



## Episode 18: Mourn With Me a While

"In fact, the reason I was born and came into the world is to testify to the truth."

{ John 18:37 }

NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION

It's been a strange Good Friday, but for me Good Friday always feels a little strange. It's a day of real depth of sorrow, but also real joy and gratitude as well. It brings back to mind for me, every time we get to Good Friday, our many presentations of Born for This throughout the years. Born for This is a musical presentation of the stations of the cross. Over the years it has been our Lenten journey in cathedrals and churches up and down the country.

When I wrote the songs for Born for This, I started by reading the passion from John's gospel in the Good Friday Liturgy. The phrase 'born for this' became the title of the reflections by Jude Martin and then the songs I added to it. I put those words, instead of in Jesus' mouth as they are here before Pilate, on Mary's mouth. Mary must have been so overwhelmed by the sight of all that he'd been through already, blood on his face and his back from the beatings. Our blessed mother journeys with us still in our trials of today.

Even in the midst of the heartbreak I think Mary knew the pain was over, but it wasn't over, hence the line in the song 'When you wake, I'll still be here.' She knew the resurrection was on the horizon as do we. But tonight, this Good Friday, we mourn a while with her. Have a blessed and beautiful Holy Saturday, that great day of silence and stillness as we await the coming of the resurrection.

Born for this, you were born for this.  
Born to walk this road and bear that rugged cross.  
But it's breaking my heart to see you like this.  
My son... my precious child.

The agony, oh the agony.  
I see you suffering and there's nothing I can do.  
But I'll walk by your side 'til we come to the end  
My son... my precious child.

I see the anguish in your eyes  
I've prayed this cup would pass you by  
But I know it just has to be so  
Tho' I don't understand the reasons  
So much pain, so much confusion...  
But you were born for this.  
My son... my precious child.

Sleep my baby, dry your eyes  
Hush my baby, do not cry.  
Lifeless hands... It is over now.

When you wake I'll still be here  
Rest my baby, no more tears  
Close your eyes... It is over now.

**Born For This (Mary's Song)  
Last Lullaby (Part 1)**

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How can you remember the Eucharist  
when we are distant from it in person?