



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
STATIONS OF THE CROSS
GOOD FRIDAY

PROCESSION IN SILENCE

SALUTATION

Celebrant Blessed be our God.

People *For ever and ever. Amen.*

Collect for Good Friday

BCP 221

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Reading

Isaiah 53:1-12

The Word of the Lord.

People

Thanks be to God.

PSALM

22:1-21

- 1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?*
 and are so far from my cry
 and from the words of my distress?
- 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer,*
 by night as well, but I find no rest.
- 3 Yet you are the Holy One,*
 enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
- 4 Our forefathers put their trust in you;*
 they trusted, and you delivered them.
- 5 They cried out to you and were delivered:*
- 6 They trusted in you and were not put to shame.
- 7 But as for me, I am a worm and no man,*
 scorned by all and despised by the people.
- 8 All who see me laugh me to scorn;*
 they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,
“He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him;*
 let him rescue him, if he delights in him.”

- 1 Yet you are he who took me out of the womb,*
and kept me safe upon my mother's breast.
- 2 I have been entrusted to you since I was born;*
you were My God when I was still in my mother's womb.
- 3 Be not far from me, for trouble is near,*
and there is none to help.
- 4 Many young bulls encircle me;*
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
- 5 They open wide their jaws at me,*
like a ravening and a roaring lion.
- 6 I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint;*
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
- 7 My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;*
And you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
- 8 Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me;*
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
- 17 They stare and gloat over me;*
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
- 18 Be not far away, O Lord;*
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
- 19 Save me from the sword,*
my life from the power of the dog.
- 20 Save me from the lion's mouth,*
My wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
- 21 I will declare your Name to my brethren;*
In the midst of the congregation I will praise you.

READING **Hebrews 10:11-25**

The Word of the Lord.

People

Thanks be to God.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far way stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross

Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For t'was on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me ***Chorus***

INTRODUCTION TO EVERYMAN'S WAY OF THE CROSS

These fourteen steps that you are now about to walk you do not take alone.

I walk with you.

Though you are you, and I am I, yet we are truly one-one Christ.
And therefore, My way of the cross two thousand years ago and
Your "way" now are also one.

But note this difference. My life was incomplete until I crowned it
by My death. Your fourteen steps will only be complete when you
have crowned them by your life.

*(Congregation is requested to move to each station as we follow
The way of the cross with our Lord Jesus Christ.)*

I Want to Walk as a Child of the Light

I want to walk as a child of the light.

I want to follow Jesus.

God set the stars to give light to the world.

The star of my life is Jesus.

In you there is no darkness at all,

The night and the day are both alike.

The Lamb is the light of the city of God,

Shine in my heart, Lord Jesus.

I want to see the brightness of God.

I want to look at Jesus.

Clear sun of righteousness, shine on my path,

And show me the way to the Father. **Chorus**

I'm looking for the coming of Christ.

I want to be with Jesus.

When we have run with patience the race,

We shall know the joy of Jesus. **Chorus**

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Station I – Jesus is Condemned

In Pilate's hands, My other self, I see My Father's will. Though Pilate is unjust, he is the lawful governor and he has power over Me. And so the Son of God obeys a son of man.

If I can bow to Pilate's rule because this is My Father's will, can you refuse obedience to those whom I place over you?

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, Lord, obedience cost You Your life. For me it cost an act of will-no more-and yet how hard it is for me to bend. Remove the blinders from my eyes that I may see that it is You whom I obey in all who govern me. Lord it is You.

Stations II & III

Jesus Takes His Cross

This cross, this chunk of tree, is what My Father chose for Me. The crosses you must bear are largely products of your daily life. And yet My Father chose them, too, for you.

Receive them from His hands. Take heart, My other self, I will not let your burdens grow an ounce too heavy for your strength.

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, Lord, I take my daily cross. I welcome the monotony that often marks my day, discomforts of all kinds, the summer's heat, the winter's cold, my disappointments, tensions, setbacks, cares.

Remind me often that in carrying my cross, I carry Yours with You. And though I bear a sliver only of Your cross, You carry all of mine, except a sliver, in return.

Jesus Falls

The God who made the universe, and holds it in existence by His will alone, becomes, as man, too weak to bear a piece of timber's weight.

How human in His weakness is the Son of Man. My father willed it thus. I could not be your model otherwise.

If you would be My other self, you also must accept without complaint your human frailties.

Congregation replies:

Lord Jesus, how can I refuse? I willingly accept my weaknesses, my irritations and my moods, my headaches and fatigue, all my defects of body, mind, and soul. Because they are Your will for me, these "handicaps," of my humanity, I gladly suffer them. Make me content with all my discontents, but give me strength to struggle after You.

Humble Thyself

(Men) *Humble thyself in the sight of the Lord*

(Women) *Humble thyself in the sight of the Lord*

(Men) *Humble thyself in the sight of the Lord*

(Women) *Humble thyself in the sight of the Lord*
And he...shall lift...you up (Higher and Higher)

And he...shall lift...you up.

Stations IV & V

Jesus Meets His Mother

My mother sees Me whipped. She sees Me kicked and driven like a beast. She counts My every wound. But though her soul cries out in agony, no protest or complaint escapes her lips or even enters her thoughts.

She shares My martyrdom and I share hers. We hide no pain, no sorrow, from each other's eyes. This is My Father's will.

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, Lord, I know what You are telling me. To watch the pain of those we love is harder than to bear our own. To carry my cross after You, I, too, must stand and watch the sufferings of my dear ones: the heartaches, sicknesses and grief of those I love. And I must let them watch mine, too. I do believe-for those who love You all things work together unto good. They must!

Simon Helps Jesus

My strength is gone; I can no longer bear the cross alone. And so the legionnaires make Simon give Me aid. This Simon is like you, My other self.

Give Me your strength. Each time you lift some burden from another's back, you lift as with your very hand the cross's awful weight that crushes Me.

Congregation replies:

Lord, make me realize that every time I wipe a dish, pick up an object off the floor, assist a child in some small task, or give another preference in traffic or the store; each time I feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant, or lend my hand in any way-it matters not to whom-my name is Simon. And the kindness I extend to them I really give to You.

Stations VI & VII

Veronica Helps Jesus

Can you be brave enough, My other self, to wipe My bloody face? Where is My face, you ask? At home whenever eyes fill up with tears, at work when tensions rise, on playgrounds, in the slums, the courts, the hospitals, the jails-wherever suffering exists-My face is there. And there I look for you to wipe away My blood and tears.

Congregation replies:

Lord, what You ask is hard. It calls for courage and self-sacrifice, and I am weak. Please give me strength. Don't let me run away because of fear.

Lord, live in me and act in me and love in me. And not in me alone-in all men-so that we may reveal no more Your bloody but Your glorious face on earth.

Jesus Falls Again

This seventh step, My other self, is one that tests your will. From this fall learn to persevere in doing good. The time will come when all your efforts seem to fail and you will think, "I can't go on." Then turn to Me, My heavy-laden one, and I will give you rest. Trust Me and carry on.

Congregation replies:

Give me your courage, Lord. When failure presses heavily on me and I am desolate, stretch out Your hand to lift me up. I know I must not cease, but persevere, in doing good. But help me, Lord. Alone there's nothing I can do. With you, I can do anything You ask. I will.

You Are My All in All

You are my strength when I am weak,
You are the treasure that I seek,
You are my all in all;
Seeking You as a precious jewel,
Lord, to give up, I'd be a fool,
You are my all in all.

Jesus, Lamb of God, worthy is Your name;
Jesus, Lamb of God, worthy is Your name.

Taking my sin, my cross, my shame,
Rising again, I bless Your name,
You are my all in all;
When I fall down, You pick me up,
When I am dry, You fill my cup,
You are my all in all **Chorus**

Stations VIII & IX

Jesus Consoles the Women

How often had I longed to take the children of Jerusalem and gather them to Me. But they refused. But now these women weep for Me and My heart mourns for them-mourns for their sorrows that will come. I comfort those who seek to solace Me. How gentle can you be, My other self, how kind?

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, Your compassion in Your passion is beyond compare.
Lord, teach me, help me learn. When I would snap at those who hurt me with their ridicule, those who misunderstand, or hinder me with some misguided helpfulness, those who intrude upon my privacy-then help me curb my tongue.

May gentleness become my cloak. Lord, make me kind like you.

The Third Fall

Completely drained of strength I lie, collapsed, upon the cobble stones. My body cannot move. No blows, no kicks, can rouse it up. And yet My will is Mine. And so is yours. Know this, My other self, your body may be broken, but no force on earth and none in hell can take away your will. Your will is yours.

Congregation replies:

My Lord, I see You take a moment's rest then rise and stagger on. So I can do because my will is mine. When all my strength is gone and guilt and self-reproach press me to earth and seem to hold me fast, protect me from the sin of Judas-save me from despair! Lord, never let me feel that any sin of mine is greater than Your love. No matter what my past has been, I can begin anew.

Stations X & XI

Jesus is Stripped

Behold, My other self, the poorest King, who ever lived. Before My creatures I stand stripped. The cross, My deathbed, even this is not My own. Yet who has ever been so rich? Possessing nothing, I own all My Father's love. If you, too, would own everything, be not solicitous about your food, your clothes, your life.

Congregation replies:

My Lord, I offer You all-whatever I possess, and more, my self. Detach me from the craving for prestige, position, wealth. Root out of me all trace of envy of my neighbor who has more than I. Release me from the vice of pride, my longing to exalt myself, and lead me to the lowest place.

May I be poor in spirit, Lord, so that I can be rich in You.

Jesus is Crucified

Can you imagine what a crucifixion is? My executioners stretch My arms; they hold My hand and wrist against the wood and press the nail until it stabs My flesh. Then with one heavy hammer smash, they drive it through and pain bursts like a bomb of fire in My brain. They seize the other arm; and agony again explodes. Then raising up My knees so that My feet are flat against the wood, they hammer them fast, too.

Congregation replies

My God, I look at You and think: Is my soul worth this much? What can I give You in return? I here and now accept for all my life whatever sickness, torment, agony may come. To every cross I touch my lips. O blessed cross that lets me be, with You, a co-redeemer of my fellowmen.

Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? (2X)

Oh!.....Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? ...

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? ...

Stations XII & XIII

Jesus Dies

The cross becomes a pulpit now—"Forgive them, Father. . . You will be with Me in Paradise . . . There is your mother . . . There . . . your son . . . I thirst . . . It is complete."

To speak I have to raise Myself by pressing on My wrists and feet, and every move engulfs Me in new waves of agony. And then, when I have borne enough, Have emptied My humanity, I let My mortal life depart.

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, God, what can I say or do? I offer You my death with all its pains, accepting now the time and kind of death in store for me. Not by a single instant would I lengthen my life's span. I offer You my death for My own sins and those of all My fellowmen. My God! Forsake us not. We know not what we do.

Jesus Is Taken Down

The sacrifice is done. Yes, My Mass is complete; but not My mother's and not yours, My other self. My mother still must cradle in her arms the lifeless body of the Son she bore. You, too, must part from those you love, and grief will come to you. In your bereavements think of this: A multitude of souls were saved by Mary's sharing in My Calvary. Your grief can also be the price of souls.

Congregation replies:

I beg You, Lord, help me accept the partings that must come from friends who go away, my children leaving home, and most of all, my dear ones when You shall call them to Yourself. Then, give me grace to say: "As it has pleased You, Lord, to take them home, I bow to Your most holy will. And if by just one word I might restore their lives against Your will, I would not speak." Grant them eternal joy.

Glory to the Lamb

Glory, Glory, Glory to the Lamb,
Glory, Glory, Glory to the Lamb.
For He is glorious and worthy to be praised,
 The Lamb upon the throne.
And unto Him we lift our voice in praise,
 The Lamb upon the throne.

Station XIV

Jesus is Buried

So ends My mortal life. But now another life begins for Mary, and for Magdalene, for Peter and for John, and you. My work as man is done. My work within and through My Church must now commence. I look to you, My other self. Day in, day out, from this time forth, be My apostle-victim-saint.

Congregation replies:

My Jesus, Lord, You know my spirit is as willing as my flesh is weak. The teaching You could not impart, the sufferings You could not bear, the works of love You could not do in Your short life on earth, let me impart, and bear, and do through You. But I am nothing, Lord. Help me!

Lord Have Mercy

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.
Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy
Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy.

Conclusion

I told you at the start, My other self, My life was not complete until I crowned it by My death. Your "way" is not complete unless you crown it by your life.

Accept each moment as it comes to you, with faith and trust that all that happens has My mark on it. A simple decree, this is all it takes; a breathing in your heart, "I will it, Lord." So seek Me not in far off places. I am close at hand. Your workbench, office, kitchen, these are altars where you offer love. And I am with you there. Go now! Take up your cross and with your life complete your way.

Congregation kneels

ANTHEM 2

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.
If we have died with him we shall also live with him:
If we endure, we shall also reign with him.
We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you,
Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

CLOSING PRAYER

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, we pray you to set your passion, cross, and death between your judgment and our souls, now and in the hour of our death. Give mercy and grace to the living; pardon and rest to the dead; to your Holy Church peace and concord; and to us sinners everlasting life and glory; for with the Father and Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God, now and for ever. *Amen.*

ALL DEPART IN SILENCE