

## **Hymn: Here Is Love Vast As The Ocean**

Here is love vast as the ocean,  
Loving-kindness as the flood,  
When the Prince of Life, our ransom,  
Shed for us His precious blood.  
Who His love will not remember?  
Who can cease to sing His praise?  
He can never be forgotten  
Throughout heav'n's eternal days.

On the Mount of Crucifixion,  
Fountains opened deep and wide;  
Through the flood-gates of God's mercy  
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.  
Grace and love like mighty rivers  
Poured incessant from above;  
Heaven's peace and perfect justice  
Kissed a guilty world in love.

William Rees (1802-1883)

## **Psalm 22**

**For the director of music. To the tune of "The Doe of the Morning." A psalm of David.**

<sup>1</sup> My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Why are you so far from saving me,  
so far from my cries of anguish?

<sup>2</sup> My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer,  
by night, but I find no rest.

<sup>3</sup> Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One;  
you are the one Israel praises.

<sup>4</sup> In you our ancestors put their trust;  
they trusted and you delivered them.

<sup>5</sup> To you they cried out and were saved;  
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.

<sup>6</sup> But I am a worm and not a man,  
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.

<sup>7</sup> All who see me mock me;  
they hurl insults, shaking their heads.  
<sup>8</sup> "He trusts in the Lord," they say,  
"let the Lord rescue him.  
Let him deliver him,  
since he delights in him."  
<sup>9</sup> Yet you brought me out of the womb;  
you made me trust in you, even at my mother's breast.  
<sup>10</sup> From birth I was cast on you;  
from my mother's womb you have been my God.  
<sup>11</sup> Do not be far from me,  
for trouble is near  
and there is no one to help.  
<sup>12</sup> Many bulls surround me;  
strong bulls of Bashan encircle me.  
<sup>13</sup> Roaring lions that tear their prey  
open their mouths wide against me.  
<sup>14</sup> I am poured out like water,  
and all my bones are out of joint.  
My heart has turned to wax;  
it has melted within me.  
<sup>15</sup> My mouth is dried up like a potsherd,  
and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;  
you lay me in the dust of death.  
<sup>16</sup> Dogs surround me,  
a pack of villains encircles me;  
they pierce my hands and my feet.  
<sup>17</sup> All my bones are on display;  
people stare and gloat over me.  
<sup>18</sup> They divide my clothes among them  
and cast lots for my garment.  
<sup>19</sup> But you, Lord, do not be far from me.  
You are my strength; come quickly to help me.  
<sup>20</sup> Deliver me from the sword,  
my precious life from the power of the dogs.

- <sup>21</sup> Rescue me from the mouth of the lions;  
save me from the horns of the wild oxen.
- <sup>22</sup> I will declare your name to my people;  
in the assembly I will praise you.
- <sup>23</sup> You who fear the Lord, praise him!  
All you descendants of Jacob, honor him!  
Revere him, all you descendants of Israel!
- <sup>24</sup> For he has not despised or scorned  
the suffering of the afflicted one;  
he has not hidden his face from him  
but has listened to his cry for help.
- <sup>25</sup> From you comes the theme of my praise in the great assembly;  
before those who fear you I will fulfill my vows.
- <sup>26</sup> The poor will eat and be satisfied;  
those who seek the Lord will praise him—  
may your hearts live forever!
- <sup>27</sup> All the ends of the earth  
will remember and turn to the Lord,  
and all the families of the nations  
will bow down before him,
- <sup>28</sup> for dominion belongs to the Lord  
and he rules over the nations.
- <sup>29</sup> All the rich of the earth will feast and worship;  
all who go down to the dust will kneel before him—  
those who cannot keep themselves alive.
- <sup>30</sup> Posterity will serve him;  
future generations will be told about the Lord.
- <sup>31</sup> They will proclaim his righteousness,  
declaring to a people yet unborn:  
He has done it!

**Song: When I Look At The Blood**

When I look at the blood  
All I see is love love love  
When I stop at the cross  
I can see the love of God

But I can't see competition  
I can't see hierarchy  
I can't see pride or prejudice  
Or the abuse of authority  
I can't see lust for power  
I can't see manipulation  
I can't see rage or anger or selfish ambition

When I look at the blood  
All I see is love love love  
When I stop at the cross  
I can see the love of God

But I can't see unforgiveness  
I can't see hate or envy  
I can't see stupid fighting;  
Or bitterness or jealousy  
I can't see empire building  
I can't see self-importance  
I can't see back stabbing or vanity  
Or arrogance

When I look at the blood  
All I see is love love love  
When I stop at the cross  
I can see the love of God

And I see surrender sacrifice  
Salvation humility  
Righteousness faithfulness  
Grace forgiveness  
Love love love  
Love love love  
Love love love  
Love love love  
(Repeat)

Godfrey Birtill © Thankyou Music

[Mark 15:16-41](#)

Everywhere around us we have signs. Among the most common are road signs. A red circle around the number '30' tells us that the maximum speed limit is 30 mph.

It's far better to have a sign like that than one which writes out the meaning longhand. Imagine if everywhere you drove, you saw signs with the message written in longhand: 'You may not exceed 30 mph' or 'Roundabout ahead with six exits: two are for the A245, two are for the A320, and there are two minor roads as well.' (Woking residents will know the roundabout to which I am referring!)

The signs work well because they convey the message as we travel along.

There are two signs at the heart of Mark's account of the crucifixion. However, we might need to think about what they mean so that we can absorb their meaning as we travel through the story of the Passion. As we learn our road signs in the Highway Code, so we also need to learn our spiritual signs.

The **first sign** is *the torn curtain*:

<sup>38</sup> The curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom.

Ah, but which curtain? You might not guess it from Mark's language, but there were two curtains in the Jerusalem Temple. One at the innermost part. It separated off the Holy of Holies from the rest of the Temple. It was entered only once a year by the high priest on the Day of Atonement.

Christians have naturally thought Mark was referring to that curtain. It makes sense of Christian teaching about the atonement Jesus achieved on the Cross. But there is a problem. No-one could have seen that curtain being torn.

It's more likely, then, that it's the other curtain which was torn. This one separated the Court of Israel from the Court of Women. According to Josephus it was decorated with 'a panorama of the heavens.' And Mark uses the same word here for 'torn' that he uses at the baptism of Jesus when the heavens are torn open and God speaks from heaven.

So at the baptism of Christ, the heavenly dwelling of God is opened to humanity, and at his death the earthly dwelling of God is rent open.

This, then, is the sign: heaven is open to humanity, through the death of Jesus. All that stands in our way is torn apart. We no longer need to hide from God

like Adam and Even did in the Garden of Eden. We don't need to stay at a distance. Heaven is open.

Perhaps Good Friday is a day when the natural thing to do is to feel shame for our sins that put Christ on the Cross. But it's a mistake to park there. The sign of the torn curtain beckons us on, and into the presence of the God of grace and mercy.

So why not come?

The **second sign** is *the centurion's confession*:

<sup>39</sup> And when the centurion, who stood there in front of Jesus, saw how he died, he said, 'Surely this man was the Son of God!'

This sign has been signposted before, at the beginning of the Gospel, like one of those road signs that tells you there are fifty more miles to Portsmouth. For the Gospel according to Mark begins with the words,

The beginning of the good news about Jesus the Messiah, the Son of God (1:1)

The Messiah and the Son of God. In chapter eight, Simon Peter confesses that Jesus is the Messiah. Now in chapter fifteen, the Roman centurion confesses him as Son of God.

At one of his trials, the high priest has asked Jesus if he is 'the Messiah, the Son of the Blessèd One', those very titles Mark has set out at the beginning. When Jesus says he is, he is condemned as a blasphemer and the religious court says he is worthy of death (14:60-65).

What an irony. What the religious leadership condemns, a fisherman and a centurion welcome and wonder.

Just ponder that centurion. How many crucifixions had he been in charge of during his career? He knew what a death by crucifixion looked like. But there was something different about this prisoner. And it is seen in the manner of his death.

In fairness, Mark doesn't tell us exactly what the difference is that the centurion notices, but there is something about Jesus even at the moment he cries out at his death that marks him out to this soldier as more than a mere mortal. He sees it. Simon Peter, for all his blunders and failures, has seen it.

The people who should see it have heard it but rejected it, rather than wondered at it.

Today, Good Friday, let the immensity of the fact that the Son of God died in our place fill our hearts with wonder, amazement, and worship. Let it bring us to the foot of the Cross where we kneel in allegiance to him.

And there let us find that heaven is open to us, even us.

### **Song: Last Words (Tenebrae)**

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do  
Forgive them, they know not what they do

Today you will be with me in Paradise  
You will be with me today

Behold your son, behold your mother, behold your son

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

I thirst, I thirst

It is finished, it is finished

Father, into your hands, into your hands  
I commit my spirit

Andrew Peterson/Ben Shive  
Centricity Music  
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### **Intercessions: Seven Last Words**

*'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'*

We pray for grace and justice for those who are persecuted for their faith.

Lord, in your mercy,

**Hear our prayer.**

*'Today you will be with me in Paradise.'*

We pray that the Holy Spirit will inspire those who take the Gospel to prisoners – for Prison Fellowship, for chaplains in Coldingley and Send Prisons.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

*'Woman, behold your son. Behold your mother.'*

We pray that families suffering the pain of bereavement may find hope and peace in Christ.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

*'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'*

For those who bear the weight of sin without relief, we pray they may find God's grace in Christ.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

*'I thirst.'*

For the hungry and thirsty of our world, we pray they may have all they need.

For those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, may they be satisfied.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

*'It is finished.'*

For ourselves, we pray that we might have the grace to fulfil your purposes for us in our generation.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

*'Father, into your hands I commit my spirit.'*

And when our time comes, O Lord, grant us a holy death, a safe lodging, and peace at the last.

Lord, in your mercy,  
**Hear our prayer.**

We bring these prayers, and all our prayers, spoken and silent, in the name of Jesus Christ, who hung on the Cross for us, for all people, and for all creation.

**Amen.**



## **Hymn: 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.

Isaac Watts, published 1707

## **Sending Prayer**

See my Servant, says the God of hope,  
**wounded, scarred and broken.**

Many shall see and be astonished:  
nations, startled and shocked,  
their leaders staring and speechless.  
He was wounded to bring wholeness.

Come my servant, says the God of hope,  
**wounded, scarred and broken.**

Go into a world which is battered and bruised,  
its peoples hungry and without hope.  
Walk with my people, and bring wholeness.

God of hope,

you sent Jesus,  
wounded, scarred and broken,  
to walk with us.

**Send us now,  
your wounded, scarred and broken church,  
to bring wholeness and hope.**

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