

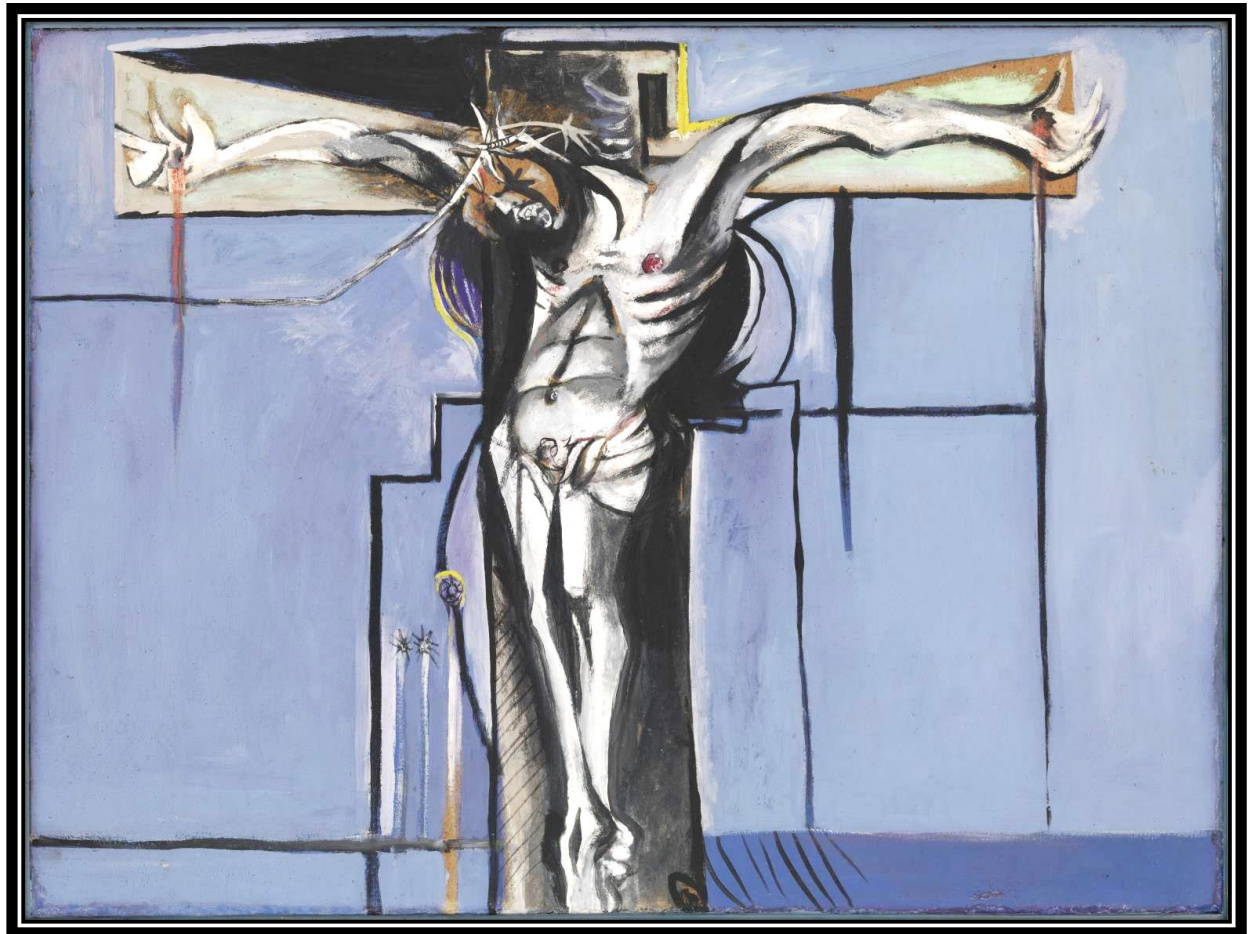


WESTMEAD UNITING CHURCH

2 April 2021

Good Friday

The Passion of St. John



Graham Sutherland, 1946.

Introit: 'O sacred head, now wounded' (Piano prelude)

Reading: Isaiah 53:1-3

Lament: Then Jesus told his disciples,
“If anyone wishes to become
one of my followers,
let them deny themselves
and take up their cross
and follow me.

**We set out not knowing
where you would lead us.
We liked what we saw.**

We heard you say that
You would be betrayed,
That you would be handed over,
That you would be beaten.

**We did not count the cost
Of following you,**

And now cross-bound Christ,
You are mocked, ridiculed
Abused, put to shame.
Amen

**Hymn TiS 341: My song is love unknown
(verses 1-4)**

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know:

But O! my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then "Crucify!"
is all their breath,
And for His death
they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight,
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
and 'gainst Him rise.

'Under cover of dark'

The Trial

Reading 1:

Jesus before the High Priest.

John 18:12-14, 19-24



Lament:

Cross-bound Christ,
Your innocence matters not:

It is washed away
In a string of words
That bear false witness,
Along with a strike to the head,
The plot to preserve the nation
Through the death of one man:

**Forgive us, cross-bound Christ
When we blame others
And violate them in word and deed
For no good reason.**

Lord have mercy

Reading 2: Jesus before Pilate 18:28-38.

Lament: What words can we say,
Cross-bound Christ?
You are handed on
From one authority to another;
The law is stretched;
Justice is denied;
Truth becomes a question mark
Floating in the air.
**Forgive us, cross-bound Christ,
When we fail to stand
By those in need;
When we fail to make a stand
For what is right and true.
Amen.**

Hymn: 'Ride on, ride on the time is right'.

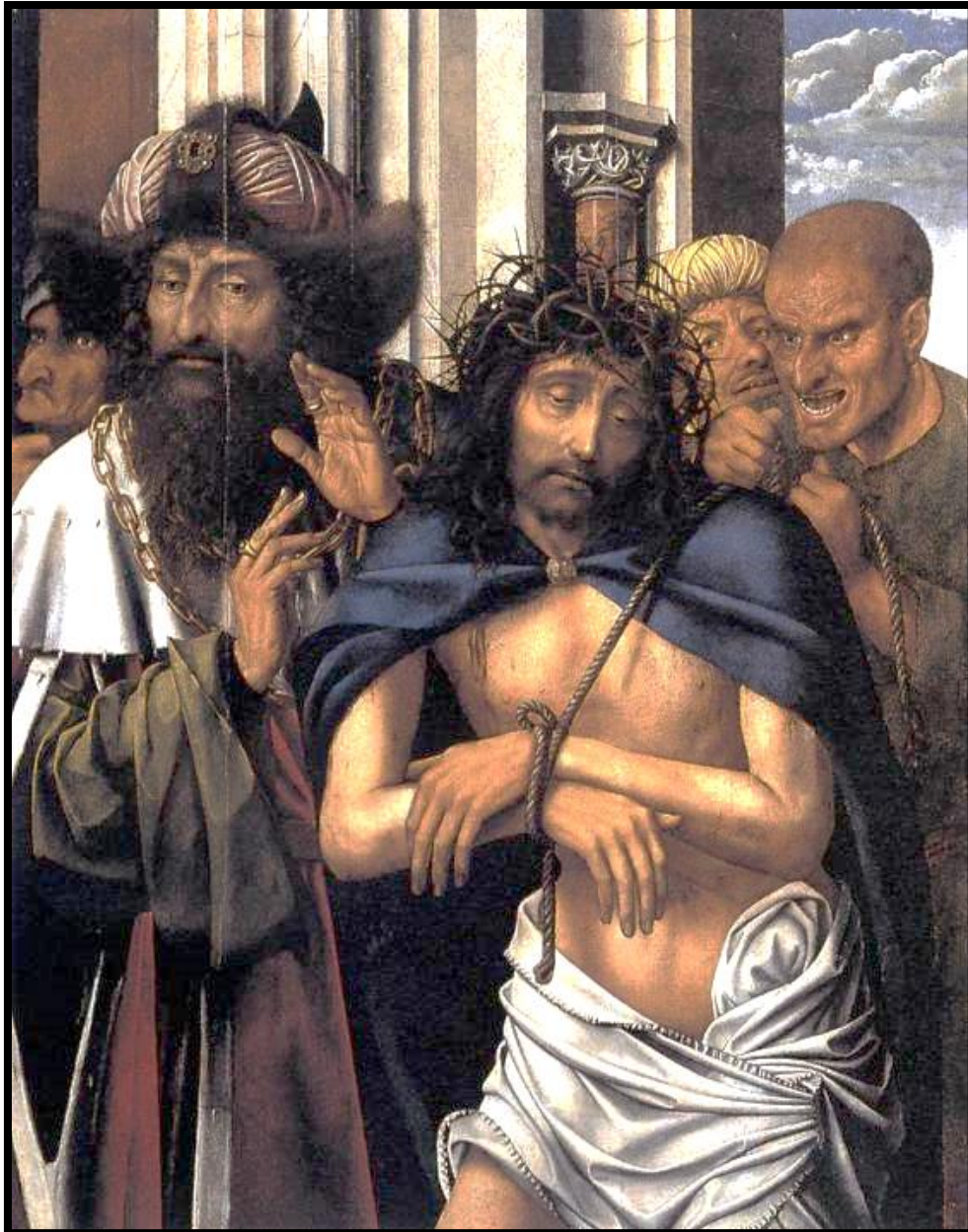
(Tune; Winchester New, TiS 348; Lyrics John Bell, Graham Maule)

Verses 1-2 only

Ride on, ride on, the time is right:
The roadside crowds scream with delight;
Palm branches mark the pilgrim way
Where beggars squat and children play.

Ride on, ride on, the critics wait,
Intrigue and rumour circulate;
New lies abound in word and jest,
And truth becomes a suspect guest.

Reading 3: Jesus Sentenced to Death 18:38-19:16



Lament:

Your innocence matters not,
Cross-bound Christ:

It is washed away
In a string of words
And some public deeds:

No blood on Pilate's hands:
He has sanitized himself
From the virus of accusation.

The crowd's cries are too strong.
Their mood has been managed.
You are condemned.

**Have mercy upon us
For those times we wash our hands
Of the problems before us
And leave others to suffer.**

Lord have mercy

Hymn TiS 339: 'O sacred head sore wounded'.

O sacred head so 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 host of heaven adore you
and tremble as they gaze.

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 the sinner is free!
O Christ, all Grace supplying,
turn now your face on me.

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.

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 be hold you,
upon your cross shall dwell,
my heart by faith enfold you;
and who dies thus, dies well

The Crucifixion
'St John's Passion'

Reading 4: The Crucifixion of Jesus John 19:17-27

Lament: Forgive us, God of Jesus Christ,
For those times:
We strip the other of their dignity;
We mock them;
We spit on their name;
We crucify them with our words and deeds.

Forgive us, God of Jesus Christ,
For those times:
We forget who you are;
We take your name in vain;
We disfigure you, Amen.
Lord have mercy

'At the foot of the cross'

We place our concerns, our fears, our hopes at the foot of the cross.

Reading 5: 'It is finished' John 19:-28-37

Hymn TiS 342: 'When I survey the wondrous cross'

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.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

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?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Prayer:

In your hour of death,
cross-bound Christ,

We pray:

For those whose lives are drawing to a close;

For those who wait with them;

For those who mourn;

Lord have mercy

Amen.

Reading 6:

The Burial of Jesus John 19:38-42



Hymn TiS 345: 'Were you there, when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced in the side?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

'Behold the man!' From David Gascoyne's poem, 'Ecce homo'.

Postlude: O sacred head, now wounded (piano)

We leave in silence