



MARCH 29, 2024

12:00 p.m.

CALL TO WORSHIP

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

SILENCE

ISAIAH 52:13 - 53:12

SILENCE

READING FOR THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

The Scarecrow Christ, by Ricaredo Demetillo

I mourn man, man diminished, unfulfilled,
Whose shadow drags a darkness of his right
Across the endless dreariness of days,
Where no oasis greens the sand-choked waste.
I mourn for man, my brother crucified.

Though doom ticks through the clammy cells of blood,
Hope pendulums the marrow of each nerve.
I know his hungers scoop the lake for snails,
His guts Gahenna with their appetite
Prowling to thief the larders for his lack.
In rooms where locusts crunch the dog-eared crop,
Despair bisecting thought in fields of blight
In farms where claw-like fingers wear to shred

**Please rise in body or spirit.*

And huts precarious sag down to the grave,
This man still sidles in search for light.

Is he not neighbor to my creaking bed
When sleep weighs at the eyelids like a rock?
His cries croak down the echoes of my heart
Though often I would spurn his rattle knock
Is he not neighbor to my creaking bed?

And you my reader in this cramp of words,
Are you not party to his hang-dog gait?
You tear his blankets to a chill of shreds,
Snatching your fat feasts from his patient plate?
Are you not Judas to this scare-crow Christ?

SILENCE

***HYMN 98**

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

PASSION CHORALE

SILENCE

LAMENTATIONS OF THE PROPHET JEREMIAH

Giovanni Nasco

And it happened that, after Israel was driven into captivity, and Jerusalem was deserted, the prophet Jeremiah sat weeping, and he wailed this lamentation in Jerusalem. And sighing with a bitter soul, and mourning, he said:

Incipit Lamentio Jeremie prophete.

Here begins the Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet.

ALEPH. Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo: facta est quasi vidua domina Gentium: princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.

ALEPH. O how a city once filled with people now sits alone! The Governess of the Gentiles has become like a widow. The Prince of the provinces has been placed under tribute.

BETH. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrymæ eius in maxillis eius: non est qui consoletur eam et omnibus charis eius: omnes amici eius spreverunt eam, et facti sunt ei inimici.

BETH. Weeping, she has wept through the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. There is no one to be a comfort to her and to all her beloved. All her friends have spurned her, and they have become her enemies.

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem convertere ad
Dominum Deum tuum.*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem return to the Lord
your God.

READING FOR THE TRIAL OF JESUS

A Witness to Process, by Anna Kamieńska

All out of breath he was telling it
as if he had just come back from the courts
that He stood so serene and upright
denied nothing
and was silent when jostled
and didn't respond to the words
What is truth
but everyone could see it was He who is truth

So He was found innocent No
guilty
So all were on His side No
against Him
So He was imprisoned No
hanged
So no one protested No
one denied

SILENCE

READING FOR THE CROWN OF THORNS

The Coronet, by Andrew Marvell

When for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong:
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head.
And now when I have summed up all my store,
Thinking (so I myself deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore:
Alas, I find the serpent old
That, twining in his speckled breast,

About the flowers disguised does fold,
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolish man, that wouldst debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem!
But Thou who only couldst the serpent tame,
Either his slippery knots at once untie;
And disentangle all his winding snare;
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
And let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with skill and chosen out with care:
That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown thy feet, that could not crown thy head.

SILENCE

GHIMEL. *Migravit Iudas propter afflictionem, et multitudinem servitutis: habitavit inter gentes, nec invenit requiem: omnes persecutores eius apprehenderunt eam inter angustias.*

DALETH. *Via Sion lugent eo quod non sint qui veniant ad sollemnitatem: omnes portae eius destructae: sacerdotes eius gementes: virgines eius squalidae, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine.*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

GHIMEL. Judah has migrated because of affliction and great servitude. She has lived among the nations and not found rest. All of her persecutors have apprehended her, amid torments.

DALETH. The pathways of Zion mourn, because there are none who approach for the solemnity. All her gates are destroyed. Her priests groan. Her virgins are filthy. And she is overwhelmed with bitterness.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem return to the Lord your God.

READING FOR THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS

The Cross, by Steve Garnaas-Holmes

The trembling heart pierced
by the jagged torn edge
of the heart.
Life most traumatically against itself.
Evil strikes at the tenderest scandal
of God, to be embodied
in each, and subjects the body
to the horror of its denial.
We murder ourselves

slowly, viciously, in the soft places,
in the papers every day.
We are torturers and can't pretend
otherwise. And so profoundly other-
wise you are our victim
and victor, for in your love before
you climbed this hill you climbed
into us, wrapped yourself in us,
and in love will not leave that home,
though it be pierced and battered,
brutalized. You bleed, we are not
satisfied, we kill again. You bleed
pure love. There is no other hell
than this, no higher throne for you,
no greater evil you overpower.
You choose no other place to live,
no lesser love to bear than to occupy
our self-mutilated souls and fill them
with yourself, your love, your peace,
until your light transforms all darkness,
hell's unmade, and fear itself is
euthanized, till each of us is a failed
emperor, powers spent, with memories
of sin, now dead, forgiven, buried, ready
to be raised.

SILENCE

READING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION

Nocturne, by Gabriela Mistral

Our Father who art in Heaven,
Why hast Thou forsaken me!
Thou did'st remember the February fruit,
When torn was its pulp of ruby.
My side is pierced also
Yet Thou will'st not look at me!

Thou did'st not remember the dark grape cluster
And did'st give it to the crimsoned press,
And Thou did'st fan the poplar leaves
With thy breath of gentleness.

Yet in the deep wine press of death
Thou still would'st not my heart express!

As I walked I saw violets open;
And I drank the wine of the wind,
And I have lowered my yellowed eyelids
Never more to see Winter or Spring.
And I have tightened my mouth to stifle
The verses I am never to sing.
Thou hast wounded the cloud of Autumn
And Thou will'st not turn toward me!

I was sold by the one who kissed my cheek;
He betrayed me for the tunic vile.
I gave him in my verses, my blood-stained face,
As Thine imprinted on her veil,
And in my night of the Orchard I have found
John reluctant and the Angel hostile.

And now an infinite fatigue
Has come to pierce my eyes:
The fatigue of the day that is dying
And of the dawn that will arise;
The fatigue of the sky of metal
The fatigue of indigo skies!

And now I loosen my martyred sandal
And my locks, for I am longing to sleep.
And lost in the night, I lift my voice
In the cry I have learned from Thee:
Our Father who art in heaven,
Why hast Thou forsaken me!

SILENCE

HE. *Facti sunt hostes eius in capite, inimici eius locupletati sunt: quia Dominus locutus est super eam propter multitudinem iniquitatum eius: parvuli eius ducti sunt in captivitatem ante faciem tribulantis.*

HE. Her enemies have been made her leaders; her adversaries have been enriched. For the Lord has spoken against her, because of the multitude of her iniquities. Her little ones have been led into captivity before the face of the tribulator.

VAU. *Et egressus est a filia Sion omnis decor eius: facti sunt principes eius velut arietes non inuenientes pascua: et abierunt absque fortitudine ante faciem subsequentis.*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

VAU. And all her elegance has departed, from the daughter of Zion. Her leaders have become like rams that cannot find pasture, and they have gone away without strength before the face of the pursuer.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem return to the Lord your God.

READING FOR THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Friday, by Hannah Faith Notess

Maybe the prisoner's mother
didn't block her ears against
the swinging whip, the dragging
chain, the buzz of voltage
that set off fireworks in the brain.
Maybe she has strength to hold

his body one more time, once
it is finished. And maybe the body
is a darkness into which we must
keep looking. But there is more
pain already on this earth
than most of us can bear.

Why should we look
upon the same splayed form
so often that we notice only
how bony his knees are
in one painting, how taut
the skin of his pierced side

in another? Take him down
and let his mother hold him.
Let him be buried, let
the story's pages turn. And when
the earth splits, when the veil
is torn, when the dead stumble

dazed from the tombs, trailing
their moldy bandages behind them,
let the thunderclap announce
that agony flows only outward

from broken blood vessels,
no longer settling in the soul.

LONG SILENCE

***HYMN**

Sing, My Tongue, How Glorious Battle

PICARDY

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, sing the ending of the fray;
now above the cross, the trophy, sound the loud triumphant lay:
tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer, as a victim won the day.

Tell how, when at length the fullness of th' appointed time was come,
Christ, the Word, was born of woman, left for us his heavenly home;
showed us human life made perfect, shone as light amid the gloom.

Thus, with thirty years accomplished, went he forth from Nazareth,
destined, dedicated, willing, wrought his work, and met his death.
Like a lamb he humbly yielded on the cross his dying breath.

Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph, now for us the noblest tree,
none in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peer may be;
symbol of the world's redemption, for the weight that hung on thee!

Unto God be praise and glory: to the Father and the Son,
to th' eternal Spirit honor now and evermore be done;
praise and glory in the highest, while unending ages run.

PRAYER

SILENCE

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO JOHN

Plainsong

SILENCE

EAST COKER FROM FOUR QUARTETS by T.S. Eliot

SILENCE

PSALM 40

Plainsong

SILENCE

MOTET

Ah, Mine Heart

Gabriel Jackson

Ah, mine heart, remember thee well,
And think of the paines that bin in hell.

Ah, mine heart, remember thee well,
How greatly thou art bound indeed,
Thou thinkest of him never a deed
That helps thee ever at thy most need.
Alas for sorrow mine heart doth bleed
To think how grievously I have offended.

Ah, mine heart, remember thee well,
And think of the paines that bin in hell.

With weeping tears most lamentable
To God above I call and cry,
I will ask God while I am able,
I have offended so grievously,
Me to amend I will hie
For all my lifedays I have misspent,
I cry God mercy I have offended.

Ah, mine heart, remember thee well
And think of the paines that bin in hell.

Depart in Silence.

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