

St Matthew's Church, Chichester Road, Croydon

## **Good Friday**



**1.00pm - 2.00pm**

**15<sup>th</sup> April 2022**



*The ministers enter in silence*

*A time of silent prayer*

## **The Collect**

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.**

He was despised and rejected by  
others, a man of sorrows and  
acquainted with grief.

**But it was his punishment that  
made us whole, his bruises that  
healed us. And we give thanks.**

He was oppressed and he was  
afflicted. Yet, he did not open his  
mouth.

**But it was through him that  
God's will was made to prosper.  
It was because of his anguish  
that we can see light – and we  
give thanks.**

He is our high priest, touched by our  
infirmities, suffering as we have  
suffered.

**He is our living example that  
God's ways are not our ways. He  
is the stone that the builders  
rejected that became the head  
cornerstone. He is the last that  
became first. Through him we  
are challenged to live in a new  
way, to love in a new way, to lead  
in a new way – and for this we  
give thanks.**

## **Reflection - Peter**

*Silent prayer*

## **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 men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ would know.  
But O, my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
who at my need  
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew His way,  
and His sweet praises sing;  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to their King.  
Then 'Crucify!' is all their breath,  
and for His death  
they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?  
What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run,  
He gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
themselves displease,  
and 'gainst Him rise.

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 suffering goes,  
that He his foes  
from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home  
my Lord on earth might have;  
in death no friendly tomb  
but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say?  
Heaven was His home;  
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

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.

*Samuel Crossman (c.1624-1683)*

## **Reflection - Pilate**

*Silent reflection*

## **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.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good;  
that we might go at last to heaven,  
saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
to pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
of heaven, 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.

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)*

## **Reflection - Judas**

*Silent prayer*

## **Hymn**

As royal banners are unfurled,  
the cross displays its mystery:  
the Maker of our flesh, in flesh,  
impaled and hanging helplessly.

Already deeply wounded: see  
His side now riven by a spear,  
and all our sins are swept away  
by blood and water flowing there.

See everything the prophets wrote  
fulfilled in its totality,  
and tell the nations of the world  
our God is reigning from the tree.

The Saviour, victim, sacrifice,  
is, through His dying, glorified;  
His life is overcome by death  
and leaps up, sweeping death aside.

We hail the cross, faith's one true  
hope:

God's passion set in time and space,

by which our guilt is blotted out,  
engulfed in such stupendous grace.  
Amen.

*Venantius Fortunatus (530-609) trans. by Alan Gaunt (b. 1935)*

## Reflection - Soldier

*Silent prayer*

## The Lord's Prayer

Standing at the foot of the cross, as  
our Saviour taught us, so we pray:

**Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins  
as we forgive those who  
sin against us.  
Lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power,  
and the glory are yours  
now and for ever.  
Amen.**

## Hymn

O sacred head, surrounded  
by crown of piercing thorn!  
O bleeding head, so wounded,  
so shamed and put to scorn!  
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
the glow of life decays;  
yet angel-hosts adore Thee,  
and tremble as they gaze.

Thy comeliness and vigour  
is withered up and gone,  
and in Thy wasted figure

I see death drawing on.  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
turn Thou Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter Passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
with Thy most sweet compassion,  
unworthy though I be:  
beneath Thy cross abiding  
for ever would I rest,  
in Thy dear love confiding,  
and with Thy presence blest.

*Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676) based on 'Salve caput  
cruentatum' (14<sup>th</sup> century)  
trans. Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)*

## Reflection - Cathy

*Silent prayer*

## ¶ The Conclusion

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.**

*We depart in silence or sit in silence for  
the last hour.*

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