



St Matthias
ANGELICAN CHURCH



THE
ABBNEY
CHURCH



Good Friday

April 2, 2021

Tolling of the Bells

Gathering Song

Weeping Time (Jon Buller)

Sung by Catherine Pate

Opening Words

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way,
And the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Christ the Lord became obedient unto death,
Even death on a cross.

Opening Song: 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 cross 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.

Text: Isaac Watts; Tune: Rockingham, harm. Edward Miller.

The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St. John (18:1-19; 30)

JOHN: Jesus went out with his disciples across the Kidron valley to a place where there was a garden, which he and his disciples entered. Now Judas, who betrayed him, knew the place, because Jesus often met there with his disciples. So Judas brought a detachment of soldiers, together with police from

the chief priests and the Pharisees. They came with lanterns and torches and weapons. Then Jesus, knowing all that was to happen, came forward.

JESUS: Whom are you looking for?

ALL: Jesus of Nazareth.

JESUS: I am he.

JOHN: When Jesus said to them, "I am He," they stepped back and fell to the ground. Again, Jesus questioned them.

JESUS: Whom are you looking for?

ALL: Jesus of Nazareth.

JESUS: I told you that I am he. So, if you are looking for me, let these men go.

JOHN: Then Simon Peter drew his sword, struck the high priest's slave, and cut off his right ear.

JESUS: Put your sword back into its sheath. Am I not to drink the cup that the Father has given me?

JOHN: So the soldiers and the police arrested Jesus and bound him. Simon Peter and another disciple followed Jesus. Since that disciple was known to the high priest, he went with Jesus into the courtyard of the high priest, but Peter stood outside at the gate. So, the other disciple, who was known to the high priest, went out, spoke to the woman who guarded the gate, and brought Peter in. The woman said to Peter,

WOMAN: Are you not also one of this man's disciples?

PETER: I am not.

JOHN: Now the slaves and the police had made a fire because it was cold, and were standing around it, warming themselves. Peter also was standing with them and warming himself. Then the high priest questioned Jesus about his disciples and about his teaching. Jesus answered,

JESUS: I have spoken openly to the world; I have always taught in synagogues and in the temple, where all the people come together. I have said nothing in secret. Why do you ask me? Ask those who heard what I said to them; they know what I said.

JOHN: When he had said this, one of the police standing nearby struck Jesus on the face.

All: Is that how you answer the high priest?

JESUS: If I have spoken wrongly, testify to the wrong. But if I have spoken rightly, why do you strike me?

JOHN: Then Annas sent Jesus bound to Caiaphas the high priest. Now as Simon Peter stood warming himself, the others around the fire asked him,

ONE "Are you not also one of his disciples?"

PETER: I am not.

JOHN: One of the slaves of the high priest, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off, asked,

SLAVE: Did I not see you in the garden with him?

PETER: I tell you, I was not there!

JOHN: At that moment the cock crowed.

Song: And am I born to die

And am I born to die
To lay this body down
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown

Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me
Eternal happiness or woe
What shall my portion be

A land of deepest shade
Unpierced by human thought
The dreary regions of the dead
Where all things are forgot

And am I born to die
To lay this body down
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown

Words by Charles Wesley (1788) Performed by Abigail Washburn and Bela Fleck.

JOHN: Then they took Jesus from Caiaphas to Pilate's headquarters. It was early in the morning. They themselves did not enter the headquarters, so as to avoid ritual defilement and to be able to eat the Passover. So Pilate went out to them.

PILATE: What accusation do you bring against this man?

PILATE: Are you the King of the Jews?

JESUS: Do you ask this on your own, or did others tell you about me?

PILATE: I am not a Judean, am I? Your people and the chief priests have handed you over to me. What have you done?

JESUS: My kingdom is not from this world. If my kingdom were from this world, my followers would be fighting to keep me from being handed over. But as it is, my kingdom is not from here.

PILATE: So you are a king.

JESUS: You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice.

PILATE: What is truth?

JOHN: Then Pilate entered the headquarters again and summoned Jesus.

JOHN: Pilate went out again and addressed the crowd,

PILATE: I find no cause against him. But you have a custom that I release one of your own at the Passover. Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?

ALL: Not this man, but Barabbas!

JOHN: Now Barabbas was a bandit. Then Pilate took Jesus and had him flogged. The soldiers wove a crown of thorns and put it on his head and dressed him in a purple robe. They kept coming up to him, saying,

ALL: Hail, King of the Jews!

JOHN: And striking him on the face. Pilate went out again and said,

PILATE: Look, I am bringing him out to you to let you know that I find no case against him.

JOHN: So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said,

PILATE: Here is the man!

JOHN: When the chief priests and the police saw him, they shouted,

ALL: Crucify him! Crucify him!

PILATE: Take him yourselves and crucify him; I find no case against him.

ALL: We have a law, and according to that law he ought to die because he has claimed to be the Son of God.

JOHN: Now when Pilate heard this, he was more afraid than ever. He entered his headquarters again and asked Jesus,

PILATE: Where are you from?

JOHN: But Jesus gave him no answer.

PILATE: Do you refuse to speak to me? Do you not know I have power to release you, and power to crucify you?

JESUS: You would have no power over me unless it had been given you from above; therefore, the one who handed me over to you is guilty of a greater sin.

JOHN: From then on Pilate tried to release him, but the crowd cried out,

ALL: If you release this man, you are no friend of the emperor. Everyone who claims to be a king sets himself against the emperor.

JOHN: When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge's bench at a place called The Stone Pavement, or in Hebrew, Gabbatha. Now it was the day of Preparation for the Passover; and it was about noon. Pilate said to the crowd,

PILATE: Here is your King!

ALL: Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!

PILATE: Shall I crucify your King?

ALL: We have no king but the emperor.

JOHN: Then Pilate handed Jesus over 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.

Song: 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 nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

African-American traditional

JOHN: There they crucified him...

...and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many read this inscription, because the place was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek.

ALL: Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but rather, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'

PILATE: What I have written I have written.

JOHN: When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them in four. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said,

ALL: Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it.

JOHN: Meanwhile, standing near the cross were Jesus' mother, his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved beside her, he said to his mother,

JESUS: Woman, here is your son.

JOHN: From that hour the disciple took her into his home.

JOHN: After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said,

JESUS: I am thirsty.

JOHN: A jar full of sour wine stood there. So they put a sponge full of wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said,

JESUS: It is finished.

JOHN: Then Jesus bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

The Congregation prays in silence as the Pascal Candle is extinguished

The cross of Christ.

The cross on which the Saviour of the world was hung.

During the next hymn you are invited to pray at the cross

Song: Jesus Remember Me

Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

© 1981, Les Presses de Taizé, GIA Publications, Inc.

Solemn Reproaches

Ho - ly God, Ho - ly and might - y,

Ho - ly im - mort - al one, have mer - cy up - on us.

Traditional Eastern Orthodox

O my people, O my church, what have I done to you,
or in what have I offended you? Answer me.

I led you forth from the land of Egypt and delivered you by the waters of
baptism, but you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

I led you through the desert forty years, and fed you with manna. I brought you
through tribulation and penitence, and gave you my body, the bread of heaven,
but you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

Holy, God, holy and mighty,

holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.

I went before you in a pillar of cloud, and you have led me to the judgment hall of Pilate. I scourged your enemies and brought you to a land of freedom, but you have scourged, mocked, and beaten me. I gave you the water of salvation from the rock, but you have given me gall and left me to thirst, and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

I gave you a royal scepter, and bestowed the keys of the kingdom, but you have given me a crown of thorns. I raised you on high with great power, but you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

My peace I gave, which the world cannot give, and washed your feet as a sign of my love, but you draw the sword to strike in my name and seek high places in my kingdom. I offered you my body and blood, but you scatter and deny and abandon me, and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

I sent the Spirit of truth to guide you, and you close your hearts to the Counselor. I pray that all may be one in the Father and me, but you continue to quarrel and divide. I call you to go and bring forth fruit, but you cast lots for my clothing, and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

I came to you as the least of your brothers and sisters;
I was hungry and you gave me no food,
I was thirsty and you gave me no drink,
I was a stranger and you did not welcome me,
naked and you did not clothe me,
sick and in prison and you did not visit me,
and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

**Holy God, holy and mighty,
holy immortal one, have mercy upon us.**

We stand near the cross, O God, disturbed, distraught, discouraged. Yet we gather here as disciples, those whom Jesus loves. In the face of such suffering, show us the face of our saviour, In the shadow of evil, show us the light of your grace. On this day of solemnity, let us stand as witnesses to your great love for all the world, revealed in the outstretched arms of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Standing at the foot of the cross, let us pray as our Saviour taught us,

**All Our Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name;
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory
forever and ever. Amen.**

JOHN: After these things, Pilate was approached by Joseph of Arimathea, a disciple of Jesus, but a secret disciple for fear of the Jews, who asked to be allowed to remove the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission, so Joseph came and took the body away. He was joined by Nicodemus. They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it, with the spices, in strips of linen cloth according to Jewish burial customs. Now at the place where he had been crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb, not yet used for burial. Because the tomb was near at hand and it was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath, they laid Jesus there.

Song: O Sacred Head, Sore Wounded

O sacred head, sore wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down;
now scornfully surrounded by thorns,
thine only crown:
how art thou pale with anguish,
with sore abuse and scorn;
how does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

Thy grief and bitter passion
were all for sinner's gain,
mine, mine was the transgression,
but thine the cruel pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
turn not from me thy face;
but look on mine with favour,
and grant to me thy grace.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
What language shall I borrow
to thank Thee, dearest Friend,
for this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
outlive my love for Thee.

Text: Paul Gerhardt; Music: Hans Leo Hassler, harm. J.S. Bach

The cross is veiled. We depart in silence.



www.stmatthiasvictoria.ca



www.abbeychurch.ca