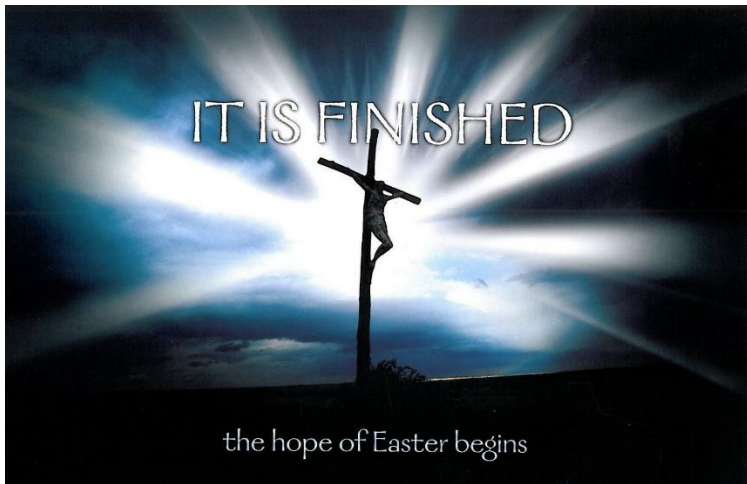


**GISBORNE PRESBYTERIAN PARISH**  
**Welcome to St Andrew's Presbyterian Church Gisborne**

**GOOD FRIDAY 30 March 2018**

**The cross proclaims the love of God**



**In your dark times of grieving, sadness,  
shadows, or deep loneliness,  
remember that the Christ who was crucified  
loves you, holds you and understands you.**

*May the Spirit of God inspire you  
through the words, images and music*

**Worship Leader:** *Rev Mary Petersen*  
**Director of Music:** *Catherine Macdonald*  
**Organist:** *Paul Pollock*

**Pianist:** *Val Hall*

**Choir**

In this most solemn and reflective service of the Church Year, there are times of silence that invite you to consider the words you have heard and sung, and images seen. Please feel free to sit or stand for the hymns – whatever is right for you today.

Activities are available for children to do. They can be taken, with pens and pencils, to where your family is sitting.

*< This service will flow without any announcement. >*

### **Call to Worship**

The echoes of cheering have gone;  
The palm branches have shrivelled on the side of the road;  
The glimpses of light on the way ahead flicker into darkness.  
All that lies within the shadows and the emptiness  
Waits to be entered, in its pain and its suffering,

But one thing is never in doubt:

**The Christ goes on in faithfulness.**

God is with us even in the depths of our despair.

**We are never, ever, left alone.**

**Sing:** CH4 380 There is a green hill v. 1 and 5

**There is a green hill far away,  
outside a city wall,  
where the dear Lord was crucified,  
who died to save us all.**

**Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,  
and we must love him too,  
and trust in his redeeming love,  
and try his works to do.**

“Come, for all now is prepared ... He is with us now.”

**Storyteller 1: Betrayal Warning ... the cup poured out**

*Jan Ewart*

**Silence ...**

**Storyteller 2: Alone in Prayer ... hands and heart in agony**

*Gwenda Crawshaw*

**Silence ...**

**Sing:** CH4 374 v. 2, 3, 4 The Servant King

**There in the garden of tears  
my heavy load he chose to bear;  
his heart with sorrow was torn,  
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.**

*Refrain*      *This is our God, the Servant King,  
he calls us now to follow him,  
to bring our lives as a daily offering  
of worship to the Servant King.*

**Come see his hands and his feet,  
the scars that speak of sacrifice,  
hands that flung stars into space  
to cruel nails surrendered.**

*Refrain*

**So let us learn how to serve  
and in our lives enthrone him,  
each other's needs to prefer,  
for it is Christ we're serving.**

**Storyteller 3: Arrest** ... *30 pieces of silver:*  
*Lynnor Cooke* ... *the price of redeeming a slave*

**Silence ....**

**Storyteller 4: Peter's Denial** ... *a feather, the sign of cowardice*  
*Grace Johnstone*

**Silence ...**

**Sing:** CH4 557 O love that wilt not let me go

**O love that will not let me go,  
revive your loveliness in me:  
I give you back the life I owe  
that in your ocean depths its flow  
may richer, fuller be.**

**O light that follows all my way,  
renew your radiance in me:  
I welcome your life-giving ray  
that in your sunshine's blaze each day  
may brighter, full be.**

**O joy that seeks for me through pain,  
restore your hopefulness to me;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain  
and trust your promise once again:  
that dawn shall tearless be.**

**O cross that raises up my head,  
remove the sinfulness from me:  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
and from the ground there blossoms red,  
life that shall endless be.**

*G Matheson*

**Storyteller 5: The Trial ...** *a royal robe and a crown of thorns*  
*Jill Wallis*

Choir sings: *O sacred head sore wounded CH4 382 v.1, 391 v.1.,  
382 v.3*

O Sacred Head! sore wounded,  
with grief and shame bowed down!  
O Kingly Head, surrounded  
with thorns, thine only crown!  
How pale art thou with anguish,  
with sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that face now languish,  
which once was bright as morn!

This is your coronation –  
Thorns pressed upon your head;  
No bright angelic heralds,  
But angry crowds instead;  
Beneath your throne of timber,  
And struggling with the load,  
You go in cruel procession  
On sorrow's royal road.

What language shall I borrow  
to praise thee, heavenly Friend,  
for this, thy dying sorrow,  
thy pity without end?  
O make me thine for ever,  
and, should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
outlive my love to thee.

**Silence ...**

**Storyteller 6: Crucifixion ...** *nails were hammered*  
*Alvin Hall*

**Choir Sings:** Jesus, remember me, when you come into your  
kingdom.  
Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom. x 3

**Storyteller 6 continues: Jesus Dies**  
*Alvin Hall*

**Silence ...**

**Sing:** CH4 403 Were you there? vv 1 – 3

**Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?**

**Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?**

**Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?**

**Storyteller 7: Burial ... a tomb in the rock**  
*Pat Flockhart*

**Silence ...**

**Sing:** 258 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.**

**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 an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.**

**Reflection: LOVE SO AMAZING**

**Prayer** “Jesus, we stand before you”

**Sing:** CH4 397 In the cross of Christ I glory v. 1-2

**In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
towering o’er the wrecks of time;  
all the light of sacred story  
gathers round its head sublime.**

**When the woes of life o’ertake me,  
hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
never shall the cross forsake me;  
lo! it glows with peace and joy.**

**Good Friday poem** written by Joy Cowley

**Silence ...**

**Sing:** CH4 397 v. 3-4

**When the sun of bliss is beaming  
light and love upon my way,  
from the cross the radiance streaming  
adds more lustre to the day.**



**Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
by the cross are sanctified;  
peace is there that knows no measure,  
joys that through all time abide.**

**Storyteller 8: Looking to resurrection ... *anointing prepared***  
*Trish Groves*

**Silence ...**

**Choir:** All ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh v. 1 – 2

All ye that pass by  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To you is it nothing that Jesus  
Should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is:  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

He dies to atone  
For sins not His own;  
Your debt He hath paid, and your  
Work He hath done.  
Ye all may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession: My Father, forgive!

**Litany for Good Friday:**

It is finished, Lord.  
Your voice is now silent,  
The voice which brought healing and hope,  
Called unlikely fishermen  
And a tax collector

To follow you,  
Challenged people to turn their lives in a new direction.

Christ of the cross,  
**Now you leave the work to us.”**

It is finished, Lord.  
Your eyes are now closed,  
The eyes which saw the lostness of people,  
Like sheep without a shepherd;  
And the possibilities within people  
To make your kingdom come alive.

Christ of the cross,  
**Now you leave the work to us.”**

It is finished, Lord.  
Your ears are now deaf,  
The ears which listened  
Joyfully to children,  
Patiently to disciples who argued about  
Who should have the best seats in the kingdom,  
Lovingly to those who came to you at their wits' end.

Christ of the cross,  
**Now you leave the work to us.”**

It is finished, Lord.  
Your hands are now still,  
The hands which cooled the fever,  
Touched the leper,  
Broke the bread and shared it,  
And, reaching out to the whole world,  
Were nailed to the cross,  
'the most accurate picture of God the world has ever seen'.

Christ of the cross,  
**Now you leave the work to us.”**

As we enter the darkness of tonight and tomorrow,  
Help us to wait trustingly,  
Expectantly,  
Ready to greet you,  
And to be surprised by you,  
Our risen Lord,  
On Easter morning.

**Then, in the power of your resurrection,  
Send us on our way  
To do the work you have left us.  
Amen.**

**Sing:** CH4 405 We sing the praise of him who died...

**We sing the praise of him who died,  
Of him who died upon the cross;  
The sinner’s hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.**

**Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, ‘God is love’;  
He bears our sins upon the tree;  
He brings us mercy from above.**

**The cross! It takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;**

**It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light;**

**The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.**

**Blessing:** The God who knows you better than you know yourself is always with you, in your times of joy and laughter and in times of sadness, loneliness and grief.  
You are never alone. God loves you.  
May God give you peace and strength.  
God bless you. **Amen**

*Please stay for morning tea of hot cross buns*

