



(From Matthias Grünewald's Isenheim Altar Piece)

Today

2.45 pm–3.15 pm: Silent Prayer at St Mary's

The church will be open to mark the time of Jesus' death in silent prayer.

Easter Sunday

9am Holy Communion

9.45am Big Easter Egg Hunt around St Mary's

10.30am Family Service (followed by Holy Communion)



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An Hour at the Cross *A Good Friday Service*

15 April 2022, 10.30am

St Mary's Church Denham



www.denhamparish.church

May I never boast of anything
except the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,
by which the world has been crucified to me,
and I to the world.

Galatians 6:14

The service will proceed without announcements.

The ministers enter in silence.

A period of silence is kept after each reading.

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 an offering far too small
Love so amazing so divine
demands my soul my life my all

Though we may think of the word *survey* in more technical terms these days, early on, the word actually meant something more along the lines of *contemplate*. Surveying the Cross isn't a mechanical, morbid lurking in and out of nihilism. It's an invitation to contemplate death and, according to the great hymn, to begin the journey toward clarity. Looking upon the Cross clarifies what truly matters now as we consider what is to come, for each and every one of us.

And, what awaits us beyond.

Secularism tells us that, ultimately, there is only life and death. It tells us that our lone option is to revel in the former before eventually and inevitably succumbing to the latter. And culture at large is at the ready, offering us endless temporary pleasures designed to keep our eyes fixed on shallow versions of the present. This is dangerous because, in the famous adage derived from a William Blake poem, "We become what we behold." For the Christian, beholding the Cross is a way of breaking free from the morbid, nihilistic shortsightedness of secularism.

(Jay Y. Kim)

Final Prayer

Most merciful God,
who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ
delivered and saved the world:
grant that by faith in him who suffered on the cross
we may triumph in the power of his victory;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

Reflection

Choir: Take up your cross (R Corp)

Prayers

You are worthy, O Lamb, for you were slain,
and by your blood you ransomed for God
saints from every tribe and language and nation;
you have made them to be a kingdom and priests
serving our God.

**We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

To him who loves us
and has freed us from our sins by his blood,
and made us a kingdom of priests
to stand and serve before our God;
**to him who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb
be praise and honour, glory and might,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Hymn

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

Hymn

There is a green hill far away, without a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us he hung and suffered there.

There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin;
he only could unlock the gate of heav'n, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved, and we must love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood, and try his works to do.

(Please remain standing)

Eternal God, in the cross of Jesus
we see the cost of our sin
and the depth of your love:
in humble hope and fear
may we place at his feet
all that we have and all that we are.
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Reading: Isaiah 53.1-12

Were you there when the crucified my Lord
Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble...

Reading: John 18.1-24

Hymn

Come and see come and see, come and see the King of love
See the purple robe and crown of thorns He wears
Soldiers mock rulers sneer, as He lifts the cruel cross
Lone and friendless now He climbs towards the hill

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*We worship at your feet, where wrath and mercy meet
And a guilty world is washed by love's pure stream
For us He was made sin, Oh help me take it in
Deep wounds of love cry out 'Father forgive '
I worship I worship the Lamb who was slain*

Come and weep come and mourn for your sin that pierced Him there
So much deeper than the wounds of thorn and nail
All our pride all, our greed, all our fallenness and shame
And the Lord has laid the punishment on Him

Man of heaven born to earth to restore us to Your heaven
Here we bow in awe beneath Your searching eyes
From Your tears comes our joy, from Your death our life shall spring
By Your resurrection power we shall rise

Reading: John 18.25-40

Hymn

My song is love unknown, my Saviour's love to me
Love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be
O who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die
He came from His blest throne, salvation to bestow
But sin made blind, and none the longed-for Christ would know
But O my Friend, my Friend indeed, who at my need his life did spend
They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he to suff'ring goes,
That he his foes from thence might free.
Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine
Never was love dear King, never was grief like Thine
This is my Friend in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend

Reading: John 19.1-18

Choir: Ave Verum Corpus (Mozart)

English translation: Hail, true body, born of the Virgin Mary, who having truly suffered, was sacrificed on the cross for mankind, whose pierced side flowed with water and blood: May it be for us a foretaste [of the heavenly banquet] in the trial of death.

Reading: John 19.19-42

Hymn

Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day: Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross: Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath—We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Every bitter thought, every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.
This, the power of the cross...

Now the daylight flees; now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life; "Finished!" the victory cry.
This, the power of the cross...

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death; life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

*This, the power of the cross:
Son of God—slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.*