



BLACKSBURG PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
GOOD FRIDAY

March 29, 2024
7:00 p.m.

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Prelude: "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

Jenn Engelke and Judy McCord, handbells

arr. J. Wayne Kerr

❖ **Hymn 221:** "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

PASSION CHORALE

❖ **Welcome and Opening Prayer**

Rev. Sarah Wiles

Holy One,

we gather to worship you

even as we hear the ragged breathing of the one carrying the cross,

even as we hear him stumble and fall.

Give us strength to hear the story once again.

Do not let us turn away from this bleak reality.

Be with us, even in this darkness. Amen.

❖ **Hymn 216:** "Beneath the Cross of Jesus"

ST. CHRISTOPHER

Scripture

Rev. Emily Rhodes Hunter

Poem: "Apologies to All the People in Lebanon" by June Jordan

(June Jordan [1936–2002] was a Jamaican American poet, playwright, and essayist. She first visited Lebanon in the wake of the 1982 Sabra and Shatila massacre.)

Dedicated to the 600,000 Palestinian men, women, and children who lived in Lebanon from 1948-1983.

I didn't know and nobody told me and what
could I do or say, anyway?

They said you shot the London Ambassador
and when that wasn't true
they said so
what

They said you shelled their northern villages
and when U.N. forces reported that was not true
because your side of the cease-fire was holding
since more than a year before
they said so
what

They said they wanted simply to carve
a 25 mile buffer zone and then
they ravaged your
water supplies your electricity your
hospitals your schools your highways and byways all
the way north to Beirut because they said this
was their quest for peace

...

They said something about never again and then
they made close to one million human beings homeless
in less than three weeks and they killed or maimed
40,000 of your men and your women and your children

But I didn't know and nobody told me and what
could I do or say, anyway?

...

Yes, I did know it was the money I earned as a poet that
paid
for the bombs and the planes and the tanks
that they used to massacre your family

But I am not an evil person
The people of my country aren't so bad
You can expect but so much
from those of us who have to pay taxes and watch
American TV
You see my point;
I'm sorry.
I really am sorry.

Music for Reflection: "Cello Sonata No. 5 in E minor: Largo"
Henry Wyatt, cello

Antonio Vivaldi

Scripture

Poem: "We Would Never Sleep" by David Hernandez

(David Hernandez [b. 1971] is an American poet currently living in Long Beach, CA.)

We the people, we the one
times 320 million, I'm rounding up, there's really
too many grass blades to count,
wheat plants to tally, just see
the whole field swaying from here to that shy
blue mountain. Swaying
as in rocking, but also the other
definition of the verb: we sway, we influence,
we impress. Unless we're asleep,
the field's asleep, more a postcard
than a real field, portrait of the people
unmoved. You know that shooting last week?
I will admit the number dead
was too low to startle me
if you admit you felt the same,
and the person standing by you
agrees, and the person beside that person.
It has to be double digits,
don't you think? To really
shake up your afternoon? I'm troubled by
how untroubled I felt, my mind's humdrum
regarding the total coffins, five
if you care to know, five still
even if you don't. I'm angry
I'm getting used to it, the daily
gunned down, pop-pop on Wednesday,
Thursday's spent casings
pinging on the sidewalk. It all sounds
so industrial, there's nothing metal
that won't make a noise, I'm thinking every gun
should come with a microphone,
each street with loudspeakers
to broadcast their banging.
We would never sleep, the field
always awake, acres of swaying
up to that shy blue mountain, no wonder
why it cowers on the horizon, I mean
look at us, look with the mountain's eyes
we the people
putting holes in the people.

Litany of Lament and Confession

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our lament.

For those who are crucified with you, who've been shamed, shunned, threatened and killed because of who they love, how they love, how they look, where they're from.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our lament.

For those who like you have been forsaken, who've lost relationships, lost homes, lost hope, who don't even know where their next meal is coming from.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our lament.

For those who pray, "take this suffering from me," who live in fear... fear of the stranger, fear of scarcity, fear of violence, fear of death.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our lament.

(Silent Reflection)

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our confession.

Sometimes we've turned our eyes from the pain in ourselves or in our world.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our confession.

Sometimes we've blown up in rage because of all the hurt we see and can't fix, because of the ways we've been hurt, because of all we can't control

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our confession.

Sometimes we've been silent, afraid to risk, afraid to be vulnerable, afraid to move toward others instead of push away.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Hear our confession.

(Silent Reflection)

Assurance of Grace

Hymn 227: "Jesus, Remember Me"

(Repeat as directed)

REMEMBER ME

Scripture

Choral Anthem: "Seven Last Words of Christ"

Ben, Charlie, and Henry Wyatt, cello

Anna Quigley

O vos omnes qui transitas per viam attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.
O all you who pass this way look and see; is any sorrow like the sorrow that afflicts me?
Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.
Today you will be with me in Paradise.
Woman, behold your son. Behold your mother.
I thirst.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.
It is finished.

Scripture

Poem: "Book of Hours, III, 18" by Rainer Maria Rilke

(Rainer Maria Rilke [1875-1926] was an Austrian poet and novelist.)

You are the poor one, you the destitute.
You are the stone that has no resting place.
You are the diseased one
whom we fear to touch.
Only the wind is yours.

You are poor like the spring rain
that gently caresses the city;
like wishes muttered in a prison cell, without a world to hold them;
and like the invalid, turning in his bed to ease the pain.
Like flowers along the tracks, shuddering
as the train roars by, and like the hand
that covers our face when we cry – that poor.

Yours is the suffering of birds on freezing nights,
of dogs who go hungry for days.
Yours the long sad waiting of animals
who are locked up and forgotten.

You are the beggar who averts his face,
the homeless person who has given up asking;
you howl in the storm.

(Silent Reflection)

Hymn: Were You There

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 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?

(You are welcome to linger in prayer as long as you like. When you are ready to depart, please do so in silence.)



Citations: Opening Prayer by Jane O. Sorenson.

Scripture readings are selected verses from Mark 14-15 and Matthew 27, various translations.

Liturgies of Lament and Confession by The Many.

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