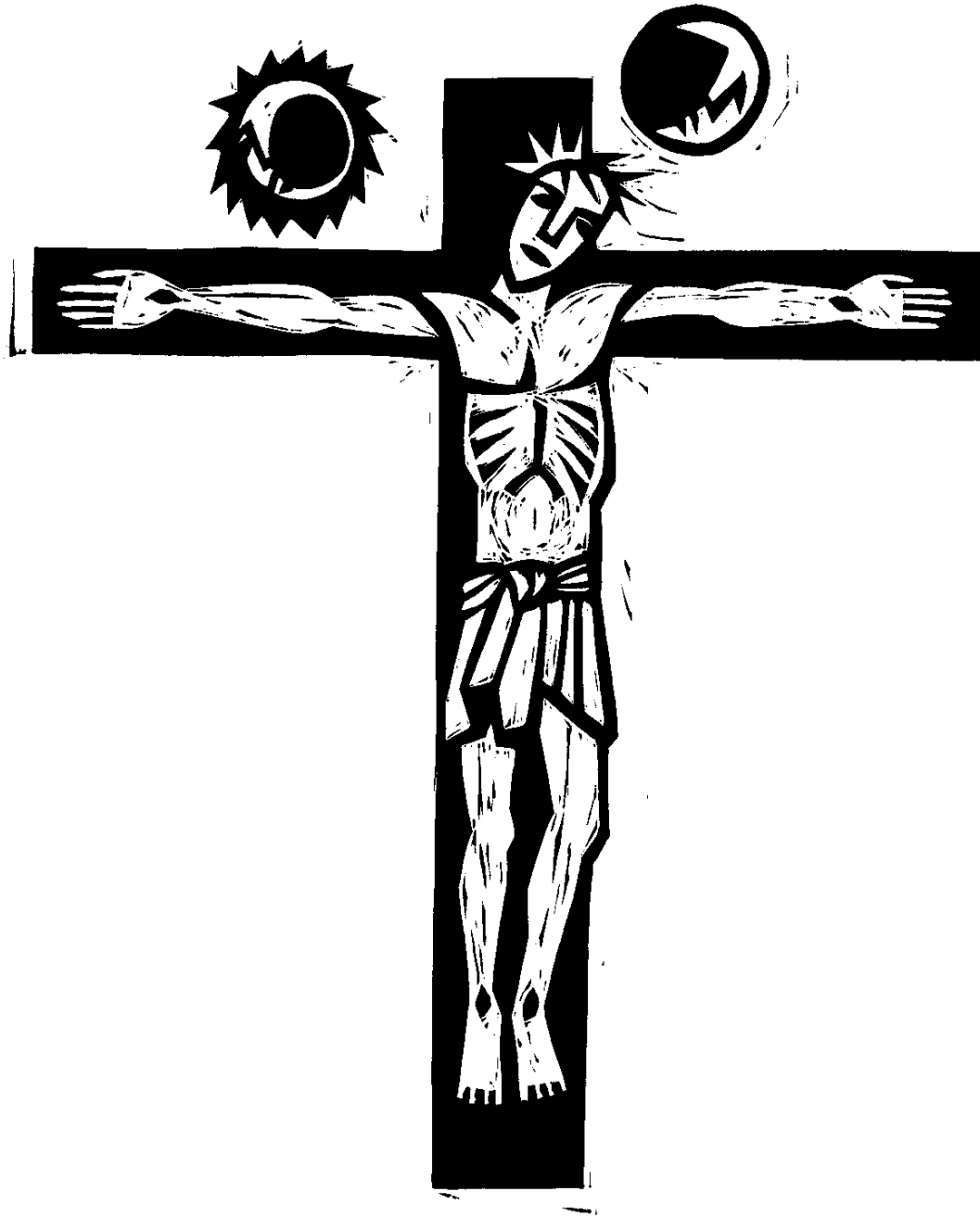


Prince of Peace Lutheran Church, ELCA

propeace.org

Worship Videos: [YouTube.com@princeofpeacesaratoga](https://www.youtube.com/@princeofpeacesaratoga)



Good Friday
March 29, 2024

Prince of Peace Lutheran Church, ELCA

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Welcome to our Good Friday Worship service. This evening of worship is the day we remember and honor the story of Jesus' death on the cross. Tonight's worship features Faure's Requiem interspersed with poetry and scripture from Jesus' seven last words.

Please enter in silence and exit in silence.

Welcome

Please stand as you are able

Opening Prayer

God of mystery and wonder,
because we know the ending of the story,
it's tempting for us
to ignore the darkness of this day.
It's tempting for us
to go about our business as usual.
It's tempting for us
to move too quickly
to the dawn of light on Easter morning.

But give us courage and strength on this day
to live for a while in the darkness,
to set aside comfort and pleasure,
to feel the darkness
in which so many of your children dwell,
the darkness into which your son Jesus entered.

As we reflect on the frailty of Christ,
remind us of the frailty of all life.
As we cringe at the suffering of Christ,
make us mindful of suffering throughout the world.
As we witness the death of Christ,

bring us back full circle to the beginning of Lent,
to the wisdom of Ash Wednesday:
the awareness of our mortality
and the mortality of those we love.

Song: *In the Hour of Trial vs 1 & 4*

In the Hour of Trial

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp, F#) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily composed of half notes and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The first staff contains the first two lines of the verse. The second staff contains the next two lines. The third staff contains the final two lines of the verse. The fourth staff contains the final two lines of the verse, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'In the hour of trial, Je - sus, plead for me, When my life is end - ing, though in grief or pain, lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from thee. When my bo - dy chang - es back to dust a - gain, When thou seest me wa - ver, with a look re - call; On your truth re - ly - ing, though that mor - tal strife, nor from fear or fa - vor suf - fer me to fall. Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, to e - ter - nal life.'

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me,
When my life is end - ing, though in grief or pain,
lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from thee.
When my bo - dy chang - es back to dust a - gain,
When thou seest me wa - ver, with a look re - call;
On your truth re - ly - ing, though that mor - tal strife,
nor from fear or fa - vor suf - fer me to fall.
Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, to e - ter - nal life.

1. Father forgive them they know not...

Luke 23:32-34

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him.³³ When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left.³⁴ Then Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.'

Poem: Father forgive them, for they know not what they do by Andrea Skevington

We don't know what we do,
from the careless word that
starts a fire of anger,
to the careless killing
of a butterfly –
who knows what
wide effects,
what winds and rains,
begin and end with just one death?
We walk in darkness, so often,
and so often, we close our eyes,
we do not wish to know.
And Jesus, seeing this,
that his life would end
with angry shouts,
with fearful washing of hands,
with indifferent playing of dice,
Knowing all this, even so, he bore
our lawful unthinking violence,
our blundering disregard for consequences.
Another would pay for our actions.
Yet as the ripple of our acts flows out,
through the world, who knows where,
so too, now, flows forgiveness,
following on, spreading and transforming,
watering dry ground, lifting burdens
and carrying them away.

I. Requiem: Introitus - Kyrie

Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon them.
A hymn becomes you, God, in Zion,
and a vow shall be paid to you in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer: to you all flesh shall come.

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

2. Today you will be with me in paradise

Luke 23:39-43

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, ‘Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!’ ⁴⁰ But the other rebuked him, saying, ‘Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation?’ ⁴¹ And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.’ ⁴² Then he said, ‘Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.’ ⁴³ He replied, ‘Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.’

Poem: The things that Count by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Now, dear, it isn't the bold things,
Great deeds of valour and might,
That count the most in the summing up of life at the end of the day.
But it is the doing of old things,
Small acts that are just and right;
And doing them over and over again, no matter what others say;
In smiling at fate, when you want to cry, and in keeping at work when you want to play—
Dear, those are the things that count.

And, dear, it isn't the new ways
Where the wonder-seekers crowd
That lead us into the land of content, or help us to find our own.
But it is keeping to true ways,
Though the music is not so loud,
And there may be many a shadowed spot where we journey along alone;
In flinging a prayer at the face of fear, and in changing into a song a groan—
Dear, these are the things that count.

My dear, it isn't the loud part
Of creeds that are pleasing to God,
Not the chant of a prayer, or the hum of a hymn, or a jubilant shout or song.
But it is the beautiful proud part
Of walking with feet faith-shod;

And in loving, loving, loving through all, no matter how things go wrong;
In trusting ever, though dark the day, and in keeping your hope when the way seems
long—
Dear, these are the things that count.

II. Requiem: Offertorium

O Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory,
deliver the souls of the departed
from the punishments of hell and from the deep lake.

O Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory,
deliver the souls of the departed from the mouth of the lion,
lest Tartarus swallow them up, lest they fall into darkness.

We offer prayers and sacrifices of praise to you, Lord:
you receive them on behalf of those souls
whose memory we recall today.

Cause them, Lord, to pass from death to the life
which you once promised to Abraham and his seed. Amen.

3. Woman, behold your son.

John 19:25-27

Standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. ²⁶When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, 'Woman, here is your son.' ²⁷Then he said to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.'

Poem: Mary Speaks by Madeleine L'Engle

The Images In My Head

O you who bear the pain of the whole earth,
I bore you.

O you whose tears give human tears their worth,
I laughed with you.

You, who, when your hem is touched, give power,
I nourished you.

Who turn the day to night in this dark hour,
light comes from you.

O you who hold the world in your embrace,
I carried you.

O you who laughed and ate and walked the shore,
I played with you.

And I, who with all others, died for,
now I hold you.

May I be faithful to this final test,
in this last time I hold my child, my son,

His body close enfolded to my breast,
the holder held: the bearer bare.

Mourning to joy: darkness to mourn.

Open, my arms: your work is done.

III. Requiem: Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts:
heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

4. My God, my God why have You forsaken me? Matthew 27:45-46

⁴⁵ From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. ⁴⁶ And about three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, 'Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?' that is, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

Poem: 'It is the destruction of the world' by Wendell Berry

It is the destruction of the world
in our own lives
that drives us half insane, and more than half.
To destroy that which we were given
in trust: how will we bear it?
It is our own bodies that we give
to be broken,
our bodies existing before and after us
in clod and cloud, worm and tree,
that we, driving or driven, despise
in our greed to live, our haste
to die. To have lost, wantonly,
the ancient forests, the vast grasslands
in our madness, the presence
in our very bodies of our grief.

IV. Requiem: Pie Jesu

Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them rest.
Blessed Jesus, Lord, give them eternal rest.

5 I thirst.

John 19:28-29

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfil the scripture), 'I am thirsty.'²⁹ A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth.

Poem: "judas, peter" by Luci Shaw

because we are all
betrayers, taking
silver and eating

body and blood and asking
(guilty) is it I and hearing
him say yes
it would be simple for us all

to rush out
and hang ourselves
but if we find grace
to cry and wait
after the voice of morning
has crowed in our ears
clearly enough
to break out hearts
he will be there
to ask us each again
do you love me?

V. Requiem: Agnus Dei

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
give them rest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
give them eternal rest.

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,
with your saints for ever, for you are good.

Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon them.

6. It is finished.

John 19:30

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Poem: Good Friday by Christina Rossetti

Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?
Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon –
I, only I.
Yet give not o’er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

VI. Requiem: Libera me

Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death,
on that terrible day:
when the heavens and earth will be shaken;
when you will come to judge the age with fire.
I am made to tremble, and I am afraid,
since trial and anger are coming.

That day, a day of anger, disaster and sorrow,
That day, a mighty day, and one exceedingly bitter.
Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon them

7. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Luke 23:44-46

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, ⁴⁵ while the sun’s light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. ⁴⁶ Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, ‘Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.’ Having said this, he breathed his last.

Poem: when death comes by Mary Oliver

When death comes
like the hungry bear in autumn;
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;
when death comes
like the measles-pox

like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,
and I consider eternity as another possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world

VII: Requiem: In Paradisum

May the angels lead you into paradise:
may the martyrs receive you as you arrive,
and bring you into the holy city of Jerusalem.

May the choir of angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, once a beggar,
may you have eternal rest.

We exit in silence to honor the somber nature of this time.

With Deep Gratitude for our Musicians:

Soprano- Pie Jesu

Alison Collins

Bass-Libera Me Domine

Kirk Eichelberger

Organ

Michael Touchi

Harp

Gennaro Porcaro

Violin

Liana Bérubé

Viola

Ivo Bokulic and Jill van Gee

Cello

Michelle Kwon and Robin Snyder

Bass

Andy Butler

Prince of Peace Choir

Sopranos

Onalee Fuchs
Katie Hoffman
Lynne Hoffman
Thea Jorgensen
Chloe Leinwand
Jessica Cheung
Siglinde Pomposo
Jennifer Robert
Marilyn Sell
Marianne Williams

Altos

Carol Carroll
Cammie Chen
Virginia Drake
Cionee Falkenhagen
Sylvia Halloran
Keiko Kagawa
Dawn Ko
Elizabeth Lewis
Linda Silvestrini
Yvonne Strom
Cammie Chen

Tenors

Daniel Hughes
Kerry Lewis
James Reynolds
Brian Strom
David Wilson
Reinhard Wolter

Basses

Marc Farley
Mike Halloran
Yildiray Hazir
Tim Hoffman
Anthony Strawa
David Zempel

