

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross II

12:30

A notable feature of the last year of lockdown and living restricted lives has been the strangeness of time: we lost our temporal landmarks. If you have not said it yourself, you will I am sure have heard someone else say “I can’t tell which day of the week it is!”

Mark’s Gospel is alone in telling us what happened every day of Holy Week. No other Gospel does this, but Mark’s narrative is carefully constructed around the days of that week. We will use the time of each of the half hours of the service to consider each of those days Jesus, his followers and others experienced, comparing the days of the week we traditionally have experienced, the more recent, more anonymous days of the virus, and, as we approach more relaxed times ahead, the days of the weeks we are expecting. We will reflect on this in parallel to the six hours of the crucifixion, the timings of which Mark is also careful to record.

Mark tells us nothing about the Saturday and some believers will not speak at all between the end of this service and the opening of worship on Sunday. Please use the time, especially the silences to reflect on moments when you recognised any of your own reality and self in the readings, poems, music or addresses, to speak quietly to the Christ of the Cross and to listen for his message to you today.

I don’t like Mondays

“... what reason do you need? Oh! Oh-oh-oh!”

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 14 *Dixit insipiens*

The fool hath said in his heart : There is no God.

They are corrupt, and become abominable in their doings : there is none that doeth good, no not one.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men : to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.

Their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tongues have they deceived : the poison of asps is under their lips.

Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness : their feet are swift to shed blood.

destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the ay of peace have they not known : there is no fear of God before their eyes.

Have they no knowledge, that they are all such workers of mischief : eating up my people as it were bread, and call not upon the Lord?

There were they brought in great fear, even where no fear was : for God is in the generation of the righteous.

As for you, ye have made a mock at the counsel of the poor : because he putteth his trust in the Lord.

Who shall give salvation unto Israel out of Sion? When the Lord turneth the captivity of his people : then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

Reading: Mark **11.** 12 – 19.

Jesus,
Apple of God's eye,
dangling solitaire
on leafless tree,
bursting red.

As he drops
New Eden dawns
and once again
we Adams choose:
God's first fruit
or death.

It has always been a choice
no longer forbidden
we are invited to first fruit

He offers Himself
broken open

so our hearts
might burst red
with Him

Address

Music

Silence

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