



WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK:  
A SERVICE OF DARKNESS  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 2021 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. You are encouraged to light your own candle(s) at home.*

Officiant: *Steven Mackison*

Guest Musicians: [I FURIOSI Baroque Ensemble](#)

## **DUSK**

Song: Ombre, Piante (*G.F. Handel*)

Ombre, piante, urne funeste!  
voi sareste  
le delizie del mio sen.  
Se trovassi in voi raccolto,  
come il volto  
anche il cener del mio ben.

*Shadows, tears, funeral urns,  
you would be  
the delights of my heart;  
if I should find together in you  
both the image  
and the ashes of my beloved.*

*~Nicola Haym*

**Welcome**

*Tapers are lit*

**The Prayers of the People:** *Susan Haig*

*Leader:* For the one holy catholic and apostolic Church throughout the world,  
we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For the mission of the Church, that is faithful witness it may preach the gospel to  
the ends of the earth, we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For our catechumens and for their teachers and sponsors,  
we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For peace in the world, that a spirit of respect and reconciliation may grow among nations and peoples, we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For the poor, the persecuted, the sick, and all who suffer; for refugees, prisoners, and all in danger; that they may be relieved and protected, we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For all whom we have injured or offended, we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

*Leader:* For grace to amend our lives and to further your reign, we pray to you, God.

*All:* **Kyrie eleison**

## **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 Paul Gooch*

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*

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 condemn light  
Happy, happy they that in hell  
Feel not the world's despite.

*A candle is extinguished*

**The Second Reading:** “In Darkness Let Me Dwell” (*John Dowland*)

*Read by Susan Graham Walker*

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,  
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,  
The walls of marble black that moisten'd still shall weep,  
My music hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.  
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my tomb,

O, let me, living, living, die, till death do come.

**Response:** “Dia de Xaba, mi Madre” (*Judeo-Spanish Traditional, written by and for people who hid their religion by lighting Shabbat candles in dark basements to avoid detection by the Inquisition*)

Día de Xaba, mi madre  
La horica dando dos,  
Huego salió a l' Agua Nueva,  
En Beyaz Kule quedó.

Que lo sepax mansebicos  
Los pecados de Xaba.  
Se ensañó el Patrón del Mundo,  
Mos mandó a Dudular.

El istiquiam va quemando  
Ya mos vino fin al Bel.

Las mosicas están llorando,  
L'axugar se les quemó.

Tres palombas están volando,  
Haziendo estruisión.  
Mos quedimos arastados  
Sin tener habitasión.

*On Shabbat, my mother,  
The clock struck two:  
The fire broke out at Ague Mueva  
And stopped at Beyaz Kule.*

*Know, you young men,  
That your Shabbat sins  
Angered the Lord of the World  
And sent us to Dudular.*

*The buildings are burning  
All the way to Bel.  
The young girls are weeping  
For their prospects have burned up.*

*Three pigeons are flying  
Causing destruction.  
We are left wandering  
Without a home.*

*A candle is extinguished*

## **TWILIGHT**

**The Third Reading:** Isaiah 45:1-7

*Read by Jean Bubba*

Thus says the LORD to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have grasped to subdue nations before him and strip kings of their robes, to open doors before him— and the gates shall not be closed: I will go before you and level the mountains, I will break in pieces the doors of bronze and cut through the bars of iron, I will give you the treasures of darkness and riches hidden in secret places, so that you may know that it is I, the LORD, the God of Israel, who call you by your name.

For the sake of my servant Jacob, and Israel my chosen, I call you by your name, I surname you, though you do not know me. I am the LORD, and there is no other; besides

me there is no god. I arm you, though you do not know me, so that they may know, from the rising of the sun and from the west, that there is no one besides me; I am the LORD, and there is no other. I form light and create darkness, I make weal and create woe; I the LORD do all these things.

**Response:** “Sonata X” (*Dario Castello*)

*A candle is extinguished*

**The Fourth 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:** "Defiled Is My Name" – *Robert Johnson*

Defiled is my name, full sore.  
Through cruel spite and false report,  
That I may say for evermore,  
Farewell, my joy! adieu comfort!  
For wrongfully ye judge of me  
Unto my fame a mortal wound,  
Say what ye list, it will not be,  
Ye seek for that can not be found.

*~Anne Boleyn*

*A candle is extinguished*



## ***DARKNESS***

### **The Fifth Reading:** John 13.21-32

*Read by Karen Turner*

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:** “Trio pour le Choucher du Roi (Menuet)” – *Marin Marais*

*A candle is extinguished*

### **The Sixth Reading:** “Dark Night of the Soul” – *St. John of the Cross*

*Read by Pauline Thompson*

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 Sypres Curtaine of the Night” – *Thomas Campion*

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, sieze 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.

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

*There is no dismissal in Holy Week.*

*The Journey continues tomorrow; Maundy Thursday...*

### **Holy Week at Redeemer**

**April 1** – 7 PM – *Maundy Thursday*

**April 2** – 9:30 AM – *Good Friday for All Ages*

**April 2** – 12 PM – *Good Friday*

**April 3** – 9 PM – *The Great Vigil*

**April 4** – 10:30 AM – *Easter Sunday*

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*Thank you to our guest musicians I FURIOSI featuring...*

*Gabrielle McLaughlin, Soprano*  
*Felix Deak, Cello/Viola da Gamba*  
*Aisslinn Nosky, Violin*  
*Julia Wedman, Violin*

*...with special guests...*  
*Jed Wentz, Flauto transverso*  
*James Johnstone, Harpsichord*  
*Matt Jennejohn, Cornetto*  
*Stephanie Martin, Organ*  
*Lucas Harris, Theorbo/Lute*

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