



**ORDER OF SERVICE FOR
ECUMENICAL GOOD FRIDAY
TENEBRAE SERVICE**



GREENDALE PEOPLE'S CHURCH

GRACE MINISTRIES—ZION & BETHEL
LUTHERAN CHURCHES

SALEM COVENANT CHURCH

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CHURCH
OF WORCESTER

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 2022

7:00 PM

**UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CHURCH OF WORCESTER
90 HOLDEN STREET
WORCESTER, MA 01606**

*SERVICE ADAPTED FROM UU CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE BY REV. KATHLEEN ROLENZ*

SERVICE

GATHERING MUSIC Rev. Andrew Borden, Pianist
SOUNDING OF THE BELL .
INVOCATION - Rev. Aaron Payson
INTRODUCTION TO THE SERVICE

THE DARKNESS BEGINS EXTINGUISHING OF THE FIRST CANDLE THE PASSOVER (SEDER) MEAL

Reading from an Ancient Source: *Matthew 26: 20-25*
- Rev. Mark Nilson

When it was evening, he took his place with the twelve;
and while they were eating, he said, 'Truly I tell you, one of
you will betray me.' And they became greatly distressed
and began to say to him one after another, 'Surely not I,
Lord?' He answered, 'The one who has dipped his hand
into the bowl with me will betray me. The Son of Man
goes as it is written of him, but woe to that one by whom
the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been better for
that one not to have been born.' Judas, who betrayed him,
said, 'Surely not I, Rabbi?' He replied, 'You have said so.'

Reading from a Modern Source - Rev. Andrew Borden
Passover by Mary Rose O'Reilley

I know we are bound to the earth,
and the cracked heart, old terra cotta, surrenders to vine.
Listen—I've seen
wind stir the hair of the dead at Belsen,
growing like art from the lacing grass;

what is terrible, even, rises.
The ruined pot dreams of ignition,
each molecule coddles its flame.
Enough alphabet for a Torah
sits on the tongue. And all shards
from the winds' end gather again.

I know we are bound to the earth
by desire's green thread
or the milk snake's slippery pass.

Hepatica splits now from its leaf-wing.
Out of the vessel's wreck,
inwardness forms on the air

and that ghost tenderly enters
the soul of some mortal thing.

CHORAL ANTHEM

“Were You There” Trad. Spiritual, Combined Choir

EXTINGUISHING OF THE SECOND CANDLE DENIAL

Reading from an Ancient Source: *Matthew 26: 31-35*

- Rev. Cheryl Leshay

Then Jesus said to them, 'You will all become deserters
because of me this night; for it is written, "I will strike the
shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be scattered."
But after I am raised up, I will go ahead of you to Galilee.'
Peter said to him, 'Though all become deserters because
of you, I will never desert you.' Jesus said to him, 'Truly I

tell you, this very night, before the cock crows, you will deny me three times.' Peter said to him, 'Even though I must die with you, I will not deny you.' And so said all the disciples.

Reading from a Modern Source: - Rev. Aaron Payson

The Companionable Dark by Kathleen Norris

Of here and now, seed lying dormant in the earth.
The dark to which all lost things come—scarves and rings
and previous photographs,
and of course, our beloved
dead. The brooding dark,
our most vulnerable hours, limbs loose in sleep, mouths
agape.
The faithful dark,
where each door leads each one of us, alone.
The dark of God come close as breath, our one companion
all the way through, the dark of a needle's eye.
Not the easy dark
of dusk and candles,
but dark from which comforts flee.
The deep down dark of one by one,
dark of wind
and dust, dark in which stars burn.
The floodwater dark of hope, Jesus in agony in the
garden,
Esther pacing her bitter palace. A dark
by which we see, dark like truth, like flesh on bone:
Help me, who am alone,
and have no help but thee.

EXTINGUISHING OF THE THIRD CANDLE

HYMN #101 *Abide With Me*

Abide with me fast falls the eventide.
the darkness deepens, still with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
help of the helpless oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see
O thou who changes not, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

**EXTINGUISHING OF THE FOURTH CANDLE
PRAYER**

Reading from an Ancient Source: *Mark 14: 32 - 41*

- Rev. Mark Nilson

They went to a place called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, 'Sit here while I pray.' He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be distressed and agitated. And said to them, 'I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and keep awake.' And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. He said, 'Abba, Father, for you all things are possible; remove this cup from me; yet, not what I want, but what you want.' He came and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, 'Simon, are you asleep? Could you not keep awake one hour? Keep awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is

weak.' And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to say to him. He came a third time and said to them, 'Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Enough! The hour has come; the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand.'

HYMN #265 O, Sacred Head Now Wounded

O sacred head, now wounded,
with grief and shame bowed down,
now scornfully surrounded
with thorns, thy only crown:
how art thou pale with anguish,
with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow
to thank thee, dearest friend,
for this thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end?
Let me be thine forever.
And, should I fainting be,
oh, let me never, never,
outlive my love to thee.

**EXTINGUISHING OF THE FIFTH CANDLE
INTERROGATION**

Reading from Ancient Source: *John 18: 33-38*

- Rev. Cheryl Leshay

Then Pilate entered the headquarters again, summoned Jesus, and asked him, 'Are you the King of the Jews?' Jesus answered, 'Do you ask this on your own, or did others tell you about me?' Pilate replied, 'I am not a Jew, am I? Your own nation and the chief priests have handed you over to me. What have you done?' Jesus answered, 'My kingdom is not from this world. If my kingdom were from this world, my followers would be fighting to keep me from being handed over... But as it is, my kingdom is not from here.' Pilate asked him, 'So you are a king?' Jesus answered, 'You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice.' Pilate asked him, 'What is truth?

Reading from Modern Source *Thou Art Indeed Just Lord,*

- Rev. Aaron Payson

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Thou art indeed just Lord, if I contend with Thee,
But sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinner's ways prosper, and disappointment all I
endeavor end?
Wert Thou my enemy, O Thou my friend
How wouldst thou worse, than thou dost, defeat, thwart
me?
O the sots and thralls of lust do in spare hours more thrive
than I sir, that spend life upon thy cause.
See banks and brakes, now leaved, how thick!
laced they are again with fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind
shakes them.
Birds build, but not I build no-but strain,

and not breed one work that wakes.
Mine, O Thou Lord of Life, send my roots rain.

HYMN #199 *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When my way grows drear, precious Lord linger near
When my light is almost gone
Hear my cry, hear my call
Hold my hand lest I fall
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When the darkness appears and the night draws near
And the day is past and gone
At the river I stand
Guide my feet, hold my hand
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

EXECUTION

Reading from Ancient Source: *Mark 15: 16-20*

- Rev. Mark Nilson

Then the soldiers led him into the courtyard of the palace (that is, the governor's headquarters); and they called together the whole cohort. And they clothed him in a purple cloak; and after twisting some thorns into a crown, they put it on him. And they began saluting him, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' They struck his head with a reed, spat upon him, and knelt down in homage to him. 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

Musical Meditation — “When I Survey The Wonderful Cross” by Patricia Cota; Bethel Lutheran Bell Choir

THE CROSS

Reading from Ancient Source: *Psalms 22: 1-20*

- Rev. Andrew Borden

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by night, but find no rest. Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them. To you they cried, and were saved; in you they trusted, and were not put to shame. But I am a worm, and not human; scorned by others, and despised by the people. All who see me mock at me; they make mouths at me, they shake their heads; "Commit your cause to the LORD; let him deliver-- let him rescue the one in whom he delights!" Yet it was you who took me from the womb; you kept me safe on my

mother's breast. On you I was cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me you have been my God. Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help. Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of Bashan surround me; They open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion. 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; my mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. For dogs are all around me; a company of evildoers encircles me. My hands and feet have shriveled; I can count all my bones. They stare and gloat over me; they divide my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots. But you, O LORD, do not be far away! O my help, come quickly to my aid! Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the power of the dog!

EXTINGUISHING OF THE EIGHT CANDLE

Reading from Modern Source “...*a bullet looks like an eye*” by *Lyudmyla Khersonska* - Rev. Cheryl Leshay

Buried in a human neck, a bullet looks like an eye, sewn in, an eye looking back at one's fate. Who shot him there? Who gave the order, which man? Who will bury him, and what's the rate? When it comes to humanity, war is the beginning and end. Whoever attacks you, don't turn your back. Says the Lord: For my people are foolish, they have not known me, they are silly children and they have no understanding. But the children feel as strong as their machinery, mass-produced, with plenty of seamstresses for repairing: some ladies patch holes, others fix neck bones, still more sew on buttons that were torn away from hands.

And the Lord says: They are wise in doing evil — but, says the Lord — they do not know how to do good. But the children, if they survive, say it was luck, and if they die, they think that was yesterday, today is another day, and the seamstresses stand with a shroud, telling them, “Put this on.” How long must we put up with the flags, the trumpets calling us into the fray? What beast has awakened? Where did our special forces land? Who shot that man in the back? Who gave the command? Who will bury him, and what’s the rate?

EXTINGUISHING OF THE NINTH CANDLE DEATH

Reading from Ancient Source: *Luke 23: 33-46*

- Rev. Andrew Borden

And when they came to the place which is called The Skull. There they crucified him, and the criminals, on the right and one on the left. And Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And they cast lots to divide his garments. And the people stood by, watching, but the rulers scoffed at him, saying "He saved others, let him save himself, if he is the Christ of God, his Chosen One." The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him vinegar and saying, "If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!" There was also an inscription over him. This is the King of Jews."

One of the criminals who were hanged railed at him saying, "Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong.

And he said, Jesus remember me when you come into your kingdom. And he said to him, Truly I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise." It was not about the sixth hour and there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour, while the sun's light failed and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice said, Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" And having said this he breathed his last.

EXTINGUISHING OF THE TENTH CANDLE

BENEDICTION

- Rev. Aaron Payson

EXTINGUISHING OF THE ELEVENTH CANDLE

THE TWELFTH CANDLE IS CARRIED OUT OF THE ROOM

THE DARKNESS IS COMPLETE

POSTLUDE— Steal Away, Trad. Spiritual

New England Spiritual Ensemble, dir. John A. Ross

(Please join Greendale-area Congregations for our
Annual Easter Morning Sunrise Service,
April 17 @ 7 am, Shore Park (115 Shore Drive)