



KNOX CHURCH, DUNEDIN

10am – Friday 2 April 2021

Good Friday

Parairei Pai

Choir introit "*O Vos Omnes- O my people... is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow*"

Carlos Correa (1680-c.1747) Lamentations 1:12

Welcome

Call to Worship

So they took Jesus, and he went out carrying his own cross, to the place of a skull, called in Hebrew, Golgotha. There they crucified him. This is a day of awe, wonder, love and gratitude. On this day we gather to remember Jesus our Saviour who loved us and gave himself for us. We draw near in full assurance of God's endless love and mercy.

We give thanks and praise to Jesus Christ, who carries our sorrows, heals our wounds, and releases us from the power of death.

Hymn

(tune: Passion Chorale) CH4 385 - Brian Wren

1 Here hangs a man discarded,
a scarecrow hoisted high,
a nonsense pointing nowhere
to all who hurry by.

4 Life, emptied of all meaning,
drained out in bleak distress,
can share in broken silence
our deepest emptiness;

2 Can such a clown of sorrows
still bring a useful word
when faith and love seem phantoms
and every hope absurd?

5 And love that freely entered
the pit of life's despair,
can name our hidden darkness
and suffer with us there.

3 Yet here is help and comfort
for lives by comfort bound,
when drums of dazzling progress
give strangely hollow sound:

6 Christ, in our darkness risen,
help all who long for light
to hold the hand of promise,
till faith receives its sight.

1 Judas Iscariot

John 18:1-14

After Jesus had spoken these words, he went out with his disciples across the Kidron valley to a place where there was a garden, which he and his disciples entered.

Now Judas, who betrayed him, also knew the place, because Jesus often met there with his disciples. So Judas brought a detachment of soldiers together with police from the chief priests and the Pharisees, and they came there with lanterns and torches and weapons.

Then Jesus, knowing all that was to happen to him, came forward and asked them, "Whom are you looking for?" They answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus replied, "I am he." Judas, who betrayed him, was standing

with them. When Jesus said to them, "I am he," they stepped back and fell to the ground. Again he asked them, "Whom are you looking for?" And they said, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus answered, "I told you that I am he. So if you are looking for me, let these men go." This was to fulfill the word that he had spoken, "I did not lose a single one of those whom you gave me."

Then Simon Peter, who had a sword, drew it, struck the high priest's slave, and cut off his right ear. The slave's name was Malchus. Jesus said to Peter, "Put your sword back into its sheath. Am I not to drink the cup that the Father has given me?" So the soldiers, their officer, and the Jewish police arrested Jesus and bound him.

First they took him to Annas, who was the father-in-law of Caiaphas, the high priest that year. Caiaphas was the one who had advised the Jews that it was better to have one person die for the people.

Reflection

My name is Judas and I am son of Simon Iscariot. Don't believe everything you read about me. I am portrayed as a thief, a quisling, but life is more complicated than that. When that night I was faced with the consequences of what I had done, of course I was appalled at myself. When I saw how the chief priests and elders had turned their back on me, I was shocked. It wasn't meant to be like that.

You see, I had developed ways of achieving goals. I was used to doing deals, not underhand, not criminal, but getting things done, gaining supporters, maximising results. I had friends in influential roles, people beyond our small motley group who could pull strings and I could call on them. They were people of order and law, law-abiding people, people who kept our city safe, sometimes brutally. And I looked after the money, because I was careful and prudent, not wasteful.

I was drawn to Jesus. I was moved by his parables, inspired by the walk to Jerusalem, awed by the healings, and I can't deny that in Jesus I had truly seen the presence of God. I am almost embarrassed to say that as a person of standing in the community, I loved him as much as the crowds and the common people did. But he was very frustrating. He kept failing to seize power.

It came to a head in Bethany. Jesus let Mary's devotion to him be utterly wasted by letting her pour out perfume in a symbolic act of burial. The power of that devotion could have been harnessed for a popular movement. Those resources could have fed hungry mouths. It could have made a real difference. Instead it was an empty gesture. Pious nonsense. So I thought - "If you're not going to do what I know is good for you, I'm going to trap you in a position where you have no alternative." So I led the chief priests' henchmen to Gethsemane, and I kiss Jesus. I brought together the most powerful forces in Israel – the chief priests and Jesus. But when Jesus was handed to the Romans, hope ended. I was left with thirty pieces of silver. Worthless. I went to the chief priests and pleaded "It wasn't supposed to turn out like this." But the priests just laughed, "You thought Jesus could be your tool. Turns out you were ours."

My way of working was shown to be empty, troubled, devastating. When we don't believe our lives matter, we go looking for ways to make them matter. And we greedily draw other people into our net. We seek reassurance by trying to control other people's lives – emotionally, physically, sexually, professionally. That's what I did. If only I had realised what was happening in that last meal we shared, how much Jesus loved me, and wanted to keep eating and drinking with me. I would have realised I didn't need to be in control.

Prayer

Loving God, forgive our trying to control the lives of others, to manipulate them for what we imagine is a greater good. Forgive us when we let our desire for order sabotage your hopes. Forgive us when we forget that your love for us is enough for us to be fully human. Keep us in that love and build our trust in you, that we may trust you with our future. In Christ, Amen.

2 Peter

John 18:15-27

Simon Peter and another disciple followed Jesus. Since that disciple was known to the high priest, he went with Jesus into the courtyard of the high priest, but Peter was standing outside at the gate. So the other disciple, who was known to the high priest, went out, spoke to the woman who guarded the gate, and brought Peter in. The woman said to Peter, "You are not also one of this man's disciples, are you?" He said, "I am not." Now the slaves and the police had made a charcoal fire because it was cold, and they were standing around it and warming themselves. Peter also was standing with them and warming himself.

Then the high priest questioned Jesus about his disciples and about his teaching. Jesus answered, "I have spoken openly to the world; I have always taught in synagogues and in the temple, where all the Jews come together. I have said nothing in secret. Why do you ask me? Ask those who heard what I said to them; they know what I said." When he had said this, one of the police standing nearby struck Jesus on the face, saying, "Is that how you answer the high priest?" Jesus answered, "If I have spoken wrongly, testify to the wrong. But if I have spoken rightly, why do you strike me?" Then Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas the high priest.

Now Simon Peter was standing and warming himself. They asked him, "You are not also one of his disciples, are you?" He denied it and said, "I am not." One of the slaves of the high priest, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off, asked, "Did I not see you in the garden with him?" Again Peter denied it, and at that moment the cock crowed.

Reflection

My name is Simon. I am called Peter. I know my reputation - a loud-mouth, impetuous, an extrovert if you will. Sometimes I speak before I think. So when I get caught up in the emotion of a moment, when I feel enthusiastic and excited, I blurt out words. Yet on the other hand, when I am afraid and anxious, when bluster doesn't work, when words don't work, I struggle to say the right thing. I loved Jesus. I felt able to say what I thought to him. There were times I managed to say something helpful and once he blessed me for it - Blessed are you, Simon, son of John, he said. And there were other times I was wrong.

Once, when I said the wrong thing, it riled Jesus so much he told me to go to hell. Leading up to his death was a deeply anxious time. I could not believe that our little group was on the verge of falling apart, what with the strange behaviour Judas showed, and Jesus regularly talking about his crucifixion, the prospects for our little movement seemed dire. It seemed so wrong that something that was so good would end so soon and so brutally. At that last meal when Jesus spoke of going soon, I didn't get what he meant and, honestly, I couldn't face it, so I asked Jesus about it. And when I realised Jesus was going off to die, I asked why I couldn't follow. "I'll lay down my life for you," I said.

Then Jesus said to me the hardest thing I had ever heard him say, and he said it to me, to me - "Listen, listen," he said, "the cock won't crow till you've betrayed me three times" (John 13:36-38). I couldn't. I wouldn't. I never meant to. I am not really like that, am I. Remember when I was courageous. But have you ever been put under the spotlight, asked a question you didn't know how to answer, become so anxious that you spoke less than the whole truth, or times you exaggerated or denied or lied. In the moment, under pressure, in the spotlight.

There I was, sitting out there in the high priest's courtyard keeping warm by the fire while inside, I knew a terrible interrogation was in process, and then the woman asked me, three times. The cock crowed. The tears came. I knew. Yet he never let me go. He came to me. He stayed with me. He took me from being a fisher of fish to being fisher of people to being keeper of the keys to being shepherd of the flock. Even my betrayal, the worst kind of betrayal in the most needy situation, didn't stop Jesus from staying with me.

Prayer - God of love, we betray you often without realising. Yet you remain faithful. You stay with us. Thank you. In Christ, Amen.

Hymn

(tune: Were you there) CH4 403 -African-American spiritual

1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

3 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

3 Pilate

John 18:28-38a

Then they took Jesus from Caiaphas to Pilate's headquarters. It was early in the morning. They themselves did not enter the headquarters, so as to avoid ritual defilement and to be able to eat the Passover. So Pilate went out to them and said, "What accusation do you bring against this man?" They answered, "If this man were not a criminal, we would not have handed him over to you." Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and judge him according to your law." The Jews replied, "We are not permitted to put anyone to death." (This was to fulfill what Jesus had said when he indicated the kind of death he was to die.) 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 to the Jews. 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?"

Reflection

I am Pontius Pilate. As I look back, I realise just how hard it was to work out what was the right thing to do, and then to do it. I had pressure and expectations from all sides. My role was senior and with seniority comes limits on what people like me can do. As Roman Governor, I knew I had the last word. I could have saved Jesus if it had been possible. It's what I wanted to do and what I'd like to have done, but it just didn't seem possible. After interrogating Jesus, I decided that no wrong had been done and I said so. Sure

maybe he had committed some religious faux pas, but religion was nothing to me. And truth, well truth was for people who had time to worry about truth.

I was a busy man. My role was clear. As a colonial administrator it was to keep peace in the colonies at any price, and the last thing I wanted to do was to stir up a hornets' nest by making a martyr out of some local hero. It was only when it became clear that I would stir up an even nastier hornets' nest by setting the man free. In addition, it was pointed out that no true friend of Caesar's would ever be soft on a man who had set himself up as a king to rival Caesar, so I had to give in to the pressures. So I said, go ahead and crucify him if that's what you have your hearts set on. To be absolutely clear, I wanted no part in the dirty business, which is why I washed my hands of it.

Now to be sure, I could have done something good. I could have resisted the pressure, and told the chief priests to go away. I could have spared the man's life. Or at least the scourging and the appalling way he died. Or I could have spoken some word of comfort. But I didn't. It isn't so much what I did as what I didn't do. But can you understand the pressure I was under, the expectations and amidst it all, the need to keep the peace.

Prayer - We have been there God, feeling pressured to the point of compromise. Sensing what truth is, but feeling urged to sacrifice it for a greater good. We can hear the siren voices calling to us, even now. So we ask, keep us true to justice. Keep us true to your way. In Christ. Amen.

Choir "*It is finished*" John Stainer from *The Crucifixion*

4 The Crowd

John 18:38b-19:16a

After he had said this, he went out to the Jews again and told them, "I find no case against him. But you have a custom that I release someone for you at the Passover. Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?" They shouted in reply, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Now Barabbas was a bandit.

Then Pilate took Jesus and had him flogged. And the soldiers wove a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they dressed him in a purple robe. They kept coming up to him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and striking him on the face. Pilate went out again and said to them, "Look, I am bringing him out to you to let you know that I find no case against him." So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said to them, "Here is the man!" When the chief priests and the police saw him, they shouted, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and crucify him; I find no case against him." he Jews answered him, "We have a law, and according to that law he ought to die because he has claimed to be the Son of God."

Now when Pilate heard this, he was more afraid than ever. He entered his headquarters again and asked Jesus, "Where are you from?" But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate therefore said to him, "Do you refuse to speak to me? Do you not know that I have power to release you, and power to crucify you?" Jesus answered him, "You would have no power over me unless it had been given you from above; therefore the one who handed me over to you is guilty of a greater sin." From then on Pilate tried to release him, but the Jews cried out, "If you release this man, you are no friend of the emperor. Everyone who claims to be a king sets himself against the emperor." When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge's bench at a place called The Stone Pavement, or in Hebrew Gabbatha. Now it was the day of Preparation for the Passover; and it was about noon. He said to the Jews, "Here is your King!" They cried out, "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!" Pilate asked them, "Shall I crucify your King?" The chief priests answered, "We have no king but the emperor." Then he handed him over to them to be crucified.

Reflection

The Crowd

There were people among us whom Jesus had healed and treated with kindness. And yet at the crucial moment, here we were, among the crowing multitude demanding his death. We had given in to the demands for law and order. We had given in to those who spoke confidently of why he needed to be punished. We have done it before, and we have done it since. Name the offender, categorise the criminal, label the group, make them over there, a threat to us, a danger to us, a risk to us, and so we will, we bay for blood. Order requires someone be punished. The frenzied lynch mob. The crowd idly watching. The anonymity in numbers. Humanity at its worst. Failing to protect an innocent person. Remaining neutral in times of moral crisis.

Prayer

God of truth, give us insight into what tempts us when people aren't watching, when we feel anonymous, when we think we are lost in a group. And give us courage to face temptation. Share with us your own good Spirit to help us through, for the sake of Christ, in whom we pray. Amen.

Hymn

(tune: LM) CH4 384 - Alan Gaunt

1 The Love that clothes itself in light
stands naked now, despised, betrayed,
receiving blows to face and head
from hands that Love itself has made.

2 The Love that lifts the stars and sun
collapses, spent, beneath the cross;
the Love that fills the universe,
goes on to death and total loss.

3 Love, helpless, comes to Calvary,
rejected, scorned and crucified;
Love hangs in shame, and dies alone,
but Love abased, is glorified.

4 Extinguished with the sun at noon,
Love's light transcends all history;
Love, wrapped in linen, Love entombed,
still wraps all heaven in mystery.

5 Though Love is lost, Love finds us here;
though Love is absent, Love remains;
where Love is finished, Love begins;
where Love is dead, Love lives and reigns!

5 The family of Jesus

John 19:16b-30

So they took Jesus; and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written."

When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the

scripture says, "They divided my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots." And that is what the soldiers did.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Reflection

The family of Jesus

Even in the moment before death, Jesus concerns himself with his mother, and with the beloved disciple. There is a lot going on. The soldiers are dividing up his clothes. Passers-by are straining to make out the sign over his head. The chief priests are arguing. Through all that, Jesus looks at his mother. "Woman," he says--the same thing he called her before, at the wedding--"Woman, here is your son." Then he looks at the disciple standing beside her and says to him, "Here is your mother." From that hour, John says, the beloved disciple took Jesus' mother into his own home. As a widow, she would have been vulnerable but for this act. And she has felt things inside of her that they cannot even imagine. Perhaps that is why she stayed by her son while the others fled. Perhaps that is what allowed her to look full into the ruined face that no one but her (and her new son) could bear to see. While the powers believe they are tearing his family apart, Jesus is quietly putting it together again: this mother with this son, this past with this future. Although his enemies will succeed in killing him, the mother of the old becomes the mother of the new.

Prayer - The devastation of death. The supposed ending of hope. The closing down of life. The finishing. And yet, even here, in the valley, in the loss, in the ending, still there is love. Great God of life, we pray, may that love keep hold of us and those for whom we pray, now and always.

Silence

The Lord's Prayer

Anglican prayer book

**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.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the**

**glory are yours
now and forever. Amen.**

**E tō mātou Matua i te rangi
Kia tapu tōu Ingoa.
Kia tae mai tōu rangatiratanga.
Kia meatia tāu e pai ai
ki runga ki te whenua,
kia rite anō ki tō te rangi.**

Hōmai ki a mātou āiane
he taro mā mātou mō tēnei rā.
Murua ō mātou hara,
Me mātou hoki e muru nei
i ō te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.

Āua hoki mātou e kawea kia
whakawaia;
Engari whakaorangia mātou i te kino:
Nōu hoki te rangatiratanga, te kaha,
me te korōria, Āke āke āke. Āmine.

The Blessing

Hymn

CH4 775 - Taizé Community

Jesus, remember me
when you come into you kingdom.
Jesus, remember me
when you come into you kingdom.

We leave

Serving today

Minister - Kerry Enright (0274675542)
Associate Minister - Jordan Redding
Organist and Choir Director - Karen Knudson

In relation to your monetary offering, you may:

- *Make regular automatic payments (which are tax deductible) - contact Helen Thew at plannedgiving@knoxchurch.net*
- *Give online to the Church's bank account at 03 0903 0016425 00 - our charity number for tax rebate purposes is #CC52318*
- *Give before the service, into the offering boxes at the back of the church*

