Sermon :: 18-Apr-2025 Good Friday, All Years

"Unworthy" A reflection for Good Friday

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UNWORTHY:
It ... is ... the last nail in the Cross – the lingering thorn of the Crown:
       I'm not worthy - I am not worthy - Precious Lord, I am unworthy of your sacrifice
UNWORTHY:
It is the thought that pulls us here, this day,
               like one end of a magnet,
                              in earnest thanks
And the feeling the repels us, this hour,
               like the other end
                               in abject sorrow ... grievous guilt
UNWORTHY - not worth it
       We behold
                       the Son of Man ∼ murdered by man
                       the Son of God ∼ sacrificed by God
                       the Word made flesh ~ consumed—eaten—chewed up and
                               spat
                               out, by flesh-
                                      ly creatures
                                              we, nothings
                                              we, nobodies
                                              we, shiny, taut balloons, almost
                                                      bursting with overheated air of ego,
                                                      yet deflated by the thought:
                                                                     UNWORTHY
And we ...
We turn
       away ... we gasp
                       in horror ... we wail (inwardly, lest we make ourselves
                                                                             unworthier still)
                                      in guilt ... we collapse, fold, shrivel
                                                      in paroxysm of helpless, heedless
                                                              anguish against our flesh-
                                                                     liness
                                                      whose stripes no flagellant whip
                                                              could raise higher
                                                              or make
                                                                     deeper
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red

The logic's whip ... the reality's sting ... made all the more **bī**-ting* by the truth: We *are* not worthy

What we *deserve* is, at best, *correction*

and, in truth, probably abandonment

What we *merit* is, at most, *discipline*

and, in truth, probably penalty

What we are *worth*—intrinsically—our pieces and parts valued by an unbiased judge of the elements of our existence an squinty-eyed appraiser of our **flesh**-

ly nature – our creaturely features and flaws
What we are *worth* is, in fine, *pity:* mercy, maybe – compassion, nay:
in truth, nothing

in

and of

ourselves

** ** **

"You are right, 0 man, you are not worthy,"

cry - wail - shriek

the last nail in the Cross

the lingering thorn of the Crown

"Not worthy

of Him Whom I uphold, against my every will of Him Whose brow I set, resting gently as I can

"For He is perfection, and you, **a** chaos

He is goodness, and you, a blight

He is grace, and you, a curse

He is love, and you a never-ending, always-raging war"

** ** **

But whoa! Woe? Which? WHOA or WOE, this day of bottomless sorrow and unstoppable mercy

For Whoa! and For Woe!

Не

now speaks:

^{* [}Sic]; need this syllabification for the enjambment.

The measure of worth
Is not **yours** to rule or weigh
The value of love
Is not **yours** to set or say

For I – *I* – am the measure the Father marks

to heal the world

I am the value

the Father **cuts** down, to refill the **flesh**-

ly

bursted ego-sack with undying grace

I AM[†] the WORTHY you can never be

I AM the WORTHY you can never **see** in you

Not because you lack the worth

But because you lack the eyes

of HOLINESS, within you

to see this Cross

not as crime,

but as God's mercy

not as agony,

but as divine fulfillment

not as death,

but as gracious salvation

not as end

but as blessèd beginning - and ceaseless source -

of

WORTHINESS

Fixed upon every creature, by the sheer, sure plan of God Bled upon every soul, in a Father's deepest devotion Plaited upon every brow, in a sacred circle, to justify the worthless ways of flesh to the all-worthy Will of God

[†] Echoes of έγώ είμι.

To make you worthy

To make you see you're worthy

To make your see your worthiness not as requirement,
but as result
of My loving, lovely sacrifice
not as guilt,
but as gift
to receive as freely at the foot of My Cross
as I offer at its head

So, worry not your worthiness
It is not yours but Mine
That drives the Cross-ward road
To death ... the last and greatest sign:
God's love for all, in Me to spread,
Through nail and through thorn.
To gift My Worthiness to you,
that full-WORTHY were you born.

AMEN.

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