



LITURGY FOR GOOD FRIDAY

29th March, 2024

ST ANDREW'S ANGLICAN CHURCH
WALKERVILLE SA

GOOD FRIDAY LITURGY

This Good Friday liturgy is a continuation of last night's Maundy Thursday service. That service ended in silence – this service starts in silence.

To be meaningful for us, this service depends not so much on what is said, as on what is thought and felt. This service asks us to use our senses, our imaginations, our creativity so that we may derive the greatest personal and spiritual benefit from the phases of the liturgy and from the significance of this day for Christians.

The ministers enter in silence, go to their seats, and sit in silence.

Let us pray.

Good Friday Collect and Prayers

Almighty God, look with mercy upon this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed and to be given into the hands of sinners and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Dear God, we remember today the pain and suffering of the cross, and all that Jesus was willing to endure, so we could be set free. He paid the price, such a great sacrifice, to offer us the gift of eternal life. Help us never to take for granted this huge gift of love on our behalf. Help us to be reminded of the cost of it all. Forgive us for being too busy, or distracted by other things, for not fully recognising what you have freely given, what you have done for us. **Amen.**

Jesus, our Lord, and our God, you gave your cheek to those who struck you and for our sake, you endured much mockery. Grant that following the example of your sufferings, we may be courageous in bearing our own, and learn from you, for you are meek and lowly in heart; you now reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, God forever and ever. **Amen.**

Poem – From The Dream Of The Rood

One of the oldest poems in English literature –8th century

“Rood” is an ancient word from Old English and means a crucifix or a cross. In this poem it is the cross that is speaking:-

In this poem, The Rood (cross of Christ) speaks:

“It was long past – I still remember it –
that I was cut down at the copse’s end,
moved from my root. Strong enemies there took me,
told me to hold aloft their criminals,
made me a spectacle. Men carried me
upon their shoulders, set me on a hill,
a host of enemies there fastened me.

“And then I saw the Lord of all mankind
hasten with eager zeal that he might mount
upon me. I durst not against God’s word
bend down or break, when I saw tremble all
the surface of the earth. Although I might
have struck down all the foes, yet stood I fast.

“Then the young hero (who was God almighty)
got ready, resolute and strong in heart.
He climbed onto the lofty gallows-tree,
bold in the sight of many watching men,
when He intended to redeem mankind.
I trembled as the warrior embraced me.
But still I dared not bend down to the earth,
fall to the ground. Upright I had to stand.

“A rood I was raised up; and I held high
the noble King, the Lord of heaven above.
I dared not stoop. They pierced me with dark nails;
the scars can still be clearly seen on me,
The open wounds of malice. Yet might I
not harm them. They reviled us both together.

I was made wet all over with the blood
which poured out from his side, after He had
sent forth his spirit. And I underwent
full many a dire experience on that hill.
I saw the God of hosts stretched grimly out.
Darkness covered the Ruler's corpse with clouds
his shining beauty; shadows passed across,
black in the darkness. All creation wept,
bewailed the King's death; Christ was on the cross....

"Now you may understand, dear warrior,
that I have suffered deeds of wicked men
and grievous sorrows. Now the time has come
that far and wide on earth men honour me,
and all this great and glorious creation,
and to this beacon offers prayers. On me
the Son of God once suffered; therefore now
I tower mighty underneath the heavens,
and I may heal all those in awe of me.
Once I became the cruellest of tortures,
most hateful to all nations, till the time
I opened the right way of life for men."

Hymn

1. When I survey the wondrous Cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the Cross of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

BIBLE READING. Extract from the Gospel of John Chapter 19.

Pilate brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge's bench at a place called The Stone Pavement. Now it was the day of Preparation for the Passover; and it was about noon. He said to the Jews, 'Here is your King!' They cried out, 'Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!' Pilate asked them, 'Shall I crucify your King?' The chief priests answered, 'We have no king but the emperor.' Then he handed him over to them to be crucified.

So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, 'Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it.' And that is what the soldiers did.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, 'Woman, here is your son.' Then he said to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfil the scripture), 'I am thirsty.' A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Jesus' Side Is Pierced

Since it was the day of Preparation, the Jews did not want the bodies left on the cross during the sabbath, especially because that sabbath was a day of great solemnity. So they asked Pilate to have the legs of the crucified men broken and the bodies removed. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who had been crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once blood and water came out. (He who saw this has testified so that you also may believe. His testimony is true, and he knows that he tells the truth.)

The Burial of Jesus

After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

Poem - "And A Good Friday Was Had By All"

You men there, keep those women back
and God Almighty he laid down
on the crossed timber and old Silenus
my offsider looked at me as if to say
nice work for soldiers, your mind's not your own
once you sign that dotted line Ave Caesar
and all that malarkey Imperator Rex
well this Nazarene
didn't make it any easier
really-not like the ones
who kick up a fuss so you can
do your block and take it out on them
Silenus
held the spikes steady and I let fly
with the sledge-hammer, not looking
on the downswing trying hard not to hear
over the women's wailing the bones give way
the iron shocking the dumb wood.
Orders is orders, I said after it was over
nothing personal you understand -we had a
drill-sergeant once thought he was God but he wasn't
a patch on you

then we hauled on the ropes
and he rose in the hot air
like a diver just leaving the springboard, arms spread
so it seemed
over the whole damned creation
over the big men who must have had it in for him
and the curious ones who'll watch anything if it's free
with only the usual women caring anywhere
and a blind man in tears.

Hymn

1. O sacred head sore wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down;
O kingly head surrounded
with thorns your only crown;
death's shadows rise before you,
the glow of life decays;
yet hosts of heaven adore you
and tremble as they gaze.

2. What language shall I borrow
to praise you, heavenly friend,
for this your dying sorrow,
your mercy without end?
Such agony and dying!
Such love to sinners free!
O Christ, all grace supplying,
turn now your face on me.

3. In this your bitter Passion,
good Shepherd, think of me,
look on me with compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath your cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in your dear love confiding,
and with your presence blessed.

4. Lord, be my consolation,
my shield when death is near;
remind me of your Passion,
be with me when I fear.
My eyes shall then behold you,
upon your cross shall dwell,
my heart by faith enfold you;
and who dies thus, dies well.

Paul Gerhardt 1607-76, from Salve caput cruentatum

BIBLE READING *Philippians 2: 5-11*

RECOGNITION OF THE CROSS

Please kneel or sit. A cross is brought into the church; the bearer stops four times. At each station the Cross-Bearer says

We adore you, O Christ and we bless you,

The congregation responds

Lord, by your cross and resurrection you have set us free. You are the Saviour of the world.

The Cross-Bearer places the cross on the Sanctuary Step

The Priest says

God shows great love for us in that while we were still sinners
Christ died for us. Let us confess our sin.

**O Christ, we are stripped bare by your suffering.
You see our dreams, our demons,
and the secrets we keep even from ourselves.
Forgive all that needs to be forgiven,
heal all that needs to be healed,
awaken all the good that sleeps in us,
banish all the fears that paralyse us.
Put the power of your cross into our lives for ever,
and clothe us with hope and love. Amen**

We have turned our hearts to God in repentance and our sin is
laid bare before the cross of Jesus Christ. In the name of the
living God, your sin is forgiven. Be at peace. **Amen.**

*While the following hymn is sung, you are invited to come forward, crush
your sprig of Rosemary and place it at the foot of the cross. You are invited
to drape your strip of purple over the cross or at its foot where the
Rosemary has been put.*

Hymn

1. Come and see, come and see, come and see the King of love;
see the purple robe and the crown of thorns he wears.
Soldiers mock, rulers sneer as he lifts the cruel cross;
lone and friendless now, he climbs towards the hill.

Refrain:

We worship at your feet,
where wrath and mercy meet,
and a guilty world is washed by love's pure stream.
For us he was made sin – oh, help me take it in.
Deep wounds of love cry out 'Father, forgive.'
I worship, I worship the Lamb who was slain.

2. Come and weep, come and mourn
for your sin that pierced him there;
so much deeper than the wounds of thorn and nail.
All our pride, all our greed, all our fallenness and shame;
and the Lord has laid the punishment on him.

Refrain

3. Man of heaven, born to earth to restore us to your heaven,
here we bow in awe beneath your searching eyes.
From your tears comes our joy,
from your death our life shall spring;
by your resurrection power we shall rise.

Refrain

Graham Kendrick b. 1950

Prayers and the Lord's Prayer

Reflection – "Good" Friday

Offertory Hymn

1. **There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.**
2. **We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.**
3. **He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious blood.**
4. **There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven, and let us in.**
5. **O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.**

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1995)

There will now be the opportunity to receive the Holy Communion. It will be the bread and wine consecrated last night at the Maundy Thursday service. There will be no words of administration. Please come to the front and receive the bread from the priest, and then go to either side of the priest to receive the wine.

And so, Christ died on Good Friday on the cross. Let us spend this day quietly and reflectively, returning on Easter Day to celebrate Christ's triumph over death.

Please leave the church in silence.