



**WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK:
A SERVICE OF DARKNESS
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 2020 AT 6:00 P.M.**

**The Church of the Redeemer:
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Welcome to a Service of Darkness. Tonight, we will focus on the shadows that occupy much of the space in Holy Week. With a glance towards the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, we pause to dwell in the natural, and life-giving darkness that so often surrounds our lives. The extinguishing of the candles represents our journey towards Good Friday. The candles will be extinguished one by one, excepting the final candle, which will be obscured from sight, though never snuffed out.

Welcome

Officiant: Susan Haig

DUSK

Tapers are lit

The Prayers of the People

Led by Anne Evers

One: Lord it is night.

The night is for stillness. Let us be still in the presence of God.

It is night after a long day.

What has been done has been done; what has not been done has not been done;
let it be.

The night is dark.

Let our fears of the darkness of the world and of our own lives rest in you.

The night is quiet.

Let the quietness of your peace enfold us, all dear to us, and all who have no peace.

The night heralds the dawn.

Let us look expectantly to a new day, new joys, new possibilities.

In your name we pray. **Amen.**

Common Prayer

Leader: Together we pray.

All: **God who cares for us,**

**the wonder of whose presence fills us with awe,
let justice, kindness and love shine in our world.**

Let your secrets be known here as they are in heaven.

Give us the food and the hope we need for today.

Forgive us our wrongdoing as we forgive the wrongs done to us.

Protect us from pride and from despair

and from the fear and hate which can swallow us up.

In you is truth, meaning, glory and power,

while worlds come and go. Amen.

The First Reading: Lamentations 1.1-6

Read by Pauline Thompson

How lonely sits the city
that once was full of people!
How like a widow she has become,
she that was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the provinces
has become a vassal.
She weeps bitterly in the night,
with tears on her cheeks;
among all her lovers
she has no one to comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her,
they have become her enemies.
Judah has gone into exile with suffering
and hard servitude;
she lives now among the nations,
and finds no resting place;
her pursuers have all overtaken her
in the midst of her distress.
The roads to Zion mourn,
for no one comes to the festivals;
all her gates are desolate,
her priests groan;
her young girls grieve,
and her lot is bitter.
Her foes have become the masters,
her enemies prosper,
because the Lord has made her suffer
for the multitude of her transgressions;
her children have gone away,
captives before the foe.
From daughter Zion has departed
all her majesty.
Her princes have become like stags
that find no pasture;
they fled without strength
before the pursuer.

Response: “Flow My Tears” – *John Dowland*

Sung by Chris Mayell, Played by Mike Daley

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days, my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts, for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

A candle is extinguished

The Second Reading: “Let Evening Come” – *Jane Kenyon*

Read by Joan Robinson

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn, moving
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come

Response: "Within our Darkest Night"

All sing

With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the
fire that nev - er dies a - way, nev - er dies a -
way. With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the
fire that nev - er dies a - way, nev - er dies a - way.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are: "With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the fire that nev - er dies a - way, nev - er dies a - way. With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the fire that nev - er dies a - way, nev - er dies a - way." The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

TWILIGHT

The Third Reading: “The Facts of Life” – *Pádraig Ó Tuama*

Read by Paul Pynkoski

That you were born
and you will die.

That you will sometimes love enough
and sometimes not.

That you will lie
if only to yourself.

That you will get tired.

That you will learn most from the situations
you did not choose.

That there will be some things that move you
more than you can say.

That you will live
that you must be loved.

That you will avoid questions most urgently in need of
your attention.

That you began as the fusion of a sperm and an egg
of two people who once were strangers
and may well still be.

That life isn't fair.
That life is sometimes good
and sometimes better than good.

That life is often not so good.

That life is real
and if you can survive it, well,
survive it well
with love
and art
and meaning given
where meaning's scarce.

That you will learn to live with regret.
That you will learn to live with respect.

That the structures that constrict you
may not be permanently constraining.

That you will probably be okay.

That you must accept change
before you die
but you will die anyway.

So you might as well live
and you might as well love.
You might as well love.
You might as well love.

Response: “Sanglots” – *Francis Poulenc*

Sung by Catharin Carew, Played by Jill Daley

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite ...
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs
Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants.
Des gouffres de Thulé, des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits, de ceux qui fuient leur ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants.
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
À sa blessure délicate ...
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes...
...Et douloureuse et nous disait:
...Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes...
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
...Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici.

Ainsi vont toutes choses
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots. – W.A.W.A. Kostrowicki

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.

*We know that within us many people breathe
who came from afar and are united behind our brows.
This is the song of that dreamer
who had torn out his heart
and was carrying it in his right hand...*

*Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories:
the sailors who sang like conquerors,
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir,
the accursed sick, the ones who flee their own shadows,
and the joyful return of the happy emigrants.
Blood was flowing from that heart;
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound which was delicate ...*

*You will not break the chain of those causes...
...and painful; and he kept saying to us:
...which are the effects of other causes.
"My poor heart, my heart which is broken
like the hearts of all men...*

*Look, here are our hands which life enslaved.
"...has died of love or so it seems,
has died of love and here it is.*

*That is the way of all things.
"So tear your hearts out too!"
And nothing will be free until the end of time.
Let us leave everything to the dead,
and let us hide our sobbing.*

A candle is extinguished

The Fourth Reading: “The Cypress Curtain” – *Thomas Campion*

Read by Paul Gooch

The cypress curtain of the night is spread,
And over all a silent dew is cast.
The weaker cares by sleep are conquered.
But I alone with hideous grief aghast,
In spite of Morpheus' charms a watch do keep
Over mine eyes to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close;
And then the map of Hell before me stands,
Which ghosts do see and I am one of those
Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands,
Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft,
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul for that will still endure
When my crazed body is consumed and gone;
Bear it to thy black den, there keep it sure,
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon:
Yet all do not afford such food to thee
All this poor one, the worser part of me.

Response: “O Tod, wie bitter bist du” – *Johannes Brahms Sung by Michael Broder, Played by Jill Daley*

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!

*O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!*

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

*O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!*

A candle is extinguished

DARKNESS

The Fifth Reading: John 13.21-32

Read by Susan Graham Walker

After saying this Jesus was troubled in spirit, and declared, “Very truly, I tell you, one of you will betray me.” The disciples looked at one another, uncertain of whom he was speaking.

One of his disciples—the one whom Jesus loved—was reclining next to him; Simon Peter therefore motioned to him to ask Jesus of whom he was speaking. So while reclining next to Jesus, he asked him, “Lord, who is it?” Jesus answered, “It is the one to whom I give this piece of bread when I have dipped it in the dish.” So when he had dipped the piece of bread, he gave it to Judas son of Simon Iscariot. After he received the piece of bread, Satan entered into him. Jesus said to him, “Do quickly what you are going to do.”

Now no one at the table knew why he said this to him. Some thought that, because Judas had the common purse, Jesus was telling him, “Buy what we need for the festival”; or, that he should give something to the poor. So, after receiving the piece of bread, he immediately went out. And it was night.

When he had gone out, Jesus said, “Now the Son of Man has been glorified, and God has been glorified in him. If God has been glorified in him, God will also glorify him in himself and will glorify him at once.

Response: "De Noche Iremos"

All sing

Meditative ♩ = 60

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a common time signature. The tempo is marked as 'Meditative' with a quarter note equal to 60 beats. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes lyrics in English and Spanish. Chords are indicated above the treble staff and below the bass staff. Dynamics include piano (p) and pianissimo (pp). The piece concludes with a 'fine' marking.

By night we hasten, in darkness, to seek for the living water,
De no - che i - rem - os, de no - che, que pa - ra en - con - trar la fuen - te,
on - ly our thirst lights us on - wards, on - ly our thirst lights us on - wards. By
só - lo la sed nos a - lum - bra, só - lo la sed nos a - lum - bra. De

Chords: Dm, Bb, Am, Gm, ASUS, A, Dm, C, F, A, Bb, A

A candle is extinguished

Homily:

Susan Haig

A moment of silence is observed

The Sixth Reading: "Dark Night of the Soul" – St. John of the Cross

Read by Jean Bubba

One dark night,
fired with love's urgent longings
— ah, the sheer grace! —

I went out unseen,
my house being now all stilled.

In darkness, and secure,
by the secret ladder, disguised,
— ah, the sheer grace! —
in darkness and concealment,
my house being now all stilled.

On that glad night,
in secret, for no one saw me,
nor did I look at anything,
with no other light or guide
than the one that burned in my heart.

This guided me
more surely than the light of noon
to where he was awaiting me
— him I knew so well —
there in a place where no one appeared.

O guiding night!
O night more lovely than the dawn!
O night that has united
the Lover with his beloved,
transforming the beloved in her Lover.

Upon my flowering breast
which I kept wholly for him alone,
there he lay sleeping,
and I caressing him
there in a breeze from the fanning cedars.

When the breeze blew from the turret,
as I parted his hair,
it wounded my neck
with its gentle hand,
suspending all my senses.

I abandoned and forgot myself,
laying my face on my Beloved;
all things ceased; I went out from myself,
leaving my cares
forgotten among the lilies.

Response: “The Bird” – *John Duke*

Sung by Chris Mayell

O clear and musical,
Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall
Through the long night.

Bring me your song again,
O dear delight!
O dear and comforting,
Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing
And the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again,
O clearest voice. – *Elinor Wylie*

The final candle is obscured from sight, but will never be snuffed out

Exeunt: “Le Jardin Suspendu” - *Jehan Alain*

Played by Dan Norman

Le Jardin suspendu, c'est l'idéal perpétuellement poursuivi et fugitive de l'artiste,
c'est le refuge inaccessible et inviolable.

*The Hanging Garden is the artist's perpetually pursued and fleeting ideal,
it is the inaccessible and sacred refuge.*

*There is no dismissal in Holy Week.
The Journey continues tomorrow; Maundy Thursday...*