



MAUNDY THURSDAY

The Church of the Messiah • Gwynedd, Pennsylvania
1 April 2021

Celebrant Bless the Lord who forgives all our sins.
People **God's mercy endures forever.**

Let us pray.

Almighty Father, whose dear Son, on the night before he suffered, instituted the Sacrament of his Body and Blood: Mercifully grant that we may receive it thankfully in remembrance of Jesus Christ our Lord, who in these holy mysteries gives us a pledge of eternal life; and who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The First Lesson *Exodus 12:1-14a*

The reading concludes: The Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Psalms 116

¹ I love the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication, *
because he has inclined his ear to me whenever I called upon him.

¹⁰ How shall I repay the Lord *
for all the good things he has done for me?

¹¹ I will lift up the cup of salvation *
and call upon the Name of the Lord.

¹² I will fulfill my vows to the Lord *
in the presence of all his people.

**¹ I love the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication, *
because he has inclined his ear to me whenever I called upon him.**

¹³ Precious in the sight of the Lord *
is the death of his servants.

¹⁴ O Lord, I am your servant; *
I am your servant and the child of your handmaid;
you have freed me from my bonds.

**¹ I love the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication, *
because he has inclined his ear to me whenever I called upon him.**

- ¹⁵ I will offer you the sacrifice of thanksgiving *
and call upon the Name of the Lord.
- ¹⁶ I will fulfill my vows to the Lord *
in the presence of all his people,
- ¹⁷ In the courts of the Lord's house, *
in the midst of you, O Jerusalem. Hallelujah!
- ¹ I love the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication, *
because he has inclined his ear to me whenever I called upon him.**

The Second Lesson *1 Corinthians 11:23-26*
The reading concludes: The Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

The Gospel Lesson *John 13:1-17, 31b-35*
The reading concludes: The Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

Meditation

Prayers Before The Cross

Let us pray.

Lord, the Gospel accounts record that, at the end, only a few loyal followers remained with you; all others having deserted you and fled in fear. Now, Lord Jesus, we have come and gathered at the foot of your cross, asking only that you hear us as we pray for all those who, acting out of evil or out of good, took part in your Passion:

The Pharisees and elders who conspired against you;
Judas, your friend and disciple, who betrayed you with a kiss;
The apostles who this night deserted you, but would later bear witness to your glory as the Risen Christ, seated at God's right hand:
Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Malchus, struck by Peter's sword, who you touched and healed;
The young man who followed you, yet fled naked from the crowd;
The high priest's maids and servants before whom Peter denied you:
Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Annas, the high priest's father-in-law, who handed you over to Caiaphus;
Caiaphus, the high priest, who convicted you of blasphemy;
The chief priests, scribes and officers who mocked you and condemned you as worthy of death:
Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Herod the king, who arrayed you in royal apparel, and yet treated you with contempt;
The Roman soldiers who clothed you in purple, put a crown of thorns upon your head, ridiculed and scourged you;

The people who first welcomed you with branches of palm and shouts of 'Hosanna', then only days later called for your death;

Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Pilate's wife who begged her husband to remain innocent of your blood;

Barabbas, the robber and murderer, whose deserved death sentence was exchanged for your innocence;

Pontius Pilate who wrongly delivered you to be crucified, yet rightly confessed you to be our King;

Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Simon of Cyrene, a passerby, compelled to walk with you and bear your cross;

The women of Jerusalem, bewailing and lamenting you at the city gate, who you told not to weep for you, but for themselves and their children;

The soldiers who nailed you to the cross and for whom you prayed to your Father for their forgiveness;

Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

The crowd that scoffed at you as one who saved others but could not save yourself;

The two thieves crucified with you, the one who reviled you and the one who asked to be remembered in your Kingdom;

The unnamed person in the crowd who heard your cry of desolation and ran to quench your thirst;

Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

Mary, your mother, who kept vigil at your cross and who you entrusted to the care of your beloved disciple;

The centurion who watched as you gave up your Spirit and first proclaimed you as the Son of God;

The women who had followed you and ministered to you since Galilee, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joseph, Mary the wife of Clopas, Salome, and the mother of James, and the apostle John, who remained when all others fled:

Have mercy, Lord, on them – and on us.

For ourselves . . .

who, in our weakness and evil, betray and deny you, refuse to carry your cross and will not risk ourselves to save others;

And who, in our strength and good, bear witness and proclaim your glory, confess you as our King and are moved to quench the thirst of others in your name;

Have mercy, Lord, on us.

Almighty and eternal God, by the willing sacrifice of your beloved Son joy has come into the world: grant that all who serve and suffer in Jesus' name may share in the victory and triumph that was accomplished in his death and resurrection. Have mercy, Lord, on all your people. Amen.

Psalm 22:1-20

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; *
by night as well, but I find no rest.
Yet you are the Holy One, *
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.
Our forefathers put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.
They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

But as for me, I am a worm and no man, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.
All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,
“He trusted in the LORD; let him deliver him; *
let him rescue him, if he delights in him.”
Yet you are he who took me out of the womb, *
and kept me safe upon my mother’s breast.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother’s womb.
Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.
Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd; my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
Packs of dogs close me in, and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet; I can count all my bones.
They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them; they cast lots for my clothing.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

Be not far away, O LORD; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

The service ends with an extended period of reflective silence, then the Celebrant departs.