

A Prayer Poem for Passion Sunday

Out of line

Holy God,
Shoulder to shoulder, seat to seat,
heads bowed down and feet to feet
we sit and listen, sit and pray
and watch the unfolding of this holy day.

Observers we at this frightening hour
lined up in rows to watch the power
of a people's fear make love grow dim
as we cry with one voice: "Crucify him!"

Standing on the streets of Jerusalem,
standing shoulder to shoulder
feet to feet,
would we have offered an apple to eat?
Would we have reached a hand to wipe
the sweat, the blood, the tears, the fright?
Or turned instead from the sight
and prayed to God, "This isn't right."
And nothing done that wasn't safe
that wasn't meek, that caused a chafe
against the chains we all must wear
When guilt's the burden that we bear.

We line up at the traffic light,
we sit in rows this morning bright,

and in our lines at the grocery store,
cart to cart we wish for more.
But ever do we fill that cart
with food for those with broken hearts?
Step out of line and help the man
who does not see his favorite can,
who cannot reach the topmost shelf
who cannot help his broken self?

Grant us the courage, give us the heart
from expectations to depart
that we may step out of line
and in your love radiant shine--
One person here, another there
offering hope, offering care,
giving help, standing out
asking why, expressing doubt,
reaching with love to those in need,
that Easter morn we may indeed
proclaim with joy and radiant glee
He lives today for you and me!

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