

Pieta

A service for Good
Friday Evening set at
the foot of the Cross
with Mary and Jesus'
women companions



Gather at the Cross

Scripture Reading: Isaiah 53: 1-9

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

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

⁵But 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.

⁷He 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.

⁹ They 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.

When Jesus died, a number of women were present, watching from a distance, who had followed Jesus from Galilee and looked after him. Among them were Mary of Magdala, Mary, the mother of James and Joseph, the mother of the sons of Zebedee and Salome. These women had all followed him, as had many others who had come up to Jerusalem with him:

HE HAD ALWAYS LOVED HIS OWN WHO WERE IN THE WORLD AND HE LOVED THEM TO THE END.

There was also his mother, Mary, who had born him and who watched him die. **HE HAD ALWAYS LOVED HIS OWN WHO WERE IN THE WORLD AND HE LOVED THEM TO THE END.**

And we might remember other women, like Joanna, Martha, Susanna, who had followed him, fed him, anointed him, striving to be faithful to him until the end. **HE HAD ALWAYS LOVED HIS OWN WHO WERE IN THE WORLD AND HE LOVED THEM TO THE END.**

Let us, in kindness and gratitude, remember and name before God, women of today who serve Jesus or who long for salvation. And let us remember women who suffer abuse, loneliness, illness, grief and persecution. **HE HAS ALWAYS LOVED HIS OWN IN THE WORLD AND HE LOVES THEM TO THE END.**

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has pass'd.

We slowly process to the Pieta

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that mother highly blest,
Of the sole-begotten One.

Is there one who would not weep,
'whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear mother to behold?

O thou mother! Fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my heart to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Let me share with thee his pain
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning him who mourn'd for me,
All the days that I may live.

At the Pieta

Meditation reading—Charles Journet



Pieta - Vincent Van Gogh

The Silence and the Sorrow – Liam Lawton (*lighting of candles*)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nzLvpMfMheQ>

Who will come and share my sorrow,
Hold my heart 'til wake tomorrow?
Is there time that I could borrow?
Oh, oh, the silence and the sorrow.

When I was young, I dreamed of roads not taken,
To walk the way so many had forsaken,
And I would seek the heart of love's creation-
It was found in you.

When life was young, I cried with tears of laughter
And deep inside I wondered what came after,
How a heart could love without conditions
It was found in you.

When love was young and living seemed forever,
I knew somehow you never hid its pleasure,
And all my tears uncovered hidden treasures
Love was found in you.

Mary Magdalene and The Other Mary:
A Song for all Maries ~ Christina Rossetti

Intercessions

Jesus said to Mary, “woman behold your son” and to the beloved disciple he said “behold your mother.” To the one who gave us his mother we pray Lord hear us. **LORD GRACIOUSLY HEAR US.**

For our families, where they are open, loving, supportive, that their joy might be kept safe we pray Lord hear us...

For our families, where they are tense, troubled, fragmented, seething with suspicion, that they may always find a way through pain, not a path from it, we pray Lord hear us...

For our churches, where they risk welcoming the stranger, where in language hospitality, evangelism and service, they employ the imagination rather than the rule-book, that they may be encouraged and surprised by joy we pray Lord hear us...

For ourselves, in our own homes, but joined in prayer this evening with people whose journey we have not travelled, whose depth of faith we do not know, whose potentials we cannot imagine, that we might somehow find we belong to one another we pray Lord hear us...

As Christ entrusted us to his mother so we entrust to her care those we love and care for saying:

REMEMBER, O MOST LOVING VIRGIN MARY; THAT IT IS A THING UNHEARD OF, THAT ANYONE EVER HAD RECOURSE TO THY PROTECTION, IMploRED THY HELP, OR SOUGHT THY INTERCESSION AND WAS LEFT FORSAKEN. FILLED, THEREFORE WITH CONFIDENCE IN THY GOODNESS, WE FLY TO THEE, O MOTHER, VIRGIN OF VIRGINS TO THEE WE COME, BEFORE THEE WE STAND SORROWFUL SINNERS. DESPISE NOT OUR POOR WORDS, O MOTHER OF WORD, BUT GRACIOUSLY HEAR AND GRANT OUR PRAYER. AMEN.

Return to the Cross

Saviour of the world, Lord Jesus Christ,
You willingly suffered death on the Cross
That we might inherit your kingdom.
Grant us to be for all who are in need
A source of hope and comfort, a shoulder to cry
on in times of grief, and a refuge for those without
shelter or protection. You who rose to share the
eternal kingdom of glory with the Father and the
Holy Spirit. One God for ever and ever. Amen.

Hymn

During this hymn there will be an opportunity to venerate the Cross

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame,
He, the last Adam, to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways.

May the Lord grant us a quiet night and a perfect end. **Amen.**