

**MOUNT WAVERLEY-CHADSTONE
INTERCHURCH COUNCIL**

WAY OF THE CROSS



GOOD FRIDAY 2019

**WELCOME TO ST JOHN'S UNITING CHURCH
MOUNT WAVERLEY**

REV SEMISI: In the name of the Father, and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit.

ALL: **Amen**

REV SEMISI: May the God of Hope bring you the fullness of
his peace, and may the Lord of Life be with you
always.

ALL: **And also with you.**

REV SEMISI : Together we are going to journey a short way
with Jesus, to remember his suffering, passion
and death. These stations are to remind us not
only of the unfailing love Jesus has for us, but
also that suffering and death are part of our
daily lives too.

Let us pray:

Lord, we ask you to guide us this morning as
we walk with you. Open our minds and hearts
so that we may follow you with generosity and
love, today and every day. Like your disciples
who were initially confused, afraid and unsure
how to proceed after your death, fill us with
your Holy Spirit so that we too may be
empowered and committed to live our lives
according to your Gospel of love.
In your holy name we pray.

ALL: **Amen.**

FIRST STATION: Anointing Jesus for burial.

Reader 1: Mark 14:1-9

While he was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at the table, a woman came with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment of nard, and she broke open the jar and poured the ointment on this head. But some were there who said to one another in anger, "Why was the ointment wasted in this way? For this ointment could have been sold for more than three hundred denarii, and the money given to the poor." And they scolded her. But Jesus said, "Let her alone; why do you trouble her? She has performed a good service for me. For you always have the poor with you, and you can show kindness to them whenever you wish; but you will not always have me. She has done what she could; she has anointed my body beforehand for burial. Truly I tell you, wherever the good news is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her."

Oil is poured on the feet of the one carrying the cross.

Reader 2: A reflection on the anointing of Jesus.

*She was judged by the way she worshipped you.
It was not the done thing. She was over the top.
The righteous disciples condemned her
and criticised you, too because
you accepted her gift with gratitude.*

*You said her name would be remembered
wherever your word was preached,
but was her name remembered?
Of course not. She was seen as an interloper,
a woman of doubtful reputation
whose emotions ran out of control.*

*Today, I look at her and her love for you.
I look at you and the way you knew
what was in her beautiful heart.
Then I look at myself and wonder
at the judgements I place
on people who worship you
in much the same way as she did.*

*I can spend a whole day
reflecting on that.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, you came to serve and to pour out your life for all who are lost and forgotten. Like the woman who anointed you for burial, give us courage to pour out our own lives in the service of your love.

Hear our prayer that the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following chant is sung by the gathered company, singing repetitively until the next station is reached.

*Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.*

SECOND STATION: Jesus prays in Gethsemane.

Reader 1: Mark 14:32-42.

They went to a place called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, "Sit here while I pray." He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be distressed and agitated. And he said to them, "I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and keep awake. And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. He said, "Abba, Father, for you all things are possible; remove this cup from me; yet not what I want, but what you want." He came and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter. "Simon, are you asleep? Could you not keep awake one hour? Keep awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to say to him. He came a third time and said to them, "Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Enough! The hour has come; the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand."

The one carrying the cross kneels in submission, with hands outstretched in surrender.

Reader 2: A reflection on Jesus at Gethsemane.

*This was the time of bitter struggle.
Not the scourging, not the cross.
By then the inner agony was over
and you were ready for the tunnel of pain
that would lead to the open tomb.*

*It was here in this garden of sorrows
that you fought for the life you had worn
as lightly as a cloak, all these years.*

*You had talked of the tomorrow
but now that the time was near,
you wanted to hold onto incarnation:
the love of friends, the smell of wood-smoke,
the taster of fresh bread and wine,
warm days by the shore of the lake,
all of these were suddenly precious.*

What if your decision had been reversed?

Where would we all be now?

*Yours was the old struggle of gain and loss,
comfort and suffering, self and other,
but you took the thorns to heart
before they became your crown
and you said, "Your will be done."*

*So when it was time to walk
through that tunnel of pain,
you carried with you the larger gifts
of compassion and forgiveness
that have become ours.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, your obedience to your Father was perfect, despite the fear, the abandonment, the aloneness. Help us to be obedient to your will and to be awake to the opportunities to be your face to a broken world.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.
Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following chant is sung by the gathered company, singing repetitively until the next station is reached.

*Stay here, keep watch with me,
watch and pray.
watch and pray.*

THIRD STATION: The betrayal and arrest of Jesus.

Reader 1: Mark 14:43-50

Immediately, while he was still speaking, Judas, one of the twelve, arrived; and with him there was a crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders. Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "The one I will kiss is the man; arrest him and lead him away under guard." So when he came, he went up to him at once and said, "Rabbi!" and kissed him. Then they laid hands on him and arrested him. But one of those who stood near drew his sword and struck the slave of the high priest, cutting off his ear. Then Jesus said to them, "Have you come out with swords and clubs to arrest me as though I were a bandit? Day after day I was with you in the temple teaching, and you did not arrest me. But let the scriptures be fulfilled." All of them deserted him and fled.

The one carrying the cross receives the kiss of betrayal.

Reader 2: A reflection on the betrayal of Jesus.

*Poor Judas. He did a rotten thing
and we've never let him forget it.
Maybe he was afraid that Jesus
had strayed too far from orthodox teaching.*

*Maybe he was afraid that his master
would get them all killed.*

Who knows what was in his mind?

All we know for certain is that fear is the great enemy of love.

*So poor Judas betrayed his Lord
with a kiss, the mark of friendship,
and then in bitter regret, followed him
out of this world, leaving behind
a legacy of hate from a Church founded on love and
forgiveness.*

*We all do it. Year after year, we project
our own fears and betrayals on Judas,
and in doing that, we fail to hear
the compassionate voice of Jesus
saying of Judas and of us,
"Father forgive them. They know not what they do."*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, for our sake you gave yourself into the hands of violent men. Forgive us when we, ourselves, are guilty of violence. Forgive us when we are apathetic to the needs of the poor and dispossessed. In your mercy, help us to see that in what we do to betray these little ones, we also betray you.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following chant is sung repetitively by the gathered company until the next station is reached.

*O Lord, hear our prayer
O Lord, hear our prayer.
When we call answer us.
O Lord hear our prayer.
O Lord hear our prayer.
Come and listen to us.*

FOURTH STATION: Jesus before Pilate.

Reader 1: Mark15: 1-15

As soon as it was morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. Pilate asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?" He answered him, "You say so." Then the chief priests accused him of many things. Pilate asked him again, "Have you no answer? See how many charges they bring against you." But Jesus made no further reply, so that Pilate was amazed.

Now at the festival he used to release a prisoner for them, anyone for whom they asked. Now a man called Barabbas was in prison with the rebels who had committed murder during the insurrection. So the crowd came and began to ask Pilate to do for them according to his custom. Then he answered them, "Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?" For he realised that it was out of jealousy that the chief priests had handed him over. But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas for them instead. Pilate spoke to them again. "Then what do you wish me to do with the man your call the King of the Jews?"

They shouted back, "Crucify him!" Pilate asked them "Why, what evil has he done?" But they shouted all the more, "Crucify him!" So Pilate wishing to satisfy the crowd, released Barabbas to them, and after flogging Jesus, he handed him over to be crucified.

*The one carrying the cross lifts his hand to make the
"V" sign of peace.*

Reader 2: A reflection on the trial of Jesus.

*An innocent man comes before judges
who have already decided on a verdict.
There is no one to defend this man.
One of his friends betrayed him,
one will deny him. And the others
are paralysed with fear.*

*He is taken to the governor,
while the people shout, "Crucify him!"
and the crowd swarm like bees from a hive,
stinging him with every poisonous thought,
word and deed they've ever heard.*

Crucify him!

*He bows his head.
He has taken upon himself
the history of the howling crowd,
evil posing as righteousness,
the powerful taking from the weak,
greed pretending to be democracy.
The eyes of this man hold
the crucifixions of the entire world.*

*I meet his gaze with a sorrowing heart,
When did I last notice his wounds
in my sisters and my brothers?*

*When did I object to media headlines
that shouted, "Crucify him! Crucify her!"
What action can I take now?*

*I look into his pain-filled eyes and ask,
Lord Jesus Christ, son of the living God,
tell me, what should I do?*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, you were willing to take your vision of non-violent resistance and peace even to the cross. By so doing, you suffered the vilification and condemnation of those who believed only in the *Pax Romana*, the peace that is enforced with weapons. In your mercy, give us courage to resist as you did: to love even our enemies, and to pray for those who persecute us.

Hear our prayer that the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there is hatred let me bring your love,
where there is injury, your pardon Lord,
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.*

*O Master grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved as to love with all my soul.*

*Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there's despair let me bring hope,
where there is darkness, let me bring light,
and where there's sadness every joy.*

THE FIFTH STATION: The mocking of Jesus.

Reader 1: Mark 15:16-20

Then the soldiers led him into the courtyard of the palace (that is the governor's headquarters); and they called together the whole cohort. And they clothed him in a purple cloak, and after twisting some thorns into a crown, they put it on him. And they began saluting him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" They struck his head with a reed, spat upon him, and knelt down in homage to him. After mocking him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him out to crucify him.

*The one carrying the cross is robed in purple and a crown
of thorns is placed on his head.*

Reader 2: A reflection on the mockery of Jesus.

*They draped a floor-length cloak round his shoulders;
purple it was, a rich, deep, regal colour
and they fashioned a crown out of thorns
and forced it onto his head.*

*It was their way of mocking this so-called King,
the sovereign they did not recognize,
their making fun of him a mask to live behind,
hiding their need to question the validity of the trial.*

*They were enjoying it now, laughter hiding their insecurities,
concealing their personal doubts,
helping disclaim responsibility for what they'd been ordered to do,
the torture concealed behind a joke:
somehow it made it acceptable.*

*"King of the Jews" was carved on the sign
they finally stick above his head
but nobody really dared to believe he might be.*

*It was all a bit of a joke:
best not to question
whether they believed
what they were laughing at.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, when we accept the mockery of those who deride our faith, laughing at jokes about those who follow your Way, forgive us, give us the courage to stand tall in the face of society's mockery.

Hear our prayer that we and the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*When his time was over the palms lay where they fell.
As they ate together he told his friends farewell.
Jesus, though you cried out for some other end,
love could only choose a cross
when our life began again.*

*Secretly they planned it, with money changing hands;
in the quiet garden a kiss betrayed their man.
Priests and elders tried him. Soldiers crowned him king.
We were in the crowd that day
when our life began again.*

*Women wept to see him; he said, "Don't weep for me."
Many laughed and mocked him: "Forgive them they don't see."
Jesus, please forgive me, you know what I am;
I was one who nailed your hands
when our life began again.*

THE SIXTH STATION: Simon of Cyrene shoulders the cross of Jesus.

Reader 1: Mark 15:21-24.

They compelled a passer-by, who was coming in from the country, to carry his cross; it was Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus. Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means the place of the skull). And they offered him wine mixed with myrrh, but he did not take it. And they crucified him and divided his clothes among them, casting lots to decide what each should take.

The one carrying the cross stumbles. It is taken by another.

Reader 2: A reflection on taking up our cross.

*"Here, you-
carry this cross"
they said.*

*I didn't have much of a choice,
feared for my life if I refused:
best not to argue when a Roman's pointing a spear at you.*

*He couldn't carry it one more step, the Christ;
that much was clear:
the strength was all beaten out of him,
not the courage, mind,
he still had oceans of that,
but the stamina, power, physical strength
to carry that gallows across his back:
all that was gone.*

*So I carried it:
the heaviness impressed itself on me,
the weight of the wood digging into my back,
deadening the muscles across my neck,
bruising my shoulders with punishing pain
and all the while the hot sun burned down on us.*

*The crowds were jeering, taunting, mocking me,
making me feel a perpetrator of the crime,
but I was just an innocent bystander
dragged unwittingly centre stage
into an awful moment in history.*

*I watched him stumbling bravely on
without a word of complaint,
completely broken in every way,
but beaten in spirit – never!*

*It was a privilege
to shoulder his cedar tree cross:
though I was carrying his cross
he was carrying far more.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, you have called us to deny ourselves, to take up our own crosses and follow you. “Those who want to preserve their lives will lose them” you tell us, “but those who are willing to lose themselves for love of me and the gospel, will gain themselves anew”. In your mercy, give us courage to let go of our plans, whether for wealth or poverty, for greatness or obscurity. Help us, like Simon of Cyrene, to let go of ourselves so that, in carrying your cross, we can become who **you** want us to be.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*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.*

*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.*

THE SEVENTH STATION: Jesus is crucified.

Reader 1: Mark 15:25-32

It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him. The inscription of the charge against him read, “The King of the Jews”. And with him they crucified two bandits, one on his right and one on his left.

Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!" In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking him among themselves and saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, to that we may see and believe." Those who were crucified with him also taunted him.

Nails are driven into the cross as a sign of the crucifixion.

Reader 2: A reflection on the crucifixion.

*My God, does it have to be crucifixion?
Death, yes, Sacrifice, maybe. But is it necessary
to have every detail of this man's service
scribbled out as in a child's drawing?
Nails through hands that healed the sick,
fed crowds and turned water into wine.*

*A spike crippling feet that walked
many miles in humility and obedience.
A sword piercing a heart that beat
in love for the world. And the thorns!
Why a crown of thorns for such a king?
Does every part of this beautiful life
need to be cancelled as though
it never existed? Why, God? Why?*

*Three days is too long to wait
for an answer.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, here we stand again before your cross. Here again we behold the immense vulnerability of the divine compassion. In your mercy, help us to own this love for ourselves, to accept your astonishing gift and bear it in our lives wherever we go, and to whomever we are sent, that we ourselves, in everything that we say and do, might be bright icons for Jesus in the midst of our darkening world.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.
Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*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 nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they nailed him to the tree?*

THE EIGHTH STATION: Jesus talks to the penitent thief .

Reader 1: Luke 23:39-43

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong". The he said, "Jesus

remember me when you come into your kingdom” He replied “Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise”.

Reader 2: A reflection on the compassion of Jesus.

Only Luke includes the account of the penitent thief on the cross who asks Jesus to remember him. The response of Jesus to this man, in the midst of his own suffering and persecution, demonstrates so powerfully, the extent to which the loving, serving grace of Christ reaches, and the extent to which we are called to serve and love others in Christ’s name.

Let us pray:

Lord, your compassion is absolute. Your promise of redemption is grace indeed. We pray that we might follow in your Way, always on the path to your Kingdom of justice and joy, compassion and peace.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.
Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.*

THE NINTH STATION: Mary at the Cross.

Reader 1: John 19:25-27

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, “Woman, here is your son.” Then he said to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

Reader 2: A reflection on the mother of Jesus.

*Holy Mary,
your life was nailed to the cross with his,
and when his heart was pierced with a sword
the blade entered your heart as well,
for the pain of the child is also the mother’s.
Holy Mary be with all women
who suffer the loss of their children.*

*Holy Mary,
God appointed you
to be the bearer of Truth beyond human words,
and you, understanding the language of the heart,
gave a simple yes, to Truth’s messenger.
Holy Mary, be with all those
who are afraid of both yes and no.*

*Holy Mary,
you gave your body and blood
to bring Christ into the world.
In you is presaged all the sacraments
and through you they came into being.
Holy Mary, may we stand with you
at the cross this Easter journey.*

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus Christ, many of us have certainly known this same helplessness. To watch the pain or anxiety of someone we love is harder, sometimes, than to bear our own pain. In your mercy, help us to share the sorrow and suffering of others and to realise that we are not so different from one another and that we can carry the cross together.

Hear our prayer that we and all the world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*At the cross her station keeping,
Mary stood in sorrow weeping,
when her Son was crucified.*

*While she waited in her anguish,
seeing Christ in torment languish,
bitter sorrow pierced her heart.*

*With what pain and desolation,
with what noble resignation,
Mary watched her dying Son.*

*Who, that sorrow contemplating,
on that passion meditating,
would not share in Mary's grief?*

*At the cross, your sorrow sharing,
all your grief and torment bearing,
let me stand and mourn with you.*

THE TENTH STATION: The death of Jesus

Reader 1: Mark 15:33-39

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At 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?" When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, "Listen, he is calling for Elijah." And 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." Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last.

And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. Now 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!"

Reader 2: A Reflection on the death of Jesus.

My God, does it have to be crucifixion?
Death, yes. Sacrifice. But is it necessary to have every detail of this man's service scribbled out as in a child's drawing? Nails through hands that healed the sick, fed crowds and turned water into wine. A spike crippling feet that walked many miles in humility and obedience. A sword piercing a heart that beat in love for the world. And the thorns! Why a crown of thorns for such a king? Does every part of this beautiful life need to be cancelled as though it never existed? Why, God? Why?
Three days is too long to wait for an answer.

Let us pray:

Jesus, your last breath was given for us. When we find ourselves forsaken, betrayed, abandoned – help us to remember that you have walked this darkened road and that you walk beside us in our dark nights of the soul. This is comfort and strength indeed and as we receive this grace, we too can say with the centurion, "Truly this man was God's Son!"

Hear our prayer that the pain that we and the world carry, may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

As we walk together, the following hymn is sung by the gathered company:

*Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when they pierced him in the side?*

*Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;
were you there when the sun refused to shine?*

*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?*

THE ELEVENTH STATION: The burial of Jesus.

Reader 1: Mark 15:42-47

When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council, who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate wondered if he were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he had been dead for some time. When he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. Then Joseph bought a linen cloth, and taking down the body, wrapped it in linen cloth, laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock.

He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus saw where the body was laid.

Reader 2: A reflection on the tomb.

*Lord, that burial cave in the rock
scarcely had time to get used to you,
before the stone was rolled away
and it was filled with the light
of your resurrection.*

*For me, it took much longer.
My little crucifixion had no room
for forgiveness and my darkness
was full of bitter thoughts
that I wrapped around myself as a shroud.*

*I did not see my small dying
as a letting go for something greater.
I was a victim. My hurt was my identity.
I thought that if I stayed in my tomb
I could remind friend and foe alike
of how badly I'd been treated.*

*The only problem with that is
there's no life, no light in a tomb.
So in the end, I took your hand
and let you led me out,
on the way of forgiveness.*

*And it's true, it's really true!
Forgiveness rolls away the stone,
flooding the tomb with light.*

Let us pray:

Holy God, we pray that you will give us the grace of forgiveness that each of us and the whole world may be healed.

Lord hear our prayer.

SENDING FORTH AND BLESSING.

Hymn: Great is your faithfulness, O God my Father,
in you no shadow of turning we see;
you never fail and your love is unchanging;
as you have been you forever will be.

*Great is your faithfulness,
great is your faithfulness,
morning by morning new mercies we see;
all we have needed your hand has provided;
great is your faithfulness, Lord God, to me.*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
join with all nature in unspoken witness
to your great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Refrain:

Pardon for sin and a peace that's enduring,
your living presence to cheer and to guide,
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow -
these are the blessing your love will provide.

Refrain:

Rev Semisi: May the peace of God, which passes all
understanding, keep your hearts and minds in
the knowledge and love of God, Father, Son
and Holy Spirit.

All: Amen

Rev Julie: Go in peace to love and serve the world.

All: In the name of Christ. Amen.

*Thank you to everyone who has contributed to this
service and walked, sang and prayed the
Stations of the Cross in the true spirit of unity in
Christ's name.*

**In the spirit of fasting at Lent, you are invited to
join in simple refreshments in the hall.**

*This Order of Service has been prepared from past orders of
service prepared by members of the Mount Waverley-
Chadstone Interchurch Council. We are particularly indebted
to Rev Dr Garry J. Deverell for his 2006 liturgy.*

*We are also indebted to Mt Waverley artist Paul Gahan for
allowing us to reproduce his beautiful paintings on our
banners. Our thanks also to St John's Uniting Church
member Ian Bock for his fine photography of Paul's
paintings.*

The chants are by Jacques Berthier of the Taizé Community in France.

“When I survey the Wondrous Cross” is by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

“At the Cross Her Station Keeping” is by Jacapone da Todi, 1230-1306, trans. by Anthony C. Petti, 1932-1985 Adapted

“Were you there when they crucified my Lord” is an African-American spiritual arr. Francis Brotherton Westerbroke 1903-75.

“When his time was over” is by Robin Mann 1949-

“Great is your faithfulness” is by Thomas Obadiah Chisholm 1866-1960 alt.

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