

**Good Friday
Tenebrae
March 29, 2024, 7:00 p.m.**



THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY

The Episcopal Church in Agoura, Oak Park, and Westlake Village

The Rev. Jamie Barnett, Vicar

WELCOME

Visitors: We are delighted you have come to worship with us today! If you are interested in learning more about our church, please fill out the purple information card found in the slot in front of your seat and place it on the collection plate. We are excited to meet you and would love to get to know you!

This booklet contains the full order of service. If you are unfamiliar with our rituals and customs, just be present with us in this ancient liturgy and let the rest of the congregation carry you in worship. The bold type indicates where the people are invited to respond or pray.

Restrooms: Proceed through the office door to the right of the church and go straight down the hall and to the left. Both restrooms have baby changing tables.

Assisted listening devices: Available from the ushers in the back of the church.

Contact: Office hours are Tuesday-Thursday from 9 a.m.-3 p.m. and the sanctuary is open during these hours for private prayer or meditation. To speak with The Rev. Jamie Barnett, please call the office and make an appointment. Her office hours are Tuesday through Thursday.

Out of consideration for your fellow worshippers, please either turn off or silence your cell phones.

About this Service

The name Tenebrae (the Latin word for “darkness” or “shadows”) has for centuries been applied to the ancient monastic night and early morning services of the last three days of Holy Week. During the Tenebrae service we will meditate on Christ's journey to the cross in poem, anthem, song, and story. The most conspicuous feature of the service is the gradual extinguishing of candles and other lights in the church until only a single candle, considered a symbol of our Lord, remains. Toward the end of the service, this candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. At the very end, a loud noise is made, symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the resurrection, and all depart in silence.

The church is dimly lit and there is silence and time for quiet reflection.

At the sound of the bell, please stand as you are able. The ministers enter in silence.

Opening Prayer

Officiant: Lord God of all creation, whose awesome will lifts up the cross, a sign of entry to eternal life, change our hearts that we may turn from all past ways of worldly power, from means of destruction and coercion, to embrace the way of the cross, the weakness that is true power, the folly that marks your wisdom and your reign.
Amen.

HYMN 164

Alone thou goest forth, O Lord

BANGOR

1 A - lone thou go - est forth, O Lord, in
2 Our sins, not thine, thou bear - est, Lord; make
3 This is earth's dark - est hour, but thou dost
4 Grant us with thee to suf - fer pain that,
sac - ri - fice to die; is this thy sor - row
us thy sor - row feel, till through our pit - y
light and life re - store; then let all praise be
as we share this hour, thy cross may bring us
nought to us who pass un - heed - ing by?
and our shame love an - swers love's ap - peal.
giv - en thee who liv - est ev - er - more.
to thy joy and re - sur - rec - tion power.

Please be seated.

When we say, “Christ has died,” we express the truth that all human suffering in time and place has been suffered by the Son of God who also is the Son of all humanity and thus has been lifted up into the inner life of God Himself. There is no suffering—no guilt, shame, loneliness, hunger, oppression, or exploitation, no torture, imprisonment, or murder, no violence or nuclear threat—that has not been suffered by God. There can be no human beings who are completely alone in their sufferings, since God, in and through Jesus, has become Emmanuel, God with us. It belongs to the center of our faith that God is a faithful God, a God who did not want us to ever be alone but who wanted to understand—to stand under—all that is human. The Good News of the Gospel, therefore, is not that God came to take our suffering away, but that God wanted to become part of it.

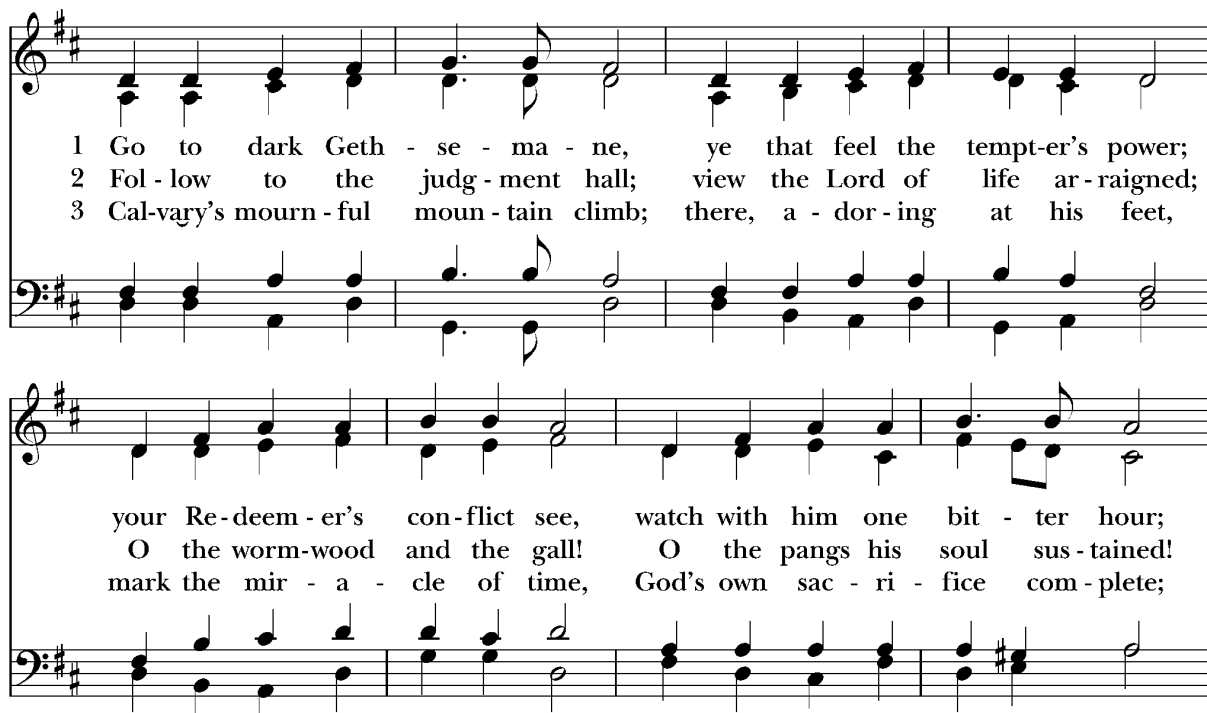
Responsory *In monte Oliveti*

Officiant On the mount of Olives Jesus prayed to the Father:
People **Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.
The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.**

Officiant Watch and pray, that you may not enter into temptation.
People **The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.**

HYMN 171 Go to dark Gethsemane

PETRA



1 Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall; view the Lord of life ar - rained;
3 Cal-vary's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; there, a - dor - ing at his feet,
your Re-deem - er's con - flict see, watch with him one bit - ter hour;
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs his soul sus - tained!
mark the mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete;

turn not from his griefs a - way, learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
 Shun not suf - fering, shame, or loss; learn of him to bear the cross.
 "It is fi - nished!" hear him cry; learn of Je - sus Christ to die.

The First candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

The Second Reading *Gethsemane* by Mary Oliver.

Reader: Carrie Wilcox

The grass never sleeps.
 Or the roses.
 Nor does the lily have a secret eye that shuts until morning.
 Jesus said, wait with me. But the disciples slept.
 The cricket has such splendid fringe on its feet,
 and it sings, have you noticed, with its whole body,
 and heaven knows if it ever sleeps.
 Jesus said, wait with me. And maybe the stars did, maybe
 the wind wound itself into a silver tree, and didn't move,
 maybe
 the lake far away, where once he walked as on a
 blue pavement,
 lay still and waited, wide awake.
 Oh the dear bodies, slumped and eye-shut, that could not
 keep that vigil, how they must have wept,
 so utterly human, knowing this too must be part of the story.

Responsory *Tristis est anima mea*

Officiant My soul is very sorrowful, even to the point of death;

People **remain here and watch with me.**

**Now you shall see the crowd who will surround me;
 you will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.**

Officiant Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of
 sinners.

People **You will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.**

ANTHEM

Tristis est anima mea

(sung by the Schola)

*Tristis est anima mea
usque ad mortem.
Sustinete hic, et vigilate mecum.*

My soul is sorrowful,
even to the point of death.
Remain here, and watch with me.

*Jam videbitis turbam
quae circumdabit me,
vos fugam capietis,
et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.*

Now you shall see the crowd
that will surround me,
you will flee,
and I will go to be offered for you.

TEXT: SECOND RESPONSORY FOR MAUNDY THURSDAY,
BASED ON MATTHEW 26:38
MUSIC: ATTRIBUTED TO JOHANN KUHNAU (1660-1722)

The Second candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

The Third Reading *Made for Goodness* by Desmond & Mpho Tutu Reader: Bob Thomson

I hear your call as you are falling.
You stumble over your own wrongdoing and topple into the bottomless pit of guilt and shame.
But there is no abyss. It is an illusion.
There is no depth to which you can fall that is beyond my reach.
I have lived with you from the age of the ages.
The dream of you has delighted me, the fact of you pleases me.
There is a choice in every moment.
In every moment there is a chance to flourish and not to fail.
Every instant is rich with possibility.
I have not carved out the path that you must follow, we form the way together, you and I.
I have destined you for good and a field of goodness lies before you.
Listen to me, and though the way may not be easy, every step and stone will lead to joy.
Turn aside to heed the voice of the tempter and faltering will mark your journey.
I trust you my child.
Even when you have fallen the road does not end.
You can rise up from the ground and turn around.
You can repent and head for home in me.
Seek me out.
You will find me.
I have been here from eternity.
Until eternity this is where I will be.
I am waiting and you will find me.

Refrain

God is love, and where true love is God him - self is there.

1 Here in Christ we gath - er, love of Christ our call - ing.
 2 When we Chris - tians gath - er, mem - bers of one Bo - dy,
 3 Grant us love's ful - fill - ment, joy with all the bless - ed,

Christ, our love, is with us, glad - ness be his greet - ing.
 let there be in us no dis - cord but one spi - rit.
 when we see your face, O Sa - vior, in its glo - ry.

Let us fear and love him, ho - ly God e - ter - nal.
 Ban - ished now be an - ger, strife and ev - ery quar - rel.
 Shine on us, O pur - est Light of all cre - a - tion,

Repeat Refrain

Lov - ing him, let each love Christ in one an - oth - er.
 Christ, our God, be al - ways pres - ent here a - mong us.
 be our bliss while end - less a - ges sing your prais - es.

The Third candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

I know what is in your heart—I know your loneliness and all your hurts—the rejections, the judgments, the humiliations. I carried it all before you. And I carried it all for you, so you might share my strength and victory. I know especially your need for love—how you are thirsting to be loved and cherished. But how often have you thirsted in vain, by seeking that love selfishly, striving to fill the emptiness inside you with passing pleasures—with even greater emptiness of sin. Do you thirst for love? “Come to me, all you who thirst.” I will satisfy you and fill you. Do you thirst to be cherished? I cherish you more than you can imagine, to the point of dying on a cross for you. I thirst for you. Yes, that is the only way to even describe my love for you: I thirst for you.

Responsory

Ecce vidimus eum

Officiant Lo, we have seen him without beauty or majesty,
People **with no looks to attract our eyes. He bore our sins and grieved for us, he was wounded for our transgressions, and by his scourging we are healed.**

Officiant Surely, he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows:
People **And by his scourging we are healed.**

ANTHEM

Salvator mundi

(sung by the Schola)

*Salvator mundi, salva nos,
qui per crucem et sanguinem
redemisti nos:
auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur,
Deus noster.*

Savior of the world, save us,
who by your cross and blood
has redeemed us,
help us, we beseech you,
our God.

TEXT: ANTIPHON FOR THE VENERATION OF THE HOLY CROSS
MUSIC: THOMAS TALLIS (c. 1505-1585)

The Fourth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

The Fifth Reading from *No man is an island* by Thomas Merton Reader: Steve Seebach

Only when we see ourselves in our true human context, as members of a race which is intended to be one organism and “one body,” will we begin to understand the positive importance not only of the successes but of the failures and accidents in our lives. My successes are not my own. The way to them was prepared by others. The fruit of my labors is not my own: for I am preparing the way for the achievements of another. Nor are my failures my own. They may spring from the failure of another, but they are also compensated for by another’s achievement. Therefore the meaning of my life is not to be looked for merely in the sum total of my own achievements. It is seen only in the complete integration of my achievements and failures with the achievements and failures of my own generation, and society, and time. It is seen, above all,

in my integration in the mystery of Christ.

Responsory

Eram quasi agnus

Officiant I was like a trusting lamb led to the slaughter.

People **I did not know it was against me that they devised schemes, saying,
Let us destroy the tree with its fruit; let us cut him off from the land of
the living.**

Officiant All my enemies whispered together against me, and devised evil against me,
saying:

People **Let us destroy the tree with its fruit; let us cut him off from the land of
the living.**

HYMN 474

When I survey the wondrous cross

ROCKINGHAM

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an
Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,
count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

The Fifth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

The Sixth Reading from *Dearworthy Blood* by Julian of Norwich Reader: Susan Halligan

Then it occurred to me that, in his tender love for all creatures, God created bountiful waters on earth for our use and our comfort. Yet it pleases him even more when we accept the precious blood he offers to cleanse our spiritual impurities. There is no liquid in creation he would rather share with us. By virtue of his blessed Godhead, it is boundless and infinitely precious. This blood is an aspect of our own nature, and it flows from his generous love.

The dearworthy blood of our sweet Lord is as plentiful as it is sacred. Behold and see! The precious bounty descended to the depths of hell and burst the bonds that ensnared all beings there, lifting them up to the holy halls of paradise. The precious bounty flows over the whole earth, bathing all beings in grace, swiftly cleansing the impurities of every creature of goodwill, now and forever. The precious bounty ascended to the heights of heaven and merged with the blessed body of our Lord, where it continues to circulate inside him, and he keeps bleeding and praying on our behalf to the Creator of all that is, for as long as we need it. It flows and flows, throughout every level of paradise. Rejoicing in the liberation of the whole of humanity. Until we reach our final number and are all set free.

Responsory *Tenebrae factae sunt*

Officiant Darkness covered the whole land when Jesus had been crucified;
People **and about the ninth hour he cried with a loud voice: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? And he bowed his head and handed over his spirit.**

Officiant Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said: Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.
People **And he bowed his head and handed over his spirit.**

ANTHEM

Caligaverunt oculi mei

(sung by the Schola)

*Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo:
quia elongatus est a me
qui consolabatur me.*

O all you who pass by on the road,
consider and see
if there is any sorrow like my sorrow.

*Videte, omnes populi,
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.*

*Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo:
quia elongatus est a me,
qui consolabatur me.*

*O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
attendite, et videte,
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.*

*Videte, omnes populi,
si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.*

My eyes are blinded by my tears,
because far from me
is anyone who will comfort me.

My eyes are blinded by my tears,
because far from me
is anyone who will comfort me.

Look and see, all people,
if there is any sorrow like my sorrow.

Look and see, all people,
if there is any sorrow like my sorrow.

TEXT: NINTH RESPONSORY FOR GOOD FRIDAY
MUSIC: TÓMAS LUIS DA VICTORIA (1548-1611)

The Sixth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

The Seventh Reading *The Crucifixion* by James Weldon Johnson

Reader: Karen James

Jesus, my gentle Jesus,
Walking in the dark of the Garden—
The Garden of Gethsemane,
Saying to the three disciples:
Sorrow is in my soul—
Even unto death;
Tarry ye here a little while,
And watch with me.

Jesus, my burdened Jesus,
Praying in the dark of the Garden—
The Garden of Gethsemane.
Saying: Father,
Oh, Father,
This bitter cup,
This bitter cup,
Let it pass from me.
Jesus, my sorrowing Jesus,
The sweat like drops of blood upon his brow,

Talking with his Father,
While the three disciples slept,
Saying: Father,
Oh, Father,
Not as I will,
Not as I will,
But let thy will be done.

Oh, look at black-hearted Judas—
Sneaking through the dark of the Garden—
Leading his crucifying mob.
Oh, God! Strike him down!
Why don't you strike him down,
Before he plants his traitor's kiss
Upon my Jesus' cheek?
And they take my blameless Jesus,
And they drag him to the Governor,
To the mighty Roman Governor.
Great Pilate seated in his hall,—
Great Pilate on his judgment seat,
Said: In this man I find no fault.
I find no fault in him.
And Pilate washed his hands.
But they cried out, saying:
Crucify him!—
Crucify him!—
Crucify him!—
His blood be on our heads.
And they beat my loving Jesus,
They spit on my precious Jesus;
They dressed him up in a purple robe
They put a crown of thorns upon his head
And they pressed it down—
Oh, they pressed it down—
And they mocked my sweet King Jesus.

Up Golgotha's rugged road
I see my Jesus go.
I see him sink beneath the load,
I see my drooping Jesus sink.
And then they laid hold on Simon,
Black Simon, yes, black Simon;
They put the cross on Simon,
And Simon bore the cross
On Calvary, on Calvary,
They crucified my Jesus.

They nailed him to the cruel tree,
And the hammer!
The hammer!
The hammer!
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.

The hammer!
The hammer!
The hammer!
Rang through Jerusalem's streets.
Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,
Shivering as the nails go through his hands;
Jesus, my lamb-like Jesus,
Shivering as the nails go through his feet.
Jesus, my darling Jesus,
Groaning as the Roman spear plunged in his side;
Jesus, my darling Jesus,
Groaning as the blood came spurting from his wound.
Oh, look how they done my Jesus.

Mary,
Weeping Mary,
Sees her poor little Jesus on the cross.
Mary, Weeping Mary,

Sees her sweet, baby Jesus on the cruel cross,
Hanging between two thieves.

And Jesus, my lonesome Jesus,
Called out once more to his Father,
Saying:
My God,
My God,
Why hast thou forsaken me?
And he drooped his head and died.

And the veil of the temple was split in two,
The midday sun refused to shine,
The thunder rumbled, and the lightning wrote
An unknown language in the sky.
What a day! Lord, what a day!
When my blessed Jesus died.

Oh, I tremble, yes, I tremble,
It causes me to tremble, tremble,
When I think how Jesus died;

Died on the steeps of Calvary,
How Jesus died for sinners,
Sinners like you and me.

ANTHEM

Christus factus est

(sung by the Schola)

*Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum
et dedit illi nomen,
quod est super omne nomen.*

For us, Christ was made obedient
to death, death on the cross.
Therefore, God has exalted him
and given him a name
that is above every name.

TEXT: PHILIPPIANS 2: 8B-9
MUSIC: FELICE ANERIO (C. 1560-1614)

During the singing of Christus factus est, the Final candle is taken away.

Responsory

Sepulto Domino

Officiant When the Lord was buried, they sealed the tomb,
People **rolling a great stone to the door of the tomb;
and they stationed soldiers to guard him.**

Officiant The chief priests gathered before Pilate, and petitioned him:
People **And they stationed soldiers to guard him.**

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you
 *3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? Were you
 4 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you

there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh! _____
 there when they nailed him to the tree? Oh! _____
 there when they pierced him in the side? Oh! _____
 there when they laid him in the tomb? Oh! _____

Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
 Some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,

trem-ble. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 trem-ble. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Officiant Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross.

A loud noise is heard.

The ministers and people depart in silence.

Music rights

“Alone thou goest forth, O Lord,” “Go to dark Gethsemane,” “When I survey the wondrous cross,” and “Were you there when they crucified my Lord” are in the public domain.

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