



Thirty Pieces of Silver

Good Friday, 2025
Knox Church, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Good Friday

Good Friday is the day on which the Church remembers the crucifixion and death of Jesus. On this day, we recall the people's cruelty to Jesus, and interpret it as human nature's desire to push God away. Accordingly, several aspects of the usual service that assert the presence of God are omitted. There is no opening greeting ("May God be with you") and no benediction at the end. Further, following the Prayer of Confession there is no Assurance of Pardon.

The heart of the Good Friday service is the reading of Jesus' Passion. This year the Passion is taken from John's gospel.

The service ends when, at the conclusion of the epilogue, the minister leaves the church. Please keep a silence in the church after the service, and when you feel moved to leave, please do so quietly. Feel no pressure to leave the church immediately; the minister will not be waiting at the door. There is no morning tea today.

This year at Knox, we have spent Lent exploring the theme of slavery. Over the weeks, we have reflected both on ancient stories about it, but also on modern expressions of it. Each week, we have wondered about how "God's grace revealed in the life of Christ" might meet the challenges raised by how we commodify and oppress one another. Today we face the tragic truth that Jesus Christ, who stood for our freedom, was himself commodified and killed. The price paid to Judas for betraying Jesus was "thirty pieces of silver".

While Good Friday is a day of sorrow, and a stark occasion in the calendar of the Christian Faith, it does not stand alone. On Easter Day the sequel to Good Friday begins. It is important that you hear the second part of the story of the death of Jesus. Please make an effort to come to the service on Easter Day. If you are out of town on Sunday, you can always view the Easter sermon online: https://youtu.be/PTj65Xwzc_A

We welcome and thank Nicola Holt (Soprano) and Jessica Wells (Alto), who are singing excerpts from Pergolesi's Stabat Mater. An English translation of the Latin text can be found at the end of this order of service.

Given the solemn nature of today's service, we ask for no applause to be given.

The Service

Introit: Stabat mater dolorosa,
 from Stabat Mater,
 Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

The Prayer of Confession

In so many places and times, O God . . .

. . . and acknowledging our part in the possibility that he might be,
we say

. . . Lord have mercy.

CHRIST HAVE MERCY.

Lord have mercy.

Hymn:

Passion Chorale

melody from Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)



1. O sacred head! Sore wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down!
O kingly head, surrounded
with thorns, thine only crown!
How pale art thou with anguish,
with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that face now languish,
which once was bright as morn.
2. What language shall I borrow
to praise thee, heavenly friend,
for this, thy dying sorrow,
thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever,
and, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
outlive my love to thee.

3. Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show thy cross to me;
and, my last need supplying,
come, Lord, and set me free;
these eyes, new faith receiving,
from thee shall never move;
for they who die believing
die safely through thy love.

*Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676), from Salve caput cruentatum
attrib. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859) and others, alt.*

A Reading: Matthew 26: 14-16

Music for Reflection: Eja mater, fons amoris,
from Stabat Mater,
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

A Reflection: Sold

Generally, sermons are posted on our website shortly after the service at:
<http://www.knoxchurch.co.nz/sermons.html> Hard copies of the sermons are
available before and after the service – ask the person at the door. A video
of this sermon being practised is available from 10:00am today:
https://youtu.be/mDQ3YO_l0fY

Hymn:

Salley Gardens

Irish folk tune



1. Here hangs a man discarded,
a scarecrow hoisted high,
a nonsense pointing nowhere
to all who hurry by.
Can such a clown of sorrows
still bring a useful word
where faith and love seem phantoms
and every hope absurd?

2. Can he give help or comfort
to lives by comfort bound,
where drums of dazzling progress
give strangely hollow sound?
Life emptied of all meaning,
drained out in bleak distress,
can share in broken silence
my deepest emptiness;
3. and love that freely entered
the pit of life's despair
can name our hidden darkness
and suffer with us there.
Christ, in our darkness risen,
help all who long for light
to hold the hand of promise
and walk into the light.

Brian Wren (b.1936)

The Passion of Christ: John 18 & 19

Music for Reflection: Vidit suum dulcem natum,
from Stabat Mater,
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Prayers for the World and the Lord's Prayer

To the minister's words, "The reduction of life to X, Y, Z, is slavery",
you are invited to respond "**GOD SAVE 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.**

Without announcement, we stand to sing

Hymn:

Rockingham

Edward Miller (1731-1807)



1. 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.
2. 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?
3. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small:
love so amazing, so divine
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Epilogue: Slavery

No Benediction

Stabat mater dolorosa

The Mother stood grieving beside the cross weeping while on it
hung her Son

The sorrowful Mother stood full of tears by the Cross while her Son
was hanging there

The mother of sorrows stood in tears beside the cross on which her
Son was hanging

Weeping stood the Mother of Sorrows next the Cross, the while her
Son hung there

The Mother stood sorrowing by the cross weeping while her Son
hung there

The sorrowful Mother stood weeping before the cross where hung
her Son

Eja mater, fons amoris

O Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the power of sorrow, that I
may grieve with you

Come then, Mother, fount of love, make me feel the strength of your
sorrow so that I may mourn with you

O Mother, fount of love, make me to feel the strength of your grief,
so that I may mourn with you

Alas, Mother, fount of love, make me to feel the strength of those
pains, that I may weep with thee

Vidit suum dulcem natum

She saw her sweet offspring dying, forsaken, while He gave up his
spirit

She saw her own dear Son dying, abandoned, while He gave up
the ghost

She saw her dear Son dying, forsaken, as He yielded up His spirit

She saw her sweet offspring die, give up the ghost, abandoned

She saw her sweet Son dying, forsaken, as He gave up the spirit

She saw her sweet Son dying desolate as He gave up the spirit