
Good Friday

litany of penitence

based on the Seven Last Words of Christ

Lord, you said from the cross, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

I confess that too often I know exactly the evil I do and I do it anyway. I hoard rather than share. I look out for myself and neglect the interest of others. I judge others harshly and absolve myself undeservedly.

Forgive me for all that I do knowingly, neglect willfully and perpetrate indiscriminately. Forgive me for my culpability in this violent day.

Lord, you said from the cross, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in paradise."

I confess my resemblance to the one crucified beside you who derided and chided you. I want your benefits with none of the responsibilities. I call to you for rescue even when I fail to acknowledge my own guilt.

Forgive me for failing to recognize my sin and for my sense of entitlement to your intervention. Forgive me for not seeing your innocence and selfless sacrifice.

Lord, you said from the cross, "Woman, here is your son. ... Here is your mother."

I confess my unwillingness to tend to those for whom I have been entrusted to care. I resent others' demands on my time and resources. I desire the gifts of community but act as if my choices are solely about what is best for me and me alone.

Forgive me for not taking to heart your command to love one another. Forgive me for not seeing each person I encounter as a gift for you and someone for whom I am to care.

Lord, you said from the cross, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

I confess that I have forsaken you, time and time again. I said I would risk my life for you but instead denied you. You told me to stay awake and on watch, but I fell asleep. I promised I would not abandon you, but I ran at the first sign of danger.

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Forgive me for not being there when you most needed me. Forgive me for fickle faith and a lack of courage. Forgive me for throwing off the cross and running away.

Lord, you said from the cross, "I am thirsty."

I confess my failure to give a cup of cold water to the little ones desperate for a drink. I confess that my heart has not been a spring of living water, but instead often a desert of deceit. I look away from those crying out for life's basic necessities.

Forgive me for not giving what I have in your name and for your sake. Forgive me for my lack of compassion and my hard-heartedness. Forgive me for not responding to your cry for help.

Lord, you said from the cross, "It is finished."

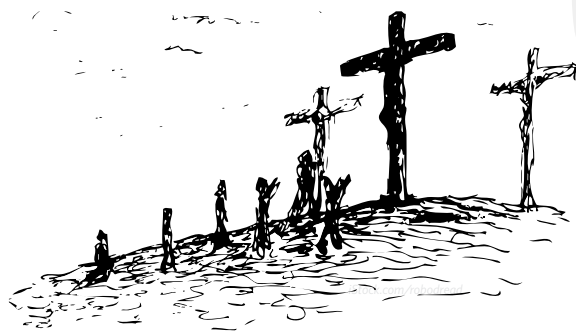
I confess that I left you long before you declared your work complete. I confess that I could not stand to see you suffer. I confess that my fear for myself over took my love for you.

Forgive me, for not sticking with you. Forgive me for all the times I have not finished the work you gave me to do. Forgive me for giving up when I should have trusted your promises.

Lord, you said from the cross, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."

I confess that I was not there when you breathed your last. I confess that I doubted my declaration that you were the Messiah. I confess that there were times I wished I had not left everything to follow you.

Forgive me for allowing you to die alone. Forgive me for my lack of trust. Forgive me that I could not see past the earthly powers and recognize the kingdom of heaven come near, come to earth, come to me.



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Liturgy written by Jill Duffield and provided for free distribution.

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