

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross II

12:30

We will be dwelling on the events of Easter through the eyes of a Roman soldier on Good Friday. His journey takes him through all manner of attitudes and feelings we can identify with, ranging from boredom and indifference to curiosity, fascination and hope.

Please use the time, especially the silence to ponder where you can identify with him that day. Listen too to the other words we will hear and pray through what you have learned from your journey to Golgotha and the Cross of Christ.

The Show

Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord, Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever on God, world without end, Amen.

Psalm 69 1 - 20 *Salvum me fac.*

Save me O God : for the waters are come in , even unto my soul.

I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is : I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.

I am weary of crying; my throat is dry : my sight faileth me for waiting so long upon my God.

They that hate me without cause are more than the hairs of my head : they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltless are mighty.

I paid them the things that I never took : God, thou knowest my simpleness, and my faults are not hid from thee.

Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashamed for my cause : let not those that seek thee be confounded through me, O Lord God of Israel.

And why? for thy sake Have I suffered reproof : shame hath covered my face.

I am become a stranger unto my brethren : even an alien unto my mother's children.

For the zeal of thine house hath even eaten me : and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen upon me.

I wept, and chastened myself with fasting : and that was turned to my reproof.

I put on sackcloth also : and they jested upon me.

They that sit in the gate speak against me : and the drunkards make songs upon me.

But, Lord, I make my prayer unto thee : in an acceptable time.

Hear me, O God, in the multitude of thy mercy : even in the truth of thy salvation.

Take me out of the mire, that I sink not : O let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the deep swallow me up : and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.

Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is comfortable : turn thee unto me, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

And hide not thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble : O haste thee, and hear me.

Draw nigh unto my soul and save it : O deliver me, because of mine enemies.

Thou hast known my reproof, my shame and my dishonour : mine adversaries are all in thy sight.

Reading: Matthew 27. 15 – 26.

If I could shut the gate.

Anon.

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
That I might not their clam'rous crying hear;
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress!

But O, my saviour, who my refuge art,
Let thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,
And be the wall to separate my heart
so that I may at length repose me free;
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
and I remain divided from my sin.

Address

Music

Silence

[at 13:00] The Lord's Prayer.