

It is still so strange that “Good Friday” is called *good*. It could so easily be something else altogether.

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It could have just been “Bad Friday”...like so many other terrible days in human history and human experience.

But if it had been another Bad Friday then it would have long ago passed out of remembrance. The death of Jesus would have been *erased* by history like most people’s lives are...and even very good people like Jesus.

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The only way that Good Friday is good is because there was *something else going on that Friday*, deeper than the surface of things. Something which only became apparent later.

It started with the Day of Resurrection. Looking backward from the vantage point of Easter Day, the disciples began to see what they could not see that Friday...or any of the days before.

That that Friday was somehow more than a horrible spectacle of human cruelty.

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The whole New Testament began to be written to find the words to describe it. Under the surface of things, something unimaginable was happening with Jesus—and on that Friday. Something that mattered for all time and forever.

And the words began pouring out:

Son of God...love...sacrifice...forgiveness...peace...eternal life.