

G O O D F R I D A Y

**holy.**



**weak.**

STRONGER THAN STRENGTH

# Welcome

“**Why is tonight different from all other nights?**” In a traditional Jewish Passover meal, the youngest child is supposed to ask this question, and tonight I imagine you’re asking it, too.

**Good Friday** is the night we remember the death of Jesus. If Christmas Eve is hope and Easter is joy, Good Friday is despair. Tonight, we come face-to-face with the worst of humanity: the fear, the brutality, the pain, and the grief. Without experiencing this death, we can’t experience Easter’s resurrection.

Tonight’s service will blend ancient traditions and new art, attempting to evoke the emotion of this night. The first ancient tradition is that of the **Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross**. These aren’t literal words, but moments of Jesus speaking from the cross, gathered from across the four tellings of the story (according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John).

The second ancient tradition is that of **Tenebrae**, the Latin word for “shadow” or “darkness.” As we progress through tonight’s service, we will slowly extinguish the candles and dim the lights. As Jesus dies, we will extinguish the last candle. The “light of the world” is snuffed out, and our hope drifts away in a wisp of smoke. We won’t light a candle again until the Easter (paschal) candle is lit outside early on Sunday morning as part of the Sunrise Service.

Tonight we're also retelling this **ancient story in a new way**. Rather than traditional prayers and a sermon, we've asked poets, preachers, and musicians to prepare special pieces to help us experience the power of each of these seven last words.

It's **my prayer** that tonight might move you, break your heart open to the grief of the world, and allow the rebirth of hope on Easter might mean even more.

Pastor Caleb

# 7 Last Words



Word: Rev. Caleb Williams

Music: Anna Joy Tucker & Hank Bunting

Song: Last Words (Tenebrae)

Father, forgive them for the know not what they do.  
Today you will be with me in paradise  
You will be with me today, today  
Behold your son, behold your mother, behold your son  
My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?  
I thirst  
It is finished  
Father, into Your hands  
Into Your hands, I commend my spirit

All scripture read by Rev. Dr. Sherry Parker-Lewis



# Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.



Poet: Rev. Rod Tucker

Musician: Milwood Chancel Choir

Song: When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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 mingled 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 a present far too small;  
Love, so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all! Amen.

**Truly  
I tell you,  
today you will  
be with me  
in paradise.**



Poet: Becky Stremmler

Musician: Bob Doppel

Song: How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us, How vast beyond all measure!  
That He should give His only Son, To make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss! The Father turns His face away;  
As wounds which marred the Chosen One, Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross: My sin upon His shoulders;  
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice Call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there Until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life: I know that it is finished.  
I will not boast in anything: No gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ: His death and resurrection.

Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer;  
But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ransom.



# Woman, here is your son. Here is your mother.



Poet: Rev. George Lewis

Musician: Rowan Garcelon with Jake Schott

Song: To Build a Home

There is a house built out of stone.  
wooden floors, walls, and window sills.  
Tables and chairs worn by all of the dust.  
This is a place where I don't feel alone;  
This is a place where I feel at home, 'cause,  
I built a home for you for me,  
Until it disappeared from me, from you.  
And now, it's time to leave and turn to dust.  
Out in the garden where we planted the seeds.  
There is a tree as old as me,  
branches were sewn by the color of green.  
Ground had arose and passed its knees  
by the cracks of the skin I climbed to the top.  
I climbed the tree to see the world.  
When the gusts came around to blow me down  
I held on as tightly as you held onto me,  
And, I built a home, for you, for me.  
Until it disappeared from me, from you.  
And now, it's time to leave and turn to dust.

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



Poet: Melissa Turmo

Musician: Milwood Chancel Choir

Song: And Can It Be

And can it be? Amazing love, how can it be?  
And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Savior's blood?  
Died He for me who caused His pain?  
For me who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! How can it be that Thou my God shouldst die for me?

He left His Father's throne above, so free, so infinite His grace.  
Emptied Himself of all but love, and bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free; For, O my God, it found out me.

And can it be? Amazing love, how can it be?  
No condemnation now I dread, Jesus and all in Him is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head, and clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown through Christ my own.  
Amazing love, how can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me.



# I am thirsty



Poet: Rev. Michelle King

Musician: Sam Wiedmayer and Alli Rousseau

Song: The Night We Met

I am not the only traveler who has not repaid his debt.  
I've been searching for a trail to follow again.  
Take me back to the night we met  
And then I can tell myself what the hell I'm supposed to do.  
And then I can tell myself not to ride along with you.

I had all and then most of you, some and now none of you.  
Take me back to the night we met,  
I don't know what I'm supposed to do, haunted by the ghost of you.  
Oh, take me back to the night we met.

When the night was full of terrors,  
and your eyes were filled with tears.  
When you had not touched me yet.  
Oh take me back to the night we met.  
I had all and then most of you, some and now none of you.

# It is finished



Poet: Rev. Rebecca Bell

Musician: Milwood Chancel Choir

Song: Were You There

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

○ sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

○ sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

○ sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Were you there when He rose up from the grave?

○ sometimes it causes me to tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?



# Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.



Poet: Rev. Dr. Wayne Price

Musician: Hank Bunting

Song: Out of Breath

Scared of being less than whole  
I console myself to no relief  
Every single word I hear grips my weary heart  
Death or life to my belief

All alone and out of breath  
Better come quick 'cause I'm drifting  
Anxious feelings in my chest have become my only friend  
All alone and out of breath I don't even know if you're with me  
Just a sinner with no rest, Headed toward a bitter end

If I call out will you hear? Are you even there?  
I'm bewildered in my fear

I'm longing. Please grant me  
God, save me. I'm pleading

Please don't leave me. You're my hope.  
All I have is you. But I'm out of breath.

# The Next Word

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Poet: Rev. Caleb Williams

Music: Everyone

Song: Let It Be

When I find myself in times of trouble  
Mother Mary comes to me,  
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.  
And in my hour of darkness  
she is standing right in front of me  
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.  
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

And when the broken-hearted people  
living in the world agree,  
There will be an answer, Let it be.  
For though they may be parted  
there is still a chance that they will see  
There will be an answer, Let it be,

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.  
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

And when the night is cloudy  
there is still a light that shines on me,  
Shine until tomorrow, let it be.  
I wake up to the sound of music,  
Mother Mary comes to me  
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.  
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

# to be continued...

Sunrise Service 7am

April 5<sup>th</sup>

*on the church lawn*

Celebratory Worship 10am

April 5<sup>th</sup>

*in the sanctuary*