



**Good Friday Observance**  
**The Seven Last Words**  
*from the Cross*

**12:00pm**

*Introductory Prayer*

**1 As they nailed him to the Cross, Jesus said  
"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34)**

*The Coming - RS Thomas*

And God held in his hand  
A small globe. Look he said.  
The son looked. Far off,  
As through water, he saw  
A scorched land of fierce  
Colour. The light burned  
There; crusted buildings  
Cast their shadows: a bright  
Serpent, A river  
Uncoiled itself, radiant  
With slime.

On a bare  
Hill a bare tree saddened  
The sky. many People  
Held out their thin arms  
To it, as though waiting  
For a vanished April  
To return to its crossed  
Boughs. The son watched  
Them. Let me go there, he said.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

**12:15pm**

**2 Jesus Cried out  
"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (Matthew 27:46)**

*A sonnet - D A Carson*

The darkness fought, compelled the sun to flee,  
And like a conquering army swiftly trod  
Across the land, blind fear this despot's rod.  
The noon-day dark illumined tyranny.  
Still worse, abandonment by Deity  
Brought black despair more deadly than the blood  
That ran off with his life. "My God, my God,"  
Cried Jesus, "why have you forsaken me?"

The silence thundered. Heaven's quiet reigned  
Supreme, a shocking, deafening, haunting swell.  
Because from answering Jesus, God refrained,  
I shall not cry, as he, this cry from hell.  
The cry of desolation, black as night,  
Shines forth across the world as brilliant light.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

*12:30pm*

**3 He said to his mother, "Woman, behold your son!" Then he said to the disciple, "Behold your mother!" (John 19:26-27)**

*Myopia (John 19:25-27)*

*by annelies zijderveld*

In an instant a child can disappear  
Instead of walking with you, he's just not there.  
Steps get retraced back from where  
You came and find him turning over questions  
with teachers, surprised by concern,  
*Didn't you know I would be in my Father's house?*  
Who reproves a child making sense  
of father from Father- you take his words to heart.

After some years, your boy becomes  
a man selecting the right companions. Who is it



that draws to him people like a bucket  
of water pulling from a well? A crowd gathers  
curious, you round up your boys  
who mutter, *He must be out of his mind*, and  
try to take charge, still not getting  
what season he is now entering. Instead of access  
you hear him ask, *Who are my mother  
and brothers*, you see him motioning to the crowd,  
continuing to assert his godliness in  
declaring those obedient, mother and brothers.

Who knew the road would lead here:  
a hill, a cross, a crown. You watch as they drive nails  
into the hands you used to hold as he  
learned how to walk – hands that learned his father's  
trade – hands that knew how to save  
water and turn it into wine. You've always taken  
his words to heart, not comprehending  
this day would come. And even if your boy wanted  
none of this would be undone.  
Your God, your son looks on you weeping and loves  
You, utters, *Dear woman behold your son*,  
as he motions to his friend and to him, *Here is your mother*.  
Taking care of those he cherishes because  
He knows how this ends, that it is near, soon to dawn  
*It is finished* as the rest of the story begins.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

**12.45pm**

**4 Jesus said "I thirst!" (John 19:28)**

*I THIRST – M.H. Hanson*

I do not know where the  
words come from. They are like  
water that gushes from a spigot.

I don't question their existence. Only quickly place the bucket of my heart underneath praying my confession.

Come.

And as I try to catch it I Hope that the drops will fall where they should.

In or outside the cup of my heart, dependent on a fate I do not control.

I have a thirst that lives within me, always with me.

And I must live with it every day. And with my commitment to be authentic.

This is an adventure that began with my cavernous need.

If it is true that God suffers with us in our grief, then I am grateful for the comfort of his companionship.

Even for this longing, a thirst that lives ever within.

Always thirsty. I don't question the Water's existence. Only quickly place the Bucket of my heart underneath praying.

Come.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

*1.00pm*

**Jesus says to the Penitent Thief crucified beside him:**

**5 "Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise." (Luke 23:43)**

*The Journey - Mary Oliver*

One day you finally knew  
what you had to do, and began,  
though the voices around you  
kept shouting  
their bad advice—  
though the whole house

began to tremble  
and you felt the old tug  
at your ankles.  
"Mend my life!"  
each voice cried.  
But you didn't stop.  
You knew what you had to do,  
though the wind pried  
with its stiff fingers  
at the very foundations,  
though their melancholy  
was terrible.  
It was already late  
enough, and a wild night,  
and the road full of fallen  
branches and stones.  
But little by little,  
as you left their voices behind,  
the stars began to burn  
through the sheets of clouds,  
and there was a new voice  
which you slowly  
recognized as your own,  
that kept you company  
as you strode deeper and deeper  
into the world,  
determined to do  
the only thing you could do—  
determined to save  
the only life you could save.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

*1.15pm*

**6 Jesus lifted his head and cried aloud "It is finished!" (John 19:30)**

*In a Country Church - R. S. Thomas*

To one kneeling down no word came,  
Only the wind's song, saddening the lips  
Of the grave saints, rigid in glass;  
Or the dry whisper of unseen wings,  
Bats not angels, in the high roof.

Was he balked by silence? He kneeled long  
And saw love in a dark crown  
Of thorns blazing, and a winter tree  
Golden with fruit of a man's body.

*Prayer*

*Silence*

*1:30pm*

**7 "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." (Luke 23:46)**

*A Better Resurrection – Christina Georgina Rossetti*

I have no wit, no words, no tears;  
My heart within me like a stone  
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;  
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;  
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief  
No everlasting hills I see;  
My life is in the falling leaf:  
O Jesus, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,  
My harvest dwindled to a husk;  
Truly my life is void and brief  
And tedious in the barren dusk;  
My life is like a frozen thing,  
No bud nor greenness can I see:  
Yet rise it shall,--the sap of Spring;  
O Jesus, rise in me!



My life is like a broken bowl,  
A broken bowl that cannot hold  
One drop of water for my soul  
Or cordial in the searching cold;  
Cast in the fire the perished thing,  
Melt and remould it, till it be  
A royal cup for Him my King:  
O Jesus, drink of me!

*1:45pm*

***Canticle - Saviour of the World***

Jesus saviour of the world come to us in your mercy:

**we look to you to save and help us.**

By your cross and your life laid down you set your people free:

**we look to you to save and help us.**

When they were ready to perish you saved your disciples:

**we look to you to come to our help.**

In the greatness of your mercy loose us from our chains:

**forgive the sins of all your people.**

Make yourself known as our saviour and mighty deliverer:

**save and help us that we may praise you.**

Come now and dwell with us Lord Christ Jesus:

**hear our prayer and be with us always.**

And when you come in your glory:

**make us to be one with you and to share the life of your kingdom.**

**Amen.**

*Prayer*

*Silence*

*Closing Prayer*