

St. Andrew's Hespeler Presbyterian Church

April 2nd, 2021

Good Friday

St. Andrew's Hespeler Presbyterian Church
73 Queen Street East,
Cambridge, ON N3C 2A9
519-658-2652

Rev. Scott McAndless: smcandless@standrewshespeler.ca

Email: office@standrewshespeler.ca

Prayer Requests: prayerchain@standrewshespeler.ca

Website: www.standrewshespeler.ca

Office Hours:

Monday, Wednesday, Friday 9am-12pm

Order of Online Worship for April 3. We will meet at 10:00 a2m on Zoom. The link will be posted on the church webpage an hour before. Our special music will be provided by Zoé McAndless

Call to Worship

L: Blessed be the name of the Lord our God,

P: who redeems us from sin and death.

L: For us and for our salvation,

P: Christ became obedient unto death, even death on a cross.

L: Blessed be the name of the Lord,

P: Now and forever.

Prayers

L: We come to the foot of your cross, Lord Jesus, and we weep with the disciples. With Mary, we ponder the mystery of your life and death. With those who witnessed your love in word and action, we proclaim the truth of who you are. We come to you this day, because you first came to us. We come to love you, because you first loved us. We come to serve you, because you first served us. We come to worship, humbled by your love for us, offering our love to you.

P: God of love and mercy, you sent Christ into the world so that we might have life and have it abundantly. Yet our lives are often less than you would have them be. We do not trust the power of your love. We have filled the world with violence and terror because we cannot trust the way of compassion and service. In the face of uncertainty and trouble, we give up on you

and one another. Forgive who we have been, amend who we are, and direct who we shall be for the sake of Christ, our Saviour and Lord.

L: What will separate us from the love of Christ? Hardship? Distress? Peril or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through the God who loves us. Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Let us rejoice that, no matter what is happening around us, no matter what we have done, God's deep love will never let us go.

Hymn #237 Oh come and mourn with me awhile

1. Oh come and mourn with me awhile;
oh come ye to the Saviour's side;
oh come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2. Have we no tears to shed for him, while
soldiers scoff and foes deride?
Ah! Look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3. Seven times he spoke, seven words of love,
and all three hours his silence cried,
"Forgive: they know not what they do."
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4. O love of God! O human sin!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
and victory remains with love:
for Christ, our Lord, is crucified.

Responsive Reading – Psalm 22 (Selected verses)

L: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from
the words of my groaning?

**P: O my God, I cry by day, but you do not
answer; and by night, but find no rest.**

L: Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of
Bashan surround me; they open wide their
mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring
lion.

**P: 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.**

L: 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.

**P: But you, O Lord, do not be far away! O my
help, come quickly to my aid!**

L: Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from
the power of the dog! Save me from the
mouth of the lion!

**P: From the horns of the wild oxen you have
rescued me.**

L: I will tell of your name to my brothers and
sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will
praise you:

**P: You who fear the LORD, praise him! All you
offspring of Jacob, glorify him; stand in awe
of him, all you offspring of Israel!**

Mark 14:66-72

⁶⁶While Peter was below in the courtyard,
one of the servant-girls of the high priest came
by. ⁶⁷When she saw Peter warming himself, she
stared at him and said, "You also were with
Jesus, the man from Nazareth." ⁶⁸But he denied
it, saying, "I do not know or understand what
you are talking about." And he went out into
the forecourt. Then the cock crowed. ⁶⁹And the
servant-girl, on seeing him, began again to say
to the bystanders, "This man is one of
them." ⁷⁰But again he denied it. Then after a
little while the bystanders again said to Peter,
"Certainly you are one of them; for you are a
Galilean." ⁷¹But he began to curse, and he
swore an oath, "I do not know this man you are
talking about." ⁷²At that moment the cock
crowed for the second time. Then Peter
remembered that Jesus had said to him,
"Before the cock crows twice, you will deny me
three times." And he broke down and wept.

Solo Vocalise by Rachmaninoff

Mark 15:33-41

³³When it was noon, darkness came over
the whole land until three in the
afternoon. ³⁴At 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?" ³⁵When some of
the bystanders heard it, they said, "Listen, he is
calling for Elijah." ³⁶And 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." ³⁷Then Jesus gave a loud cry and
breathed his last. ³⁸And the curtain of the
temple was torn in two, from top to
bottom. ³⁹Now when the centurion, who stood
facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his
last, he said, "Truly this man was God's Son!"

⁴⁰ There were also women looking on from a distance; among them were Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the younger and of Joses, and Salome. ⁴¹ These used to follow him and provided for him when he was in Galilee; and there were many other women who had come up with him to Jerusalem.



*** Hymn: #239 O sacred head, sore wounded**

1. O sacred head, sore wounded, with grief and
shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine
only crown;
how art thou pale with anguish, with sore abuse
and scorn;
how does that visage languish which once was
bright as morn.

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for
sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the
deadly pain;
lo, here I fall, my Saviour; 'tis I deserve thy
place;
look on me with thy favour; oh grant to me thy
grace.

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

Watching helplessly

Prayers for our community

Benediction