rising sun. Remember the one, the saviour of men - the one who fell but got back up again.

Part 4 End Reflection

Time unfolds from the One who exists beyond it,
A tapestry woven with the threads of moments yet to come.
Within this vast expanse, lies this pivotal point,
The moment that pierced time and embraces eternity.

This is the cry of the One, forsaken, on the precipice of time and space,
"My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?"
A lament that transcends the barriers of epochs,
Echoing through the ages, a voice that carries the weight of the world.

This moment, suspended in time, where heaven meets earth,
The One, nailed to the cross, becomes the fulcrum of history.
Flesh torn, side pierced, the physical agony mirrored by a deeper pain,
The separation, the silence, the absence of the Divine.

Yet, in this moment of utter desolation, the clock of eternity ticks on,
For this cry of forsakenness is but a prelude to redemption.
The darkness that envelops the land, a canvas,
Upon which the light of hope, of resurrection, will soon break.

From this point, time ripples outward, carrying with it a message,
The death of the One, not an end, but a beginning,
A bridge restored between the Creator and the created,
The veil torn, access granted, a relationship renewed.

As we stand in the shadow of this moment, let us not forget,
The One who, in facing abandonment, ensured we would never be alone.
For in His cry, in His sacrifice, we find our acceptance,
Our belonging, our redemption, sealed for all of time.

This moment, this cry, becomes the heartbeat of our faith,
A reminder that in our own moments of despair,
We are joined to the One, who conquered death, who bridged time,
Who offers us an eternity, rooted not in our forsakenness, but in His presence today and forever.