


Good Friday
a remembrance of the Lord's passion
April 2, 2021

All you who pass this way, look and see...

All You Who Pass This Way Taize Jacques Berthier



All you who pass this way, look and see.

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/2. The melody consists of a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by?
Look and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow
which was brought upon me?

All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned every one to his own way,
**And the Lord has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.**

Christ the Lord became obedient unto death,
Even death on a cross.

**Almighty God,
we confess that we have sinned
in thought and word and deed;
we have not loved you with our whole heart;
we have not loved our neighbours as ourselves.
We pray you of your mercy,
forgive us all that is past,
and grant that we may serve you
in newness of life
to the glory of your name. Amen.**

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Almighty God,
look graciously, we pray, on this your family,
for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed
and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross;
who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, for ever and ever.

Amen.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO ST MARK

Reader 1: As soon as it was morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. Pilate asked him, 'Are you the King of the Jews?'

Reader 2: Jesus answered him, 'You say so.'

Reader 1: Then the chief priests accused him of many things. Pilate asked him again, 'Have you no answer? See how many charges they bring against you.'

Reader 2: But Jesus made no further reply, so that Pilate was amazed.

Reader 1: Now at the festival he used to release a prisoner for them, anyone for whom they asked. Now a man called Barabbas was in prison with the rebels who had committed murder during the insurrection. So the crowd came and began to ask Pilate to do for them according to his custom. Then he answered them, 'Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?'

Reader 2: For he realized that it was out of jealousy that the chief priests had handed him over. But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas for

them instead. Pilate spoke to them again, ‘Then what do you wish me to do with the man you call the King of the Jews?’ They shouted back,

All: ‘Crucify him!’

Reader 1: Pilate asked them, ‘Why, what evil has he done?’ But they shouted all the more,

All: ‘Crucify him!’

Reader 2: So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released Barabbas for them; and after flogging Jesus, he handed him over to be crucified.

Reader 1: Then the soldiers led Jesus into the courtyard of the palace - that is, the governor’s headquarters - and they called together the whole cohort. And they clothed him in a purple cloak; and after twisting some thorns into a crown, they put it on him. And they began saluting him,

All: ‘Hail, King of the Jews!’

Reader 2: They struck his head with a reed, spat upon him, and knelt down in homage to him. After mocking him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him out to crucify him.

Reader 1: They compelled a passer-by, who was coming in from the country, to carry his cross; it was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus. Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means the place of a skull). And they offered him wine mixed with myrrh; but he did not take it.

Reader 2: And they crucified him, and divided his clothes among them, casting lots to decide what each should take. It was nine o’clock in the morning when they crucified him. The inscription of the charge against him read, ‘The King of the Jews.’ And with him they crucified two bandits, one on his right and one on his left.

Reader 1: Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying,

All: You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!’

Reader 2: In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking him among themselves and saying,

All: 'He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe.'

Reader 1: Those who were crucified with him also taunted him.

Reader 2: When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, '*Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?*' which means, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

Reader 1: When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'Listen, he is calling for Elijah.' And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, 'Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down.'

Reader 2: Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last.

Silence is observed.

Reader 1: And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. Now when the centurion, who stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said, 'Truly this man was Son of God.'

Reader 2: There were also women looking on from a distance; among them were Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the younger and of Joses, and Salome. These used to follow him and provided for him when he was in Galilee; and there were many other women who had come up with him to Jerusalem.

Reader 1: When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council, who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus.

Reader 2: Then Pilate wondered if Jesus were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he had been dead for some time. When Pilate learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph.

Reader 1: Then Joseph bought a linen cloth, and taking down the body, wrapped it in the linen cloth, and laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock. He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses saw where the body was laid.

Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see, watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away; learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

See him at the judgment hall, beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear him cry; learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Sermon – Jamie Howison

Thoughts of the disciples?

Behold your dreams *(dead in the ground)*
Behold your plans *(dead in the ground)*
Behold your hope *(dead in the ground)*
Gone, gone *(dead in the ground)*

Behold your cause *(dead in the ground)*
Not merely on pause *(dead in the ground)*
But broken and scattered *(dead in the ground)*
Gone, gone *(dead in the ground)*

The claims that he made *(dead in the ground)*
He called us to follow *(dead in the ground)*
His words now ring hollow *(dead in the ground)*
And lie dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

So all that you thought *(dead in the ground)*
Had come to believe *(dead in the ground)*
This "kingdom of heaven" *(dead in the ground)*
Dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

It's time to turn back
Cut our losses and bail
Tell the rest I've gone fishing
This worlds gone to hell

The father of lies speaks

Behold your king *(dead in the ground)*
Your promised messiah *(dead in the ground)*

The hope of all Israel? *(dead in the ground)*
Dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

And behold your truth *(dead in the ground)*
And what is this truth *(dead in the ground)*
And where is it now *(dead in the ground)*
Gone, gone *(dead in the ground)*

Well I could have saved him *(dead in the ground)*
Could have given him the world *(dead in the ground)*
But the fool wouldn't listen *(dead in the ground)*
And now he's dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

He said it himself
He said, "it is finished"
His life is diminished
Gone, gone

So, behold your god *(dead in the ground)*
Your crucified god *(dead in the ground)*
What good is he now *(dead in the ground)*
He's dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

And what of now?

Behold your dreams *(dead in the ground)*
Behold your plans *(dead in the ground)*
Behold your hope *(dead in the ground)*
Gone, gone *(dead in the ground)*

So where does that leave us *(dead in the ground)*
And what do we follow *(dead in the ground)*
If the one who could lead us *(dead in the ground)*
Is dead in the ground *(dead in the ground)*

And where is our anchor *(dead in the ground)*
in something that matters *(dead in the ground)*
it's ripped, torn and tattered *(dead in the ground)*
gone, gone *(dead in the ground)*

Our best intentions *(dead in the ground)*
For truth and for justice *(dead in the ground)*

The beauty and the good (*dead in the ground*)
The shouldn't and the should (*dead in the ground*)

The notion of oneness (*dead in the ground*)
By mystical union (*dead in the ground*)
Of matter and spirit (*dead in the ground*)
Undone (*dead in the ground*)

The sweet sound of grace (*dead in the ground*)
Of mercy imparted (*dead in the ground*)
Of life everlasting (*dead in the ground*)
Gone, gone (*dead in the ground*)

A RESPONSIVE READING FROM PSALM 22

*(The alternate translation, printed in italics, is by Calvin Seerveld
and is reprinted here with permission)*

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me,
and are so far from my salvation,
from the words of my distress?

**O my God, I cry in the daytime,
but you do not answer;
and by night also, but I find no rest.
Yet you are the Holy One,
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.**

*You are the Holy One, are you not?
The one who receives the praises of Israel?*

Our forebears trusted in you;
they trusted, and you delivered them.
**They cried out to you and were delivered;
they put their trust in you and were not confounded.**

*Our forefathers and mothers trusted you,
they trusted – and you helped them out.
They trusted you and were not left shamefaced...*

But as for me, I am a worm and no man,
scorned by all and despised by the people.
**All who see me laugh me to scorn;
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,**

**'He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him;
let him deliver him, if he delights in him.'**

*Everybody who sees mocks me.
They curl back their lips, shake their heads, and sneer:
"Go over to the Lord God, maybe God will help you"
Sure – God will save you,
because you are 'the apple of God's eye'."*

But it is you that took me out of the womb
and laid me safe upon my mother's breast.
**On you was I cast ever since I was born;
you are my God even from my mother's womb.
Be not far from me, for trouble is near at hand
and there is none to help.**

*Don't go away from me now.
For the terrible darkness is coming,
and there is nobody around to help...*

Mighty oxen come around me;
strong bulls of Bashan close me in on every side.
**They gape upon me with their mouths,
as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint;
my heart has become like wax
melting in the depths of my body.**

*I feel like water, all shook up;
my bones seem to be disintegrating;
my heart has melted like a piece of wax somewhere inside me.*

My mouth is dried up like a potsherd;
my tongue cleaves to my gums;
you have laid me in the dust of death.

Are you going to put me in the dust of death?

For the hounds are all about me,
the pack of evildoers close in on me;
**they pierce my hands and my feet.
I can count all my bones;**

**they stand staring and looking upon me.
They divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
Be not far from me, O Lord;
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword,
my poor life from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth,
from the horns of wild oxen.**

Save me from the cut of death...

And you have laid me in the dust of death.

CLOSING

Almighty and eternal God, whose Son gave himself to us
without limit and without reserve,
we remember before you all who took part in Christ's passion
from evil or from good.

The priests and elders who conspired to arrest him;
Judas, his friend and disciple, who betrayed him with a kiss;
the apostles who deserted him;
Peter who denied him.

Have mercy on them and us

Pilate, who pronounced a sentence of death upon him;
the soldiers who put a crown of thorns on his head and mocked him;
the people who once had welcomed him
but now taunted him and called for his death;
Barabbas, whose condemnation was exchanged for his.

Have mercy on them and us

Simon of Cyrene, who was compelled to bear his cross;
the women who lamented and wept as he passed by;
the soldiers who nailed him to the cross;
those who watched and mocked him in his dying.

Have mercy on them and us

The thieves who were crucified with him;
the unknown person who heard his cry of desolation and ran to quench his thirst;
the centurion who watched when he gave up the spirit,
and proclaimed him son of God;
the women who had followed and ministered to him, and stood firm as he died;
Joseph of Arimathea, who buried him.

Have mercy on them and us

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God,
set your passion, cross and death
between your judgement and our souls,
now and in the hour of our death.
Grant mercy and grace to the living,
rest to the departed,
to your Church peace and concord
and to us sinners forgiveness,
and everlasting life and glory;
for, with the Father and the Holy Spirit,
you are alive and reign,
God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

He being known as one of us
Humbled himself to obedient death
Even death on a cross
He being known as one of us
Humbled himself to obedient death
Even death on a cross

O what love
O what love
O what love

The liturgy ends in silence