

Good Friday

Three Hours at the Cross IV

13:30

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 Journey

O merciful God, who hast made all creatures and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that they should be converted and live; Have mercy on all faithless and hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart and contempt of thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the children of Abraham, and be made one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end, Amen.

Psalm **69.** 21 -30. *Salvum me fac.*

Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness : I looked for some to have pity on me; but there was no man; neither found I any to comfort me.

They gave me gall to eat : and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.

Let their table be made snare to take themselves withal : and let the things that should have been for their wealth be unto them an occasion of falling.

Let their eyes be blinded, that they see not : and ever bow thou down their backs.

Pour out thine indignation upon them : and let thy wrathful displeasure take hold of them.

Let their habitation be void : and no man to dwell in their tents.

For they persecute him whom thou hast smitten : and they talk how they may vex them whom thou hast wounded.

Let them fall from one wickedness to another : and not come into thy righteousness.

Let them be wiped out of the book of the living : and not be written among the righteous.

As for me, when I am poor and in heaviness : thy help, O God, shall lift me up.

Reading: Matthew 27. 32 - 34.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thin they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Address

Music

Silence

[at 14:00] The Lord's Prayer.