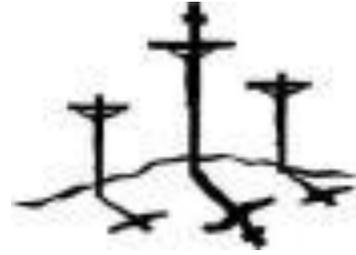


# Church in Abingdon

## Good Friday Service

### Friday 15 April 2022



## Deacon Selina Nisbett

### Gathering Words

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you:

**Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

### Opening Prayer

Saviour of the world, what have you done to deserve this, and what have we done to deserve you? Strung between two criminals, cursed and spat upon, you waited for death, and yet still look for us, for us whose sin has crucified you. To the mystery of undeserved suffering you bring the deeper, mystery of unmerited love.

**Forgive us. Open our eyes to what we are doing now, as through wood and nails you disempower our depravity and transform us by your grace.**

*We stop in the Market Place to sing*



### **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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
then am I dead to all the globe,  
and all the globe is dead to me.

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)*

## **Introduction in Church**

On this most solemn of days, we come to recall the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. As we hear John's account, we focus on seven moments during that day and, as darkness still seeks to conquer the light, pause to reflect on our own sin, and that of the world.

## **We Pray**

God of the daytime and the night-time, God of light and darkness, God of joy and sorrow, we worship you. Through you alone are we able to know that even in the darkest hours hope is present through Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

**Amen**

## **1st Moment: 'Ecce Homo'**

**John 19: 1 – 7**

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

**Reflection:**

## **2nd Moment: Gabbatha**

**John 19: 8 – 16a**

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

## My song is love unknown

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.

They rise, and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save,  
the Prince of Life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes,  
that he his foes from thence 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? Heaven was his home;  
but mine the tomb wherein he lay.  
Here might I stay and sing,  
no 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.

*Samuel Crossman (c. 1624–1683)*

### **3rd Moment: Golgotha**

**John 19: 16b – 22**

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

**Reflection:**

### **When you prayed beneath the trees**

When you prayed beneath the trees,  
it was for me, O Lord;  
when you cried upon your knees,  
how could it be, O Lord?  
When in blood and sweat and tears  
you dismissed your final fears,  
when you faced the soldiers' spears,  
you stood for me, O Lord.

When their triumph looked complete,  
it was for me, O Lord,  
when it seemed like your defeat,  
they could not see, O Lord!  
When you faced the mob alone  
you were silent as a stone,  
and a tree became your throne;  
you came for me, O Lord.

When you stumbled up the road,  
you walked for me, O Lord,  
when you took your deadly load,  
that heavy tree, O Lord;  
When they lifted you on high,  
and they nailed you up to die,  
and when darkness filled the sky,  
it was for me, O Lord.

When you spoke with kingly power,  
it was for me, O Lord,  
in that dread and destined hour,  
you made me free, O Lord;  
earth and heaven heard you shout,  
death and hell were put to rout,  
for the grave could not hold out;  
you are for me, O Lord.

*Christopher Idle © Christopher Idle/Jubilate Hymns*

**4th Moment: Casting Lots**

**John 19:23–25**

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

## 5th Moment: 'Here Is Your Mother'

John 19:25–27

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

**Reflection**

## 6th Moment: Finished

John 19: 28 – 30

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

**Reflection**



### **Here hangs a man discarded**

Here hangs a man discarded,  
a scarecrow hoisted high,  
a nonsense pointing nowhere  
to all who hurry by.

Can such a clown of sorrows  
still bring a useful word,  
when faith and love seem phantoms  
and every hope absurd?

Yet here is help and comfort  
for lives by comfort bound,  
when drums of dazzling progress  
give strangely hollow sound:

Life, emptied of all meaning,  
drained out in bleak distress,  
can share in broken silence  
our deepest emptiness:

And love that freely entered  
the pit of life's despair,  
can name our hidden darkness  
and suffer with us there.

Christ, in our darkness risen,  
help all who long for light  
to hold the hand of promise  
till faith receives its sight.

*Brian Wren (b. 1936)*

### **7th Moment: Pierced**

**John 19: 31 – 34**

*We Pray*

**Lord, have mercy,  
Christ, have mercy,  
Lord, have mercy.**

### **Reflection**

### **PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION**

#### **Let Us Pray.**

Lord of the cross,  
**Hear our prayer.**

Lord of the cross,  
in you alone do we find our hope,  
even when hope is gone.

**Amen**



#### **How deep the Father's love for us,**

How deep the Father's love for us,  
How vast beyond all measure,  
That He should give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss –  
The Father turns His face away,  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One  
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
My sin upon His shoulders;  
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
Call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life –  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
But this I know with all my heart –  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

*Stuart Townend Copyright © 1995*

**A Closing Reading:**

John 19: 38 – 42

**FINAL PRAYER AND DEPARTURE:**

When hope has left  
**Still we watch and wait.**  
When darkness prevails  
**Still we search for light.**  
When the road is hidden  
**Still we seek a guide.**

Christ of the cross, hold us in these moments as we wait for a garden vision,  
a mealtime revelation,  
a locked room blessing,  
and a lakeside renewal.

We go in peace; we depart in quiet