

BEHOLD THE WOOD

Chorus Behold, behold the wood of the cross
On which is hung our salvation.
O come, let us adore.

Unless a grain of wheat shall fall upon the ground and die,
It shall remain but a single grain – and not give life.

Chorus

And when My hour of glory comes as all was meant to be,
You shall see Me lifted up – upon a tree.

Chorus

For there can be no greater love shown upon this land
Than in the One who came to die – that we might live.

Chorus

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How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us - How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure
How great the pain of searing loss - The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory
Behold the Man upon a cross, my sin upon His shoulders.
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life. I know that it is finished.
I will not boast in anything - No gifts no pow'r no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ; his death and resurrection
Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart: his wounds have paid my ransom.

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Ecumenical Procession of the Cross GOOD FRIDAY CLOSING LITURGY

Friday, April 19 2019

1 p.m.

The Celebration of the Lord's Passion

St Paul's Anglican Church, Almonte

We gather today on the traditional and unceded territory of the Algonquin
Anishnabe Nation. May we dwell on this land with respect and peace.

Song as the cross is brought forward

Behold the Wood

Greeting – Rev. Jonathon Kouri

The Ministry of the Word Book of Alternative Services **p. 308**

Reading: Luke 23:32 – 43

Reflection Poem: *The Mother of Judas* – Wendy Shaw

Video: *Above All*

Meditations on the Cross:

Deane Zeeman, Dan Berg, Claire Marson

The Lord's Prayer

Closing Prayer Book of Alternative Services **p. 320**

Closing Song *How Deep the Father's Love for Us*

Mother of Judas

*Alone I search this barren Potter's Field,
Seeking a new made grave, where lies the one
Whose name throughout the endless years shall be a
Symbol of hate and greed and treachery.*

*It was not always thus: I saw him go
With radiant face and firm expectant step;
So honoured then, to think that he should be
Called by the Master, one of the chosen twelve.*

*What changed him?
Could he have followed any other way
Than what was written in the prophecy.
Or was this, then, his destiny from my womb?*

*I saw that other mother weep, that day
At Calvary, and I wept too, but ah—
My tears were even bitterer for by
My son's betrayal, hers hung crucified!*

*It was a monstrous act he did commit;
But his remorse and horror were so great
He came alone to this forsaken spot.
And lies unwept by all—save me.*

*This mother- heart of mine
Can never rest until at last I know:
When from the cross you raised your eyes and said,
'Forgive them, for they know not what they do!'
O Christ, did you mean my Judas, too?"*

Please join us downstairs in the Parish Hall
for some light refreshments following the service.