



GOOD FRIDAY

Friday, April 18 | Noon

The ministers enter in silence. Please stand as you are able.

Leader The Lord be with you.

People And also with you.

Leader Let us pray.

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The First Station

Jesus is Condemned

Narrator Jesus is condemned.

Congregation We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.

Narrator Pilate found no fault with Jesus, but when the crowd grew loud, he grew silent. "I wash my hands. You deal with it." Pilate had the knowledge and the power to stand and say "No!" to the world as it sought to crush the Lord of Life, but he chose not to act on his knowledge nor use his power.

Reader How many times do I have the power and the knowledge to say "No!" yet stay silent? When I see an injustice, hear an insult, witness bullying, do I think, "It's not my problem!" and walk away? How many times do I participate, by my silence, in the Passion of Jesus? Who will be hurt because I do not say "No!"?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, you hear my silence and you still love me. Because you say "No!" to evil and violence in the world, the world says "No!" to you. Give me the courage to stand and say "No!" with you. Help me to take up my cross and follow you.

Congregation (singing Gather #422)

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Second Station

Jesus Takes His Cross

Narrator Jesus takes up his cross.

Congregation We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.

Narrator This cross has now been thousands of years in the making. Its weight still grows greater each time I look for someone to blame for the pain in my world. Each time I insist that sin must be punished, I add an ounce to the burden Jesus carries for me. This is the cross Jesus carries; it is the cross of blame, of vengeance.

Reader When have I said, “Well, he certainly deserved that!” or “She had that coming to her!”? When have I failed to forgive as I have been forgiven? When have I laid more weight on Jesus’ cross?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, each step you take today is made harder by my hardness of heart. You carry this weight so that no one else ever will, not even me. Please give me the desire and the strength to forgive, to lighten your cross.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Third Station

Jesus Falls

Narrator Jesus falls.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Jesus, they watched you fall, and nervously laughed together. The laughter transformed them from individuals to a collective, and gave them a sense of belonging. Their laughter reduced you to a joke, to something less than a man. They became a mob, and relinquished their individual sense of right and wrong.

Reader How many times, Lord, have I sacrificed my values as I joined the crowd to take satisfaction and pleasure in the fall of another? How many acts of unkindness or violence have been supported by my laughter?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, lying there on the ground you feel my laughter, our laughter, as a slap in the face. In your innocence, you cause me to question my desire to laugh at anyone else. Give me the courage to stop laughing at the pain of others, to see the human persons beneath the jokes we have made of them.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Fourth Station

Jesus Meets His Mother

Narrator Jesus meets his mother.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Jesus, they wanted to make you an object of laughter to isolate you completely, but your mother’s loving presence got in the way. She withstood the blows of taunt and sorrow to be present for you along the way. She alone remained to give you courage, to remind us that you are someone’s child, just like we are.

Reader How many times, Lord, have I watched another suffer, but from a safe distance? How many times have you looked out at me through the eyes of another for comfort, but were unable to find it?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, your mother stood with you to give you strength, and hold up your humanity in the face of my indifference. Help me to see the humanity of those whom the world wants to erase, and give me courage to stand with them, to strengthen them, and to claim them as brother or sister.

Congregation (*singing*)

*Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.*

The Fifth Station

Simon Helps Jesus

Narrator Simon helps Jesus.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator They needed you to die, Jesus, but their rage had gone too far. You were beaten so severely, not able to go on, so they looked for a solution that wouldn't involve them too closely or have them touch the cross themselves. So they forced a man who happened to be passing by, Simon of Cyrene, to carry your cross for you.

Reader How many times have I called on others to do my violence for me? To deliver a hateful note, to spread rumors, to damage property, to cause pain? When have I ignored those around me who are taunted, downtrodden, in need?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, Simon knew nothing of the reason for your execution, but in experiencing your courage and love, he became your friend, and a witness for us. Help me to see my own reluctance to act for what it is – a sign that something very wrong is happening. Give me the courage to step forward and say “Enough!”

Congregation (*singing*)

*Jesus, remember me, when you come in to your kingdom,
Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.*

The Sixth Station

Veronica Helps Jesus

Narrator Veronica helps Jesus.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Jesus, you had been beaten so badly that you were “marred beyond human semblance.” As you walked along, you were almost unrecognizable. It was so much easier to hate you, to jeer you, to wish you dead when they couldn't see your face. Veronica did not permit that luxury. She stepped forward and wiped away the blood and sweat, revealing your human face to all the onlookers.

Reader How many times have I missed your humanity, Jesus? How many times has it been easier to deal with your suffering because your face is marred beyond recognition? Do I have it in me to see your face clearly when I look into the eyes of another person?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, your suffering is the suffering of one who is truly human, and it is suffering I often try to avoid seeing. I want to see your suffering as something extraordinary, something that happened once long ago, and never again. Help me to see clearly the suffering around me, and to see clearly your humanity there.

Congregation (*singing*)

*Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.*

The Seventh Station

Jesus Falls Again

Narrator Jesus falls again.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator The first time you fell, Jesus, the onlookers laughed. Your fall made their hatred well up even more powerfully. Even though Simon was forced to help you, you fell again and showed weakness, so the mob screamed all the louder, “Get up! Get up!” desperate to find an outlet for their rage. They recognized that life was not the way they wanted it to be and someone had to be blamed, and so they taunted you. “Get up, Jesus! Hurry up!”

Reader How many times have I added my voice to the mob? How many times have I kicked someone when he or she is down? How many times have I picked on someone in order to fit in with the crowd? It’s not just easier to attack someone who is weakened; I sometimes sense that it is necessary in order to prove that they are different, disappointing, and worthy of my disdain and even hatred.

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Jesus, what wondrous love you have shown me. You fell to earth so that I might rise. You endured hatred so that I might be freed of it. Open my eyes to recognize when I need to find someone to blame and even hate when things are not going the way I want. Help me remember that you were willing to be hated, for my sake!

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Eighth Station

Jesus Consoles the Women

Narrator Jesus consoles the women.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Jesus, in the crowd following you were women who grieved and wept for you. But you told them, “Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children.” The women of Jerusalem, standing at a distance, wanted to weep for you as though your fate were unrelated to theirs, as though the violence you suffered did not affect them as well. You turned their sympathy back on to them; to remind them that your fate was their fate, too.

Reader How many times have I contemplated your Passion, Lord, feeling sad, even to the point of tears? How many times have I wanted to weep because of your pain, without recognizing that humanity caused it? How often, Lord, have I blinded myself to my complicity in violence, and kept my distance, by feeling sorry for the victims without actually doing anything for them?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, I don’t just want to feel sorry for victims of violence, I want to acknowledge my part in their suffering. I know that you love me too much to leave me wallowing in pity. Open my eyes to the ways I benefit from the suffering of others so that I might weep for myself, my family, and those who will come after me, and ultimately work to eliminate violence from my life.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Ninth Station

Jesus Falls a Third Time

Narrator Jesus falls a third time.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Jesus, you did all you could do. You were utterly beaten, defeated, with not an ounce of strength left, so the remainder of what was to happen was left to the mob. They were not finished watching, taunting, hating. Like the potter's clay, they fashioned you into what they needed you to be.

Reader How many times have I seen another's weakness as an opportunity to shape them, to change them into what I need them to be? How many times do I blame the weak or downtrodden for their condition, to justify my disdain? I find it easy to say, "He's homeless because he's lazy." "She has no friends because she's quiet." How many times do I nail Jesus to the cross?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, I continue to assign blame and guilt in order to justify continued persecution. When I do that to another person, I do that to you! Jesus, teach me the real meaning of mercy. Deliver me from the need for a guilty victim, lest I make one.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Tenth Station

Jesus Is Stripped

Narrator Jesus is stripped.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Physical violence wasn't enough. Spitting wasn't enough. Whipping wasn't enough. Crucifixion wasn't enough. The mob needed to shame Jesus, to strip him of his clothes and tear away every shred of human dignity. They were blind to the dignity in which his heavenly Father, our heavenly Father clothed Jesus. Unable to see his deeper dignity, they took sadistic pleasure in the shame they poured out on him.

Reader How many times have I branded someone negatively? Nerd, lazy, drunk, homeless, weakling? How many times have I labeled my brother or sister, using shame, so as to set them apart and reduce them to nothing?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, as you stood there, stripped before the crowd, you were even more dignified than anyone present. Help me to see the dignity that you have, that every child of God, every person has; a dignity that nobody, including me, can ever take away.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Eleventh Station

Jesus Is Crucified

Narrator Jesus is crucified.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Hanging on the cross was not cruel enough, Jesus. Watching you suffocate would not satisfy the rage of the mob. So instead of using ropes, they needed to use nails to cut through your human flesh, to help the rage bleed away.

Reader How many times have I allowed my anger to turn, unchecked, into rage?
How many times have I allowed my rage to drive me to cruelty? Cruel acts? Cruel speech?
How many times has another person borne the scars of my rage?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, I cannot, by my own strength, free myself from the pain of frustration that sometimes becomes fury. But I know that you are able to. Free me. Help me choose not to act out of anger and rage, lest someone else be made to suffer because of my pain.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Twelfth Station

Jesus Dies

Narrator Jesus dies.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator The mob stood in stunned silence as they surveyed the result of their sin. The Lord of Life, Jesus, hung dead on the cross. The peace they pursued as they chased him up the hill refused to come. As they gazed upon Jesus, their victim, the realization dawned – violence would never bring peace. They were terrified and alone even as they stood with one another.

Reader I am horrified. The foundation beneath my feet seems to crumble as I contemplate a world without violence. How can I talk to others without blame, without gossip, without slander, without insult? How can I laugh without putting down? How can I build without destroying? How can I use without abusing? What will be my foundation for relationships with others and with the world?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, keep my eyes fastened on you, remembering your lifeless figure on the cross. Not only today, but every day, remind me of the cost of my old ways of relating to others. Invite me into silence so that you might speak love in me and through me.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Thirteenth Station

Jesus Is Taken Down

Narrator Jesus is taken down.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Once the spectacle ended, the mob felt compelled to leave. There had been something both horrible and fascinating about Jesus as he hung there, and it was frightening to them. The mob departed, and the task of dealing with his lifeless body was left to those who loved him.

Reader How often, Lord, have I fled my own horror? How often have I left the wounded in body or spirit in the care of others? How often have I walked away from those in pain because of my own fear? How often have I hidden from my own fear of pain, of dying, of death, afraid of what I might discover about others or myself?

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, your mother and your friends cared for your dead body, unafraid to touch you because of their love for you. Help me to see that my own fear of closeness is misguided. Cleanse me by opening me up to being loving and caring in all my relationships.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

The Fourteenth Station

Jesus Is Buried

Narrator Jesus is buried.

Congregation **We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you, because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

Narrator Those who did not abandon Jesus, those who refused to join the mob, laid his body to rest with great tenderness into the empty tomb donated by a rich man. At that moment, they saw nothing divine in the torn flesh, nothing holy in the bloodied brow. They knew only sorrow, deeper than the greatest trenches of the oceans. Deep sorrow.

Reader Jesus, I know you will breathe life again into my deadened spirit, but at this moment I am deeply saddened. I have a sense of hopelessness about my own complicity in the violence against others that is pervasive in the world; the same violence that led to your death. It is as if I am in the tomb with you.

Silence (10 seconds)

Reader Dear Jesus, I have seen myself as I truly am, reflected in the eyes of those I laugh at, abuse, hurt. Their eyes, I now know, are your eyes. I wait now, for your redemption. I am hungry now for a life that doesn't need the blood of victims to sustain itself. Keep this hunger alive in me. Help me never again to be satisfied with the status quo.

Congregation *(singing)*

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me, when you come into your kingdom.

Prayer before the Cross

Please kneel as you are able.

Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms on the hard wood of the cross and willingly experienced the suffering, shame, and pain of exploitation and abuse, so that you would be in solidarity with the exploited and abused. We remember this day anyone who has been nailed to a cross with you, and especially the vulnerable, the weak, and all those stripped of their power and voice by brute force, callous hearts, and unjust social structures. Strengthen their hope, heal their souls, and restore meaning and purpose to their life, until all of us are united in that heavenly Kingdom where there is no more sorrow or sighing or death; for the honor of your name. **Amen.**

Musical Offering

Were You There?
Sung by Tammy Guy

African-American Spiritual

A period of silence follows.

Concluding Prayer

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 with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

The ministers depart in silence. You are welcome to stay for quiet prayer and meditation.

*Today's offering is designated for the Episcopal Church in Jerusalem & the Middle East.
An offering plate is located on the table near the entrance of the church.*

MINISTERS OF THE SERVICE

Clergy

The Rev. Kyle Carswell, The Rev. Jeanie Smith

Acolyte

Ashlyn Rounceville

Vocalist

Tammy Guy

Ushers

Dale Vande Haar

Live Stream Coordinator

Neil Guy

VROW

Dale Vande Haar

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Service adapted from *Everyman's Way of the Cross* by Clarence Enzler



WE ARE CHRIST'S HANDS • FEET • VOICE IN THE WORLD

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