

St James's Church, Piccadilly

GOOD FRIDAY – THE THREE HOURS SERVICE

Friday 2nd April 2021 12noon-3pm

WITH A CONGREGATION IN THE CHURCH AND LIVE ON YOUTUBE

INTRODUCTION

This year, we keep the 3 hours at the foot of the Cross in the middle of a global pandemic. Much suffering, isolation and distress has been revealed this year and lives continue to be at risk all over the world. The suffering has been disproportionately fierce for people who were already disadvantaged, in crowded housing, in low paid jobs.

The main element of this liturgy is silence. We keep silence, but importantly, Jesus doesn't. That he spoke at all from the Cross is significant. It means that we are asked to speak out in situations of suffering, from our own experience and on behalf of others. There is a time for speech and a time for silence. This day God speaks, in the body of Jesus, and in the Words from the Cross.

12.00 THE FIRST HOUR

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

READING

Luke 23.13-34

Read by Cornell Jackson

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 perverting 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!' (This was a man who had been put in prison for an insurrection that had taken place in the city, and for murder.) 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.' But 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.

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus. A great number of the people followed him, and

among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, "Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed." Then they will begin to say to the mountains, "Fall on us"; and to the hills, "Cover us." For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?'

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.' And they cast lots to divide his clothing.

ADDRESS

The Revd Lucy Winkett

HYMN

[Words: Paul Gerhardt (1607-76);
Tune: Passion Chorale, Bach.
Tr. Robert Bridges]

**O sacred head, sore wounded,
defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
with mocking crown of thorn:
what sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
the hosts of heaven adore.**

**In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation
upon the cross to die.**

**Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
to stand thy cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-beloved,
yet thank thee for thy death.**

**My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
to hold me that I quail not
in death's most fearful hour:
that I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife
to me thine arms extended
upon the cross of life.**

Silence

MUSIC

O Mensch, bewein dein Sünde groß
JS Bach BWV 622 (1685-1750)

12.30pm

Today, you will be with me in paradise.

READING

Luke 23.35-43

Read by Jo Gowers

And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, 'He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!' The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, and saying, 'If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!' There was also an inscription over him, 'This is the King of the Jews.'

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, 'Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!' But the other rebuked him, saying, 'Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds,

but this man has done nothing wrong.’ Then he said, ‘Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.’ He replied, ‘Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.’

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr Ivan Khovacs

MUSIC

Fugue in A flat minor WoO 8
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Silence

1pm THE SECOND HOUR

Woman, behold thy son! Behold thy mother!

READING

John 19.25b-27

Read by Sarah Howard-Jones

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.

ADDRESS

Sarah Howard-Jones, ordinand at Ripon College Cuddesdon.

MUSIC

Rondo in A minor K511
WA Mozart (1756-1791)

Silence

1.30pm

THE PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

Led by Kate O’Neill

1.45pm

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

READING

Matthew 27.39-48

Read by Elijah Kinne

Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, ‘You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself! If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross.’ In the same way the chief priests also, along with the scribes and elders, were mocking him, saying, ‘He saved others; he cannot save himself. He is the King of Israel; let him come down from the cross now, and we will believe in him. He trusts in God; let God deliver him now, if he wants to; for he said, “I am God’s Son.”’ The bandits who were crucified with him also taunted him in the same way.

From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. And about three o’clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, ‘Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?’ that is, ‘My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?’

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr John Russell

MUSIC

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
trad. Arranged Alison Beck

Silence

HYMN

[Tune: Were You There, African-American traditional song]

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 nail'd him to the tree?

Were you there when they nail'd 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 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?

2pm THE THIRD HOUR

I thirst

READING

John 19

Read by Mariama Ifode-Blease

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfil 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.

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr Mariama Ifode-Blease

MUSIC

Jésus accepte la souffrance
(from *La Nativité*)

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

Silence

2.25pm

It is finished

READING

John 19.30-37

Read by Ivan Khovacs

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

ADDRESS

The Revd Dr Ivan Khovacs

Silence

2.45pm

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit

READING

Luke 23.45-49

Read by Tony Sanchez

Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, 'Certainly this man was innocent.' And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.

HYMN

[Tune: Rockingham; Words: Isaac Watts]

**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 a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

CONCLUDING ADDRESS AND PRAYER

The Revd Lucy Winkett

THE COLLECT FOR GOOD FRIDAY

from the Book of Common Prayer

Almighty God, beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

Amen.

At 3pm, all depart in silence.

POETRY FOR GOOD FRIDAY

Because the Dawn Breaks

by Grenadian poet Merle Collins b. 1950

We speak
because
when the rain falls
in the mountains
the river slowly swells

Comes rushing down
over boulders
across roads
crumbling bridges
that would hold their power
against its force

.
We speak for the same reason
that
the thunder frightens the child
that
the lightening startles the tree

.
We do not speak
to defy your tenets

though we do
or upset your plans
even though we do
or to tumble
your towers of babel
we speak in spite of the fact
that we do
. .
We speak
because
your plan
is not our plan
our plan
we speak because we dream
because our dreams
are not of living in pig pens
in any other body's
backyard
not of
catching crumbs from tables
not of crawling forever
along the everlasting ant-line
to veer away in quick detour
when the elephant's foot
crashes down
not of having to turn back when the smell
of death assails our senses
not of striving forever
to catch the image of your Gods
within our creation
. .
We speak
for the same reason
that
the flowers bloom
that the sun sets
that the fruit ripens
. .
because temples built
to honour myths
must crumble
there is nothing you can do
about your feeble bridges
when the rain falls

in the mountains
and swells the flow of rivers
. .
We speak
not to agitate you
but in spite of your agitation
because
we are workers
peasants
leaders
you see
and were not born
to be your vassals.

