

A Prayer for Good Friday

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Several years ago I was introduced to *The Valley of Vision: A Collection of Puritan Prayers & Devotions* through the ministry of Dr. Walt Mueller at CPYU (<http://www.cpyu.org/> - a tremendous ministry located in E-town, PA.). I highly recommend this beautiful book of prayers. I've often found these prayers to be a guide for helping me express thoughts and emotions that I struggle to put into my own simple words. I've also found these prayers to be a useful teaching tool that has broadened my own prayer life.

I know that many of my friends in ministry are on overload this week. I know many other friends who are on overload with the burdens that life has brought to them in recent days, weeks and months. With today being Good Friday, I hope that the words of this prayer help us all grasp the work that Jesus did on our behalf at Calvary!

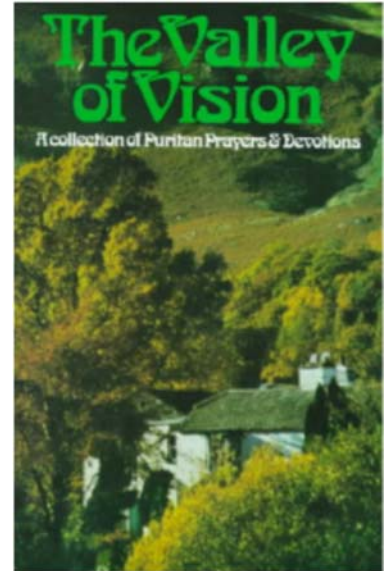
Love Lustres at Calvary

My Father,

Enlarge my heart, warm my affections, open my lips,
supply words that proclaim 'Love lustres at Calvary.'
There grace removes my burdens and heaps them on thy Son,
made a transgressor, a curse, and sin for me;
There the sword of thy justice smote the man, thy fellow;
There thy infinite attributes were magnified,
and infinite atonement was made;
There infinite punishment was due,
and infinite punishment was endured.

Christ was all anguish that I might be all joy,
cast off that I might be brought in,
trodden down as an enemy
that I might be welcomed as a friend,
surrendered to hell's worst
that I might attain heaven's best,
stripped that I might be clothed,
wounded that I might be healed,
athirst that I might drink,
tormented that I might be comforted,
made a shame that I might inherit glory,
entered darkness that I might have eternal light.

My Saviour wept that all tears might be wiped from my eyes,
groaned that I might have endless song,
endured all pain that I might have unfading health,
bore a thorny crown that I might have a glory-diadem,
bowed his head that I might uplift mine,
experienced reproach that I might receive welcome,
closed his eyes in death that I might gaze on unclouded brightness,
expired that I might for ever live.



O Father, who spared not thine only Son that thou mightest spare me,
All this transfer thy love designed and accomplished;
Help me to adore thee by lips and life.
O that my every breath might be ecstatic praise,
my every step buoyant with delight, as I see
 my enemies crushed,
 Satan baffled, defeated, destroyed,
 sin buried in the ocean of reconciling blood,
 hell's gates closed, heaven's portal open.
Go forth, O conquering God, and show me the cross,
mighty to subdue, comfort and save.