

What a night!

I've been sitting here keeping my distance, I didn't want to get involved.

I saw him carrying his cross to the outside of the city. I could see the muscles in his body straining and shaking. The weight of the cross would drag anyone down but he had been flogged. I could see the lashings on his back, the blood streaking downwards staining his skin.

Someone had put a crown of thorns on his head. Blood and sweat streamed down his face. He looked like he already had had hours of torture.

I don't really understand what is going on, but just a few days ago people thought that he was a hero. He rode into Jerusalem on the back of a donkey. Palm trees were being waved everywhere, cloaks were being laid on the floor for him to go over. It felt like he was going to be our king.

I heard that he was betrayed. It was one of his friends, why would one of his friends betray him? I think of my friends and would one of them betray me? I hope not. His friends seemed to be loyal followers. They had followed him for the last three years listening to his teachings. They had travelled around the area and he had told stories.

That man was a wonderful teacher. I heard him once. I wasn't too sure what he would be like. He was mesmerising. He challenged people's thinking. The Priests and the Rabbis didn't like him. I was there when he healed someone on the Sabbath,

Some of them were looking for a reason to accuse Jesus, so they watched him closely to see if he would heal him on the Sabbath. Jesus said to the man with the shrivelled hand, "Stand up in front of everyone."

Then Jesus asked them, "Which is lawful on the Sabbath: to do good or to do evil, to save life or to kill?" But they remained silent.

He looked around at them in anger and, deeply distressed at their stubborn hearts, said to the man, "Stretch out your hand." He stretched it out, and his hand was completely restored. Then the Pharisees went out and began to plot with the Herodians how they might kill Jesus, they were incensed. I felt that I wanted to hang on every word. I didn't follow him though. I am a bit lazy at heart and I didn't want to get involved.

I don't see why he was betrayed. Was there money involved? I guess that we will find out one day.

I can't get those images out of my brain. That man walking down the road with a huge cross on his shoulders and then followed by his being hung on the cross to die. Surely it would have been a far better death to fall on the floor and be flogged.

They tied him to the cross, and one held his arm out whilst another hammered a nail. Those nails, the hammer knocked them straight through his hands. You could hear the squelch of tissue and the look of agony on his face. The same thing happened as they hammered the nails into his feet.

I was the soldiers dividing his belongings, there was one item left; they drew lots for it. They reminded me of the vultures circling overhead waiting for the body to become a carcass.

I saw him talking to the other two, just a few words were exchanged and then they were back with their own thoughts. The crowd looked on and I was aware that they were becoming eerily silent too.

Initially he almost looked resigned to the fact that he would die. His tortured face had an air of calm acceptance and it looked like that he was resigned that it had to happen. As he hung there on the cross, he was slowly suffocating. His ability to breathe got less and less. His face became contorted.

He looked down and saw his mother, he spoke to her; all that she could do was watch in anguish as her son was dying in front of her. There was nothing that she could do.

The soldiers put a sponge soaked in vinegar on a hyssop stick and offered it to him. At first he refused but later he took it.

I heard him cry, "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" then the sky became dark and the earth shook, it was frightening. I cowered I didn't know what was happening, I looked up again and I knew he was dead. Why did this man have to die?

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