

A First Nations Version Meditation for Good Friday by Terry M. Wildman

Creator Sets Free knew the cross awaited him at the end of the trail. So he "set his face like flint" to go to the Village of Peace and face the cruel ways of this world. The cross was the ultimate instrument of torture and terror, used by the People of Iron to bring the nations into submission to their false peace. Upon it, the Chief of Peace would make his final stand.

He came and presented himself to his own people, and the leaders of the tribes of Wrestles with Creator stripped him bare like a shorn lamb, ready for the slaughter. Hollow in the Rock, the chief holy man, presented him as the Passover lamb to be sacrificed on the altar of their corruption—condemning him as a blasphemer. "Is it too hard for you to see?" he unwittingly prophesied, "It would be better for us if one man were to die than for the people than for our whole nation to be destroyed!" So they delivered him over to the Spear of the Great Waters, the governor of the People of Iron, who tried to wash his hands of him and sent him off to Looks Brave the bad-hearted ruler of the tribes of Wrestles with Creator. Looks Brave harassed and ridiculed him before rejecting and sending him back to Spear of the Great Watters. Thinking him a harmless fool, he was forced to judge him guilty, for he claimed to be a Chief, a rival to the Ruler of the People of Iron, who also claimed the title "Son of the Great Spirit".

No one wanted this homeless man, this failed Chosen One. Not the Separated Ones, not the Upright Ones, neither the tribes of Wrestles with Creator nor the People of Iron. No one stood up for him, his brothers and sisters did not believe in him, his own followers abandoned him. Judged to be worthless by this world, he was nailed hands and feet to a tree pole, the cross, as they spit on him, mocked him, and cast the ugliness of their shame upon him, like a worn out and tattered blanket.

But little did anyone know; when they judged him they were judging themselves, when they condemned him they were condemning themselves. "Guilty!" they cried out, reflecting the shame of their own hearts, and the darkness in their souls.

Creator Sets Free, on the cross, willingly suffered the terrible consequence that humankind had brought upon themselves, "O Great Spirit, my Creator!" he cried out in agony, "why have you left me alone?"

Hiding behind a thin veil of darkness Accuser, the evil snake, gloated, thinking he had won.

But then, out of the dry and thirsty mouth of Creator Sets Free, came the hint of Satan's defeat. Bleeding to death, he looked up into the cloudy and menacing sky as darkness covered the land. Love poured out of his veins along with his blood, as he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they do not know what they are doing."

No one knew it yet. Accuser, the evil snake, could not begin to comprehend it. But beneath the blood, sweat, and tears love had already won. For love is stronger than death, and mercy triumphs over judgment!