

ORGAN PRELUDE *“O sacred head, sore wounded”* by Dietrich Buxtehude

WELCOME / ANNOUNCEMENTS / LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Mitch Coggin

MEDITATION [prologue]

So this is love!

Brought to this:

stretched on a crossbar.

It would make a grown person cry,

if there were any tears left.

Brought to this,

because you believed too much in what love could do,

because you stood alone and trusted what everyone else mistrusts.

What folly! What foolishness!

So this is love!

What were you expecting, Jesus?

What did you see that the rest of us missed, Jesus?

What did you miss that the rest of us saw?

Did you die for a broken dream, abandoning – or abandoned by – your mighty ideals?

What filled your soul so?

What grasped your mind, and shaped your path, to leave you here?

So this is love!

Brought to this...

□ *What wondrous love is this*

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GOSPEL John 18: 33-38 [NT 113]

Debra Verwey

Then Pilate entered the headquarters again, summoned Jesus, and asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?”

Jesus answered, “Do you ask this on your own, or did others tell you about me?”

Pilate replied, “I am not a Jew, am I? Your own nation and the chief priests have handed you over to me. What have you done?”

Jesus answered, "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 to the Jews. But as it is, my kingdom is not from here."

Pilate asked him, "So you are a king?"

Jesus answered, "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 asked him, "What is truth?" After he had said this, he went out to the Jews again and told them, "I find no case against him."

□ *Oh come and mourn with me awhile (remain seated) [verse 1] 237*

GOSPEL John 19: 1-6 [NT 113] Fiona Gow

Then Pilate took Jesus and had him flogged. And the soldiers wove a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they dressed him in a purple robe. They kept coming up to him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and striking him on the face.

Pilate went out again and said to them, "Look, I am bringing him out to you to let you know that I find no case against him."

So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said to them, "Here is the man!"

When the chief priests and the police saw him, they shouted, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and crucify him; I find no case against him."

□ *Oh come and mourn with me awhile (remain seated) [verse 2] 237*

GOSPEL John 19: 17-22 [NT 113] Brian Titus

...and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them.

Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek.

Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'"

Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written."

□ *Oh come and mourn with me awhile (remain seated) [verse 3] 237*

GOSPEL

John 19: 28-30 [NT 114]

Fiona Gow

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "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." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

□ *Oh come and mourn with me awhile (remain seated) [verse 4] 237*

MEDITATION

Good Friday is a difficult part of our faith – a day of darkness and death – a day that can seem without hope of sunshine or fresh air. What would it have been like... to be there?

We remember how our story began with a hero's welcome, when Jesus rode into Jerusalem and the crowds embraced him in their hearts. They celebrated as he rode into their community. It was a day of joy and festivities. Remember welcoming him with palms? Were you there...?

Later that same week, Jesus and the friends he dearly loved celebrated the holy Passover meal. They gathered alone in the Upper Room. They shared the bread and wine. It was a moment of quiet intimacy. Remember the taste of that meal? Were you there...?

In that room, Jesus taught those who loved him how to follow. He taught that the master is to be the servant, and the servant is to be the master. Their feet were washed – they participated in a poignant ritual. It confounded all they thought they knew. Remember the sound of water pouring into the bowl? Were you there...?

Jesus' love was met with betrayal. Money exchanged for love – a treacherous kiss. They milled about in the garden, filled with uncertainty. It was a night of dark confusion. Remember the soldiers? Remember running away? Were you there..?

Some thought they were truer than others. They said that they would always remain loyal to Jesus. But in the end, even those closest to him denied Jesus. They said, "I do not know him." It was a statement of despair. Remember when the rooster crowed? Were you there...?

In the end, even the crowds that welcomed him with palm branches waving chose to hand Jesus over to death. They released Barabbas and condemned Jesus. They shouted, "Crucify him!" It was a frenzied cry. Remember the crowd? Were you there...?

In the end, life drained from Jesus' body. Upon the cross, the power of the world took away his last earthly breath. The ground shook and the curtain was torn. Some stood at his feet, mute and forlorn. Remember when the sun refused to shine? Were you there...?

What began with palms ends with the tomb. What began with love is touched by death. What is understood as an end still continues through God's love and power. They brought scented oil and clean sheets. It was a somber procession. Remember when they laid him in the tomb. Were you there...?

CHORAL ANTHEM *“Surely He hath borne our griefs”* by Antonio Lotti

PWS&D STORY **John Transforms His Farming** Steve Sturgess

In Ghana, PWS&D supports the Garu Community-Based Rehabilitation program, where people with disabilities learn important life and vocational skills through agriculture.

John Avoka, a 41-year-old resident of the Kugzua community, learned enhanced agricultural techniques and accessed high-quality seeds for vegetable production.

With great enthusiasm, he expresses, *“Thanks to the program’s training and provision of seeds, I am now capable of producing sufficient food to sustain myself and my family. Previously, the challenges posed by climate change made it difficult to achieve adequate food production.”*

The program has helped John develop the skills, knowledge and resources necessary for effective farming. With access to quality seeds, he has cultivated vegetable and fruit crops, ensuring a steady food supply in spite of adverse climate conditions.

Thank you for faithfully responding to Christ's call to help provide marginalized men and women with the skills and confidence they need to provide a better life for themselves.

LENT LITURGY¹

Jesus took the towel, poured water into a basin and washed the feet of his disciples. Then Jesus said to them, *“If I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another’s feet.”*

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for showing us how to love and serve one another.

“But God proves his love for us that while we still were sinners Christ died for us.” (Romans 5:8)

Thank you, Jesus, for suffering and dying on the cross for us and our salvation.

OFFERING *Go to dark Gethsemane* **230**

Loose offerings from Maundy Thursday at Knox and Good Friday at St. Andrew’s will be donated to PWS&D Gaza Response.

¹ Written by the Rev. John Bannerman (PWS&D Committee Co-Convener)

PSALM 22 [a prayer]

Cathy Victor and Mitch Coggin

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by night, but find no rest.

Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them. To you they cried, and were saved; in you they trusted, and were not put to shame.

But I am a worm, and not human; scorned by others, and despised by the people. All who see me mock at me; they make mouths at me, they shake their heads; "Commit your cause to the Lord; let the Lord deliver – let the Lord rescue the one in whom the Lord delights!"

Yet it was you who took me from the womb; you kept me safe on my mother's breast. On you I was cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me you have been my God. Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help. Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of Bashan surround me; they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; my mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. For dogs are all around me; a company of evildoers encircles me. My hands and feet have shriveled; I can count all my bones. They stare and gloat over me; they divide my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots. But you, O Lord, do not be far away! O my help, come quickly to my aid! Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the power of the dog! Save me from the mouth of the lion! From the horns of the wild oxen you have rescued me.

I will tell of your name to my brothers and sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you: You who fear the Lord, praise God! All you offspring of Jacob, glorify God; stand in awe, you offspring of Israel!

For you, Lord, did not despise or abhor the affliction of the afflicted; you did not hide your face from me, but heard me when I cried to you. From you comes my praise in the great congregation; my vows I will pay before those who fear you. The poor shall eat and be satisfied; those who seek the Lord shall praise the Lord! May your hearts live forever!

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord; and all the families of the nations shall worship before you. For dominion belongs to the Lord, who rules over the nations.

All who sleep in the earth shall bow down to the Lord; all who go down to the dust, shall bow before the Lord: and I shall live for God.

Posterity shall serve the Lord; future generations will be told about the Lord, and proclaim his deliverance to a people yet unborn, saying that God has done it.

□ *Beneath the cross of Jesus*

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MEDITATION [epilogue]

So here we are...

standing where we never thought we could,
at the foot of death,
crushed under the fickleness of humanity.

The heart of heaven has stopped.

All that hope – the dreams of peace,
the promises of justice you so burned with –
snuffed out, with a few nails and a cross beam.

O Jesus, what do we do now? What is there left to do?

~~ **SILENCE** ~~

It is a cold place where the breath of heaven stops.

It is a frightening place.

It is a lonely place.

This is what the world does, to love,
and then turns its back, rubbing its hands,
finished with its final enemy.

O Jesus, what do we do now? What is there left to do?

~~ **SILENCE** ~~

The Saviour has died, and the future can seem lost, out of our grasp.

O Jesus, what do we do now? What is there left to do?

What do we do now?

We wait beyond eternity...

We hope beyond every hope we've ever had...

We trust beyond belief...

In a God who cannot – will not – leave it here...

SILENT REFLECTION

Please take the time you need in silence and leave when you are ready.
We look forward with joy to **Easter Sunday!**

