



St. Catharines United Mennonite Church

Order of Service



Good Friday, April 10th, 2020

We invite you to use this “Order of Service” today.

You might consider reading the texts and prayers aloud.

Words of songs might be sung, either acapella, or with the tracks that have been provided, by means of links. Simply click on the song titles.

Call to Worship

Psalm 22:1-8, 11

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from saving me,
so far from my cries of anguish?
My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer,
by night, but I find no rest.

Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One;
you are the one Israel praises
In you our ancestors put their trust;
they trusted and you delivered them.
To you they cried out and were saved;
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.
But I am a worm and not a man,
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.
All who see me mock me;
they hurl insults, shaking their heads.
“He trusts in the LORD,” they say,
“let the LORD rescue him.
Let him deliver him,
since he delights in him.

Do not be far from me,
for trouble is near
and there is no one to help.

[Song: Were You There When They Crucified Our Lord?](#)

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?

CCLI Song # 29516 Frederick J. Work | John W. Work Jr. © Words and Music: Public Domain CCLI License # 855711

[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 through 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.

CCLI Song # 27893 Isaac Watts | Lowell Mason © Words: Public Domain Music: Public Domain CCLI License # 855711

Prayer:

Holy God who hovers daily around us in fidelity and compassion, this day we are mindful of another, dread-filled hovering, that of the power of death before which we stand thin and needful.

All our days, we are mindful of the pieces of our lives and the parts of your world that are on the loose in destructive ways. We notice the wildness midst our fear and our anger unresolved. We mark it in a world of brutality and poverty and hunger all around us.

We notice all our days. But on this day of all days, the great threat looms so large and powerful. It is not for nothing that we tremble at these three hours of darkness and the raging earthquake. It is not for nothing that we have a sense of helplessness before the dread power of death that has broken loose and that struts against our interest and even our will [...]

So we come in our helpless candor this day, remembering, giving thanks, celebrating, but not for one instant unmindful of dangers too ominous and powers too sturdy and threats well beyond us.

We turn eventually from our hurt [...] We turn finally from all our unresolved losses to the cosmic grief at the loss of Jesus. We recall that wrenching Friday when the hurt cut your heart. We see in that terrible hurt, our losses and your full embrace of loss and defeat.

We dare pray while the darkness descends and the earthquake trembles, we dare pray for eyes to see fully and mouths to speak fully the power of death all around [...] we pray more for your notice and your promise and healing.

Our only urging on Friday is that you live this as we must, impacted but not destroyed, dimmed but not quenched. For your great staying power and your promise of newness we praise you. It is in your power and your promise that we take our stand this day. We dare to trust that Friday is never the last day, so we watch for the new day of life. Hear our prayer and be your full self toward us. Amen

By Walter Brueggemann, in *Awed by Heaven, Rooted in Earth* (Fortress)

Personal Prayers:

We invite you to offer up your own prayers in this time.

Whether silently or spoken out loud, praying for yourselves, our community, country and world in this time.

Song: You are my All in All

You are my strength when I am weak
You are the treasure that I seek
You are my all in all
I'm seeking You like a precious jewel
Lord, to give up I'd be a fool
You are my all in all

Jesus, Lamb of God
Holy is Your name
Jesus, Lamb of God
Holy is Your name

Taking my cross my sin my shame
Raising again I praise Your name
You are my all in all
When I fall down You pick me up
When I run dry You fill my cup
You are my all in all

Jesus, Lamb of God
Holy is Your name
Jesus, Lamb of God
Holy is Your name

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Song: What Wondrous Love is This?

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
what wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul!

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
when I was sinking down, sinking down;
when I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul!

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing,
to God and to the Lamb, I will sing;
to God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM,
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
while millions join the theme, I will sing!

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
and through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and through eternity I'll sing on!

CCLI Song # 233876 Alexander Means | Emily R. Brink | William Walker © Words: Public Domain Music: 1987 CRC Publications /
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Scripture Readings

John 19:16-30

So the soldiers took charge of Jesus. Carrying his own cross, he went out to the place of the Skull (which in Aramaic is called Golgotha). There they crucified him, and with him two others—one on each side and Jesus in the middle. Pilate had a notice prepared and fastened to the cross. It read: JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Many of the Jews read this sign, for the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and the sign was written in Aramaic, Latin and Greek. The chief priests of the Jews protested to Pilate, “Do not write ‘The King of the Jews,’ but that this man claimed to be king of the Jews. Pilate answered, “What I have written, I have written.”

When the soldiers crucified Jesus, they took his clothes, dividing them into four shares, one for each of them, with the undergarment remaining. This garment was seamless, woven in one piece from top to bottom. “Let’s not tear it,” they said to one another. “Let’s decide by lot who will get it.”

This happened that the scripture might be fulfilled that said, “They divided my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment.” So this is what the soldiers did.

Near the cross of Jesus stood his mother, his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to her, “Woman, here is your son,” and to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” From that time on, this disciple took her into his home.

Later, knowing that everything had now been finished, and so that Scripture would be fulfilled, Jesus said, “I am thirsty.” A jar of wine vinegar was there, so they soaked a sponge in it, put the sponge on a stalk of the hyssop plant, and lifted it to Jesus’ lips. When he had received the drink, Jesus said, “It is finished.” With that, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Isaiah 53:3-5

He was despised and rejected by mankind,
a man of suffering, and familiar with pain.
Like one from whom people hide their faces
he was despised, and we held him in low esteem.

Surely he took up our pain
and bore our suffering,
yet we considered him punished by God,
stricken by him, and afflicted.
But he was pierced for our transgressions,
he was crushed for our iniquities;
the punishment that brought us peace was on him,
and by his wounds we are healed.

Mediation: “And So He Died” – Pastor Randy Klaassen

Words of Blessing

From the song Christ We Do All Adore Thee

Christ, we do all adore Thee,
and we do praise Thee forever.
Christ, we do all adore Thee,
and we do praise Thee forever.
For on the holy cross
Thou hast the world from sin redeemed.
Christ, we do all adore Thee,
and we do praise Thee forever.
Christ, we do all adore Thee.

Amen.