

GRACE

CHURCH ON-THE-HILL

ORDER OF SERVICE GOOD FRIDAY

PRELUDE *Prelude to "Stabat Mater"* ANTONIO VIVALDI
ORGANIST: Thomas Fitches ODT; DDiv. (honoris causa)

GREETING

COLLECT

Almighty God, look graciously, we pray, on this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.

HYMN 198 *O Sacred Head Surrounded* PASSION CHORALE

O sacred head surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn;
O royal head so wounded,
reviled, and put to scorn:
death's shadows rise before you,
the glow of life decays,
yet angel hosts adore you
and tremble as they gaze!

Your sinless soul's oppression
was all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression,
but yours the deadly pain:
I bow my head, my Saviour,
for I deserve your place;
O grant to me your favour,
and heal me by your grace.

Your youthfulness and vigour
are spent, your strength is gone,
and in your tortured figure
I see death drawing on:
what agony of dying,
what love, to sinners free!
My Lord, all grace supplying,
O turn your face on me!

What language shall I borrow
to thank you, dearest Friend,
for this your dying sorrow,
your mercy without end?
Lord, make me yours for ever:
your servant let me be;
and may I never, never
betray your love for me.

FIRST READING *Isaiah 52.13-53.12* READ BY JENNIFER CONNOLLY

See, my servant shall prosper;
he shall be exalted and lifted up,
and shall be very high.
Just as there were many who were astonished at him*

—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance,
and his form beyond that of mortals—
so he shall startle* many nations;
kings shall shut their mouths because of him;
for that which had not been told them they shall see,
and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate.

Who has believed what we have heard?
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?
For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.
He was despised and rejected by others;
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;
and as one from whom others hide their faces
he was despised, and we held him of no account.

Surely he has borne our infirmities
and carried our diseases;
yet we accounted him stricken,
struck down by God, and afflicted.
But he was wounded for our transgressions,
crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,
and by his bruises we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have all turned to our own way,
and the Lord has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
yet he did not open his mouth;
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,
so he did not open his mouth.
By a perversion of justice he was taken away.
Who could have imagined his future?
For he was cut off from the land of the living,
stricken for the transgression of my people.
They made his grave with the wicked
and his tomb* with the rich,*
although he had done no violence,
and there was no deceit in his mouth.

Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him with pain.
When you make his life an offering for sin,
 he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days;
through him the will of the Lord shall prosper.
 Out of his anguish he shall see light;
he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge.
 The righteous one,* my servant, shall make many righteous,
 and he shall bear their iniquities.
Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great,
 and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;
because he poured out himself to death,
 and was numbered with the transgressors;
yet he bore the sin of many,
 and made intercession for the transgressors.

PSALM 22.1-17

SUNG BY SARAH HICKS

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 him deliver—
 let him rescue the one in whom he 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 shrivelled;
I can count all my bones.
They stare and gloat over me;

EPISTLE: *Hebrews 4.14-16;5.7-9*

READ BY FRANCES MAIN

Since, then, we have a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast to our confession. For we do not have a high priest who is unable to sympathize with our weaknesses, but we have one who in every respect has been tested as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore approach the throne of grace with boldness, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

In the days of his flesh, Jesus offered up prayers and supplications, with loud cries and tears, to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverent submission. Although he was a Son, he learned obedience through what he suffered; and having been made perfect, he became the source of eternal salvation for all who obey him,

HYMN 192 *Where You There*

SUNG BY SARAH HICKS

GOSPEL *John 19.17-30*

READ BY SYLVIA FAWCETT

...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.' When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, 'Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it.' This was to fulfil what the scripture says,

'They divided my clothes among themselves,
and for my clothing they cast lots.'

And that is what the soldiers did.

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

CHOIR MOTET *Christe adoramus te*
HOMILY

MONTEVERDI
REV. CANON DR. JUDY PAULSEN

HYMN 386 *WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDEROUS CROSS*

ROCKINGHAM

When I survey the wondrous cross
where the young Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

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?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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.

THE SOLEMN INTERCESSION

LED BY MARIA LING

HYMN 202 *There is a Green Hill Far Away*

HORSLEY

There is a green hill far away,
outside 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.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

CANON PETER WALKER

POSTLUDE. *Chorale Prelude: 'Ach Herr, mich armen Sünder'*

JOHANN PACHELBEL

ORGANIST: THOMAS FITCHES ODT; DDIV. (HONORIS CAUSA)