

**MEARS UNITED METHODIST  
CHURCH  
APRIL 7, 2023**



**The  
Father  
Mourns**

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# Good Friday



## **Call to Worship**

In the name of Christ we gather on this day of Good Friday to remember anew the struggle of the cross and the final victory.

**With you, Lord, we wish to remain**

Let us walk together to the cross, see our Lord's suffering, hear his voice pleading for drink, and asking for pardon for those who tortured him mercilessly.

**O, how to hold back the tears in the midst of so much pain? And even then, you taught us how to love.** When the day darkened and it seemed to envelop the whole earth, we thought all was lost.

**But amid the darkness, we saw your light.**

It was there when the sun darkened and the temple veil tore in half that we heard your voice, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Then there was peace.

**In the midst of life's darkness, peace also comes when, with complete confidence, we offer ourselves to you, beloved Lord.**

Because of that hour of darkness and pain your light shone brightly when the centurion exclaimed, "truly this man is the Son of God."

**With you, Lord, we wish to remain.**

**Hymn: *In the Garden* UMH 314**

## **Prayer for the Day -**

Merciful God, we gather to recount and recall the injustice, pain, and suffering your Son endured on the cross at the hands of sinful humanity. Grant us awareness as we enter the story of Christ's Passion, that in not shirking away from Christ's suffering, we would be surprised by grace, because even in humiliating and shameful death, your love never failed.

Train our hearts on the Light that is the life of all people, that as the darkness encroaches, we might remain tenacious in hope and persistent in love. Amen

**Scripture: *Matthew 27:50-51, 57-61***

**Message: *The Father Mourns***

***In the Name and Pain of the Crucified One***

**Hymn: *The Old Rugged Cross* UMH 504**

Faithful God, we stand in the dim shadows of a cross, longing for Resurrection. But today we pause to remember the pain of the cross and the pain of the crosses we've faced. We pause to cry for violence against black, brown, and disabled bodies merely because they do not fit into cultural norms and for food, water, and housing insecurity in impoverished neighborhoods created and exacerbated by the neglect of elected officials and community leaders. As the disciples wept on that fateful day so long ago, we weep for the Savior and for the tree, and all the trees that one represented, from which he hung. We cry for our ecology: birds slick from oil, forests decimated causing mudslides and runoff, air polluted from our disdain for the creation that cries with us. As those first disciples wondered whether that fateful day was the end of their dreams, we admit we are afraid that our dream of a just, nonviolent world is fleeting and in peril of death. Help us, God, as we live in the tension between death and your seeming silence, the time after the crucifixion and before the Resurrection—in the name and pain of the Crucified One, Amen.

## **Benediction**

A you go, carry with you the tears of sorrow, the humility of questioning, and the silence of waiting as we sit at the tomb of Jesus, our Savior. May your tears, humility, and silence be blessed and bound together with hope that cannot be extinguished.

**Amen**