

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross V

14:00

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 Nails

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Psalm 22. *Deus, Deus meus.*

My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me : and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not : and in the night-season also I take no rest. And thou continuest holy : O thou worship of Israel.

Our fathers hoped in thee : they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

They called upon thee, and were holpen : they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man : a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn : they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

He trusted in God, that he would deliver him : let him deliver him, if he will have him.

But thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb : thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother's breasts.

I have been left unto thee ever since I was born : thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.

O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand : and there is none to help me.

Many oxen are come about me : fat bulls of Basan 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, and all my bones are out of joint : my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my gums : and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.

For many dogs are come about me: and the council of the wicked layeth siege against me.

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones : they stand staring and looking upon me.

They part my garments among them : and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord : thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword : my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth : thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy Name unto my brethren : in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

O praise the Lord, ye that fear him : magnify him, all ye seed of Jacob, and fear him, all ye seed of Israel;

For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the low estate of the poor : he hath not hid his face from him, but when he called unto him he heard him.

My praise is of thee in the great congregation : my vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear him. The poor shall eat, and be satisfied : they that seek after the Lord shall praise him; your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord : and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the Lord's : and he is the Governor among the people.

All such as be fat upon earth : have eaten, and worshipped.

All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him : and no man hath quickened his own soul.

My seed shall serve him : they shall be counted unto the Lord for a generation.

They shall come, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness : unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.

Reading: Matthew 27. 35 - 44.

I wake and feel

G Manley-Hopkins

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed with curse.

Self-yeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

Address

Music

Silence

[at 14:30] The Lord's Prayer.