

Good Friday Homily 2022

Imagine you are Nicodemus.

You are a wealthy Jew.

A man of standing and well-respected.

You may have been at Jesus' trial before the Sanhedrin.

Now you look at Jesus crucified as a thief would be. With thieves.

Disfigured as Isaiah says. Despised and jeered at.

Bloody and weak.

Then dead.

You are looking at a man that once you crept under cover of dark to speak to.

Who opened your eyes to extraordinary mysteries about life and the Holy Spirit, which you could hardly grasp.

A man you were drawn to, simply by his presence and his actions.

An unusual man.

But what are you to make of him now?

You have not declared yourself to be a friend, and certainly not yet a follower of Jesus.

To save your reputation, the wise thing would be to forget Jesus.

Deny, if asked, you had anything to do with him, as perhaps you have seen Jesus' own followers do.

It would cost you nothing to step away. Turn your back.

And yet. Faced with the choice, you make a decision.

Into the light you come with Joseph of Arimathea. Declare where you stand.

"Nicodemus came as well - the same one who had first come to Jesus at night time - and he brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes."

Standing out in the open, before everyone who knows you. Before Pilate even.

And asking to bury Jesus. To actively take part in it.

For many the cross was a moment to run. Deny Jesus.

But for a few-

-many not even disciples or even Jews, like the Centurion, - the cross is the moment of decision. Of truth.

Regardless of what it may cost.

A moment of faith.

Yes, I believe.

I may not fully understand, but I have seen and I believe.