

**St. Sampson and St. Mary's Churches  
Guernsey**



**Good Friday  
At the foot of the Cross**

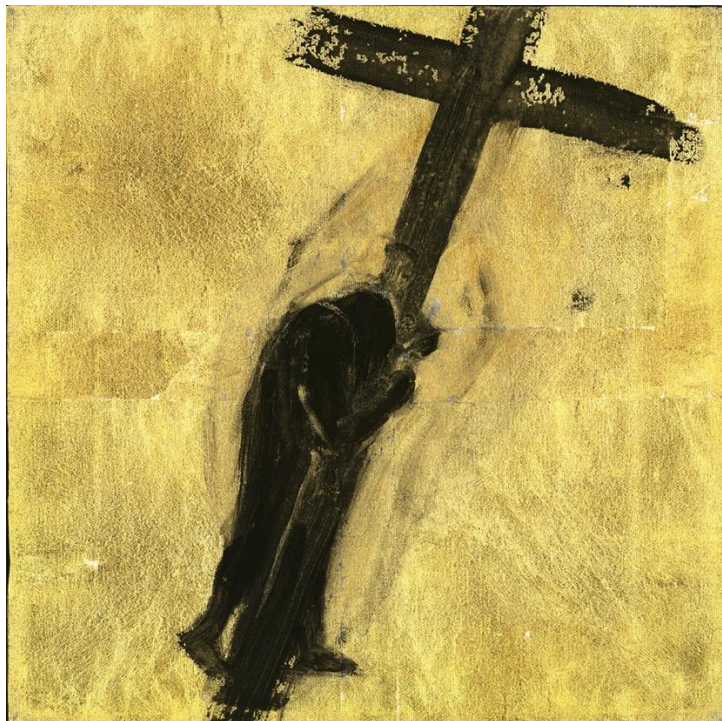
# Notes

We live in precarious times and we've never really been in a situation where Holy Week and Easter can't happen in Church.

However, this doesn't mean that we can't still pray and share in the different liturgies and ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter and live out the story of Jesus.

This Order of Service for God Friday is designed to give you some things to work with and to guide your devotions.

Above all, know and trust that we do not pray alone or in spiritual isolation. We join our prayers with Christians around the world and with the whole company of Heaven as we worship and adore God.



*You will need: a Bible and a Cross. The music can all be found on youtube.*

*The customary time for this service is in the early afternoon, the traditional hours of Jesus' suffering on the Cross, leading up to his death at 3pm. However, you may wish to stagger the service throughout the day.*

*The service begins with silence, then the Opening Prayer.*

## **Opening Prayer**

Eternal God,  
in the cross of Jesus  
we see the cost of our sin  
and the depth of your love:  
in humble hope and fear  
may we place at his feet  
all that we have and all that we are,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.  
**Amen.**

## **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.**

*Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–1895)*

## Reading

*Read: Jesus before Pilate and mocked by the soldiers – Mark 15:1-19*

*Silence is kept.*

## Reflection

*Jesus is scourged, the normal procedure before crucifixion. Mark supplies details to help us to imagine the scene, thorns woven in crude imitation of the radiant crowns worn by supposedly divine Greek rulers, a royal purple robe - pain and humiliation.*

*Before this Pilate had paraded him to the crowd and asked, 'Are you the King of the Jews' to which Jesus answered 'You say so'. Jesus was to say no more in his defence. Jesus stands accused. Pilate marvels that he does not struggle, makes no argument, does not plead for his life. Jesus assures Pilate that he is merely acting with divine consent. Pilate makes two more attempts to release him and both are rejected. He attempts to pass the blood guilt on to the priests on to the crowd or anyone rather than himself and in the end he forces them to make a choice and they choose the foreign Emperor over their spiritual king. In all the dramatic narrative the clever argument of the priests is thrust back upon them with a bitter irony; the helpless prisoner of Rome is the only King they are likely to have. It is now they who are mocked, not Jesus. It is bitter irony when we remember that the only true King of Israel is God himself.*

## Music

*Silent, surrendered calm and still,  
Open to the word of God.  
Heart humbled to his will  
Offered is the servant of God.*

*Words: Sister Pamela Hayes, music Margaret Rizza*

## Prayer/Silence

Lord Jesus, you faced the torment of barbaric punishment  
and mocking tongue:

be with those who are struggling today and crying out in physical agony  
and emotional distress.

You endured unbearable abuse:

be with those who face torture and mockery in our world today.

To you, Jesus, the King crowned with thorns,

be honour and glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit,  
now and for ever.

Amen.

## Reading

*Read: Jesus is led out and is crucified – Mark 15.20-32*

## Reflection

*The soldiers have mocked Jesus and humiliated him. They have tortured him the way reserved for political prisoners. When they had tired of their games they led him out to crucify him.*

*Jesus is so weakened by the flogging and the abuse, that a stranger – not a friend - has to be compelled to carry the cross – a stranger remembered because of his sons, 'you know Simon, Alexander and Rufus' father'.*

*And then, they crucified him. The charge inscribed over his head read "the King of the Jews". Little did his tormentors understand the accuracy of this charge. Jesus is offered a mild drug to anaesthetise the pain of the nails going in – he refuses and no more is said of the physical pain, but Mark details the worse part of the ordeal – the abandonment, the taunts, the ridicule and the derision. The feeling*

*of total abandonment by his family, his friends, his followers and by God.*

## **Prayer/Silence**

Lord Jesus, you bled in pain as the nails were driven into your flesh:  
transform through the mystery of your love  
the pain of those who suffer.  
To you, Jesus, our crucified Lord,  
be honour and glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit,  
now and for ever.

**Amen.**

## **Hymn**

**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 mingling 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.**

*Words: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)*

## **Reading**

*Read: Jesus dies on the cross – Mark 15:33-37*

*You may wish to spend some time in silent prayer with the Cross that you have in front of you. If it's possible, you may wish to hold it.*

***Can we call Good Friday good?*** – Trevor Dennis

*Look at the upper room,  
Where they shared the bread and the wine.  
Look at the stone,  
Where He knelt to pray.  
Look at the grass,  
Where the flesh was weak,  
Look at the man,  
With his thirty pieces of silver.  
Look at the man,  
As he kisses his Master.  
Look at the mob,  
As they led Him away.  
Look at Him,  
As He remains silent.  
Look as He crawls,  
With the wooden cross on His back.  
Look at the nails,  
As they pierce His hands.  
Look at the spear,  
As it cuts His side.  
Look at the crown of thorns,  
As it rests on His head.  
Look as He talks,  
With the two thieves by His sides.  
Look at His hands, His feet, His side,  
And the look of love as He dies.*

*Yes, we can call Good Friday good.*

*What wondrous love is this,  
O my soul, O my soul!  
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!  
What wondrous love is this  
that caused the Lord of bliss  
To bear the dreadful curse  
for my soul, for my soul,  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.*

*To God and to the Lamb,  
I will sing, I will sing;  
To God and to the Lamb I will sing.  
To God and to the Lamb  
Who is the great I AM;  
While millions join the theme,  
I will sing, I will sing;  
While millions join the theme, I will sing.*

*And when from death I'm free,  
I'll sing on, I'll sing on;  
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.  
And when from death I'm free,  
I'll sing and joyful be,  
And through eternity  
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,  
And through eternity I'll sing on.*

## Prayer/Silence

Lord Jesus, you died on the cross  
and entered the bleakest of all circumstances:  
give courage to those whose journey is coming to an end.  
In death you entered into the darkest place of all:  
illumine our darkness with your glorious presence.  
To you, Jesus, your lifeless body hanging on the tree of shame,  
be honour and glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit,  
now and for ever.

**Amen.**



## Hymn

**Come and see, come and see  
Come and see the King of love  
See the purple robe  
and crown of thorns he wears  
Soldiers mock, rulers sneer  
As he lifts the cruel cross  
Lone and friendless now  
he climbs towards the hill**

***We worship at your feet  
Where wrath and mercy meet  
And a guilty world  
is washed by love's pure stream  
For us he was made sin  
Oh, help me take it in  
Deep wounds of love  
cry out 'Father, forgive'  
I worship, I worship  
The Lamb who was slain.***

**Come and weep, come and mourn  
For your sin that pierced him there  
So much deeper  
than the wounds of thorn and nail  
All our pride, all our greed  
All our fallenness and shame  
And the Lord has laid  
the punishment on him**

**Man of heaven, born to earth  
To restore us to your heaven  
Here we bow in awe  
beneath your searching eyes  
From your tears comes our joy,  
From your death our life shall spring,  
By your resurrection power  
we shall rise**

*Words & Music: Graham Kendrick*

## Reading

Read: *The empty tomb – Mark 16.1-8*

## Reflection

*The women come to the tomb. There, they find not Jesus but a young man dressed in white. He tells the women not to be troubled. He tells them as if it is the most natural thing in the world that Jesus has risen. And then he gives them a message, a message for the ones who ran away, who abandoned him, the message is simply a reminder, a reminder of what Jesus told them on the Mount of Olives after the last supper – “After I have risen I will go ahead of you into Galilee.” The young man adds – “there you will see him as he told you.”*

*After all that agony, all that blackness, all that fear and terror, it’s back to Galilee, the place of mission and ministry, the place of healing and preaching, story-telling and discomfiting the comfortable. It’s business as usual. It’s life goes on so get on with it. The work hasn’t ceased, the call to be disciples hasn’t ended. There is no wayward journey that cannot be redeemed by new beginnings.*

*Jesus has gone on ahead of us, preparing our way. And, at this time of uncertainty, this is the hope to which we hold fast.*

## Poem

*It is finished – Trevor Dennis*

*See here,*

*here on this cross,*

*is a man in pain.*

*Here is a man alone.*

*Here is a man who faced arrest*

*among the black olives of Gethsemane  
and almost broke apart with fear.  
Here is a man cast out,  
taken outside the walls for execution,  
lest he contaminate the holy city by his dying.  
Here is a man overcome by loss,  
drowning in the last moment of his agony,  
in the silence of God.  
And what in all this had he achieved?*

*This man carried the humanity of us all,  
and still bears its load.*

*And this man shows us God.*

*See here,  
here on this cross,  
we see God outcast,  
God in pain,  
God unloved,  
God alone,  
God sorely grieved.*

*Yet here is God with arms stretched wide for our embrace;  
here fall heaven's tears of love;  
here we catch the beating of God's heart;  
here is God's generosity displayed  
and here his victory unfurled!  
For God is not defeated here.*

*Love wins this day,  
and must win every day.  
Nothing can confound the Love of God,  
nothing deflect it from its course,  
or stern its flow.*

*So here,  
in the shadow of this cross,  
we are not alone;  
here our grief and pain are understood, shared, cherished;  
here is healing for our torn souls;  
here, where terror might seem to hold such sway,  
we have no cause to fear;  
here we are loved,  
loved still more,  
loved eternally  
with a Love that has no flaw  
that will not let us down,  
that is as large and larger than the universe,  
as bright as a kingfisher's back in the summer's sun,  
as strong and relentless as the crash of the sea.*

*We are worth something here!  
We are worth everything here!  
Let us care for one another.*

## **Prayer/Silence**

Most merciful God,  
who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ

delivered and saved the world:  
grant that by faith in him who suffered on the cross  
we may triumph in the power of his victory;  
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,  
who is alive and reigns with you,  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.  
Amen.

## 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.**

**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.**

**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.**

## **Final Prayer**

Lord Jesus Christ,  
Son of the living God,  
set your passion, cross,  
and death between your judgement and us,  
now and at the hour of our death.  
Give mercy and grace to the living,  
rest to the faithful departed,  
to your holy Church peace and concord,  
and to us sinners eternal life and glory;  
for you are alive and reign with the Father  
and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.  
Amen.

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