

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross VI

14:30

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 End

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord, Amen.

Psalm **88** *Domine Deus*

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee : O let my prayer enter into thy presence, incline thine ear unto my calling.
For my soul is full of trouble : and my life draweth nigh unto hell.
I am counted as one of them that go down into the pit : and I have been even as a man that hath no strength.
Free among the dead, like unto them that are wounded, and lie in the grave : who are out of remembrance, and are cut away from thy hand.
Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit : in a place of darkness, and in the deep.
Thine indignation lieth hard upon me : and thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.
Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me : and made me to be abhorred of them.
I am so fast in prison : that I cannot get forth.
My sight faileth for very trouble : Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.
Dost thou shew wonders among the dead : or shall the dead rise up again, and praise thee?
Shall thy loving-kindness be shewed in the grave : or thy faithfulness in destruction?
Shall thy wondrous works be known in the dark : and thy righteousness in the land where all things are forgotten?
Unto thee have I cried, O Lord : and early shall my prayer come before thee.
Lord, why abhorrest thou my soul : and hidest thou thy face from me?
I am in misery, and like unto him that is at the point to die : even from my youth up thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.
Thy wrathful displeasure goeth over me : and the fear of thee hath undone me.
They came around me daily like water : and compassed me together on every side.
My lovers and friends hast thou put away from me : and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.

Reading: Matthew 27. 45 - 54.

Missing - Believed Killed
On reading a mother's letter

Studdert Kennedy

'Twere heaven enough to fill my heart
If only one would stay,
Just one of all the million joys
God gives to take away.

If I could keep one golden dawn,
The splendour of one star,
One silver glint of yon bird's wing
That flashes from afar;

If I could keep the least of things
That make me catch my breath
To gasp with wonder at God's world
And hold it back from death,

It were enough; but death forbids.
The sunset flames to fade,
The velvet petals of the rose
Fall withered - brown - decayed.

She only asked to keep one thing,
The joy-light in his eyes:
God has not even let her know
Where his dead body lies.

O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory is ev'rywhere,
Thy sting's in ev'rything.

Address

Music

Silence

Almighty and everliving God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

[at 15:00] The Lord's Prayer.