



Good Friday  
19<sup>th</sup> April 2019  
9:30am @ St Andrews



hosted by  
St Andrews & Zion Hill Faith Communities

*How long will  
and women in  
drawing in  
books an  
of God  
them sad?*



*grown men  
this world keep  
their colouring  
image  
that makes*

*Meister Eckhart (1260-1328)*

As we gather for a Hot Cross buns in the Hall, the call will go out to process in the sanctuary singing, **Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

**Processional Singing:** Were you there when they crucified

As you enter singing, **Were you there when they crucified my Lord**, you are invited to light a candle and then be seated ...

### **Opening Sentences**

O God true source of humanity,  
mother and father of us all  
you renew us so we may grow like you.

**We gather together this Good Friday:**

from corner or limelight,  
 from fears or from sadness,  
 from hope or from gladness  
 in close relationships or from separate lives.

**We gather together this dark enlightened day:**

who long for the company,  
 the levelling and the deepest joys,  
 found in your presence.

**We gather together as your people:**

to meet you, to celebrate your love,  
 and to rejoice in the possibilities that arise  
 when we honour all the diversity of our humanity.

**We gather together – Haere Mai, Aere mai, hwan-yeong, Fakaalofa lahi atu, Afio mai, Ulu tonu mai, Talofa Lava, Foon Ying (Cantonese), Selamat Datang (Malay), Vitajte (Slovak), Welcome.**

**Most of all we welcome you to be reminded of your life and will in Jesus.**

**Singing:** "A Man of Ancient Time and Place" (*Tune: 'Tallis' Canon', 88.88*)

### **Reading 1**

Luke 23:1-32

The elders of the people and the chief priests and scribes rose,  
 and they brought Jesus before Pilate.

They began their accusation by saying,

**"We found this man inciting our people to revolt,  
 opposing payment of tribute to Caesar,  
 and claiming to be Christ, a king."**

Pilate put to Jesus this question,

"Are you the king of the Jews?"

"It is you who say it," Jesus replied

### **Reflection 1**

I remember a man who had dreams of what might be:  
 that people would be set free from ideas and images  
 about God that enslaved them,  
 that people would believe that through their

everyday acts of human kindness they are  
 intimately connected with the sacred,  
 that people would live  
 'in peace, in God's presence all the days of their lives'  
 I remember a man driven by his dreams.  
*Silence*

## Reading 2

Pilate then said to the chief priests and the crowds,  
 "I find no case against this man."  
 But they persisted,  
**"He is inflaming the people  
 with his teaching all over Judea;  
 it has come all the way from Galilee,  
 where he began, down to here."**

## Reflection 2

I remember a man who had his moments of breakthrough,  
 when it must have seemed his dream was being realised:  
 the times people really listened and responded,  
 the men and women who were prepared  
 to walk with him and support him,  
 times when he spoke better and more convincingly  
 than other times.  
 I remember a man enthused by his successes.  
*Silence*

## Singing:

***When Illness Meets Denial and Rejection*** (TUNE: Londonderry Air)

## Reading 3

When Pilate heard this,  
 he asked if the man was a Galilean.  
 And finding that he came under Herod's jurisdiction,  
 he passed him over to Herod  
 who was also in Jerusalem at that time.  
 Herod was delighted to see Jesus;  
 he had heard about him and had been wanting for a long time

to set eyes on him;  
 he was hoping to see some miracle worked by Jesus.  
 So Herod questioned Jesus at some length,  
 but without getting a reply.

### Reflection 3

I remember a man who learned of the cruel death of his cousin.  
 He got into a boat, seeking a lonely place,  
 where he could be with his friends  
 to absorb the shock,  
 to grieve quietly,  
 and to calm the feelings of powerlessness and frustration  
 and fear for his own future.  
 I wonder what he prayed about that night?  
 I wonder what helped him leave that lonely place  
 and go forward to confront life,  
 rather than retreat into isolation and safety?  
 I remember a man driven by his convictions.

*Silence*

### Reading 4

Then Herod, together with his guards,  
 treated Jesus with contempt and made fun of him;  
 Herod put a rich cloak on Jesus,  
 and sent him back to Pilate.  
 And though Herod and Pilate had been enemies before,  
 they were reconciled that same day.  
 Pilate then summoned the chief priests  
 and the leaders and the people.  
 "You brought this man before me," Pilate said, "as a political agitator.  
 "Now I have gone into the matter myself in your presence  
 and found no case against him  
 in respect of all the charges you bring against him.  
 "Nor has Herod either, since he has sent him back to us.  
 As you can see, the man has done nothing that deserve death,  
 so I shall have him flogged and then let him go."  
 But altogether they howled,  
**"Away with him! Give us Barabbas!"**

Pilate was anxious to set Jesus free and addressed them again,  
but they shouted back,

**"Crucify, crucify him!"**

#### **Reflection 4**

I remember a man whose dream was shattered:  
who broke down and cried over what could have been,  
who knew the pain of failure and powerlessness,  
who knew what it was like to feel broken and terribly alone.  
I remember someone human like all of us.

*Silence*

#### **Reading 5**

Pilate then gave a verdict: their demand was to be granted.  
Pilate released Barabbas whom they asked for  
and who had been imprisoned for rioting and murder,  
and handed Jesus over to them  
to deal with as they pleased.

#### **Reflection 5**

I remember a man who knew he was going to die:  
who gathered with his friends  
knowing it was for the last time,  
who spoke to them about what he really believed,  
who wanted them to remember him  
and to keep his dream alive.

I remember a testament to love.

*Silence*

We remember all of this...

**We remember all of this...**

*Silence*

#### **Reading 6**

Luke 23:33 (*Inclusive text*)

When they reached the place called The Skull,  
they crucified Jesus there with the two criminals also,  
one on the right, the other on the left.

**Reflection 6**

I remember a man crucified.

He was a failure, abandoned by his male friends,  
taunted, despised, enduring a shameful and agonising death,  
no consoling or heartfelt presence of his God to help him.

I remember a man whose faith in all he believed  
was tested to the limits.

**Music of Lament**

*(Played softly...)*

**Our response ....****The Gift of 'paper' ....**

You are invited to write whatever comes to your mind that you believe needs to be put at the foot of the cross. In your own time bring it forward and place it upon the cross.

**and Autumn petals ....**

The women's prominence at the cross stands in contrast to the men.  
And having women as witnesses was part of a consistent subversiveness  
which belonged at the heart of Jesus' approach.

Therefore, remembering the death of our innocent selves.

And remembering the death of innocent, fragile things in the world around us...

The women of the congregation are invited to come and scatter some 'petals' and leaves over the cross, as our witnesses.

*The women of the congregation come forward and scatter 'petals' and leaves over the cross*

**The Gift of Fragrant Oil**

And remembering the gift of the unnamed woman we offer this fragrant oil.

*Some fragrant oil is sprinkled over the leaves*

**Nails banged into the cross ...**

## Reflection 7

I remember a man of extraordinary religious insight:  
 utterly convinced of the connectedness  
 between human loving and living in God,  
 determined to give people personal authority  
 in their relationship with God,  
 wanting to set people free from fear of the unknown,  
 setting his heart on breaking down barriers between people...

**We give thanks for the ways  
 in which the life, teaching, and death of Jesus,  
 have set us free.**

*Silence*

It is now time for us to leave this place,  
 to gather again in our places of worship  
 on the Resurrection Sunday

**We commend ourselves into the hands of God.**

We believe in God around us,  
 Dreamer and sustainer of life.

**When there was nothing but an ocean of tears,  
 God sighed over the waters and dreamed a small dream:  
 light in the darkness,  
 a small planet in space.**

We believe in God beside us,  
 Jesus as the Christ, dream made flesh.

**When hate and fear were raging,  
 when love was beaten down,  
 when hope was nailed and left to die,  
 Christ entered into our deep secret places  
 and went down into our death to find us.**

We believe in God within us,  
 Spirit who empowers the dream.

**Who weeps with us in our despair,  
 who breathes on prison doors,  
 never admitting it's hopeless,  
 always expecting the bars to bend and sway  
 and break forth into blossom.**

**Sending us on our way ...**

The Good Fridays of our lives come unbidden and unexpected  
Bringing the winter of despair and the death of dreams and hope  
Only love has the power to mend what has been broken  
A love that brings healing to our wounds  
A love that offers hope when we have none  
A love that creates unity where there is conflict  
A love that instils new life into lifeless brown husks  
May this great love be in you, upon you, and among you  
Now and through all of your days

**Singing:** O God why are you silent?

As conclude with this singing you are invited to leave at your own pace, in your own time, as you leave you are invited to blow a candle out ...