

# GOOD FRIDAY



MARCH  
**29**  
2024

*At any time in the service when we invite you to stand  
you are welcome to remain seated if you need to.*

*As we enter the Church  
Howard Lu will be playing the cello*

*Priest:*

Here before us is a labyrinth,  
an ancient symbol of the journey  
into darkness and into light,  
into suffering and into healing,  
into death and into resurrection.  
It is to be walked.

Here too is a cross,  
an ancient symbol of the journey  
into fears and into hope,  
into endings and beginnings,  
into death and into resurrection.  
It is to be known.

Both are about transformation.

*All:*

With Christ,  
who hangs upon the cross  
in these dark hours,  
we too believe in healing and hope.  
May we keep on walking into the unknown  
so that we may be known,  
opening our hearts,  
in spite of our fears.  
Amen.

*Please stand.*

## FIRST HYMN

**ALL:** O sacred head now wounded,  
with grief and shame bowed down;  
now scornfully surrounded  
with thorns thy only crown.  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
with sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
which once was bright as morn.

What language shall I borrow  
to thank thee dearest friend,  
for this thy dying sorrow,  
thy pity without end?  
Let me be thine forever  
and should I fainting be,  
oh, let me never, never,  
outlive my love to thee.

**CHOIR:** *In this thy bitter Passion  
Christ Jesus think of me  
with thy most sweet compassion  
come now to set me free;  
beneath thy cross abiding  
for ever would I rest,  
in thy dear love confiding,  
and with thy presence blest.*

**ALL:** Be thou my consolation  
my peace when I must die;  
remind me of thy passion  
when my last hour draws nigh.  
Mine eyes may thus behold thee,  
upon thy cross may dwell,  
my heart by faith enfold thee;  
and who dies thus, dies well.

*Words: adapt from Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)  
Music: Passion Chorale. TIS 339*

*Please be seated.*

# POEM

*What Abides*

*Ian Richardson*

*Please stand.*

## GRADUAL HYMN

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 now 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 an offering far too small:  
love so amazing, so divine  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Words: adapted from Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

*Music: Rockingham, melody adapted by Edward Miller (1735-1807). TIS 342*

*Please be seated.*

*The fifth reader will invite you to stand.*

## THE GOSPEL

*Mark 15*

*Please be seated.*

# THE SERMON

*Rev'd Amanda Mark*

# MEDITATION

*Song*

*Anthony Ritchie*

# PRAYER

We thank you, O God,  
for your company in the deathly graves of our life,  
the vivid courage of your journey down into all our realities,  
the bleeding of your life  
which mingles with the bleeding of our life  
and the echoing down the centuries of this love  
beyond all other love.

Gather all of our prayers  
into the loving, healing and costly carrying of pain  
which lies within your own Body, Jesus Christ.

**We thank you, O God, for the saving power  
which lies within your greatest vulnerability  
and which is offered to us if we will stay in this moment  
and wait for truth and grace.**

In the silence,  
we honour all that you have done for us and for all people:

*A silence is kept.*

Give us faith, O God.

**Give us faith to believe in a love as great as yours,  
Jesus Christ.**

**Wrap our lives in the cherishing shroud of your grace.  
Amen.<sup>1</sup>**

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<sup>1</sup> *Dorothy McRae-McMahon "Liturgies for High Day", p.90*

*Please stand.*

## FINAL HYMN

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 was the very one salvation to bestow:  
but all 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.

They rise and needs will have  
the dear Christ made away;  
a murderer they save; the Love of Life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes  
that he his foes from hence might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;  
in death, no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heav'n was his home;  
but mine the tomb wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing the story so divine;  
never was love, dear King, never was grief like thine.  
This is my friend, in whose sweet praise  
I all my days could gladly spend.

*Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-1684) alt.  
Tune: Love Unknown, John Nicholson Ireland (1879-1962). TIS 341*

*Please be seated.*

Let us hold in our hearts the hope of Christ as we pray:  
Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins,  
as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Save us from the time of trial  
and deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power,  
and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen.

## ANTHEM

*Ruht wohl, ihr heiligen Gebeine*  
(from *St John Passion*)

*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

*We all leave in silence.*

*For 15 minutes following the service  
the labyrinth will be available to be walked before being dismantled.*

*If you would like to help with the dismantling we would be grateful.*

## MUSIC NOTES

Anthony Ritchie is Professor of Composition at the University of Otago. He writes, "'Song' is a setting of a poem by James K. Baxter, one of New Zealand's foremost poets. It tells the story of Jesus of Nazareth and the values of truth, love and mercy he espoused. The gentle regular pulse in the piano suggests the character of Jesus walking into the city."

Bach's St John Passion is a challenging work that makes considerable demands not only on the performers but also upon the listeners. Despite the harrowing events so graphically depicted in Bach's intensely compact drama, the overriding message is one of compassion, hope and ultimately, salvation. Mirroring the opening movement, the work approaches its conclusion with an extended valedictory lullaby in the form of a sarabande. Ruht wohl must surely be one of the most poignant choruses that Bach ever wrote.

*Translation: Rest well, you blessed limbs, now I will no longer mourn you, rest well and bring me also to peace!*

### GOOD FRIDAY CONCERT

Today, 5pm

### THE GREAT VIGIL OF EASTER

30 March, 8pm

### EASTER DAY

31 March, 10am

*The service is being live streamed – it shows only the altar area.*

*We invite you to keep this copy of the Service and take it home with you to share with another member of your family, or with a friend*

***OR put in a recycling bin provided at the back of the church.***

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*There is a donation bowl on the back table.*

*For electronic giving option: text **stmatthew** to **818** to make a fast one off or ongoing donation by credit card to St Matthew-in-the-City.*

*Or you can download the PUSHPAY app from Apple Store or Google Playstore and search for St Matthew-in-the-City.*