

# twelvebaskets

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## **GOOD FRIDAY**

10th April 2020

A short act of worship for use in peoples homes  
while churches are closed.

A free resource funded by **twelvebaskets**.

For more information <https://theworshipcloud.com/terms/free-weekly-resource>

## Prayer

On this dreaded day dear Lord we come into your presence. We come to follow your journey, to grapple and seek understanding. We come with all our questions, with all our fears. But we come.

So breathe your spirit upon us we pray, that in these troubled times we might find hope as we worship you. Amen<sup>1</sup>

**Reading - Matthew 27:32-44** [Click for reading](#)

**Hymn 277 STF – My song is love unknown** [YouTube](#)

My song is love unknown, my Saviour's love to me;  
Love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.  
O who am I, that for my sake  
My Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne salvation to bestow;  
But they made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know:  
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
Who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way, and His sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day Hosannas to their King:  
Then "Crucify!" Is all their breath,  
And for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what has my Lord Done? What makes this rage and spite?  
He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight.  
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
Themselves displease, and gainst him rise.

They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save, the Prince of life they slay.  
Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,  
That He His foes from thence might free.

In life no house, no home, my Lord on earth might have;  
In death, no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.  
What may I say; Heaven was his home;  
But mine the tomb wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King, never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise  
I all my days Could gladly spend

**Reading - Matthew 27: 45 – 66** [Click for reading](#)

**Pause**

### **Reflection - Friday people**

In the space between death and what lay beyond.  
People were frightened and disconnected.  
Apart yet together.  
In denial, in mourning, at a loss about what to do next.  
Wondering what God was doing, why things had happened like they did.  
Asking how they would cope.  
Laying down all their anxiety and pain, not knowing if there was more to come.  
Hopes smashed

All the time God was there and what was to come was so very unexpected.  
Beyond belief and infinitely glorious.

In this space between what was our daily pattern and what lies beyond  
We sit  
Troubled and burdened by the vast problems the world faces  
Grieving for missed opportunities and life's rhythm  
Wondering what God is doing and why things are like they are  
Asking big questions  
Laying down all our pain and loss, our inability to predict the future about what happens next  
Fears real

All the time God is here.  
Faith enables us to glimpse that what's to come might be so astounding and new.  
No where near the same.  
Very likely unexpected.  
Beyond belief but infinitely glorious.<sup>2</sup>

**Pause** (maybe light a candle) and know that God is with us.

### **Hymn 287 STF - When I survey** [YouTube](#)

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.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

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?

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.

Were the whole realm of Nature mine, that were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all!

## **Blessing**

The cross is our symbol – a symbol of love.  
The cross is our symbol – a symbol of hope  
Let us carry that cross into a grieving world  
as a sign of the love and hope  
that God offers to all his children. Amen<sup>3</sup>

1 Prayers by Wayne Grewcock  
2 Reflection by Jane Bingham  
3 Blessing by Marjorie Dobson

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