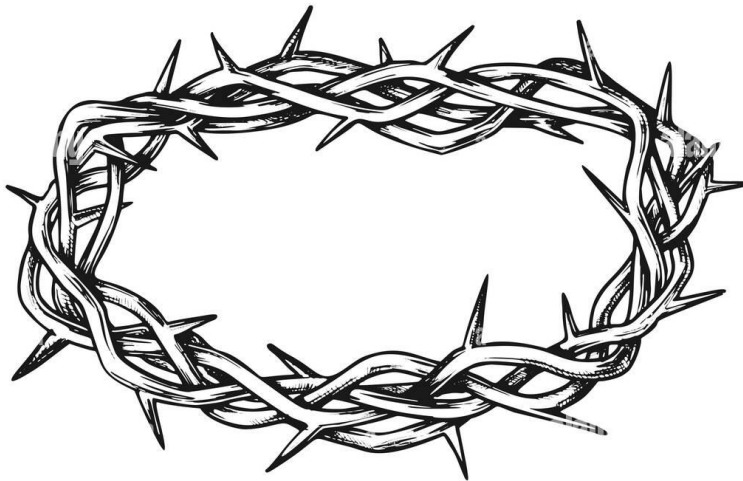


THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Good Friday

ST. PAUL'S ON THE GREEN | APRIL 7, 2023 - 12:00PM



ABOUT THE ST. PAUL'S STATIONS OF THE CROSS

The Stations of the Cross here at St. Paul's were created by area artist Gwyneth Leech in 2005 and serve to focus our reflections on the Passion of Jesus as interpreted through the lens of the many kinds of suffering that take place in the modern world.

ABOUT THE POETRY USED IN TODAY'S SERVICE

This service incorporates a sequence of sonnets for the Stations of the Cross by the English poet Malcolm Guite. They come from his collection Sounding the Seasons.

THE OPENING PRAYERS

Blessed be God, forever and ever.

Amen.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy.

THE COLLECT

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Let us pray.

Assist us mercifully with your help, O Lord God of our salvation, that we may enter with joy upon the contemplation of those mighty acts, whereby you have given us life and immortality; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

*For this service, please join the Officiant as we travel to each Station,
or you may pray from your seat.*

The gathering moves to the first station while singing

THE HYMN IN PROCESSION

1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Mar - y stood in
sor - row weep - ing, When her son was cru - ci - fied.

Words: Latin, 13th cent.; ver. Hymnal 1982 © 1985 Church Publishing, Inc.
Music: Stabat Mater dolorosa, melody from Maintzisdh Gesangbuch, 1661

THE FIRST STATION: JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from Mark 15

As soon as it was morning, the chief priests, with the elders and scribes, and the whole council, held a consultation; and they bound Jesus and led him away and delivered him to Pilate. And they all condemned him and said, "He deserves to die." When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus out and sat down on the judgment seat at a place called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha. Then he handed Jesus over to them to be crucified.

POEM

The very air that Pilate breathes, the voice
With which he speaks in judgment, all his powers
Of perception and discrimination, choice,
Decision, all his years, his days and hours,
His consciousness of self, his every sense,
Are given by this prisoner, freely given.
The man who stands there making no defense,
Is God. His hands are tied, His heart is open.
And he bears Pilate's heart in his and feels
That crushing weight of wasted life. He lifts
It up in silent love. He lifts and heals.
He gives himself again with all his gifts
Into our hands. As Pilate turns away
A door swings open. This is judgment day.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: Mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION *sung by the Cantor and Congregation*

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

THE SECOND STATION: JESUS TAKES UP HIS CROSS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from John 19, Hebrews 5, Isaiah 53, Revelation 5

Jesus went out, bearing his own cross, to the place called the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew, Golgotha. Although he was a Son, he learned obedience through what he suffered. Like a lamb he was led to the slaughter; and like a sheep that before its shearers is mute, so he opened not his mouth. Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing.

POEM

He gives himself again with all his gifts
And now we give him something in return.
He gave the earth that bears, the air that lifts,
Water to cleanse and cool, fire to burn,
And from these elements he forged the iron,
From strands of life he wove the growing wood,
He made the stones that pave the roads of Zion
He saw it all and saw that it is good.
We took his iron to edge an axe's blade,
We took the axe and laid it to the tree,
We made a cross of all that he has made,
And laid it on the one who made us free.
Now he receives again and lifts on high
The gifts he gave and we have turned awry.

THE COLLECT

Let us pray.

Almighty God, whose beloved Son willingly endured the agony and shame of the cross for our redemption: Give us courage to take up our cross and follow him; who lives and reigns for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

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

THE THIRD STATION: JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Philippians 2:6-11

Christ Jesus, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped; but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, and was born in human likeness. And being found in human form he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross. Therefore, God has highly exalted him, and bestowed on him the name which is above every name. Come, let us bow down, and bend the knee, and kneel before the Lord our Maker, for he is the Lord our God.

POEM

He made the stones that pave the roads of Zion
And well he knows the path we make him tread
He met the devil as a roaring lion
And still refused to turn these stones to bread,
Choosing instead, as Love will always choose,
This darker path into the heart of pain.
And now he falls upon the stones that bruise
The flesh, that break and scrape the tender skin.
He and the earth he made were never closer,
Divinity and dust come face to face.
We flinch back from his *via dolorosa*,
He sets his face like flint and takes our place,
Staggers beneath the black weight of us all
And falls with us that he might break our fall.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

O God, you know us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright: Grant us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Ever patient in her yearning,
though her tear-filled eyes were burning,
Mary gazed upon her Son.

THE FOURTH STATION: JESUS MEETS HIS AFFLICTED MOTHER

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from Isaiah 40, Matthew 5, Isaiah 60

To what can I liken you, to what can I compare you, O daughter of Jerusalem? What likeness can I use to comfort you, O virgin daughter of Zion? For vast as the sea is your ruin. Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. The Lord will be your everlasting light, and your days of mourning shall be ended.

POEM

This darker path into the heart of pain
Was also hers whose love enfolded him
In flesh and wove him in her womb. Again
The sword is piercing. She, who cradled him
And gentled and protected her young son
Must stand and watch the cruelty that mars
Her maiden making. Waves of pain that stun
And sicken pass across his face and hers
As their eyes meet. Now she enfolds the world
He loves in prayer; the mothers of the disappeared
Who know her pain, all bodies bowed and curled
In desperation on this road of tears,
All the grief-stricken in their last despair,
Are folded in the mantle of her prayer.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

O God, who willed that in the passion of your Son a sword of grief should pierce the soul of the Blessed Virgin Mary his mother: Mercifully grant that your Church, having shared with her in his passion, may be made worthy to share in the joys of his resurrection; who lives and reigns for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

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

THE FIFTH STATION: THE CROSS IS LAID ON SIMON OF CYRENE

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from Luke 23, Mark 8, Matthew 11

As they led Jesus away, they came upon a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, who was coming in from the country, and laid on him the cross to carry it behind Jesus. "If anyone would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

POEM

In desperation on this road of tears
Bystanders and bypassers turn away
In other's pain we face our own worst fears
And turn our backs to keep those fears at bay
Unless we are compelled as this man was
By force of arms or force of circumstance
To face and feel and carry someone's cross
In Love's full glare and not his backward glance.
So Simon, no disciple, still fulfilled
The calling: 'take the cross and follow me'.
By accident his life was stalled and stilled
Becoming all he was compelled to be.
Make me, like him, your pressed man and your priest,
Your alter Christus, burdened and released.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Heavenly Father, whose blessed Son came not to be served but to serve: Bless all who, following in his steps, give themselves to the service of others; that with wisdom, patience, and courage, they may minister in his Name to the suffering, the friendless, and the needy; for the love of him who laid down his life for us, your Son our Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Christ she saw, for our salvation,
scourged with cruel acclamation,
bruised and beaten by the rod.

THE SIXTH STATION: A WOMAN WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Isaiah 53:2-5

We have seen him without beauty or majesty, with no looks to attract our eyes. He was despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised, and we esteemed him not. His appearance was so marred, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond that of the children of men. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that made us whole, and with his stripes we are healed.

POEM

Bystanders and bypassers turn away
And wipe his image from their memory
She keeps her station. She is here to stay
And stem the flow. She is the reliquary
Of his last look on her. The bloody sweat
And salt tears of his love are soaking through
The folds of her devotion and the wet
Folds of her handkerchief, like the dew
Of morning, like a softening rain of grace.
Because she wiped the grime from off his skin,
And glimpsed the godhead in his human face
Whose hidden image we all bear within,
Through all our veils and shrouds of daily pain
The face of god is shining once again.

COLLECT

O God, who before the passion of your only-begotten Son revealed his glory upon the holy mountain: Grant to us that we, beholding by faith the light of his countenance, may be strengthened to bear our cross, and be changed into his likeness from glory to glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Christ she saw with life-blood failing,
all her anguish unavailing,
saw him breathe his very last.

THE SEVENTH STATION: JESUS FALLS A SECOND TIME

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Isaiah 53:6-7

Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. For the transgression of my people was he stricken.

POEM

Through all our veils and shrouds of daily pain,
Through our bruised bruises and re-opened scars,
He falls and stumbles with us, hurt again
When we are hurt again. With us he bears
The cruel repetitions of our cruelty;
The beatings of already beaten men,
The second rounds of torture, the futility
Of all unheeded pleading, every scream in vain.
And by this fall he finds the fallen souls
Who passed a first, but failed a second trial,
The souls who thought their faith would hold them whole
And found it only held them for a while.
Be with us when the road is twice as long
As we can bear. By weakness make us strong.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Almighty and everliving God, in your tender love for the human race you sent your Son our Savior Jesus Christ to take upon him our nature, and to suffer death upon the cross, giving us the example of his great humility: Mercifully grant that we may walk in the way of his suffering, and also share in his resurrection; who lives and reigns for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

**Mary, fount of love's devotion,
let me share with true emotion
all the sorrow you endured.**

THE EIGHTH STATION: JESUS MEETS THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Luke 23:27

There followed after Jesus a great multitude of the people, and among them were women who bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning to them said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.”

POEM

He falls and stumbles with us, hurt again
But still he holds the road and looks in love
On all of us who look on him. Our pain
As close to him as his. These women move
Compassion in him as he does in them.
He asks us both to weep and not to weep.
Women of Gaza and Jerusalem,
Women of every nation where the deep
Wounds of memory divide the land
And lives of all your children, where the mines
Of all our wars are sown: Ukraine, Ethiopia, Afghanistan
he reads the signs
And weeps with you and with you he will stay
Until the day he wipes your tears away.

Commented [MD1]:

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Teach your Church, O Lord, to mourn the sins of which it is guilty, and to repent and forsake them; that, by your pardoning grace, the results of our iniquities may not be visited upon our children and our children’s children; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Virgin, ever interceding,
hear me in my fervent pleading:
Fire me with your love of Christ.

THE NINTH STATION: JESUS FALLS A THIRD TIME

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from Lamentations 3

I am the man who has seen affliction under the rod of his wrath; he has driven and brought me into darkness without any light. He has besieged me and enveloped me with bitterness and tribulation; he has made me dwell in darkness like the dead of long ago. Though I call and cry for help, he shuts out my prayer. He has made my teeth grind on gravel, and made me cower in ashes. "Remember, O Lord, my affliction and bitterness, the wormwood and the gall!"

POEM

He weeps with you and with you he will stay
When all your staying power has run out
You can't go on, you go on anyway.
He stumbles just beside you when the doubt
That always haunts you, cuts you down at last
And takes away the hope that drove you on.
This is the third fall and it hurts the worst
This long descent through darkness to depression
From which there seems no rising and no will
To rise, or breathe or bear your own heart beat.
Twice you survived; this third will surely kill,
And you could almost wish for that defeat
Except that in the cold hell where you freeze
You find your God beside you on his knees.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

O God, by the passion of your blessed Son you made an instrument of shameful death to be for us the means of life: Grant us so to glory in the cross of Christ, that we may gladly suffer shame and loss for the sake of your Son our Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

**Mother, may this prayer be granted:
that Christ's love may be implanted
in the depths of my poor soul.**

THE TENTH STATION: JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:33-35

When they came to a place called Golgotha (which means the place of a skull), they offered him wine to drink, mingled with gall; but when he tasted it, he would not drink it. And they divided his garments among them by casting lots. This was to fulfill the scripture which says, "They divided my garments among them; they cast lots for my clothing."

POEM

You can't go on, you go on anyway
He goes with you, his cradle to your grave.
Now is the time to loosen, cast away
The useless weight of everything but love
For he began his letting go before,
Before the worlds for which he dies were made,
Emptied himself, became one of the poor,
To make you rich in him and unafraid.
See as they strip the robe from off his back
They strip away your own defences too
Now you could lose it all and never lack
Now you can see what naked Love can do
Let go these bonds beneath whose weight you bow
His stripping strips you both for action now.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Lord God, whose blessed Son our Savior gave his body to be whipped and his face to be spit upon:
Give us grace to accept joyfully the sufferings of the present time, confident of the glory that shall be revealed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

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

THE ELEVENTH STATION: JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

from Luke 23, Isaiah 53

When they came to the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him; and with him they crucified two criminals, one on the right, the other on the left, and Jesus between them. And the scripture was fulfilled which says, “He was numbered with the transgressors.”

POEM

See, as they strip the robe from off his back
And spread his arms and nail them to the cross,
The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black,
And love is firmly fastened onto loss.
But here a pure change happens. On this tree
Loss becomes gain, death opens into birth.
Here wounding heals and fastening makes free
Earth breathes in heaven, heaven roots in earth.
And here we see the length, the breadth, the height
Where love and hatred meet and love stays true
Where sin meets grace and darkness turns to light
We see what love can bear and be and do,
And here our saviour calls us to his side
His love is free, his arms are open wide.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, you stretched out your arms of love on the hard wood of the cross that everyone might come within the reach of your saving embrace: So clothe us in your Spirit that we, reaching forth our hands in love, may bring those who do not know you to the knowledge and love of you; for the honor of your Name. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

**Fairest maid of all creation,
queen of hope and consolation,
let me feel your grief sublime.**

THE TWELFTH STATION: JESUS DIES ON THE CROSS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

John 19:26-30

When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple whom he loved standing near, he said to his mother, "Woman, behold your son!" Then he said to the disciple, "Behold your mother!" And when Jesus had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished!" And then, crying with a loud voice, he said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." And he bowed his head, and handed over his spirit.

POEM

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black
We watch him as he labours to draw breath
He takes our breath away to give it back,
Return it to its birth through his slow death.
We hear him struggle breathing through the pain
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain
And drew us into consciousness from sleep.
His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath
Breathes us, and bears us through the gates of death.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

O God, who for our redemption gave your only-begotten Son to the death of the cross, and by his glorious resurrection delivered us from the power of our enemy: Grant us so to die daily to sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; who lives and reigns now and for ever.

Amen.

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

**Virgin, in your love befriend me,
at the Judgment Day defend me.
Help me by your constant prayer.**

THE THIRTEENTH STATION: JESUS' BODY IS PLACED IN MARY'S ARMS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Lamentations 1:12, Ruth 1:20

All you who pass by, behold and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow. My eyes are spent with weeping; my soul is in tumult; my heart is poured out in grief because of the downfall of my people. "Do not call me Naomi (which means Pleasant), call me Mara (which means Bitter); for the Almighty has dealt very bitterly with me."

POEM

His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Now on this cross his body breathes no more
Here at the centre everything is still
Spent, and emptied, opened to the core.
A quiet taking down, a prising loose
A cross-beam lowered like a weighing scale
Unmaking of each thing that had its use
A long withdrawing of each bloodied nail,
This is ground zero, emptiness and space
With nothing left to say or think or do
But look unflinching on the sacred face
That cannot move or change or look at you.
Yet in that prising loose and letting be
He has unfastened you and set you free.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, by your death you took away the sting of death: Grant to us your servants so to follow in faith where you have led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in you and wake up in your likeness; for your tender mercies' sake. **Amen.**

The procession moves to the next station.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Savior, when my life shall leave me,
through your mother's prayers receive me
with the fruits of victory.

THE FOURTEENTH STATION: JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:57-60

When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also was a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. And Joseph took the body, and wrapped it in a clean linen shroud, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb.

POEM

Here at the centre everything is still
Before the stir and movement of our grief
Which bears its pain with rhythm, ritual,
Beautiful useless gestures of relief.
So they anoint the skin that cannot feel
Soothing his ruined flesh with tender care,
Kissing the wounds they know they cannot heal,
With incense scenting only empty air.
He blesses every love that weeps and grieves
And makes our grief the pangs of a new birth.
The love that's poured in silence at old graves
Renewing flowers, tending the bare earth,
Is never lost. In him all love is found
And sown with him, a seed in the rich ground.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

O God, your blessed Son was laid in a tomb in a garden, and rested on the Sabbath day: Grant that we who have been buried with him in the waters of baptism may find our perfect rest in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where he lives and reigns for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The procession returns to the crossing, and members of the congregation returns to their original places.

HYMN IN PROCESSION

Let me to your love be taken,
let my soul in death awaken
to the joys of Paradise.

CONCLUDING PRAYERS

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

COLLECT

Let us pray.

We thank you, heavenly Father, that you have delivered us from the dominion of sin and death and brought us into the kingdom of your Son; and we pray that, as by his death he has recalled us to life, so by his love he may raise us to eternal joys; who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Gathering our prayers into one, we pray as our Savior taught us:

**Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your Name,
your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours,
now and for ever. Amen.**

DOXOLOGY

To Christ the great shepherd of the sheep, who gave himself for the life of the world, and who now opens to us the kingdom of God: to Christ be worship, glory and praise for ever and ever.

Amen.

Continue Holy Week at St. Paul's on the Green

GOOD FRIDAY – FRIDAY, APRIL 7

Solemn Liturgy of Good Friday – 7:30 pm

Service includes the Passion sung by the St. Paul's Adult Choir

THE GREAT VIGIL OF EASTER – SATURDAY, APRIL 8 – 7:30 PM

Celebrate the principal liturgy of the church year. This service is an extended reflection on the salvation story, culminating in the joyous first Eucharist of Easter Day.

EASTER DAY APRIL 9 – 9:00 AND 11:00 AM

Alleluia! Christ is risen! Celebrate Easter at St. Paul's on the Green with Holy Eucharist with festive music led by the Adult Choir at 9 am and the Adult choir and Choristers at 11 am.

EASTER EGG HUNT – SUNDAY, APRIL 16 – 12:00 PM

Kids of all ages are invited to gather on the front lawn of the church for an Easter Egg Hunt. In person, *RSVP requested*.

THE WORSHIP IS OVER – THE SERVICE BEGINS

ST PAUL'S ON THE GREEN – 60 EAST AVE., NORWALK, CT 06851

Contact us at: 203-847-2806 info@stpaulsnorwalk.org

The Rev. Daniel Simons *Rector*

The Rev. Louise Kalemkerian *Priest Associate*

The Rev. Paul Carling *Priest Associate*

Will Doreza *Interim Director of Music*

Josh Ehlebracht *Interim Organist*

Marsha Dunn *Parish Administrator*

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