

19 April 2019
Good Friday

Minister: Rev Dr Robyn McPhail
Musician Clyde Foster

CROSSES ON THE HIGHWAY

As we drive along the highway
and we notice on the side
the occasional white wooden crosses
adorned with faded plastic flowers
and we wonder who had died.

We visualise the horror
the broken hearted mother
the memories that make her shudder
maybe to this day
she'll still recall
the futility of it all.

There is a hill that's called Golgotha
a ghastly haunting place
and two thousand years ago
that's where people used to go
to roughly crude made crosses
and they hang the poor unfortunates
to die in agony and disgrace.

That's where they took our Jesus
The jeering baying crowd
And his broken hearted mother
Plus all the ones he loved
Stood by and watched him suffer
As he called to them and to his God
Then took his last breath
His life for us, for all God's children
He gave.

Jean Andrewes
Easter April 2019

God's Death – Our Deaths

Hymn *Were you there when they crucified my Lord* WOV261



Prayer

God, we need a faith that is able to face
the suffering and terrifying brutality
of our world.

*We need a faith that is able to face the fear
that won't let a person see past the colour
of another person's skin.*

We need a faith that is able to face the horror of
hunger in a world that has enough
for everyone.

*We need a faith that won't avoid the reality
of death squads and the chilling
terror of torture.*

We need a faith that won't avoid the hardened
greed that sells millions of children into
the slavery of prostitution.

*We need a faith that can face the fact that you
can be killed by those who judge you a threat
to their order and welfare and piety.*

We need a faith that refuses the way of cynicism
and the despair of resignation, and sees
love and good in the world.

*We need a faith that is red with hope,
that leads to change and welcomes
freedom.*

Terry C. Falla, *Be our Freedom Lord*

Hymn *O sacred head, sore wounded* WOV255



Reading Psalm 22

¹⁻² God, God . . . my God!
Why did you dump me
miles from nowhere?

Doubled up with pain, I call to God
all the day long. No answer. Nothing.
I keep at it all night, tossing and turning.

³⁻⁵ And you! Are you indifferent, above it all,
leaning back on the cushions of Israel's praise?
We know you were there for our parents:
they cried for your help and you gave it;
they trusted and lived a good life.

⁶⁻⁸ And here I am, a nothing—an earthworm,
something to step on, to squash.
Everyone pokes fun at me;
they make faces at me, they shake their heads:

“Let’s see how GOD handles this one;
since God likes him so much, let *him* help him!”

⁹⁻¹¹ And to think you were midwife at my birth,
setting me at my mother’s breasts!
When I left the womb you cradled me;
since the moment of birth you’ve been my God.
Then you moved far away
and trouble moved in next door.
I need a neighbour.

¹²⁻¹³ Herds of bulls come at me,
the raging bulls stampede,
Horns lowered, nostrils flaring,
like a herd of buffalo on the move.

¹⁴⁻¹⁵ I’m a bucket kicked over and spilled,
every joint in my body has been pulled apart.
My heart is a blob
of melted wax in my gut.
I’m dry as a bone,
my tongue black and swollen.
They have laid me out for burial
in the dirt.

¹⁶⁻¹⁸ Now packs of wild dogs come at me;
thugs gang up on me.
They pin me down hand and foot,
and lock me in a cage—a bag
Of bones in a cage, stared at
by every passerby.
They take my wallet and the shirt off my back,
and then throw dice for my clothes.

¹⁹⁻²¹ You, GOD—don’t put off my rescue!
Hurry and help me!
Don’t let them cut my throat;
don’t let those mongrels devour me.
If you don’t show up soon,
I’m done for—gored by the bulls,
meat for the lions.

²²⁻²⁴ Here’s the story I’ll tell my friends when they come to worship,
and punctuate it with Hallelujahs:
Shout Hallelujah, you God-worshippers;
give glory, you sons of Jacob;
adore him, you daughters of Israel.
He has never let you down,
never looked the other way
when you were being kicked around.
He has never wandered off to do his own thing;
he has been right there, listening.

²⁵⁻²⁶ Here in this great gathering for worship
I have discovered this praise-life.
And I’ll do what I promised right here
in front of the God-worshippers.
Down-and-outers sit at GOD’s table
and eat their fill.
Everyone on the hunt for God
is here, praising him.
“Live it up, from head to toe.
Don’t ever quit!”

²⁷⁻²⁸ From the four corners of the earth
people are coming to their senses,

are running back to GOD.
Long-lost families
are falling on their faces before him.
GOD has taken charge;
from now on he has the last word.

²⁹ All the power-mongers are before him
—worshiping!
All the poor and powerless, too
—worshiping!
Along with those who never got it together
—worshiping!

³⁰⁻³¹ Our children and their children
will get in on this
As the word is passed along
from parent to child.
Babies not yet conceived
will hear the good news—
that God does what he says.

The Message, paraphrase by Eugene H. Peterson

Reflection Hymn *Broken the body*

Broken the body hanging on the cross
one with the criminal and thief
scattered the circle of disciples now
frozen in fear and grief.

Broken the body that is named your church,
fractured and faltering in deed,
losing our nerve to follow where you go,
bloodless, we watch you bleed.

Where is the unity among your friends,
hope for a world in disarray?
Many our voices in the market place,
many the tunes we play.

Tables and altars cannot hold your grace,
yet there are places for us all,
breaking the bread, we feel our broken life,
crumbled and weak and small.

Spirit, O Spirit of the living Christ,
open our eyes to what we do,
mend us and bend us to the shape of love,
one body, forged in you.

Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison,
Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison.

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Reflection [Rising from Bloodshed by Ann Gilroy](http://www.tuimotu.org) www.tuimotu.org



Hymn *On a cool and autumn dawn* Hope is Our Song 110

On a cool and autumn dawn,
as the sun awoke the eastern sky,
we decided you were such a risk,
we abandoned you to die –
on a cool and autumn dawn.

On a cool and autumn morn,
as the sun began to climb above,
we nailed you to a kauri beam,
as your wounded eyes spoke love –
on a cool and autumn morn.

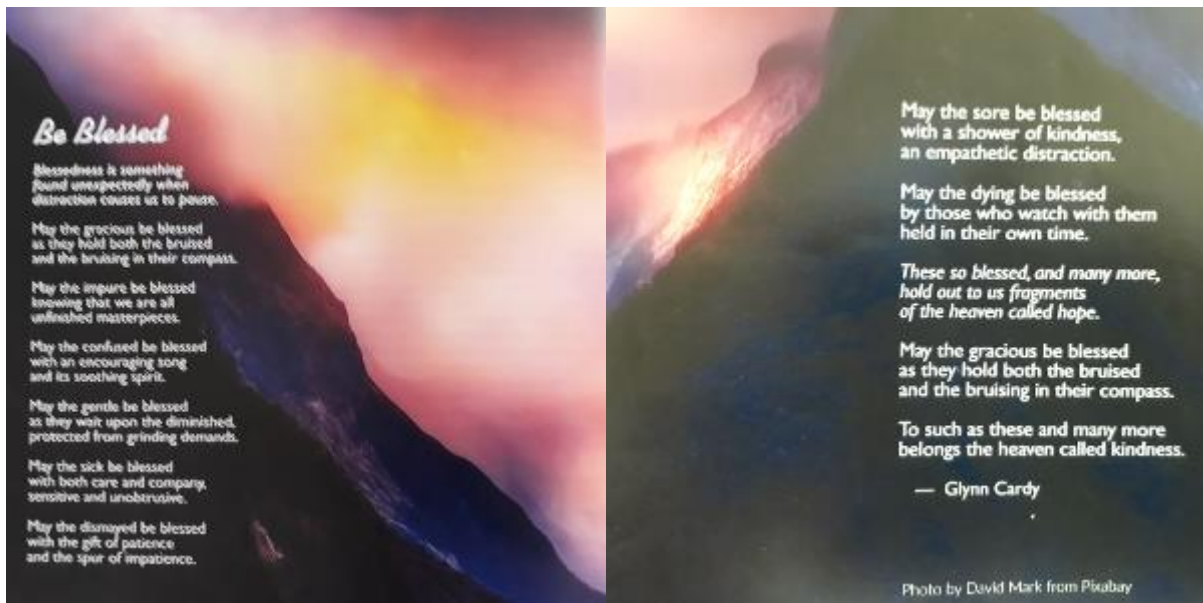
On a cool and autumn noon,
as the sun lit every watching face,
you forgave our cries of heartless hate
with compassion and with grace –
on a cool and autumn noon.

On a cool and autumn day,
as the sun began its western slide,
"It is finished!" came your cry of hope,
confident of Eastertide –
on a cool and autumn day.

On a cool and autumn eve,
in the fading light when hope seemed lost,
in the tomb we laid your mortal bones,
waiting for God's Pentecost –
on a cool and autumn eve.

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Be Blessed by Glyn Cardy www.tuimotu.org



Hymn *Two crosses* tune: Winchester New WOV264

The cross that once on Calvary's hill
an anguished broken body bore,
sheds light, stands bright in our night sky,
on this Pacific southern shore.

Amidst this human life of ours
the Calvary cross, a potent sign
of God, the persecuted one
whose love is ever life's design.

Amidst the constellations vast

the Southern Cross, a glorious sign
of Christ, the resurrected Lord,
transcending all of space and time.

Two crosses then: one dark with pain
revealing God on Calvary's hill,
the other, sign of light and hope
its word: Yes, God is with us still.

Christ is not locked in time gone by
nor out of reach in realms of space
These crosses tell us: Christ is here
believe, and know God face to face!

Norman E. Brookes

Blessing

Rise
in us
transforming
our hard edges
into humble, giving
ministers of love
Spirit of Life.

The *Tui Motu* team

Robyn McPhail, 19.04.2019

