

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee. *Refrain*
Refrain

- **Blessing and distribution of the Palm crosses**

Fr David McMillan

CONCLUDING PRAYER:

We give thanks, O God, for the amazing love of Jesus Christ - the love that was wounded for our transgressions;

The love that was tortured that we might know peace.

The love that was crucified that we might live forever.

The love that rightly demands our souls, our lives, our all.

Let us go into the world revealing that love in all its fullness. **Amen**

BENEDICTION

Go, blessed by the great love of God

embraced by the sacrificial love of Jesus Christ

sustained by the empowering love of the Holy Spirit.

(Service by Dorothy McCrae-McMahon used under license)

Easter Day Service Times:

Anglican. High St.

8am; Holy Communion.

11am ; H C

Roman Catholic. Chapel St. Mass 8:30 am

Baptist. Templeton St. 10:30 am.

Uniting Church. Fountain St. 11 am

Salvation Army. Kennedy St. Castlemaine. 11 am

Good Friday Service Maldon 2008



- **Call to Worship** (Rev Gordon Bannon)

Christ be with you!

And also with you!

- **Opening Sentences**

Christ, the one who bleeds, whose life is poured out,
joins the grieving in Godly vulnerability:

and we touch the wounds of this Christ born of our own frailty. We will stay here for this hour.

For God is with us, around us and within us.

Life and love are stronger than death. Thanks be to God! *

- **Hymn- When I survey the wondrous cross**

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 I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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.

- **Musical Item—Baptist Church—Julie and Gavin**

Responsive Reading—WE CAN HARDLY BEAR TO SEE 0 God, we can hardly bear to look at what lies around us. The pain of humankind and the faltering creation itself is too much for us. The people are fleeing our wars and violence. There is rape and torture, children lost and abused, hate and rejection of those who are different, starvation and cruelty with huge powers of oppression standing between us and justice. What will we do? Who will save us from ourselves?

A silence is kept and a red cloth is torn and placed in the centre

0 God, we turn away from the wonder of this planet which you gave to us for our well-being. It groans and struggles for survival. There is desecration of the land, and destruction of the forests. The air is sick, the waters are dying. The precious creatures which you gave to us for company gasp and die in distress. How can we restore the earth? When will we be reconciled with all around us?

A silence is kept and a bare dead branch is carried to the centre

0 God, our own lives carry the wounding of life. We are bowed down by things which seem too much for some, while others seem to go free. We grieve for our losses in illness and death, in separation and alienation from each other. We reel under hard choices and the dreadful burden of our mistakes. We sadly see where we have been on this journey and long for a new way before us.

Who will understand this our life? Who will comfort and forgive us?

A silence is kept

THIS IS THE TIME OF WAITING

Three days of waiting. Three moments of waiting. Three thousand, thousand years of waiting for an end to the grieving of the people.

- **Easter Reading from the Gospel.**



- **REFLECTION**
- **WE ARE JOINED BY THE CHRIST**

Hear the words of assurance: See, touch the wounded hands, put your hand in the bleeding side of the Christ. This, our God, lives within our grieving and even our dying. Come place all your grieving alongside the heart of Christ. **Christ have mercy.**

A large candle is lit and a bowl of fragrant oil is placed nearby

WE BELIEVE

God is present in the tomb of our waiting, creating the costly miracles of the victory of good, of love, of grace, of the restoration of all things. In the centre of our waiting the seeds of our salvation are announced in small signs, in small kindnesses, in humble courage, in lives of fragile hope, in faithfulness.

God is not defeated. Life is more powerful than death. This we believe. From this will we live.

OUR GRIEVING IS GATHERED INTO THE LIFE OF GOD

There will be beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning. There will be oil for our cherishing and oil for our healing, oil for our anointing and oil for our calling to the task.: God of eternity, in faith we leave these our grievings with you.

We will walk forward to a new day, the day of rising life. We will sing our songs of hope where hope is hard to find. Great is your faithfulness to us, 0 God of the ages of ages. Amen.

- **Hymn—Nearer my God to thee**

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee.

Refrain:

*Nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee!*

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone.
yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God to thee. *Refrain*

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee. *Refrain*