

***“Cries for a Lost Homeland” -
A Service of Reflection for
Good Friday***

Welcome to St James, the parish Church of Bulkington. Thank you for joining us today, onsite or online. We are very glad to be with you.

Good Friday is the most solemn day of the Church's year. We enter into the darkness and dereliction of the cross as we contemplate Jesus. As today also makes clear, even in the midst of the horror of the cross, God's love is poured out in Jesus' death.

This service is being livestreamed so that as many as would like to can be part of our worship. The camera will only focus on those contributing to the service.

There will be no collection plate passed around today, but please give generously to support St James. You can

- Leave a cash donation (including brown envelopes) in the plate provided on your way in or out of Church
- Join the Parish Giving Scheme (please speak to Rev Charles about this)
- Online at <https://tinyurl.com/y5o6gncq> (the QR code will take you to this page)
- Make an electronic donation via bank transfer or standing order.

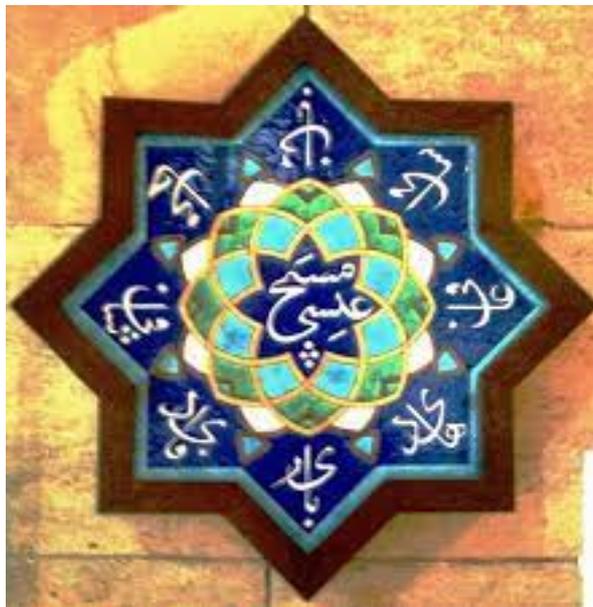


Some information about our worship today

As we come to the foot of the cross, our reflections today are drawn from Bishop Guli Francis-Dehqani's 2021 book *Cries for a Lost Homeland: Reflections on Jesus' Sayings from the Cross*.

Bishop Guli is the Bishop of Chelmsford. She was born in Iran to a family who were part of the tiny Anglican Church established by missionaries. As a child and a teenager, Bishop Guli witnessed the trauma of the Islamic Revolution of 1979, in which the Church and her family suffered great loss, including the murder of her brother. She was a refugee and came to the UK in 1980 at the age of 14.

In her reflections on Jesus' sayings from the cross, she draws on the riches and beauty of her native Persian culture and her experience of exile to reveal that in Christ all our stories find a homecoming.



A tile from St Luke's Church, Isfahan, central Iran. The calligraphy gives the name of Jesus Christ, along with eight descriptions of his character and being: founder; advocate; intermediary; servant; weight-bearer; lover; sacrifice; guide.

There is a Green Hill Far Away

sung by St Martin's Voices

- 1 There is a green hill far away,
 without a city wall,
 where the dear Lord was crucified,
 who died to save us all.

- 2 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.

- 3 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.

- 4 There was no other good enough
 to pay the price of sin;
 he only could unlock the gate
 of heaven, and let us in.

- 5 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 (née Humphreys) (1818-1895)

Opening Prayer

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.

All: Amen.

Reading – Luke 23:33-38

³³ When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. ³⁴ Then Jesus said, 'Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.' And they cast lots to divide his clothing. ³⁵ And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, 'He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!' ³⁶ The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, ³⁷ and saying, 'If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!' ³⁸ There was also an inscription over him, 'This is the King of the Jews.'

This is the word of the Lord

All: Thanks be to God.

Reflection – 'Father, forgive'

Were you There When They Crucified my Lord?

sung by St Martin's Voices

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when he rose from out the tomb?

American Spiritual

Silence for Reflection

Reading – Luke 23:39-43

³⁹ One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, 'Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!' ⁴⁰ But the other rebuked him, saying, 'Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation?' ⁴¹ And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.' ⁴² Then he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.' ⁴³ He replied, 'Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.'

This is the word of the Lord

All: Thanks be to God.

Reflection – 'Today you will be with me in Paradise'

○ sacred head sore wounded – J.S. Bach

sung by St Martin's Voices

○ sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
○ kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
○ countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore!

In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the cross of life.

*'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden' Paulus Gerhardt (1607-1676)
attributed after Arnuf von Loewen (1200-1250)*

translated Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

Silence for Reflection

Reading – Mark 15:33-38

³³ When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. ³⁴ At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, 'Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?' which means, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'" ³⁵ When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'Listen, he is calling for Elijah.' ³⁶ And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, 'Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down.' ³⁷ Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. ³⁸ And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom.

This is the word of the Lord

All: Thanks be to God.

Reflection – 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

When I survey the wondrous cross

sung by St Martin's Voices

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the cross of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them through his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
spreads o'er his body on the tree;
then am I dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Silence for Reflection

The Lord's Prayer

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

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

The Burial Gospel – John 19:38-42

³⁸ After these things, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews, asked Pilate to let him take away the body of Jesus. Pilate gave him permission; so he came and removed his body. ³⁹ Nicodemus, who had at first come to Jesus by night, also came, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, weighing about a hundred pounds. ⁴⁰ They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, according to the burial custom of the Jews. ⁴¹ Now there was a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the garden there was a new tomb in which no one had ever been laid. ⁴² And so, because it was the Jewish day of Preparation, and the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

Whilst the Gospel is being read, the cross is carried out. The service ends and we depart in quiet.

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