



ST. MARTIN'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH  
606 W 15<sup>TH</sup> Street, Austin, Texas | [www.saintmartins.org](http://www.saintmartins.org)



# GOOD FRIDAY TENEBRAE SERVICE

Tissot, Jacques. *The Death of Jesus*. 1886-1894, Brooklyn Museum.

April 15, 2022 | 7:00 pm

*Life and death stand side by side as we enter into Good Friday. In John's passion account, Jesus reveals the power and glory of God, even as he is put on trial and sentenced to death. Standing with the disciples at the foot of the cross, we pray for the whole world in the ancient bidding prayer, as Christ's death offers life to all. We gather in solemn devotion, but always with the promise that the tree around which we assemble is indeed a tree of life. We depart silently, and we anticipate the culmination of the Three Days in the Easter Vigil.*

*This type of note offers directions about the service. The people's responses are in **bold**. Page and hymn numbers refer to the red hymnals, with page numbers in the bottom corners and hymn numbers at the top of hymn pages.*

*The service begins with a piece of music, during which the congregation can prepare for worship.*

## Prelude

Meditation on "Were You There"

## Gathering

*The Holy Spirit calls us together as the people of God.*

---

## Welcome

*The people are stand.*

## Hymn

Were You There

Hymn 353

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

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Were You There" in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are provided for five verses in the first system and a chorus in the second system. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

*Refrain*

Oh, some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble.

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you there?  
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?  
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

## Prayer of the Day

### Word

*God speaks to us in scripture reading, preaching, and song.*

*The people are seated.*

### The First Word

**Luke 23:32-34**

<sup>32</sup>Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. <sup>33</sup>When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. <sup>34</sup>Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing." And they cast lots to divide his clothing.

### Meditation in Poetry

*The Seven Last Words of Christ by*

The Reverend Barbara Cawthorne Crafton (*throughout*)

I. Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.

This wheel: if it could slow and stop, and then

*reverse,*

If we could jet backwards, visit once again our crossroads,

catch ourselves in mid-divorce, in

mid-slap, before we

betrayed, and armed,  
with what we know now, arrest the act, we could undo it!  
We could un-die. We could  
un-kill. We'd un-English, un-strike.  
But the wheel turns.  
There is no brake.  
We pick up speed toward ruin  
that we ourselves precisely planned, yet don't expect. It is our way.  
Ashamed, we pick through what remains, and salvage what we can,  
from wreckage we have made.

## Prayer in Music

Jesus, So Lowly

Harold Friedell

*Jesus, so lowly, Child of the earth: Christen me wholly, bring me new birth. Jesus, so lonely, weary and sad; teach me that only love maketh glad. Jesus, so broken, silent and pale; be this the token love will not fail. Jesus, victorious, mighty and free; teach me how glorious death is to be. —Edith Williams*

*The first candle is extinguished*

## The Second Word

Luke 23:39-43

<sup>39</sup>One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" <sup>40</sup>But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation?" <sup>41</sup>And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." <sup>42</sup>Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." <sup>43</sup>He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

## Meditation in Poetry

II. Today, you shall be with me in Paradise.

Most people wanted some assurance of their status.

Will the number of the saved be small?

that is, *Am I one of them?*

What must I do to be saved?

that is, *Have I left something out?*

Life was hard enough: if Hell were in the future, they wanted to know.

It has long been clear to him that

most would not reach out and take the gift.

Most would stand outside and knock

on a door already open.

But for this one on the right, status is not on the table.

At the end of life, this one is free to ask, because there is no harm in asking, and you never know.

At the end of a life that knows it needs saving, when there is no longer any chance for amends the one on the right just asks for the gift and, as always, the answer is yes.

## Prayer in Music

Ah, Holy Jesus

Hymn 349



1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed that we to  
2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee? A - las, my  
3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered; the slave hath  
4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion, thy mor - tal  
5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee, I do a -



judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,  
trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus,  
sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a - tone - ment,  
sor - row, and thy life's ob - la - tion; thy death of an - guish  
dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee; think on thy pit - y



by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.  
I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.  
while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.  
and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.  
and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

## *The second candle is extinguished*

### **The Third Word**

**John 19:23-27**

<sup>23</sup>When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. <sup>24</sup>So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the scripture says,

"They divided my clothes among themselves,  
and for my clothing they cast lots."

<sup>25</sup>And that is what the soldiers did.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. <sup>26</sup>When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." <sup>27</sup>Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

### **Meditation in Poetry**

III. Mother, this is your son.

This is not my son.

You are my son.

This is my son's friend. He is about your age.

He is strong and vital, as you were

just this morning,

before they began to do

what they are doing to you now,

Before they drove nails into your hands

as if they were blocks of wood,

before this happened to my baby.

Now, we stand and watch,

your best friend and I. I cannot bear to see,

but neither can I bear to leave.

And neither can he. And so, I do love him.  
I love him for staying.  
So I will not argue with you now about this.  
I won't allow our last talk  
to be an argument.  
I want so much to help you get through this  
it tastes like blood in my mouth.  
And there isn't anything else I can do to help you since  
they won't let me come near you,  
let alone touch you.  
They won't even let me give you a drink.  
I can't even brush your hair out of your eyes.  
You are going quickly now.  
This cannot last much longer.  
So all right. When this is over,  
it will be John and I.  
I will love him, because he will remember you.  
And you will be all I'll want to talk about,  
for a long time after this is over,  
long after most people think it's time I got over it.  
But there was a time you lived in me:  
I held you safe right here,  
under my heart,  
in the place where you have an open wound.  
You were part of my body then.  
I would be part of yours now.  
I would leap  
to take your place up there.  
I would laugh  
if they drove nails into my hands  
instead of into yours.  
I would look down at you  
looking up and I would see your chest

heave with your crying and mind would  
heave with my failing breathing and I would  
shout, "He lives!" and send my last breath to the sky,  
Thanksgiving.

## Prayer in Music

The Crucifixion

Samuel Barber

*At the cry of the first bird, they began to crucify you, O Swan. Never shall lament cease because of that. It was like the parting of day from night. Ah, sore was the suffering borne by the body of Mary's son. But sorer still to him was the grief that, for his sake, came upon his mother.*

*The third candle is extinguished*

## The Fourth Word

Matthew 27:45-49

<sup>45</sup>From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. <sup>46</sup>And about three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?" that is, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" <sup>47</sup>When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, "This man is calling for Elijah." <sup>48</sup>At once one of them ran and got a sponge, filled it with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink. <sup>49</sup>But the others said, "Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to save him."

## Meditation in Poetry

IV. My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

No one will let me despair.

They assume that they've misheard.

"He meant to call Elijah."

"He's quoting from the psalms."

When they are old, they will tell each other stories of today. They tell stories of me already. They've told them for years: embellishing my childhood manners, my

boundless patience, superhuman wit.

Already they sell me, paint me



so far beyond themselves they need not seek to follow.  
 But I am truly man,  
 and truly, terror holds me in its razor teeth.  
 I am not an actor.  
 And this is not a play.

## Prayer in Music

They Crucified My Lord

(verses 1-4)

Hymn 350

1 They cru - ci - fied my Lord, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 2 They nailed him to a tree, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 3 They pierced him in the side, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 4 The blood came stream - in' down, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 5 He hung his head and died, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;

they cru - ci - fied my Lord, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 they nailed him to a tree, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 they pierced him in the side, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 the blood came stream - in' down, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;  
 he hung his head and died, and he nev - er said a mum - ba - lin' word;

not a word, not a word, not a word.

*mumbalin' = complaining*

*The fourth candle is extinguished*

## The Fifth Word

John 19:28-29

<sup>28</sup>After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." <sup>29</sup>A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth.

## Meditation in Poetry

V. I thirst.

He tries holding very still.

He tries not to move his tongue.

His tongue is thick and dry, a log.

He tries to hold his mind still, too, tries not to think of water.

But it fills with pools.

In thought, he kneels and laps up puddles like a dog.

He hears water pouring into a cup,  
sees the cup coming toward his lips,  
opens his lips, but it is not water.

When he was little, he and his mother went to the well every morning,  
with other children and their mothers.

He had a tiny yoke of wood his father made him.

From it, he could carry two leather bags of water all the way home.

Mary had a yoke, too,

a larger one, and larger leather water bags.

for she was young and strong in those days.

He would follow her up the dusty steps of the dusty streets;

her brown legs climbed easily under her heavy load, his little feet t  
raced her footsteps. Usually, he made a game:

he must step exactly where she stepped,  
and not miss even one.

He supposes that little yoke is in the house somewhere, still.

It has been years since he saw it.

They used to make the trip twice, two bags apiece.

That was the water for the day.

Here there are no children with their mothers.  
This is no place for a child.  
And there is no water here.

## Prayer in Music

Requiem

Eliza Gilkyson (arr. Craig Hella Johnson)

*Mother Mary, full of grace, awaken. All our homes are gone, our loved ones taken, taken by the sea. Mother Mary, calm our fears, have mercy. Drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy. Hear our mournful plea. Our world has been shaken, we wander our homelands forsaken. In the dark night of the soul, Bring some comfort to us all Oh mother Mary come and carry us in your embrace, That our sorrows may be faced. Mary, fill the glass to overflowing. Illuminate the path where we are going. Have mercy on us all, In funeral fires burning, Each flame to your mystery returning. In the dark night of the soul Your shattered dreamers, make them whole, Oh mother Mary find us where we've fallen out of grace. Lead us to a higher place. In the dark night of the soul Our broken hearts you can make whole, Oh mother Mary come and carry us in your embrace Let us see your gentle face, Mary.*

*The fifth candle is extinguished*

## The Sixth Word

John 19:30

<sup>30</sup>When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

## Meditation in Poetry

VI. It is finished.

Latin words are much more dignified than ours.  
They satisfy the speaker more,  
they feel important on the tongue.  
I'll speak "*humilitatem*" not "affliction,"  
and of "*furore*" not of "wrath."  
I'll say "*insipiens*" when I mean "fool,"  
and I will feel less foolish.  
And I'll have Jesus say "*Consummatum est*"  
in Latin, just like that,  
a stately word, so calm and unperturbed.

This is complete, it says.  
 All now is accomplished and all is well.  
 Like a consummate artist,  
 a consummate professional,  
 like a consummated marriage,  
 we'll have a consummate crucifixion,  
 with all the blood cleaned up,  
 and Christ, serene, will hang so lightly  
 on his sweet cross for our assurance.  
 We might be more concerned,  
 if we thought it concerned him.  
 So let us polychrome this whole event  
 and make it lovely  
 and hang those lovely Latin words  
 on dying lips.

## Prayer in Music

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Hymn 351

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'O Sacred Head, Now Wounded'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,  
 2 How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;  
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,  
 4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;  
 how does thy face now lan - guish, which once was bright as morn!  
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?  
 re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!  
 Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;  
 Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,  
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.  
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.  
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.  
 for all who die be - liev - ing die safe - ly in thy love.

*The sixth candle is extinguished*

## The Seventh Word

Luke 23:44-49

<sup>44</sup>It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, <sup>45</sup>while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. <sup>46</sup>Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Having said this, he breathed his last. <sup>47</sup>When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, "Certainly this man was innocent." <sup>48</sup>And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. <sup>49</sup>But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things.

## Meditation in Poetry

VII. Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.

He can just lay it down.

He can just stop.

He has only just now realized,

in the lengthening spaces between ragged breaths,  
that he can just not draw the next one.  
He is almost there already;  
the wall between the worlds is very thin.  
Now he sees it's simple to go on from here: just stop the breath,  
and let his spirit slip on home.  
In every way, this death is ours:  
the same fear becoming the same intentness,  
the same directional change.  
He has always said this, but we did not believe it.  
We thought exception would be made for him  
because we hope exception will be made for us.  
But there are no exceptions.  
We can lay it down or have it  
wrested from us.  
We are almost there already.

## **Prayer in Music**

Vocalise

Sergei Rachmaninov

*The seventh candle is extinguished*

*The Christ candle is removed from the church.*

## **Prayer**

### **Lord's Prayer**

**Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name,  
thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.**

**Give us this day our daily bread;  
and forgive us our trespasses,**

as we forgive those  
who trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory,  
forever and ever. Amen.

## **Apostles' Creed**

I believe in God, the Father almighty,  
creator of heaven and earth.  
I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son, our Lord,  
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,  
born of the virgin Mary,  
suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
was crucified, died, and was buried;  
he descended to the dead.  
On the third day he rose again;  
he ascended into heaven,  
he is seated at the right hand of the Father,  
and he will come to judge the living and the dead.  
I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the holy catholic church,  
the communion of saints,  
the forgiveness of sins,  
the resurrection of the body,  
and the life everlasting. Amen.

*The Christ candle is returned to the church.*

**The Light of Christ! Thanks be to God! Amen!**

*All leave in silence.*

## Serving Today

---

Preaching/Presiding:	Rev. Ellen Williams
Lectors:	Syringa Bilberry, Tom Blomquist, Liz Moon, Lisa Stafford, Gil Zilkha
Director of Music:	Tim O'Brien
Organist:	Austin Haller
Musicians:	St. Martin's Choir; June Julian, soprano; Katherine Altobello-O'Brien, Ann Wade Sauder, alto; Jameson James, tenor; Gil Zilkha, bass
Video:	Eddie Jennings
Ushers:	Norm Hummell, chair

## Prayers

---

### REMEMBER IN PRAYER

Terry Adcock; Judy Balentine; Patti Ball; family and friends of LaNell Brown; Stan Cravatt; Eileen;Carolynn Elmshaeuser; Henry; Deborah R. Duncan Hurdle and Malfred Duncan; Deb Johnson; Joy, Carla, and Paul; Rita Naes; family of Delores (Dee) Nelson; Jenny Ohrstrom; Peggy and Raven; Glen Ratliff; family and friends of Zack Swenson; all people; wholeness and healing of all God's creation.

### CONTINUED PRAYERS FOR

Bob Aus; Emily Berggren; Eric Bittner; Travis Bohmann; Patricia Byous; Eleanor and Dave; Ellen; Sam Gourley; Dean Haynie; Ronnie Johnson; Peter Jordahl; Betsy Knauff; Walt Knauff; Arvid Larson; Pat Larson; Doris McGaughy; Helen Pegg; Jeff Puskos; Betty Staehr; Christie Tietjen; Ukrainian citizens and refugees.

## April Benevolence: River City Youth Foundation

---

River City Youth Foundation (RCYF) is Austin's longest running locally founded youth organization, providing programs and services for the underserved community of southeast Austin's Dove Springs. RCYF provides youth and family oriented programs focused on technology training, college and career readiness, mentoring, wellness, and community development. Donate





Arrive early and stay late on Easter Sunday (April 17) to enjoy fun activities, meaningful fellowship, and delicious food—it's all part of this year's

### **Easter Festival at St. Martin's!**

In addition to celebrating the Resurrection of Our Lord during our 9 and 11 am services, we invite you and your family to enjoy Easter in an extra-special way by connecting and having fun with your St. Martin's community!

*At each meal, donations for the high school program will be greatly appreciated!*

### **Easter Festival Schedule**

8:30–10:00 am Pancake/French toast breakfast in the Fellowship Hall

**9:00 am Family Worship in the Sanctuary**

10:00–10:45 am Faith Formation activities on the Parlor Patio (butterfly sanctuary, arts & crafts, Easter storytelling)

**11:00 am Traditional Worship in the Sanctuary**

*Our celebration moves to the Worship Park for the following events:*

*(If you need to avoid the hill from the Rio Grande Street gate, park inside the top of the Worship Park, accessed from West Ave., or park near the gate up the hill on 16<sup>th</sup> street and enter there.)*

12:00–1:30 pm Hot dog/hamburger/veggie lunch

12:15–1:30 pm Live jazz, yard games, and fellowship

12:30 pm Easter egg hunt (kids turn in eggs for candy/prizes)

2:00 pm Pitch in to help quickly clear the park & enjoy the rest of your Easter Sunday!

*\*Hint: bring comfortable walking shoes for our fun time in the park.*

*\*Inclement weather: Worship Park activities will move to the Fellowship Hall & Gym.*