

Good Friday (virtual worship)
April 10, 2020
Order of Worship: Stations of the Cross



Welcome to this new way of gathering together! While we cannot be physically present with one another, we know that as we gather in God's name, Christ is truly present.

Each Sunday, we will gather at 9:30am via Facebook Live. It will later be posted on our YouTube page (https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCEBfzqqPTuf8fe3PjPr21gA?view_as=subscriber) and our website <http://trinitybrewsterny.org/wordpress/>.

You may join us live (and comment below the feed to let them know you're there) or worship at whatever time works best for you. Invite others to join us as well!

Listed here is the basic order of worship so that you are able to follow along. We have included links to the hymns picked by Franklyn that you may either listen to now or later. I will sing (at least) the first verse of each hymn which are printed in the order of worship if you would like to sing along.

Congregational responses are in bold, which I will still read, but invite you to read aloud wherever you may be worshipping. Though I cannot hear you, we know that we are speaking together from where we all are for God's ears and attention.

At the end of this document, you will find additional links for other service opportunities and brief announcements.

Setting up: Light a candle (or more), set out your Bible and/or a cross. Spend a few moments in silence before you begin.

Offering: You are also encouraged to continue to share your offering with Trinity by mailing them to the church office or by donating online via our website: www.trinitybrewsterny.org)

Introduction: Jesus' journey continues as it is marked by violence, betrayal, and denials. In the midst of this chaos, Jesus remains steadfast in his mission of grace that finds its fulfillment through the gates of death and sin. The way of transformation can only be found in the new life that comes out of death. Jesus shows us the way through the cross.

WELCOME

Call to Worship

The final words have been spoken,

the last breath sighed,

the temple curtain lies in ruin,

the skies turn dark.

And like those faithful few, taking down the body of the one they trust, preparing him for burial,

we come in quiet devotion to praise the one we trust and remember all he went through for our sakes.

Holy God, we come to this day to wonder once more at your love for us. We do not understand why Jesus had to die, why he had to endure the pain and suffering of the cross. We come to meditate and contemplate the death of Jesus.

We wonder at the sacrifice of our beloved Lord.

Today we come in silence,

awe and amazement unsure of what to say or do.

Draw near to us in these moments

and reveal to us ever more clearly your love for us, now and forever. Amen.

Lord's Prayer

We let these familiar words sink into our hearts and rise before us as we pause after each phrase.

Our Father, who art in heaven, (pause)

hallowed be Thy name, (pause)

Thy kingdom come, (pause)

Thy will be done (pause)

on earth as it is in heaven. (pause)

Give us this day our daily bread; (pause)

and forgive us our trespasses (pause)

as we forgive those who trespass against us; (pause)

and lead us not into temptation, (pause)

but deliver us from evil. (pause)

For thine is the kingdom (pause)

and the power (pause)

and the glory (pause)

forever and ever. (pause)

Amen.

Prayer of the Day

Eternal God, Your Son lost everything when he gave himself up to be killed. May we remember his final hour with compassion and gratitude for all that we have received as a result of his selfless act. In Jesus' name we pray, **amen.**

Hymn "Were you there" (ELW 353, Vs. 1-3)

1) *Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (repeat)*

Refrain: Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

2) Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

3) Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

We humbly gather to honor and bless you

By your holy and blessed cross you have redeemed the world

The procession moves to the first station.

† **First Station: *Jesus is condemned to death***



It is Friday - early in the morning. Jesus is brought from Caiaphas the High Priest to Pontius Pilate, the Governor, on trumped-up charges of treason and is condemned to death.

The cries of, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" still ring in our ears. The picture of Pilate sitting on the judge's bench asking the crowd of leaders and people, "Shall I crucify your King?" and their response, "We have no king but the Emperor." It's an image that haunts us. It haunts us because of the callousness and injustice of it all. The world is often so unjust. But mostly it haunts us because we see this injustice, this callousness sometimes in ourselves. Lord, when do we see you hungry, sick and helpless and do not reach out to you?

O, Lord Jesus, help us all to remember why you came to us and how we responded. Give us grace to reach out to you in love and justice.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. Almighty God, your Son our Savior suffered at the hands of sinners and endured the shame of the cross. Grant that we may walk in the way of his cross and find it the way of life and peace; through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the second station.

† **Second Station: *Jesus takes up his cross***



A heavy cross is thrust into Jesus' arms. He is ordered to carry it to the site of His execution. Jesus accepts the cross. Carrying it by himself, he goes out to the Place of the Skull - Golgotha - to be crucified with two other men.

He went out carrying his cross Humanity is burdened with many crosses - war, hunger and famine, greed and poverty, sickness and death. Our neighbors bear their crosses. Some are those who mourn, some who struggle to survive financially, some who live in fear and loneliness. Jesus went out carrying his cross alone. He knows what it is like to carry a heavy burden.

Lord, you know how to carry a burden. Teach us how to bear one another's burdens and how to turn to you for grace and strength.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. Almighty God, whose beloved Son willingly endured the agony and shame of the cross for our redemption; Give us courage to take up our cross and follow him; who lives and reigns forever and ever. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the third station.

† **Third Station: *Simon Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross***



Jesus is faltering under the load. The soldiers fear that he might die along the way. They seize Simon Cyrene, put the cross on his shoulders, too, as he stands behind Jesus and make him help shoulder the load.

A perfect stranger, coming into the city, just happens to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. He was grabbed and forced to take the cross. Was he reluctant? Am I? Even as I long to help Jesus, I am afraid. Relieved when someone else is picked out of the crowd to help. Would I be ashamed that I could not bring myself to step out of my reluctance to help the man?

Thank you God for strangers in our midst, who often unwittingly show us what to do and how to do it. Open our eyes and hearts; enlarge our vision.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. Heavenly Father, whose blessed Son came not to be served but to serve: Bless all who, following in his steps, give themselves to the service of others; that with wisdom, patience, and courage, they may minister in his name to the suffering, the friendless, and the needy; for the love of him who laid down his life for us, your son our Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the fourth station.

† **Fourth Station: *Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem***



A large crowd of women have followed Jesus' path to Golgotha. They are weeping and wailing in traditional mourning for this man, their friend. They are overcome by their grief and by their helplessness. Jesus says to them, "Don't weep for me but for yourselves and your children." Your tears are not enough.

They cry, these women, like many cry daily. But our tears are not enough. They cannot stop the agony. They cannot feed the hungry. They cannot bring peace. "If you must weep," he says, "weep for your own pitifulness and lack." There is another way. I know it in my heart. We must move beyond the weeping. We must also act. But do we?

Help us Lord in our tears to remember that we must also act in love and faith as we witness Jesus' selfless acts of grace.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. Teach your church, O Lord, to mourn the sins of which it is guilty, and to repent and forsake them; that by your pardoning grace, the results of our iniquities may not be visited upon our children and our children's children; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the fifth station.

† **Fifth Station: *Jesus is stripped of his garments***



Finally they arrive at the God-forsaken place where he will be crucified. People dump their garbage here. Hurriedly, roughly, his clothes are stripped from his back leaving him naked in front of the crowd - naked, exhausted and humiliated.

Stripped naked. Nothing left, not even dignity. Is this His poverty or is it ours? We took his clothes, we took his dignity much like this world strips naked hundreds and thousands of its people every day with its' greed and its'

uncaring. Our self-ish-ness stands exposed for what it is when we stripped Jesus naked.

Dear Lord, we reach out and grasp greedily for so much, searching for what will satisfy. We do not know how to let go of things and let you in. Help us to choose what will bring healing and wholeness.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. O God, your Son chose the path which led to pain before joy and the cross before glory. Plant his cross in our hearts, so that in its power and love we may come at last to joy and glory; through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the sixth station.

† **Sixth Station: Jesus is nailed to the cross**



Roughly, contemptuously, the soldiers thrust Jesus down onto his cross. Holding him down - some sit on him - they pound the nails through his hands and feet. After he is lifted up, the soldiers throw dice for his clothing to fulfil the scripture, "They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots." The ring of the hammer on the nails, the sickening sound of flesh and bone crunching echo in our thoughts. Somehow this one crucifixion is different from others. The torture, for that's what it was, has not stopped. It still happens every day. From utter brutality to the unkind word that flays the soul - it still happens. But the nonchalance, the ease with which the soldiers threw the dice beneath his feet as if nothing were happening horrifies us still today.

O God, our God, we have forsaken you, fled from the crosses you ask us to bear, turned to endless games and sport to numb our pain. That day you did not flee. Help us to turn to you, to embrace you and the yoke you have offered us.

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that everyone might come within the reach of your saving embrace. So clothe us in your Spirit that we, reaching forth our hands in love, may bring those who do not know you to the knowledge and love of you; for the honor of your name. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the seventh station.

† **Seventh Station: *Jesus dies on the cross***



The nightmare of pain and suffering, the agony of betrayal and loneliness come to an end. Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her and he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son," and to the disciple, "Here is your mother." The thief on the cross beside him cries out, "Remember me, O Lord, when you come to your kingdom." After three mercifully brief hours on the cross, suspended between earth and sky, Jesus dies. Choking on the hyssop dipped in wine he gasps out the words, "It is finished." He bows his head and gives up his spirit.

We watch. We hear the words he spoke. We see his agony. We feel the spear dig in his flesh, see the blood and water pour out down his side to the ground. Violence and death. We hang our heads in humility and shame. "Truly this man was God's Son!"

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?

Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel.

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." (Psalm 22:1, 3, 14-15)

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. O God, you gave your only Son to suffer death on the cross for our redemption, and by his glorious resurrection you delivered us from the power of death. Make us die every day to sin, so that we may live with him forever in the joy of the resurrection; who lives and reigns now and forever. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession moves to the eighth station.

† **Eighth Station: *Jesus is laid in the tomb***



Relatives and friends carry his body to the gravesite - to the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man who was also a disciple of Jesus. They lay his body gently in the new tomb carved out of the hill, wrapped in a clean linen cloth. They roll a boulder across the entrance and silently withdraw.

The place of the tomb was in a garden. This garden seemed strangely silent and still as our minds and hearts are in shock. Images haunt our

brains. It was over. The crucifixion was over. This Jesus had died. But our lives and our world will never be the same. He was gone. Gone.

"God did not withhold nor spare even his own Son,
but gave him up for all of us." (Romans 8:32)

Jesus said "If you love me, you will keep my commandments....

Where I am going you cannot come.

I give you a new commandment,

that you love one another.

Just as I have loved you,

you also should love one another.

By this everyone will know you are my disciples..." (John 14:15 & John 13:33-35)

Silence for reflection

Let us pray. O God, your blessed Son was laid in a tomb in a garden, and rested on the Sabbath day. Grant that we who have been buried with him in the waters of baptism may find our perfect rest in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where he lives and reigns forever and ever. **Amen.**

Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal,
have mercy and hear us.

The procession returns to the place of gathering while singing the hymn

Hymn: "Were you there" (ELW 353, vs. 4-5)

4) *Were you there when the sun refused to shine? (repeat)*

Refrain: Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

5) *Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?*

Conclusion

Jesus, we wait here by your tomb, carrying our grief;

the grief of the betrayer,

the grief of the denier,

the grief of the crucifiers.

We carry the grief of the lost,

the heartbroken, the bereft.

Upon you was laid the grief of us all.

It is finished.

God of endings,

God of darkness,

God of the tomb,

God of dark days and great loss,
be with us now as we wait with Jesus.

Lord Jesus, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that all people might come within the reach of your saving embrace. Clothe us in your Spirit, that we, stretching out our hands in loving service for others, may bring those who do not know you to an awareness and love of you; who with the Father and the Holy Spirit live and reign, **One God forever! Amen!**

All depart in silence.

Still
For Good Friday

This day
let all stand still
in silence,
in sorrow.

Sun and moon
be still.

Earth
be still.

Still
the waters.

Still
the wind.

Let the ground
gape in stunned
lamentation.

Let it weep
as it receives
what it thinks

it will not
give up.

Let it groan
as it gathers
the One
who was thought
forever stilled.

Time
be still.

Watch
and wait.

Still.

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