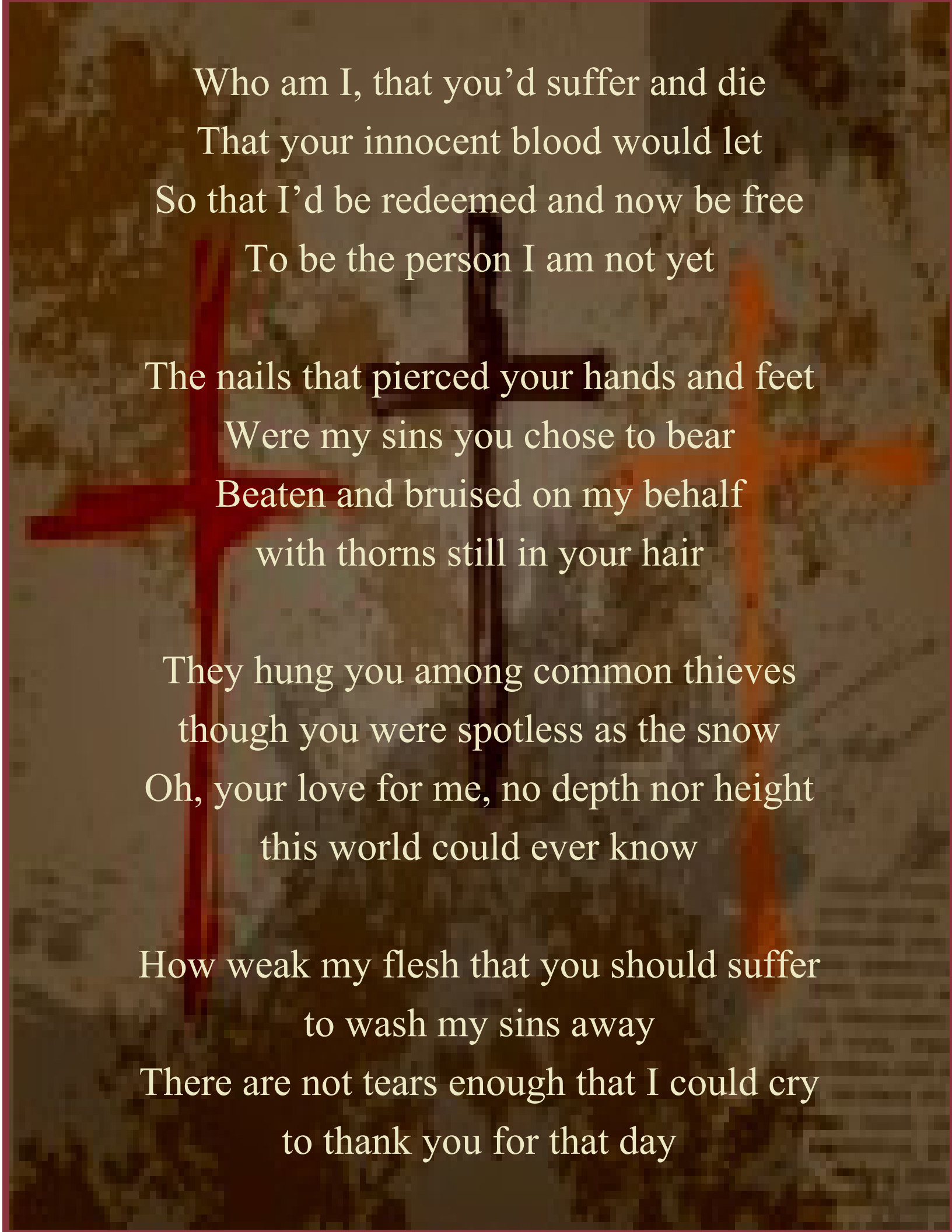




*Good Friday*

by Christine Prater



Who am I, that you'd suffer and die  
That your innocent blood would let  
So that I'd be redeemed and now be free  
To be the person I am not yet

The nails that pierced your hands and feet  
Were my sins you chose to bear  
Beaten and bruised on my behalf  
with thorns still in your hair

They hung you among common thieves  
though you were spotless as the snow  
Oh, your love for me, no depth nor height  
this world could ever know

How weak my flesh that you should suffer  
to wash my sins away

There are not tears enough that I could cry  
to thank you for that day