

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross III

13:00

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.

Ruby Tuesday

“... who could hang a name on you?”

Grant, O merciful God, that as thine holy apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay was obedient unto the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ and followed him, so we, forsaking all worldly and carnal affections may be evermore ready to follow thy holy commandments, through Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Amen.

Psalm 44 *Deus, auribus*

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us : what thou hast done in their time of old;
How thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them in : how thou hast destroyed the nations, and cast them out.

For they gat not the land in possession through their own sword : neither was it their own arm that helped them;

But thy right hand, and thine arm , and the light of thy countenance : because thou hadst a favour unto them.
Thou art my King, O God : send help unto Jacob.

Through thee will we overthrow our enemies : and in thy Name will we tread them under, that rise up against us.

For I will not trust in my bow : it is not my sword that shall help me;

But it is thou that savest us from our enemies : and putttest them to confusion that hate us.

We make our boast of God all day long : and will praise thy Name for ever.

But now thou art far off, and putttest us to confusion : and goest not forth with our armies.

Thou makest us to turn our backs upon our enemies : so that they which hate us spoil our goods.

Thou letttest us be eaten up like sheep : and hast scattered us among the heathen.

Thou sellest thy people for nought : and takest no money for them.

Thou makest us to be rebuked of our neighbours : to be laughed to scorn and had in derision of them that are round about us.

Thou makest us to be a by-word among the heathen : and that the people shake their heads at us.

My confusion is daily before me : and the shame of my face hath covered me;
For the voice of the slanderer and blasphemer : for the enemy and avenger.
And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget thee : nor behave ourselves frowardly in thy covenant.
Our heart is not turned back : neither our steps gone out of thy way;
No, not when thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons : and covered us with the shadow of death.
If we have forgotten the Name of our God and holden up our hands to any strange god : shall not God search it out? for he knoweth the very secrets of the heart.
For thy sake also are we killed all the day long : and are counted as sheep appointed to be slain.
Up, Lord, why sleepest thou : awake and be not absent from us for ever.
Wherefore hidest thou thy face : and forgettest our misery and trouble?
For our soul is brought low, even unto the dust : our belly cleaveth unto the ground.
Arise and help us : and deliver us for thy mercy's sake.

Reading: Mark ch **11.** 20 – 27, ch **12.** 13 – 17, ch **13.** 1 - 2.

Good Friday

George Herbert

Oh my chief good, how shall I measure out thy blood?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes number according to thy foes?
Or, since one star show'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf, which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign,
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let my several sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write thy sorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when Sin spies so many foes, thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, O fill the place, and keep possession with thy grace;
Lest sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

Address

Music

Silence

[at 13:30] The Lord's Prayer.