

**The United Parish
Good Friday 2016**



**A Service of
Hymns, Readings and Reflections**

*The poems are from
'The Word in the Wilderness'
by Malcolm Guite
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Before the service: Good Friday Music from Parsifal (Wagner)

Part One

Reading:

Mark 15: 33-37

Poem XII: Jesus dies on the Cross

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black
We watch him as he labours to draw breath
He takes our breath away to give it back,
Return it to it's birth through his slow death.
We hear him struggle breathing through the pain
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain
And drew us into consciousness from sleep.
His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath
Breathes us, and bears us through the gates of death.

Reflection

Silence

Hymn

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.

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.

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.

Part Two

Reading:

John 19: 31-34, 38

Poem XIII: Jesus' body is taken down from the cross

His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Now on this cross his body breathes no more
Here at the centre everything is still
Spent, and emptied, opened to the core.
A quiet taking down, a prising loose
A cross-beam lowered like a weighing scale
Unmaking of each thing that had its use
A long withdrawing of each bloodied nail,
This is ground zero, emptiness and space
With nothing left to say or think or do
But look unflinching on the sacred face
That cannot move or change or look at you.
Yet in that prising loose and letting be
He has unfastened you and set you free.

Reflection

Silence

Hymn

O sacred head, surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
so shamed and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
the glow of life decays;
yet angel-hosts adore thee,
and tremble as they gaze.

Thy comeliness and vigour
is withered up and gone,
and in thy wasted rigour,
I see death drawing on.
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
turn thou thy face on me.

In this thy bitter Passion,
good Shepherd, think of me
with thy most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath thy Cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in thy dear love confiding,
and with thy presence blest.

Part Three

Reading:

John 19: 39-42

Poem XIV: Jesus is laid in the tomb

Here at the centre everything is still
Before the stir and movement of our grief
Which bears it's pain with rhythm, ritual,
Beautiful useless gestures of relief.
So they anoint the skin that cannot feel
Soothing his ruined flesh with tender care,
Kissing the wounds they know they cannot heal,
With incense scenting only empty air.
He blesses every love that weeps and grieves
And makes our grief the pangs of a new birth.
The love that's poured in silence at old graves
Renewing flowers, tending the bare earth,
Is never lost. In him all love is found
And sown with him, a seed in the rich ground.

Reflection

Silence

Choir Anthem:

'When I survey the wondrous cross'

Part Four

One final reflection

Silence

Intercessions for Good Friday

Hymn

There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified,
who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
he died to make us good,
that we might go at last to heaven,
saved by his precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate
of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming Blood,
and try his works to do.

Music: 'Ruht wohl' from St John Passion (Bach)

*Rest here in peace, you holy bones,
henceforth no more will I bewail you,
rest here in peace and lead me also to peace.*

*The grave, like your tomb, is not a place of agony,
but opens Heaven to me and closes the gate to hell.*

St Swithun's Church Nately Scures

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The United Parish of Newnham with Nately Scures with Mapledurwell with Up Nately with Greywell

**Journeying together,
we worship God and serve the community**

Our Mission is to:

- ✚ work together to grow God's kingdom**
- ✚ reach out to the whole community to share His love**
- ✚ be inclusive, relevant and Christlike**