

# St Andrew's on The Terrace

*Hato Anaru o Te Parehua*

Founded 1840

## ORDER OF SERVICE

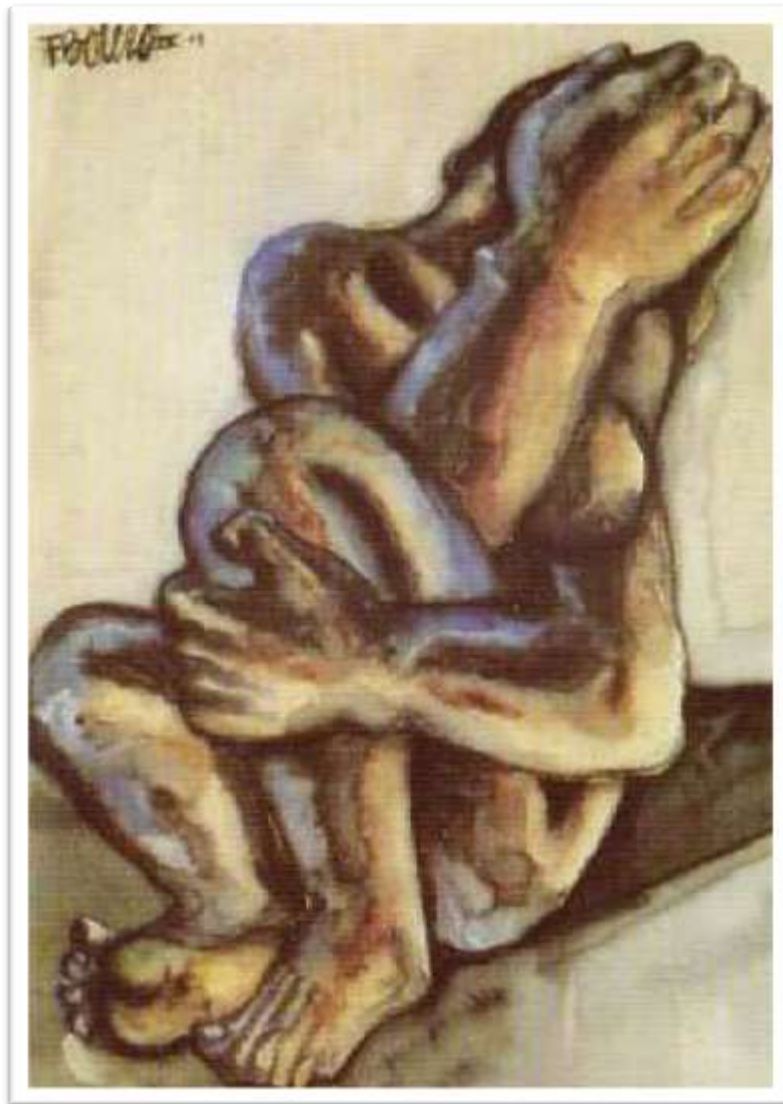
29<sup>th</sup> March 2013

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### GOOD FRIDAY

A time to weep...



**Fernando Botero**  
**Woman Crying 1949**

## **WELCOME TO ST ANDREW'S ON THE TERRACE**

Wherever you are on your faith's journey,  
wherever you have come from and wherever you are going to,  
whatever you believe, whatever you do not believe, you are welcome here.

Please join in the congregational responses printed in ***bold italics***.

We will sing the hymns without announcement.

*Please note your nearest fire exit.*

*The church and hall have been earthquake strengthened.*

*In an earthquake: drop, cover and hold.*

During the building of the Welcome Centre, the only toilets available are upstairs in the Conference Centre. Access is via the external stairway at the back of the car park. We apologise for lack of disability access until August 2013.

### **GATHERING**

Dorothy McRae-McMahon

We gather again on this Good Friday  
at the foot of the cross which calls us on,  
not in shame,  
not in fear  
but more deeply into the costly journey  
towards life.  
There is wounding, there is weeping.  
In Jesus as the Human One,  
God is not separated from that.

### **HYMN**

**Please stand if you are able**

Tune: Tallis' Canon. Words: Brian Wren

A man of ancient time and place  
with foreign speech and foreign face,  
reveals the glory, power and grace  
of costly, unexpected love.

A rabbi, schooled in Moses' Law,  
a male, amending Herod's flaw,  
arouses wonder, rage and awe  
with costly, unexpected love.

By teasing word and healing deed,  
a leper touched, an outcast freed,  
he bears the fruit and plants the seed  
of costly, unexpected love.

The cost we barely can surmise  
when, lifted up before our eyes,  
the face of God we recognise  
in crucified, unfathomed love.

May faith and hope within us grow,  
the way of Christ to tell and show,  
and may the Spirit breathe and blow  
in costly, unexpected love.

## WELCOME

### OPENING SENTENCES

Dorothy McRae-McMahon

In the shadow of our suffering  
*is the suffering of Jesus.*

In the shadow of our fragility  
*is the vulnerability of the Christ*

In the shadow of our pain  
*is the human one who cried out.*

We are never rejected.  
*We are never alone.*

### PRAYER

Bruce Sanguin

Now we open  
to the story of the Crucified and Risen One,  
arms stretched out  
across chasms of fear,  
pulling factions into his own broken body,  
closer to his pierced heart,  
so that this planet of pain  
may one day claim as its own  
the love flowing from that  
sacred, broken heart.

Yes, pull us in, Spirit of the Living God,  
into the Heart of our hearts,  
that we might once and for all  
lay down our arsenals of fear  
and take up our tools  
to build the kin-dom of God  
for the sake of all creation. *Amen.*

## HYMN

## Remain seated

Words: Ruth Duck. Tune: Kingsfold

How could a God whose name is love  
seek blood to pay sin's price?

Are torture, shame, and senseless death  
a holy sacrifice?

Each violent crime is tragic loss;  
how could it be God's will?

How can we glorify the cross  
when victims suffer still?

Did Jesus come as God's own child  
to share each human tear?

Did Jesus die in speaking truth  
that rulers will not hear?

If Wisdom hangs upon a tree,  
what, then, are we to do?

Must we, like Jesus, risk our lives  
for what is just and true?

In Jesus Christ we meet a God  
whose love embraces all,  
who weeps when children are abused,  
who hears each sparrow fall.

When grace is ancient as the earth,  
we need not worship death.

So let us live in tender care  
for all whom Love gives breath.

## READINGS FROM LUKE'S GOSPEL

## AND REFLECTIONS FROM *PRAYING A NEW STORY* by Michael Morwood

### Reading 1

The elders of the people and the chief priests and scribes rose,  
and they brought Jesus before Pilate.

They began their accusation by saying,

"We found this man inciting our people to revolt,  
opposing payment of tribute to Caesar,  
and claiming to be Christ, a king."

Pilate put to Jesus this question,

"Are you the king of the Jews?"

"It is you who say it," Jesus replied.

## Reflection 1

I remember a man who had dreams of what might be:  
that people would be set free from ideas and images  
about God that enslaved them,  
that people would believe that through their  
everyday acts of human kindness they are  
intimately connected with the sacred,  
that people would live  
'in peace, in God's presence all the days of their lives' (Luke 1:75).  
I remember a man driven by his dreams.

*Silence*

## Reading 2

Pilate then said to the chief priests and the crowds,  
"I find no case against this man."  
But they persisted,  
"He is inflaming the people  
with his teaching all over Judea;  
it has come all the way from Galilee,  
where he began, down to here."

## Reflection 2

I remember a man who had his moments of breakthrough,  
when it must have seemed his dream was being realised:  
the times people really listened and responded,  
the women and men who were prepared  
to walk with him and support him,  
times when he spoke better and more convincingly  
than other times.

I remember a man enthused by his successes.

*Silence*

## HYMN

## Remain seated

Words: Marnie Barrell. Tune: Ebenezer.

God who weeps when we are weeping,  
maker, lover, friend of all,  
we commit into your keeping  
those who suffer, struggle, fall.  
Plant the seeds of peace inside us  
in these days of fateful choice;  
let your word and wisdom guide us  
as we listen for your voice.

Christ, enduring hate and violence,  
hounded to a martyr's death,  
calmly meeting taunts with silence,  
speaking peace with your last breath:  
peace, courageous and demanding,  
binds us as we walk your way.  
May our wills, at your commanding,  
turn to acts of peace today.

Spirit, strengthen and sustain us  
Grant us comfort, hope and light,  
lead us in your ways and train us  
as we strive for truth and right,  
rise above retaliation,  
live the peace we long to hear,  
look for reconciliation  
past our anger, pain and fear.

God of every race and nation,  
God of mercy, strong and just,  
build again in us compassion,  
recreate our hope and trust.  
Though our lives seem dark and empty,  
may we learn to live as one  
till, in safety, peace and plenty,  
all your work on earth is done.

### **Reading 3**

When Pilate heard this,  
he asked if the man was a Galilean.  
And finding that he came under Herod's jurisdiction,  
he passed him over to Herod  
who was also in Jerusalem at that time.  
Herod was delighted to see Jesus;  
he had heard about him and had been wanting for a long time  
to set eyes on him;  
he was hoping to see some miracle worked by Jesus.  
So Herod questioned Jesus at some length,  
but without getting a reply.

### **Reflection 3**

I remember a man who learned of the cruel death of his cousin.  
He got into a boat, seeking a lonely place,  
where he could be with his friends

to absorb the shock,  
to grieve quietly,  
and to calm the feelings of powerlessness and frustration  
and fear for his own future.

I wonder what he prayed about that night?

I wonder what helped him leave that lonely place  
and go forward to confront life,  
rather than retreat into isolation and safety?

I remember a man driven by his convictions.

### *Silence*

#### **Reading 4**

Then Herod, together with his guards,  
treated Jesus with contempt and made fun of him;  
Herod put a rich cloak on Jesus,  
and sent him back to Pilate.

And though Herod and Pilate had been enemies before,  
they were reconciled that same day.

Pilate then summoned the chief priests  
and the leaders and the people.

"You brought this man before me," Pilate said.

"as a political agitator.

"Now I have gone into the matter myself in your presence  
and found no case against him

in respect of all the charges you bring against him.

"Nor has Herod either, since he has sent him back to us.

As you can see, the man has done nothing that deserve death,  
so I shall have him flogged and then let him go."

But altogether they howled,

"Away with him! Give us Barabbas!"

Pilate was anxious to set Jesus free and addressed them again,  
but they shouted back,

"Crucify, crucify him!"

#### **Reflection 4**

I remember a man who had find quiet places to pray and think about things,  
one who had to live by faith,  
one who had to search for answers,  
one who had to think about which path to follow,  
and one who looked to friends for support and understanding.

I remember someone very much like me.

I remember a man whose dream was shattered:  
who broke down and cried over what could have been,  
who knew the pain of failure and powerlessness,  
who knew what it was like to feel broken and terribly alone.

I remember someone human like all of us.

## *Silence*

### **Reading 5**

Pilate then gave a verdict: their demand was to be granted.  
Pilate released Barabbas whom they asked for  
and who had been imprisoned for rioting and murder,  
and handed Jesus over to them  
to deal with as they pleased.

### **Reflection 5**

I remember a man who knew he was going to die:  
who gathered with his friends  
knowing it was for the last time,  
who spoke to them about what he really believed,  
who wanted them to remember him  
and to keep his dream alive.

I remember a testament to love.

## *Silence*

### **HYMN**

### **Remain seated**

Lyrics: Brian Wren. Tune: Melita

A body broken on a cross,  
with watching women's helpless grief,  
and men in heedless, headlong flight,  
through fear, despair or disbelief -  
    in this, though still we find it strange,  
    are life, and hope, and power to change.

A people weaponless and weak,  
not many wealthy, great or wise,  
but women, labourers and slaves,  
absurd to Greek and Roman eyes,  
    their Caesar's rages could forgive,  
    out-die, out-suffer, and out-live.

And still today, abroad, at home,  
from suburb or from shanty-town,  
the Spirit's new, surprising word,  
in ours or others faiths, or none,  
    our sad routines will disarrange  
    with gospel-hope of power to change.

When disillusion chains our feet  
and might and money turn to dust,  
when exile, desert, or defeat

have left us nothing else to trust,  
at last our spirit understands  
the strength of peaceful, nail-scarred hands.

A nation drifting in decline  
can turn to just and loving ways,  
and people empty, bruised, ashamed,  
can find rebirth to joy and praise,  
and churches, wakened, can exchange  
a huddled death for power to change.

### **Reading 6**

When they reached the place called The Skull,  
they crucified Jesus there with the two criminals also,  
one on the right, the other on the left.

### **Reflection 6**

I remember a man crucified.  
He was a failure,  
abandoned by male friends,  
taunted, despised, in tears,  
enduring a shameful and agonising death,  
no consoling or heartfelt presence of his God to help him.  
I remember one whose faith in all he believed  
was tested to the limits.

*Silence*

**SOLO** *Were you there?*

Traditional spiritual

**Pauline Woolley**

## **LITURGY OF TEARS –**

### **Reflection 7**

I remember a man who forgave,  
not just once, but over and over,  
a man who embodied the generosity and limitless  
outpouring of the Source of all life,  
one whose life and death point us to another  
dimension of what it means to be human.  
No power on earth, nothing, could move him from what he believed.  
I remember the one who inspires me by the way he died.

I remember a man of extraordinary religious insight:  
utterly convinced of the connectedness  
between human loving and living in God,  
determined to give people personal authority

in their relationship with God,  
wanting to set people free from fear of the unknown,  
setting his heart on breaking down barriers between people...

We give thanks for the ways  
in which the life, teaching,  
and death of Jesus, have set us free.

We open ourselves  
to the influence of the Spirit of Life and Love  
that so obviously moved in Jesus' life.

We want his convictions  
and his dreams to live on in us.

He challenges us to have faith and hope  
when all seems lost,  
So we turn our hearts and minds to our world and we pray:

## **SOLIDARITY PRAYERS**

**Paul Barber**

## **AFFIRMATION OF FAITH**

Dorothy McRae-McMahon (adapt)

We believe in God around us,  
Dreamer and sustainer of life.

***When there was nothing but an ocean of tears,  
God sighed over the waters  
and dreamed a small dream:  
light in the darkness,  
a small planet in space.***

We believe in God beside us,  
Jesus the Christ, dream made flesh.

***When hate and fear were raging,  
when love was beaten down,  
when hope was nailed and left to die,  
Christ entered into our deep secret places  
and went down into our death to find us.***

We believe in God within us,  
Spirit who empowers the dream.

***Who weeps with us in our despair,  
who breathes on prison doors,  
never admitting it's hopeless,  
always expecting the bars to bend and sway  
and break forth into flowers.***

## **SENDING OUT**

Go out into the world  
in the power of the spirit of Christ  
to walk through darkness and uncertainty  
towards the joy of Easter Day.  
Go in peace.

## **RECESSIONAL HYMN**

**Stand if you are able**

Words: Shirley Murray. Music: Ian Render

Lord, turn our grieving into grace:  
another way of living,  
learning what others have to face,  
another way of seeing;  
Lord, by the sharing of the pain,  
lift up the stone,  
lift up the stone,  
lift up the stone  
that weighs us down.

Grow in these dark resistant fears  
the seedlings of compassion,  
draw from this spring of helpless tears  
a love that you would fashion,  
till, through the anguish of today,  
hope takes us on,  
hope takes us on,  
hope takes us on  
another way.

Thank you to our organist, Peter Franklin; soloist, Pauline Woolley;  
readers Frank Hanson and Frances Porter;  
and to all those who participated in the service this morning.

**Please join us for the Easter Celebration Service at 10 am on  
Sunday – for the resurrection of a dream – in story and song.  
Everyone welcome.**

## MISSION STATEMENT OF ST ANDREW'S ON THE TERRACE

To create a lively, open Christian faith community,  
to act for a just and peaceful world, and to be catalysts for discovery,  
compassion and celebration in the capital.

## MINISTRY AT ST ANDREW'S – THE TEAM

<b>Senior Minister</b>	Margaret Mayman
<b>Parish Council Convenor</b>	Sonia Petrie
<b>Parish Council Clerk</b>	Maxine Cunningham
<b>Treasurer</b>	Paul Barber
<b>Saving St Andrew's Convenor</b>	Lynne Dovey
<b>Pastoral Convenors</b>	Colma Froggatt, Fiona McDougal
<b>Music Coordinator</b>	Jane Keller
<b>Theologian in Residence</b>	Lloyd Geering
<b>Presbytery Commissioner</b>	
<b>Concert Coordinator</b>	Marjan van Waardenberg
<b>Rainbow Room Coordinator</b>	Monika Demuth-Barber
<b>Parish Manager</b>	David Medland
<b>Custodian</b>	Peter Cowley

## St Andrew's on The Terrace

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