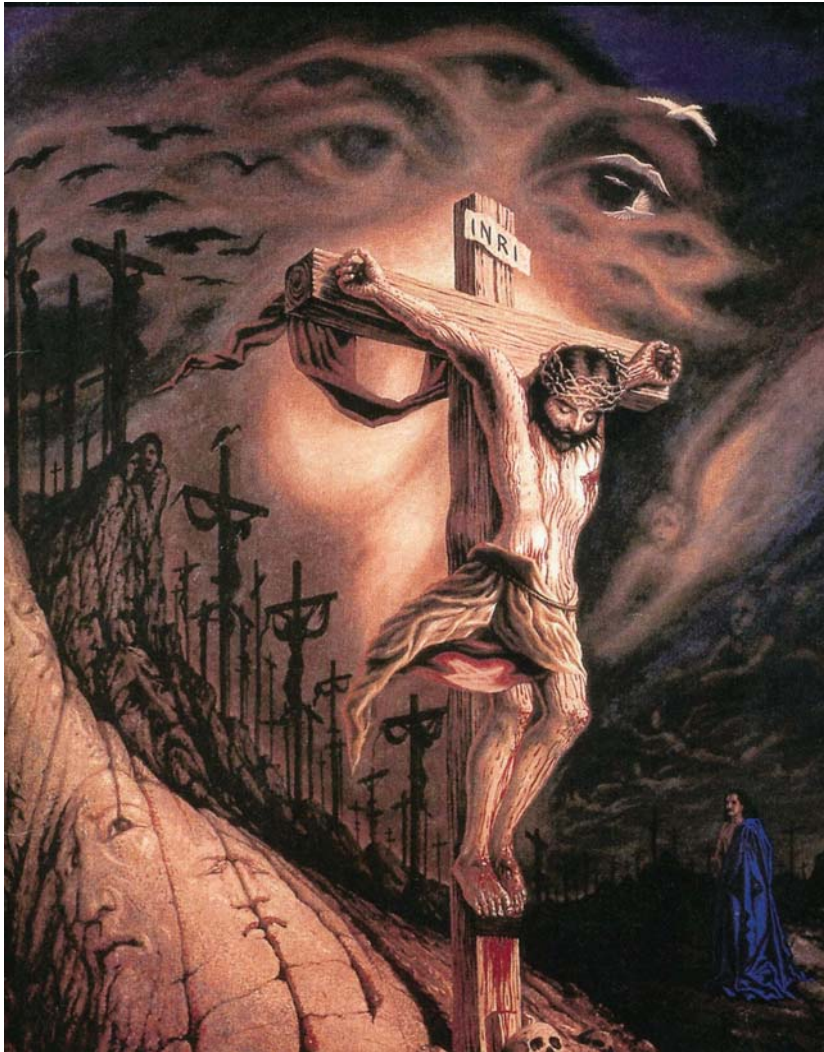


A Service of Nails for Good Friday



April 14, 2006

Good Friday, April 14, 2006 A meditation on the nails that pierced our Lord

Prelude

Greeting and Explanation

Hymn: 238 "*Beneath the Cross of Jesus*"

Prayer of Approach to the Lamb of Calvary

Merciful God, you did not spare your only Son, but offered him up for us all, that he might bear our sins upon the cross. Help us to use this time to examine ourselves by the search-light of your Spirit. Help us to realise our own sinfulness, so great as to spiritually crucify Christ anew. Help us to recognize those nails which we drive into his cross today, and transform us into more faithful disciples in his name. Through Christ our Lord, Amen.

Old Testament Responsive Scripture: Isaiah 52: 13 -- 53:12

Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

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M: ¹³See, my servant shall prosper; he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

P: ¹⁴Just as there were many who were astonished at him—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond that of mortals—¹⁵so he shall startle many nations;

kings shall shut their mouths because of him; for that which had not been told them they shall see, and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate.

Refrain

53. ¹Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?

²For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground;

he had no form or majesty that we should look at him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.

³He was despised and rejected by others; a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;

as one from whom others hide their faces he was despised, and we held him of no account.

Refrain

⁴Surely he has borne our infirmities and carried our diseases; yet we accounted him stricken, struck down by God, and afflicted.

⁵**But he was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises we are healed.**

⁶All we like sheep have gone astray; we have all turned to our own way, and the LORD has laid on him the iniquity of us all.

⁷**He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth;**

like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent, so he did not open his mouth.

⁸**By a perversion of justice he was taken away. Who could have imagined his future? For he was cut off from the land of the living, stricken for the transgression of my people.**

⁹They made his grave with the wicked and his tomb with the rich, although he had done no violence, and there was no deceit in his mouth.

Refrain

¹⁰**Yet it was the will of the LORD to crush him with pain.**

When you make his life an offering for sin, he shall see his offspring, and shall prolong his days; through him the will of the LORD shall prosper.

¹¹**Out of his anguish he shall see light; he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge.**

The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous, and he shall bear their iniquities.

¹²**Therefore I will allot him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;**

because he poured out himself to death, and was numbered with the transgressors;

yet he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Refrain

Hymn 240: “*Rock of Ages, cleft for me*”

First Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 1-5

¹As soon as it was morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. ²Pilate asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?” He answered him, “You say so.” ³Then the chief priests accused him of many things. ⁴Pilate asked him again, “Have you no answer? See how many charges they bring against you.” ⁵But Jesus made no further reply, so that Pilate was amazed.

The Nail of Pride

Lord, we remember Pontius Pilate, and how a failed Roman administrator, a puffed up little man, presumed to sit in judgement over the one whom you have made Judge over the living and the dead. We know the pride of Pilate which says – “now look here Christ, prove yourself to us, and we may favour you with our belief.” We know how much store we put by whatever position we have managed to achieve in the world, and if we sense that others are in our power, we lord it over them. Our pride makes it difficult for us to confess our faults because we are so busy trying to put the best face forward – and in the end we actually begin to believe our own PR. Lord we know that no mask can deceive you. Do not let us deceive ourselves. Help us consider our pride and where it leads. Our pride hurts us and creates walls between us and others. O Lord, we know too that our pride hurts you.

Second Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 6-15

⁶Now at the festival he used to release a prisoner for them, anyone for whom they asked. ⁷Now a man called Barabbas was in prison with the rebels who had committed murder during the insurrection. ⁸So the crowd came and began to ask Pilate to do for them according to his custom. ⁹Then he answered them, “Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?” ¹⁰For he realized that it was out of jealousy that the chief priests had handed him over. ¹¹But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas for them instead. ¹²Pilate spoke to them again, “Then what do you wish me to do with the man you call the King of the Jews?” ¹³They shouted back, “Crucify him!” ¹⁴Pilate asked them, “Why, what evil has he done?” But they shouted all the more, “Crucify him!” ¹⁵So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released Barabbas for them; and after flogging Jesus, he handed him over to be crucified.

The Nail of Indecision

Lord, we see Pilate here morally weak and yielding to the pressure of the crowd, although he *knew* that it was out of jealousy that the chief priests had handed him over, and that Jesus had done no evil. Lord, how many times have we been a party to injustice because we failed to take a firmer stand. How many times have we yielded to the pressure of the group, against our better judgement of what we knew to be right. How often, Lord, when your Spirit would stir us to some action do we procrastinate, avoid and resist the voice of your prompting. Help us, Lord, to consider how we waver; how we seek to avoid responsibility and to blame others for our actions. O Lord, do not let us deceive ourselves. Our indecision hurts us and creates walls between us and others. O Lord, we know too that our indecision hurts you.

Third Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 16-24

¹⁶Then the soldiers led him into the courtyard of the palace (that is, the governor’s headquarters); and they called together the whole cohort. ¹⁷And they clothed him in a purple cloak; and after twisting some thorns into a crown, they put it on him. ¹⁸And they began

saluting him, "Hail, King of the Jews!"¹⁹ They struck his head with a reed, spat upon him, and knelt down in homage to him.²⁰ After mocking him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him out to crucify him.

²¹They compelled a passer-by, who was coming in from the country, to carry his cross; it was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus.²² Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means the place of a skull).²³ And they offered him wine mixed with myrrh; but he did not take it.²⁴ And they crucified him, and divided his clothes among them, casting lots to decide what each should take.

The Nail of Cruelty

Lord we hate to look at the cruelty you endured, but on this day we force ourselves to remember the lashes they gave you, the crown of thorns and the purple robe they placed on you to mock one who thought himself a king, who thought himself Head Jew. We remember their blows to your head with a reed, their vile spitting, their gambling for your clothes when you were not yet dead, and the way they made you carry your cross, so that all might see the "dead man walking." O Lord, as we shake our heads at these barbarities, cause us to see the cruelty of which we all are capable. Help us consider how we are cruel to others, how we malign and slander others and add to the evil that comes upon them. O Lord, do not let us deceive ourselves. Our cruelty hurts us and creates walls between us and others. O Lord, we know too that our cruelty hurts you.

Fourth Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 25-32

²⁵It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him.²⁶ The inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews."²⁷ And with him they crucified two bandits, one on his right and one on his left.²⁹ Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days,³⁰ save yourself, and come down from the cross!"³¹ In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking

him among themselves and saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself."³² Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe." Those who were crucified with him also taunted him.

Invitation to Confession

[You are invited to write your own confessions on the red pieces of paper found in the pews while Karla is singing]

Sung Meditation: "I See you Hanging There"

(words and music by Michael Sandeman; soloist Karla Wübbenhorst)

The Driving of the Nails

[Those who have written confessional prayers on the red pieces of paper are invited to come forward and nail them to the cross]


Fifth Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 33-34

³³When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon.³⁴ At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Responsive Psalm: Psalm 22: 1-21



O Lord, hear my prayer; O Lord, hear my prayer. When I call an - swer me. O



Lord, hear my prayer; O Lord, hear my prayer. Come and lis - ten to me. O



M: ¹My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words
of my groaning?

P: ²**O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.**

³Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel.

⁴In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted, and you
delivered them.

⁵**To you they cried, and were saved; in you they
trusted, and were not put to shame.**

Refrain

⁶But I am a worm, and not human; scorned by others,
and despised by the people.

⁷**All who see me mock at me; they make mouths at
me, they shake their heads; ⁸“Commit your cause
to the LORD; let him deliver— let him rescue the
one in whom he delights!”**

⁹Yet it was you who took me from the womb; you
kept me safe on my mother’s breast. ¹⁰On you I was
cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me you
have been my God.

¹¹**Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and
there is no one to help.**

Refrain

¹²Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of Bashan
surround me; ¹³they open wide their mouths at me,
like a ravening and roaring lion.

¹⁴**I am poured out like water, and all my bones are
out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted
within my breast;**

¹⁵my mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my
tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of
death.

¹⁶**For dogs are all around me; a company of
evildoers encircles me. My hands and feet have
shriveled; ¹⁷I can count all my bones.**

Refrain

They stare and gloat over me; ¹⁸they divide my
clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they
cast lots.

¹⁹**But you, O LORD, do not be far away! O my help,
come quickly to my aid!**

²⁰Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the
power of the dog!

²¹**Save me from the mouth of the lion! From the
horns of the wild oxen you have rescued me.**

Refrain

Sixth Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 35-39

³⁵When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, “Listen, he is
calling for Elijah.” ³⁶And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour
wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, “Wait, let
us see whether Elijah will come to take him down.” ³⁷Then Jesus
gave a loud cry and breathed his last. ³⁸And the curtain of the temple
was torn in two, from top to bottom. ³⁹Now when the centurion, who
stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said,
“Truly this man was God’s Son!”

Responsive Psalm, part II: Psalm 22: 22-31

M: ²²I will tell of your name to my brothers and sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you:

P: ²³**You who fear the LORD, praise him! All you offspring of Jacob, glorify him; stand in awe of him, all you offspring of Israel!**

²⁴For he did not despise or abhor the affliction of the afflicted; he did not hide his face from me, but heard when I cried to him.

²⁵**From you comes my praise in the great congregation; my vows I will pay before those who fear him.**

Je - sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in - to your king - dom.

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The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system has a yellow highlight under the treble staff. The second system has a yellow highlight under the bass staff.

²⁶The poor shall eat and be satisfied; those who seek him shall praise the LORD. May your hearts live forever!

²⁷**All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the LORD; and all the families of the nations shall worship before him.**

²⁸For dominion belongs to the LORD, and he rules over the nations.

²⁹**To him, indeed, shall all who sleep in the earth bow down; before him shall bow all who go down to the dust, and I shall live for him.**

³⁰Posterity will serve him; future generations will be told about the Lord,

³¹**and proclaim his deliverance to a people yet unborn, saying that he has done it.**

Refrain

Hymn: "*How Deep the Father's Love for Us*"
(words and music by Stuart Townend)

*How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure
That he should give his only Son, to make a wretch his treasure
How great the pain of searing loss; the Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One, bring many sons to glory.*

*Behold the man upon the cross, my sin upon his shoulders
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice, cry out among the scoffers
It was my sin that held him there until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life; I know that it is finished.*

*I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ, his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward; I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart. His wounds have paid my ransom.*

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Seventh Gospel Segment: Mark 15: 40-47

⁴⁰There were also women looking on from a distance; among them were Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the younger and of Joses, and Salome. ⁴¹These used to follow him and provided for him when he was in Galilee; and there were many other women who had come up with him to Jerusalem.

⁴²When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, ⁴³Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council, who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. ⁴⁴Then Pilate wondered if he were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he had been dead for some time. ⁴⁵When he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. ⁴⁶Then Joseph bought a linen cloth, and taking down the body, wrapped it in the linen cloth, and laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock. He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. ⁴⁷Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses saw where the body was laid.

Prayer of Thanksgiving to the Crucified

Lord, we come today to the foot of the cross, not only with sorrow, with faces appalled by what was done to the lamb of God by human hands, and stomachs turned and with hearts stricken, but we come also with thanksgiving on this *Good Friday*. We come with grateful hearts, because when there was *no other way* to achieve our salvation, *no other way* to erase the record of wrongs which stood against us, *no other way* to release us from the curse of death and to give us the immortality and life, shared with you, which were your intent for us from the beginning, Lord, you took *that Way*. As difficult and humiliating and excruciating as it was, you took *that Way*. You walked *that Way* alone, and what you did you did for us. We praise you O God, because as the prophet and the psalmist testify, you vindicate your servant. After he willingly lays down his life, you raise him from the dead again. That is not the story we are telling today, but we thank you that we can face the darkness of *this* day, the darkness of our own death, in the complete trust and hope in you that Christ had as he poured out his life. Even so, we realize that what he faced in death we shall never have to face. He descended into hell. He knew the deep darkness at the back of your presence. You laid on him the iniquity of us all, you made him to be sin who knew no sin, and to him alone you showed the wrath that sin deserves. We thank you that this judgement, more horrible than any torture or judgement

humankind could inflict, has been borne for us by Christ. That you O God, provided this means for our reconciliation with you, and that in what Christ did, *it is finished*. It need never be done again. We praise you for the sure achievement of Christ's work, for the depth of pity and of love which moved your divine heart to take such an awesome step on our behalf. We are repelled by the cross, O God, and yet we praise you and we thank you for it. We hate this day, O God, this Friday, and yet we call it Good. Through Christ, your Servant, our Master and our God. AMEN.

Hymn: "*Before the Throne of God Above*"

(words by Charitie Bancroft; music by Vikki Cook)

*Before the throne of God above, I have a strong, a perfect plea
A great high-priest whose name is Love, who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on his hands. My name is written on his heart.
I know that while in heav'n he stands, no tongue can bid me thence depart.
No tongue can bid me thence depart.*

*When Satan tempts me to despair, and tells me of the guilt within.
Upward I look and see him there, who put an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless saviour died, my sinful soul is counted free,
For God the Just is satisfied, to look on him and pardon me.
To look on him and pardon me.*

*Behold him there the risen lamb, my perfect spotless righteousness.
The great unchangeable I AM, the king of glory and of grace!
One with himself I cannot die. My soul is purchased by his blood.
My life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ my saviour and my God.
With Christ my saviour and my God*

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Congregation exits silently without a benediction

[This service is loosely based on a service by Richard and Charlene Fairchild]