

# Good Friday

## Three Hours at the Cross III

13:00

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 Beating

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Psalm            42 *Quemadmodum.*

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks : so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God : when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night : while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself : for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God;

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving : among such as keep holy-day.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God : for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me : therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes : all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time : and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me : and why go I thus heavily, while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;

Namely, while they say daily unto me : Where is now thy God?

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God : for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance, and my God.

Reading:        Matthew 27. 27 – 31.

The wounded surgeon plies the steel  
That questions the distempered part;  
Beneath the bleeding hands we fell  
The sharp compassion of the healer's art  
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease  
If we obey the dying nurse  
Whose constant care is not to please  
But to remind of our, and Adam's, curse,  
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth is our hospital  
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,  
Wherein, if we do well, we shall  
Die of the absolute paternal care  
That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.

The chill ascends from feet to knees,  
The fever sings in mental wires.  
If to be warmed, then I must freeze  
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires  
Of which the flame is roses and the smoke is briars.

The dripping blood our only drink,  
The bloody flesh our only food;  
In spite of which we like to think  
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—  
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

Address

Music

Silence

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