



Brougham Place Uniting Church

Friday April 18, 9.00am

Good Friday

Kardlayirdi Karnungga

A Light on the Hill

We acknowledge the Kurna people as the traditional carers of the land on which our church is built.

As you wait for worship to begin, please turn your phone to silent.

Prelude

Gathering Words

Introit

“Cross of Jesus” from Stainer’s Crucifixion

Welcome and Acknowledgment of Country

Opening Prayer

God of grace, as we gather on this solemn day,
we face these last steps of Jesus’ earthly journey with heavy hearts.
There are other places we would rather be.
Yet we find violence and suffering in the world around us,
sometimes too close to us.

**As we remember and reflect, may we draw strength
from the courage, care and commitment of Jesus.**

We sing: *Stay With Me*

Stay with me, remain here with me,
watch and pray, watch and pray. (*sing 5 times through*)

*Author: The Community of Taize. Tune: STAY WITH ME.
Composer: Jacques Berthier. c 1984 Taize Community, France, GIA Publications*

The Crucifixion

First Reading: Luke 23:13-27

Then Pilate called together the chief priests, the rulers, and the people. He said to them, “You brought this man before me as one who was misleading the people. I have questioned him in your presence and found nothing in this man’s conduct that provides a legal basis for the charges you have brought against him. Neither did Herod, because Herod returned him to us. He’s done nothing that deserves death. Therefore, I’ll have him whipped, then let him go.”

But with one voice they shouted, “Away with this man! Release Barabbas to us.” (Barabbas had been thrown into prison because of a riot that had occurred in the city, and for murder.)

Pilate addressed them again because he wanted to release Jesus.

They kept shouting out, “Crucify him! Crucify him!”

For the third time, Pilate said to them, “Why? What wrong has he done? I’ve found no legal basis for the death penalty in his case. Therefore, I will have him whipped, then let him go.”

But they were adamant, shouting their demand that Jesus be crucified. Their voices won out. Pilate issued his decision to grant their request. He released the one they asked for, who had been thrown into prison because of a riot and murder. But he handed Jesus over to their will.

As they led Jesus away, they grabbed Simon, a man from Cyrene, who was coming in from the countryside. They put the cross on his back and made him carry it behind Jesus. A huge crowd of people followed Jesus, including women, who were mourning and wailing for him.

First Story: *Simon of Cyrene*

(a dramatic reading.)

Confession

Jesus, when we side with you,
we side with all who threaten the status quo.

When we refuse the call
to see others’ struggles as our own,
we abandon our kin to shoulder their crosses alone.

So we pray, O God,
**embolden us to accept the risks that come with following you—
even as we resist the powers and systems
that set crosses on our shoulders. Amen.**

We Listen: *My Song is Love Unknown*

Together in Song 341, v1, 2, 3, 4, 7

Second Reading: Luke 23:32-43

They also led two other criminals to be executed with Jesus. When they arrived at the place called The Skull, they crucified him, along with the criminals, one on his right and the other on his left. Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they don't know what they're doing." They drew lots as a way of dividing up his clothing.

The people were standing around watching, but the leaders sneered at him, saying, "He saved others. Let him save himself if he really is the Christ sent from God, the chosen one."

The soldiers also mocked him. They came up to him, offering him sour wine and saying, "If you really are the king of the Jews, save yourself." Above his head was a notice of the formal charge against him. It read "This is the king of the Jews."

One of the criminals hanging next to Jesus insulted him: "Aren't you the Christ? Save yourself and us!"

Responding, the other criminal spoke harshly to him, "Don't you fear God, seeing that you've also been sentenced to die? We are rightly condemned, for we are receiving the appropriate sentence for what we did. But this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom."

Jesus replied, "I assure you that today you will be with me in paradise."

Second Story: *The Criminal on the Cross*

(a dramatic reading.)

We sing: *Jesus, Remember Me*

Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom. *(sing 5 times through)*

Preparing for the last reading

Final Reading: Luke 23:44-46, 48

It was now about noon, and darkness covered the whole earth until about three o'clock, while the sun stopped shining.

Then the curtain in the sanctuary tore down the middle.

Crying out in a loud voice, Jesus said:

“Father, into your hands I entrust my life!”

After he said this, he breathed out his last breath.

All the crowds who had come together to see this event returned to their homes beating their chests after seeing what had happened.

You are invited to join in by sombrely stomping your feet, patting your knees, or any other movements you choose.

A bell will indicate it is time to stop.

A time of silence is kept

The Tomb

We sing: *When I Survey*

Remain seated as we sing

1. 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.

2. 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.
3. 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?
4. 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.

Together in Song 342
Isaac Watts 1674-1748. Public Domain

Prayers of Intercession

Closing Litany

Blessing

And as we leave this time of communal worship
to enter deeper into the liminal space
between life, death, and life again,
go with the knowledge that the Triune God—
who fashioned you with love,
whose Spirit breathes in and through you,
and who shares in our every sorrow and every joy—
goes with you, even in doubt, even in death,
even to the end of the age
and remember, with hope,
that Sunday is coming!

Choral Blessing

May the God of Peace Go With Us

Sending

Go in peace, and in silence,
to wait with those who wait,
and mourn with those who mourn.
Amen.

You are invited to leave the sanctuary in silence.

This service has been prepared with assistance from



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The Bible Readings are from the Common English Bible

Prayers of Intercession from
Feasting on the Word, Lenten Companion.
David L Bartlett, Barbara Brown Taylor and Kimberly Bracken
Long, editors



this moment matters

A POEM FOR HOLY SATURDAY *by Avery Arden*

they wanted—no, they needed
to touch you one last time.

so they trudged the tombward path
with their perfumes and their spices
their strips of cloth
to cocoon your body in
for its final transformation back to dust

their shoulders almost broken with grief,
heavy as the cross
that crushed the life from your flesh.

let me fall in step behind them.
let me take my place in that line
of broken hearts
bearing a cross of grief together.
let me shoulder my share of the burden

and let me not rush
to the first fingers of dawn,
frail and trembling,
reaching past a rolled-back stone
to empty space where your corpse
should be—

no. let me linger in the moment when
your corpse still lies there
and anguish fractures the air
into splinters that cut the lungs.

this moment matters:
your brown body
with the breath pressed out
by the inexorable boot of Empire
matters.

and the moment that comes after
cannot ease this one.

it never has, and it never will, for

there are still bodies broken,
breathless, beaten down
by Empire's brutality or else its apathy.

and you, with us to the last,
still lie among them—you hold them
close
and share their final exhalation
be it in a hospital bed, the street, a cell.

so let me not sprint to sunrise
when your body can *still* be found
nestled with cold bodies in their graves.

blessed be the hands
that carry the spices and perfumes,
water and cloth!
blessed, blessed be the throats
worn rough with sobs
yet refusing to be silenced,
broadcasting the crime lest some
claim ignorance.

I'll not dishonor them by racing past
to the future reunion of
form to dust, breath to body,
lover to loved
before they're ready.

keep watch! soak in!
be present with them!
this moment is holy