

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



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,

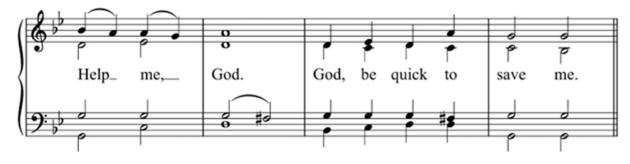
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her; they have become her enemies. Judah has gone into exile with suffering and hard servitude; she lives now among the nations; she finds no resting place; her pursuers have all overtaken her in the midst of her distress. The roads to Zion mourn, for no 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

she has no one to comfort her;

Response: Psalm 70 (George Black)

before the pursuer.

Please join in singing



Be pleased, O God, to <u>de</u>liver me;

O God, make haste to <u>help</u> me.

Let those who seek my life be ashamed and altogether <u>dis</u>mayed;

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 <u>turn</u> back,

because they are <u>a</u>shamed.

Let all who seek you rejoice and be glad in you;

let those who love your salvation say for ever, "Great is our <u>God</u>!" **Refrain**

But as for me, I am poor <u>and</u> needy; come to me speedily, <u>O</u> God. You are my helper and my <u>de</u>liverer; O God, do not <u>tar</u>ry. **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



~a candle is extinguished~

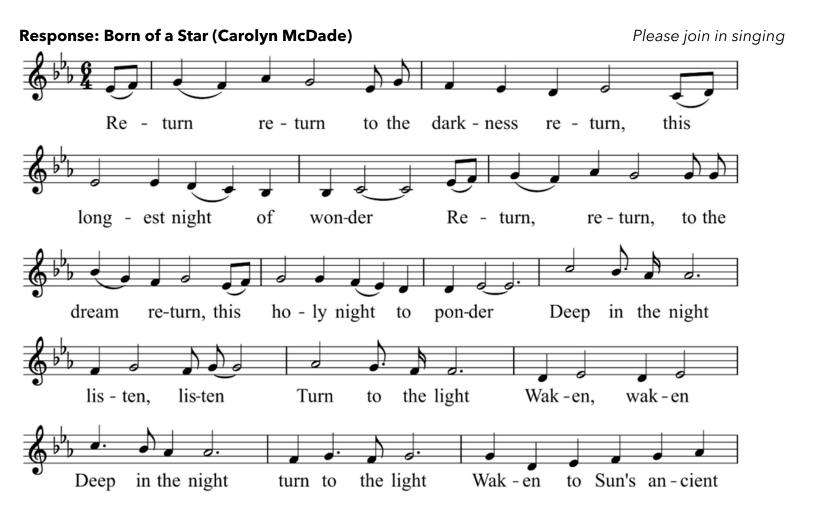
TWILIGHT

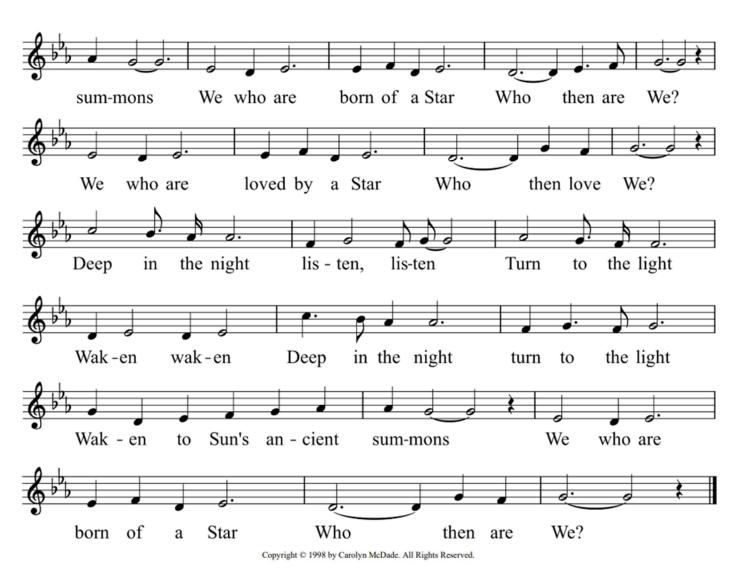
3rd Reading: In the Pit Beneath Caiaphas' House (Jay Hulme)

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.





~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.



Words: Elizabeth J. Smith, 1998. Music: Traralgon. Colin Gibson, 1998. Words © Elizabeth J. Smith (624 Centre Rd., Bentleigh East 3165 Australia. ejsmith@pacific.net.au. Music © 1998 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, OK 60188. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

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.



Your support of the ministries of the Church of the Redeemer allows us to be witnesses to God's love on our corner of Bloor Street and Avenue Road. Donations can be made through the QR code or by placing your offering on the plate as it is passed. Thank you for your gift and for joining in worship today.

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

All Liturgical Texts excerpted from the Book of Alternative Services © 2004 by the General Synod of the Anglican Church of Canada. All rights reserved. Reproduced under license from ABC Publishing, Anglican Book Centre, a ministry of the General Synod of the Anglican Church of Canada, from Anglican Liturgical Library. Further copying is prohibited. All music, not in the public domain, is reproduced under OneLicense.net #A-707061.