

Good Friday

in word, image, poetry and song

April 7, 2023 + 3pm

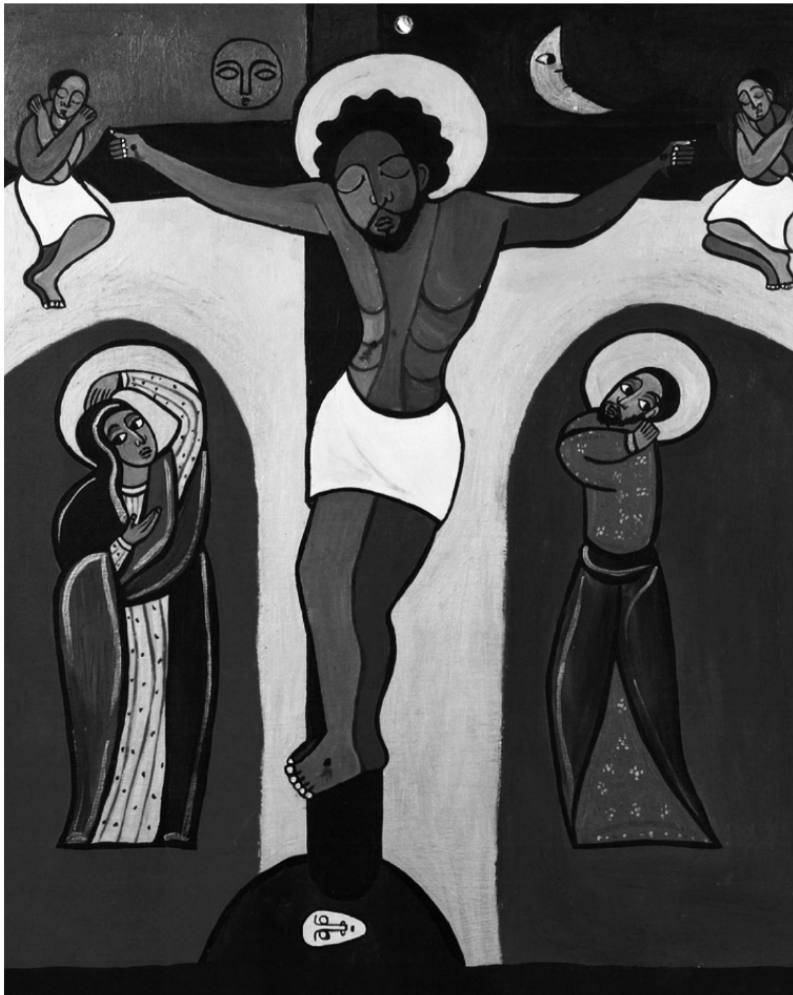


Image: Source Unknown



THE
ABBECY
CHURCH

Opening Loop /Tolling of the Bells

Video: Brown Skinned God Phuc Luu

Opening Words

Tender One,
You hold all the world's grief close.
With every word that cuts,
every policy that demeans,
every act of violence or corruption,
You draw near to the ones who ache.
You comfort the brokenhearted
and shore up beside the afflicted.

**We know it's not enough only to weep,
but your compassion reminds us
we cannot mend the world
without bearing witness to its sorrow.
Keep us from despair that overcomes,
but never let us become strangers to the world's ache
Draw us close to you in your passion, even as you draw near
to us. In the name of Jesus, we pray. Amen.**

©enfleshed, alt.

Song: If It Be Your Will

If it be your will - that I speak no more
And my voice be still - as it was before
I will speak no more - I shall abide until
I am spoken for - If it be your will

If it be your will - that a voice be true
From this broken hill - I will sing to you
From this broken hill - All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will - To let me sing
From this broken hill - All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will - To let me sing

If it be your will - If there is a choice
Let the rivers fill - Let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill - On all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will - To make us well

And draw us near - And bind us tight
All your children here - In their rags of light
In our rags of light - All dressed to kill
And end this night- If it be your will
If it be your will.

Leonard Cohen / Bad Monk Music

The Passion of Jesus the Christ with Poems

text taken from all four Gospels - NRSVUE translation.

“The hour has come,” Jesus said, “the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. Look, my betrayer is at hand.”

And one of the twelve, Judas, arrived, and with him, a crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders. Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, “The one I will kiss is the man; arrest him and lead him away under guard.” So when he came, he went up to him at once and said, “Rabbi!” and kissed him. Then they laid hands on him and arrested him. But one of those who stood near drew his sword and struck the slave of the high priest, cutting off his ear.

Jesus answered, “Have you come out with swords and clubs to arrest me as though I were a rebel? Day after day I was with you in the temple teaching, and you did not arrest me. But let the scriptures be fulfilled.” All of them deserted him and fled.

Poem: Just Like Job - Maya Angelou

*My Lord, my Lord,
Long have I cried out to Thee
In the heat of the sun,
The cool of the moon,
My screams searched the heavens for Thee.
My God,
When my blanket was nothing but dew,
Rags and bones
Were all I owned,
I chanted Your name
Just like Job.*

*Father, Father,
My life give I gladly to Thee
Deep rivers ahead
High mountains above
My soul wants only Your love
But fears gather round like wolves in the dark.
Have You forgotten my name?
O Lord, come to Your child.
O Lord, forget me not.*

*You said to lean on Your arm
And I'm leaning
You said to trust in Your love
And I'm trusting
You said to call on Your name
And I'm calling
I'm stepping out on Your word.*

*You said You'd be my protection,
My only and glorious saviour,
My beautiful Rose of Sharon,
And I'm stepping out on Your word.*

*Joy, joy
Your word.
Joy, joy
The wonderful word of the Son of God.*

*You said that You would take me to glory
To sit down at the welcome table
Rejoice with my mother in heaven
And I'm stepping out on Your word.*

*Into the alleys
Into the byways
Into the streets
And the roads
And the highways
Past rumour mongers
And midnight ramblers
Past the liars and the cheaters and the gamblers.
On Your word
On Your word.
On the wonderful word of the Son of God.
I'm stepping out on Your word.*

They took Jesus to the high priest, and all the chief priests, the elders, and the scribes were assembled. Peter had followed him at a distance, right into the courtyard of the high priest, and he was sitting with the guards, warming himself at the fire. The council sought testimony against Jesus to put him to death, but they found none. Many gave false testimony against him but their testimony did not agree. Some stood up and said, "We heard him say, 'I will destroy this temple that is made with hands,

and in three days I will build another, not made with hands.’ ” But even on this point, their testimony did not agree. Then the high priest stood up before them and questioned Jesus, “Have you no answer? What is it that they testify against you?” But he was silent. Again the high priest asked him, “Are you the Messiah, the Son of the Blessed One?” Jesus answered, “I am, and ‘you will see the Son of Man seated at the right hand of the Power’ and ‘coming with the clouds of heaven.’ ” The high priest tore his clothes and said, “Why do we still need witnesses? You have heard his blasphemy! What is your decision?” And they condemned him as deserving death. Some began to spit on him, to blindfold him, and to strike him, saying to him, “Prophecy!” The guards also took him and beat him.

A slave girl, seeing Peter near the fire, looked intently at him and said, “This one also was with him.” Peter replied, “Woman, I do not know him.” After a time someone else, on seeing him, said, “You are one of them too.” But again Peter said, “I am not!” About an hour later, another one insisted, “On the truth, this one was with him too, for he is a Galilean.” Peter shouted, “I do not know what you are talking about!” Immediately, while he was speaking, the cock crowed... Jesus turned and looked at Peter. Then Peter remembered his words, how he had said, “Before the cock crows today, you will deny me three times.” And Peter went out and wept bitterly.

Video Reflection: And Am I Born To Die

- Performed by Abigail Washburn and Béla Fleck words Charles Wesley; video montage by Matt Humphrey

Poem: The Meaning of the Look

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning

*I think that look of Christ might seem to say –
‘Thou Peter! art thou then a common stone
Which I, at last, must break my heart upon
For all God’s charge to his high angels may
Guard my foot better?
Did I yesterday*

*Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly. – GO, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy final need is dreariest,
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here;
My voice to God and angels shall attest,
Because I KNOW this man, let him be clear.”*

The assembly rose and brought Jesus before Pilate. They began to accuse him, saying, “We found this man inciting our nation, forbidding us to pay taxes to Caesar and saying that he himself is the Messiah, and a King!” Then Pilate asked him, “Are you the king of the Jews?” Jesus answered, “You say so.”

Then Pilate said to the chief priests and the crowds, “I find no basis for an accusation against this man.” But they were insistent and said, “He stirs up the people by teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to this place.”

Pilate then called together the chief priests, the leaders, and the people and said to them, “You brought me this man as one who was inciting the people, and here I have examined him in your presence and have not found this man guilty of any of your charges against him. Neither has Herod, for he sent him back to us. Indeed, he has done nothing to deserve death. I will therefore have him flogged and release him.”

Then they all shouted out together, “Away with this fellow! Release Barabbas for us!” Pilate, wanting to release Jesus, addressed them again, but they kept shouting, “Crucify, crucify him!” A third time he said to them, “Why, what evil has he done? I have found in him no ground for the sentence of death; I will therefore have him flogged and then release him.”

Poem: Ecce Homo - Andrew Hudgins

*Christ bends, protects his groin.
Thorns gouge his forehead, and his legs
are stippled with dried blood.
The part of us that's Pilate says, Behold the man.
We glare at that bound, lashed,
and bloody part of us that's Christ. We laugh, we howl,
we shout. Give us Barabbas,
not knowing who Barabbas is, not caring.
A thief? We'll take him anyway. A drunk?
A murderer? Who cares? It's better him
Than this pale ravaged thing, this god. Bosch knows.
His humans waver, laugh, then change to demons
as if they're seized by epilepsy. It spreads
from eye to eye, from laugh to laugh until,
incited by the ease of going mad,
they go. How easy evil is! Dark voices sing,
You can be evil or you can be good,
but good is dull, my darling, good is dull.
And we're convinced: How lovely evil is!
How lovely hell must be! Give us Barabbas!
Lord Pilate clears his throat and tries again:
I find no fault in this just man.
It's more than we can bear. In gothic script
our answer floats above our upturned eyes.
O crucify, we sing. O crucify him!*

They kept urgently demanding with loud shouts that he should be crucified, and their voices prevailed. So Pilate gave his verdict that their demand should be granted. He released the man they asked for, the one who had been put in prison for insurrection and murder, and he handed Jesus over as they wished.

Then the soldiers led him into the governor's headquarters, and they called together the whole cohort. And they clothed him in a purple cloak, and after twisting some thorns into a crown they put it on him. And they began saluting him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" They struck his head with a reed, spat upon him, and knelt down in homage to him. After mocking him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him out to crucify him.

Poem: Passion of the Downtown Eastside (selections)
- Bud Osborn

*...and then I saw this woman grip a shopping cart for balance
and dance... she was dancing a dance for the damned of the
downtown Eastside*

*the damned no one wants...
and still she danced
in an alley like the cesspool at the bottom of hell
but then she grasped a slender piece of wood from the shopping
cart and snapped it*

*she danced a few feet to a wooden hydro pool and lifting the
object she made
above her head and standing on one leg
reached to place it beneath the metal sheath around the pole and
the wood*

*it was a cross
in the centre of the alley of the damned
a wooden cross*

*her action was the culmination of her dance
she spun away from the pole
bent over as though bowing down
took three quick little steps
and was gone*

sirens screams curses shouts

*she danced the passion
she raised the cross
here
redeeming the damned*

*woman of horror
this passion danced for me too
i too have used drugs
i too have spilled my blood
in this forsaken alley*

*in this dirty alley of the damned
you made a cross from a useless piece of wood
a piece of wood the builders rejected*

*you made a cross
here
for the one most damned of all
the one who stands most of all with the damned
the one who's cross
is the only sense of your life and mine*

*in this abominable alley
you planted the cross
The cross cast out by churches of wealth and success
the cross denied in society by the powers of success and wealth
you placed the truth
exactly where it belongs
exactly here*

*in this filthy alley of the despicable
you made a place for him
perhaps the only place left for him
though he would be in every place
and you
you know that
you know where Christ is
you
of all people are the one chosen
to make this known today...*

*here in this alley the cross is dangerous
this cross asks "why have you forsaken me?"
here
in the alley
"why have you forsaken me?"
here
the cast out Christ asks
"why have you forsaken me?"
The one cursed by the world
the object of cleanup campaigns
the immoral one asks
God asks
why have you forsaken me?...*

*tears spill from my eyes
over this
epiphany
this guarantee of new life
for us*

*it's an astonishment
an amazement
this blessing given here
in the most disgusting and depraved
alley in the city*

*but what words should I then use
to describe
the stock exchange on granville street?*

*where there is no cross
no truth
no blessing*

*and would with other powers of lies and greed
drive god
drive christ
drive you and me from this city*

*except here
in this alley made holy
here
in this alley
one place at least made holy*

*and you
who danced
the passion of the downtown eastside
in faithfulness
surpassing understanding*

*may the peace of our lord jesus christ
be with you
always*

*Please stand in body or in spirit
As the cross is brought forward*

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.

Isaac Watts 1707 / Public Domain. Tune: Horsely

You may be seated

They compelled a passer-by, who was coming in from the country, to carry his cross; it was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus. Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means Place of a Skull). And they divided his clothes among them, casting lots to decide what each should take.

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.

Poem: Mother This is Your Son

- Barbara Cawthorne Crafton

This is not my son.

You are my son.

This is my son's friend.

He is about your age.

He is strong and vital, as you were.

just this morning.

before they began to do

what they are doing to you now,

Before they drove nails into your hands

as if they were blocks of wood,

before this happened to my baby.
Now, we stand and watch,
your best friend and I.
I cannot bear to see,
but neither can I bear to leave.
And neither can he. And so, I do love him.
I love him for staying.
So I will not argue with you now
about this.
I won't allow our last talk
to be an argument.
I want so much to help you get through
this it tastes like blood in my mouth.
And there isn't anything else I can do
to help you since they won't let me come
near you, let alone touch you.
They won't even let me give you a drink.
I can't even brush your hair
out of your eyes.

You are going quickly now.
This cannot last much longer.
So all right. When this is over,
it will be John and I.
I will love him,
because he will remember you.
And you will be
all I'll want to talk about,
for a long time after this is over,
long after most people think
it's time I got over it.
But there was a time you lived in me:
I held you safe right here,
under my heart,
in the place
where you have an open wound.
You were part of my body then.
I would be part of yours now.
I would leap
to take your place up there.
I would laugh
if they drove nails into my hands
instead of yours.
I would look down at you
looking up and I would see
your chest heave with your crying

*and mine would heave
with my failing breathing
and I would shout, "He lives!"
and send my last breath to the sky, thanksgiving.*

It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him. The inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews." And with him they crucified two rebels, one on his right and one on his left. Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!" In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking him among themselves and saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe."

One of the criminals who was hanging there derided him, saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same death sentence? And we indeed justly, for what we have done merits what we are receiving, but this one has done nothing wrong." Then he said, Jesus, remember me when you come into your realm."

Jesus: "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

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 they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

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

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 Spiritual / Public Domain

From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until
three in the afternoon.

Poem: Sabbath Poems - Wendell Berry

*In early morning we awaken from
The sound of engines running in the night,
And then we start the engines of the day.
We speed away into the fading light.*

*Nowhere is any sound but of our going
On roads strung everywhere with humming wire.
Nowhere is there an end except in smoke.
This is the world that we have set on fire.*

*This is the promised burning, darkening
Our light of hope and putting out the sun,
Blighting the leaf, the stream – and blessed are
The dead who died before this time began.*

*Blesséd the dead who have escaped in time
The twisted metal and the fractured stone,
The technobodies of the hopeless cure.
Now, to the living, only grief has shown*

*The little yellow of the violet
Risen again out of the dead year's leaves,
And grief alone is measure of the love
That only lives by rising out of graves.*

Please stand

About three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?" "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said "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." "Into your hands, I commend my spirit."

Then Jesus bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

*The Congregation prays in silence
as the Candle is extinguished*

Bell x3

Behold the cross of Christ.

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

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

**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. Amen.**

*During these next songs,
you are invited to pray at the foot of the cross.*

Video Montage: Good Friday by Josh Garrels

Song: O Sacred Head Now Wounded.

O sacred head, now wounded with grief & shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, your only crown.
O sacred head, what glory and blessing you have known!
Yet, though despised and gory, I claim you as my own.

My Lord, what you did suffer was all for sinners' gain; mine,
mine was the transgression, but yours the deadly pain.
So here I kneel, my Savior, for I deserve your place;
look on me with your favor and save me by your grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank you, dearest Friend,
For this, your dying sorrow, your mercy without end?
Lord, make me yours forever, a loyal servant true,
And let me never, never outlive my love for you.

Words by Paul Gerhardt; Music by Hans Leo Hassler, Public Domain

Song: Jesus Remember Me

Jesus remember me - when you come into your Kingdom.

Jesus remember me - when you come into your Kingdom.

Ateliers et Presses de Taizé / J. Berthier / OneLicense

At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two,
from top to bottom. The earth shook, and the rocks were
split. The tombs also were opened, and many bodies of
the saints who had fallen asleep were raised.

Now when the centurion saw what had happened, he
praised God saying, "This man was indeed innocent."
And all the crowds that had gathered for this spectacle
saw what had happened, beating their breasts, they
turned back. All those who knew him stood far off; the
women who had followed him from Galilee were watching
these things.

Now, there was a man named Joseph, a member of the
council, a good man and a righteous one. This man went
to Pilate and requested the body of Jesus. Then he took it
down, wrapped it in linen cloth, and laid it in a tomb hewn
from rock where no one had yet lain. 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. The women followed, the ones who had come with him from Galilee, and they saw the tomb and how his body was placed. Then the women returned, and prepared spices and balms. On the sabbath they rested according to the commandment.

Poem: Lamentation of Mary Magdalene - S.T. Gibson

*I've scraped my palms bloody
trying to roll away that stone, teacher mine,
but it appears the Romans can keep their word after all.
Does my visitation surprise you, Son of Man?
Did you really expect me to wash away your memory like
lamb's blood from a door
way simply because
I can no longer kiss your calloused hands,
hear the Galilee in your Aramaic,
doze off to the lulling rhythm of your breath?
I thought you better acquainted with my stubbornness, lord.
You are my Sabbath and I will observe you
regardless of how many drink to your death.
Where shall I begin?
Your mother's been very kind to me;
she makes sure I eat and I ensure she sleeps.
We are bound by blood, she says, bound by
the communion wine which stained us up to the elbows
when we washed and anointed your broken body.
I wonder if she realizes adopting a crossroads-girl from Magdala
can't fill the hole left by a martyr-boy born under the Eastern
star.*

*Peter cannot breathe for missing you,
and John weeps like a woman in labor.
The rest have retreated, drawn themselves into hiding
like sightless creatures blinded by the light of a new day.
It's as though everything we could have been
gave up the ghost on that tree with you
and now all that's left are girls with ruined reputations
and boys with scarred fishermen's hands
staring back at us from cups of bitter wine.
What do you want me to say, teacher?
That your people drink deep from the well of doubt,
that something dark and empty roams the streets at night,
crowing it's bloody triumph from the temple walls?
That every gulp of air in a world without the promise of you
is like filling my lungs with poison, like drowning alive?*

*I came to give you word of your people, Yeshua,
so here it is.*

*If ever you loved us,
do not abandon us now when all we have left
are riddles and parables and the hope of a third day.
Do not inflict us with Sheol,
with the absence of you.*

Song: Gone is the Light

Into the Darkness we must go
Gone, Gone is the Light.
Into the darkness we must go
Gone, gone is the light.

Jesus, remember me,
when you enter your kingdom
Jesus remember me
when your kingdom comes.

Father forgive them, they know now what they do.
Father forgive them, they know not what they do.
Gord Johnson / Signpost Music / St. Benedict's Table / CCLI

*The cross is veiled.
All depart in silence.*

**Tonight 7pm - showing of Jesus Christ Superstar -
Belmont House**

+ Holy Saturday 10am - 2pm (AbbeyChurch Space)

Therefore I Will Hope
A Blessing for Holy Saturday

I have no cause
to linger beside
this place of death,

no reason
to keep vigil
where life has left,

and yet I cannot go,
cannot bring myself
to cleave myself
from here,

can only pray
that this waiting
might yet be a blessing
and this grieving
yet a blessing
and this stone
yet a blessing
and this silence
yet a blessing
still.

— Jan Richardson

Easter Dawn (Sunrise) With Baptism

Mark the first light of the resurrection at Willows Beach
(Meet at 6am in the parking lot)

+ Easter Communion

4pm (AbbeyChurch)

Celebrate with joy, the feast of the resurrection!
Bring your bells and your flowers to decorate the cross.