



WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK:
A SERVICE OF DARKNESS
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 2022 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. If you are joining us on Zoom, you are encouraged to light your own candles at home, and extinguish candles at home as they are extinguished in the church.

Officiant: *Steven Mackison*

DUSK

Adagio: “Violin Sonata No.1 in B minor” (*J.S. Bach*)

Tapers are lit

Welcome

The Prayers of the People



Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son

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.**

First Reading

Lamentations 2.1-7, 9-10, 12

What darkness the Lord in his anger has brought on the daughter of Zion! He hurled down from heaven to earth the honour of Israel, with scant regard for Zion his footstool on the day of his anger. The Lord overwhelmed without pity all the dwellings of Jacob. In his wrath he overthrew the strongholds of the daughter of Judah; he brought to the ground in dishonour the kingdom and its rulers. In his fierce anger he hacked off the horn of Israel's pride; he withdrew his protecting hand at the approach of the enemy; he blazed in Jacob like flaming fire that rages far and wide. In enmity he bent his bow; like an adversary he took his stand, and with his strong arm he slew all those who had been his delight. He poured out his fury like fire on the tent of the daughter of Zion. The Lord played an enemy's part and overwhelmed Israel, overthrowing all their mansions and laying their strongholds in ruins. To the daughter of Judah he brought unending sorrow. He stripped his tabernacle as if it were a garden, and made the place of assembly a ruin. In Zion the Lord blotted out all memory of festal assembly and of sabbath; king and priest alike he spurned in the heat of his anger.

The Lord rejected his own altar and abandoned his sanctuary. The walls of Zion's mansions he delivered into the power of the enemy; in the Lord's house they raised shouts as on a festal day.

He has shattered the bars of her gates, and the gates themselves have sunk into the ground. Her king and rulers are exiled among the Gentiles; there is no direction from priests, and her prophets have received no vision from the Lord. The elders of Zion sit on the ground in silence; they have cast dust on their heads and put on sackcloth. The maidens of Jerusalem bow their heads to the ground.

They cry to their mothers, 'Where is there bread and wine?'— as they faint like wounded things in the streets of the city, gasping out their lives in their mothers' bosoms.

Response: Psalm 69 (*George Black*)

Refrain



An - swer me, O Lord, for your love is kind.

Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach,
and shame has covered my face.

I have become a stranger to my own kindred,
an alien to my mother's children. **Refrain**

Zeal for your house has eaten me up;
the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.
I humbled myself with fasting,
but that was turned to my reproach. **Refrain**

"Let not the torrent of waters wash over me,
neither let the deep swallow me up;
do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me. **Refrain**

Answer me, O Lord, for your love is kind;
in your great compassion turn to me."

"Hide not your face from your servant;
be swift and answer me, for I am in distress." **Refrain**

A candle is extinguished

Second Reading: “what they did yesterday afternoon” (*Warsan Shire*)

they set my aunts house on fire
i cried the way women on tv do
folding at the middle
like a five pound note.
i called the boy who used to love me
tried to ‘okay’ my voice
i said *hello*

he said *warsan, what’s wrong, what’s happened?*

i’ve been praying,
and these are what my prayers look like;
dear god
i come from two countries
one is thirsty
the other is on fire
both need water.

later that night
i held an atlas in my lap
ran my fingers across the whole world
and whispered
where does it hurt?

it answered
everywhere
everywhere
everywhere.

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

A candle is extinguished

TWILIGHT

Third Reading

Isaiah 52.13, 53.5

See, my servant shall prosper; he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high. Just as there were many who were astonished at him—so marred was his appearance, beyond human semblance, and his form beyond that of mortals— so he shall startle many nations; kings shall shut their mouths because of him; for that which had not been told them they shall see, and that which they had not heard they shall contemplate.

Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed? For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground; he had no form or majesty that we should look at him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.

He was despised and rejected by people; a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity; and as one from whom others hide their faces he was despised, and we held him of no account.

Surely he has borne our infirmities and carried our diseases; yet we accounted him stricken, struck down by God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises we are healed.

Response: "God in the Darkness"



1. God in the dark-ness, God be-yond our know-ing, pa-tient cre-a-tor,
2. God in the dark-ness, God in all our griev-ing, friend our tears, com-
3. God in the dark-ness, God of ho-ly dream-ing, gi-ver of hope, and



- seed in se-cret grow-ing, rock of the liv-ing, wa-ter e-ver flow-ing,
- pan-ion ne-ver leav-ing, draw-ing us past the li-mits of be-liev-ing,
pledge of our re-deem-ing, Spir-it of truth, our mem-or-y and mean-ing,



WORDS: Elizabeth J. Smith, 1998.
MUSIC: Colin Gibson, 1998. 1998 Hope Publishing Company.

come and re-new us.
come and re-new us.
come and re-new us.

A candle is extinguished

Fourth Reading

Song of Songs 5.2-8

I slept, but my heart was awake. Listen! my beloved is knocking. "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one; for my head is wet with dew, my locks with the drops of the night." I had put off my garment; how could I put it on again? I had bathed my feet; how could I soil them? My beloved thrust his hand into the opening, and my inmost being yearned for him. I arose to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh, upon the handles of the bolt. I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned and was gone. My soul failed me when he spoke. I sought him, but did not find him; I called him, but he gave no answer. Making their rounds in the city the sentinels found me; they beat me, they wounded me, they took away my mantle, those sentinels of the walls. I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, tell him this: I am faint with love.

Response: “Two Thousand Years” (*Billy Joel, arr. D. Norman*)

In the beginning
There was the cold and the night
Prophets and angels gave us the fire and the light
Man was triumphant
Armed with the faith and the will. Even the darkest ages couldn't kill
Too many kingdoms. Too many flags on the field
So many battles, so many wounds to be healed
Time is relentless
Only true love perseveres
It's been a long time and now I'm with you
After two thousand years
This is our moment. Here at the crossroads of time
We hope our children carry our dreams down the line
They are the vintage
What kind of life will they live? Is this a curse or a blessing that we give?
Sometimes I wonder. Why are we so blind to fate?
Without compassion, there can be no end to hate
No end to sorrow
Caused by the same endless fears
Why can't we learn from all we've been through. After two thousand years?
There will be miracles. After the last war is won
Science and poetry rule in the new world to come
Prophets and angels
Gave us the power to see. What an amazing future there will be
And in the evening. After the fire and the light
One thing is certain: Nothing can hold back the night
Time is relentless
And as the past disappears
We're on the verge of all things new. We are two thousand years

A candle is extinguished

DARKNESS

Fifth Reading: “Despised and Rejected” (*Christina Rossetti*)

My sun has set, I dwell
In darkness as a dead man out of sight;
And none remains, not one, that I should tell
To him mine evil plight
This bitter night.
I will make fast my door
That hollow friends may trouble me no more.

“Friend, open to Me.”—Who is this that calls?
Nay, I am deaf as are my walls:
Cease crying, for I will not hear
Thy cry of hope or fear.
Others were dear,
Others forsook me: what art thou indeed
That I should heed
Thy lamentable need?
Hungry should feed,
Or stranger lodge thee here?

“Friend, My Feet bleed.
Open thy door to Me and comfort Me.”
I will not open, trouble me no more.
Go on thy way footsore,
I will not rise and open unto thee.

“Then is it nothing to thee? Open, see
Who stands to plead with thee.
Open, lest I should pass thee by, and thou
One day entreat My Face
And howl for grace,
And I be deaf as thou art now.
Open to Me.”

Then I cried out upon him: Cease,
Leave me in peace:
Fear not that I should crave
Aught thou mayst have.

Leave me in peace, yea trouble me no more,
Lest I arise and chase thee from my door.
What, shall I not be let
Alone, that thou dost vex me yet?

But all night long that voice spake urgently:

“Open to Me.”

Still harping in mine ears:

“Rise, let Me in.”

Pleading with tears:

“Open to Me that I may come to thee.”

While the dew dropped, while the dark hours were cold:

“My Feet bleed, see My Face,

See My Hands bleed that bring thee grace,

My Heart doth bleed for thee,

Open to Me.”

So till the break of day:

Then died away

That voice, in silence as of sorrow;

Then footsteps echoing like a sigh

Passed me by,

Lingering footsteps slow to pass.

On the morrow

I saw upon the grass

Each footprint marked in blood, and on my door

The mark of blood forevermore.

Response: Taize #37 “Within our darkest night”



With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the fire that nev - er dies a -
Dans nos ob - scu - ri - tés al - u - me le feu qui ne s'é - teint ja -



- way, nev - er dies a - way. With - in our dark - est night, you kin - dle the
- mais, ne - s'é - teint ja - mas. Dans nos ob - scu - ri - tés, al - lu - me le



fire that nev - er dies a - way, nev - er dies a - way. With - in our dark - est
feu qui ne s'é - teint ja - mais, ne s'é - teint ja - mas. Dans nos ob - scu - ri -

A candle is extinguished

Reflection: Nate Wall

Sixth Reading: “Dark Night of the Soul” (*St. John of the Cross*)

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: “I go on” (*Leonard Bernstein*)

When the thunder rumbles
now the age of gold is dead.
And the dreams we've clung to,
dying to stay young
have left us parched and old instead.
When my courage crumbles,
When I feel confused and frail.
When my spirit falters, on decaying alters.
And my illusions fail.
I go on right then. I go on again.
I go on to say I will celebrate another day. I go on.
If tomorrow tumbles, and everything I love is gone,
I will face regret, All my days and yet I will still go on.
Lauda, Lauda, Laudae...

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

Exeunt: “Spiegel im Spiegel (Mirror in the Mirror)” (*Arvo Pärt*)

There is no dismissal in Holy Week.

The Journey continues with the Holy Eucharist for Maundy Thursday, tomorrow at 7:30 PM