



Service of Darkness

APRIL 16, 2025 - 6PM
CHURCH OF THE
REDEEMER

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 large 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.

We are in the heart of downtown Toronto, and we gather to celebrate on the traditional lands of the Wendat, Haudenosaunee, and Anishinaabe Nations, including the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation. Our beautiful building connects us to the rich heritage of our city while also drawing us deeper into the roots of our Anglican tradition. Just as the streetscape around us has evolved over the years, our members have changed to reflect the growing, vibrant and progressive Christian community found at the Redeemer today. We come from a variety of faith traditions (and sometimes no faith tradition at all), and we like it that way. We are students, workers, retired, homeless, not limited by sexual orientation, gender identity or personal history. We are at the very beginning of our life with Jesus, and we are deeply steeped in a life complicated by faith. We open our doors to worship God and to learn about Jesus, and how all of this might just transform our lives.

Officiant: Steven Mackison

DUSK

Home (David Byrne / Brian Eno)

The dimming of the light makes the picture clearer
It's just an old photograph, there's nothing to hide
When the world was just beginning

I memorized a face so it's not forgotten
I hear the wind whistlin' come back anytime
And we'll mix our lives together
Heaven knows, what keeps mankind alive
Every hand goes searching for its partner in crime
Under chairs and behind tables
Connecting to places we have known

I'm looking for a home, where the wheels are turning
Home, why I keep returning
Home, where my world is breaking in two
Home, with the neighbors fighting
Home, always so exciting
Home, were my parents telling the truth?
Home, such a funny feeling
Home, no one ever speaking
Home, with our bodies touching
Home, and the cameras watching
Home, will infect whatever you do
Where home, comes to life from out of the blue

Tiny little boats on a beach at sunset
I took a drink from a jar and into my head
Familiar smells and flavors
Vehicles are stuck on the plains of heaven
I've seen their wheels spinning round
And everywhere I can hear those people saying
That the eye is the measure of the man
You can fly from the stuff that still surrounds you
We're home and the band keeps marching on
Connecting to every living soul
Compassion for things I'll never know

~Tapers are lit~

Welcome

Prayers of the people

Please rise and sing

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

The image shows a musical score for a Kyrie eleison prayer. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and B4, then a dotted quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. This pattern repeats for the first two phrases. The second phrase ends with a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

For the one holy catholic and apostolic Church throughout the world, we pray to you, God.
Kyrie eleison...

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.

Kyrie eleison...

For those preparing for baptism and confirmation, and for their teachers and sponsors, we pray to you, God.

Kyrie eleison...

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

Kyrie eleison...

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.

Kyrie eleison...

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

Kyrie eleison...

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

Kyrie eleison...

The Common Prayer

Officiant: As our Saviour taught us, let us pray...

People: **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.**

Officiant: Dear Jesus, as a hen covers her chicks with her wings to keep them safe, protect us this night under your golden wings; for your mercy's sake.

People: **Amen.**

Please be seated

Reflection: Susan Haig

~a moment of silence is observed~

1st Reading: Lamentations 1:1-6

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 subject to forced labor.
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;
 she 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: Psalm 70 (George Black)

Please join in singing



Be pleased, O God, to deliver me;
 O God, make haste to help me.
 Let those who seek my life be ashamed and altogether dismayed;
 let those who take pleasure in my misfortune draw back and be disgraced. **Refrain**
 Let those who say to me "Aha!" and gloat over me turn back,
 because they are ashamed.
 Let all who seek you rejoice and be glad in you;
 let those who love your salvation say for ever, "Great is our God!" **Refrain**

But as for me, I am poor and needy;
come to me speedily, O God.
You are my helper and my deliverer;
O God, do not tarry. **Refrain**

~a candle is extinguished~

2nd Reading: Let evening come (Jane Kenyon)

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: Taizé #46 De noche iremos

Please join in singing

By night we hasten in dark-ness, to seek for the liv - ing wa - ter,

on - ly our thirst lights us on - wards, on - ly our thirst lights us on - wards. By

~a candle is extinguished~

TWILIGHT

3rd Reading: In the Pit Beneath Caiaphas' House (Jay Hulme)

The night before the crucifixion He sat
alone in the darkness; chest harnessed
by ropes, arms bound in chains.

When the pit was sealed and He opened
His eyes the dark went on forever.
Within an hour He began to see stars,
burning their way through the black;
memories of galaxies forming before His eyes.

That night He prayed in the quiet, knowing
tomorrow He'd lie in the earth again;
in a sandstone tomb designed, like this, for men.

Response: Born of a Star (Carolyn McDade)

Please join in singing

Re - turn re - turn to the dark - ness re - turn, this
long - est night of won - der Re - turn, re - turn, to the
dream re - turn, this ho - ly night to pon - der Deep in the night
lis - ten, lis - ten Turn to the light Wak - en, wak - en
Deep in the night turn to the light Wak - en to Sun's an - cient

sum-mons We who are born of a Star Who then are We?

We who are loved by a Star Who then love We?

Deep in the night lis - ten, lis-ten Turn to the light

Wak - en wak - en Deep in the night turn to the light

Wak - en to Sun's an - cient sum-mons We who are

born of a Star Who then are We?

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~a candle is extinguished~

4th 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: As Tears Go By (Jagger / Richards / Oldham)

It is the evening of the day
I sit and watch the children play
Smiling faces I can see
But not for me
I sit and watch
As tears go by

My riches can't buy everything
I want to hear the children sing
All I hear is the sound
Of rain falling on the ground
I sit and watch
As tears go by

It is the evening of the day
I sit and watch the children play
Doing things I used to do
They think are new
I sit and watch
As tears go by

~a candle is extinguished~

DARKNESS

5th 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: God in the Darkness (Elizabeth Smith)

Please join in singing

1. God in the dark - ness, God be - yond our know - ing,
2. God in the dark - ness, God in all our griev - ing,
3. God in the dark - ness, God of ho - ly dream - ing,

pa - tient cre a - tor, seed in se - cret grow - ing,
friend of our tears, com - pan - ion ne - ver leav - ing,
gi - ver of hope, and pledge of our re - deem - ing,

rock of the liv - ing, wa - ter e - ver flow - ing,
draw - ing us past the li - mits of be - liev - ing,
Spir - it of truth, our mem - or - y and mean - ing,

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

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~a candle is extinguished~

6th 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: You want it darker (Leonard Cohen)

If you are the dealer, I'm out of the game
If you are the healer, it means I'm broken and lame
If thine is the glory, then mine must be the shame
You want it darker
We kill the flame

Magnified, sanctified
Be the holy name
Vilified, crucified
In the human frame
A million candles burning
For the help that never came
You want it darker

Hineni, hineni
I'm ready, my Lord

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same
There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame
But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idol claim
You want it darker
We kill the flame

They're lining up to prisoners
And the guards are taking aim
I struggle with some demons
They were middle class and tame
I didn't know I had permission
To murder and to maim
You want it darker

Hineni, hineni
I'm ready, my Lord

Magnified, sanctified
Be the holy name
Vilified, crucified
In the human frame
A million candles burning
For the love that never came
You want it darker
We kill the flame

If you are the dealer, let me out of the game
If you are the healer, I'm broken and lame
If thine is the glory, mine must be the shame
You want it darker

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

Exeunt: Item de virginibus (Hildegard von Bingen)

Most noble evergreen with your roots in the sun,
you shine in the cloudless sky
of a sphere no earthly eminence can grasp,
you blush like the dawn,
you burn like a flame of the sun.



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There is no dismissal in Holy Week. The Journey continues with the Holy Eucharist for Maundy Thursday, Tomorrow at 7:30pm

MAUNDY THURSDAY 7:30pm / GOOD FRIDAY 12pm / EASTER VIGIL (Saturday) 9pm

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