



Resource Centre

# From our Churches

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## Good Friday Communion and Footwashing Service

### Gathering

Prelude for Silent Reflection

Invocation/ Quartet "Jesu Dulcis Memoria"

Call to Worship (from series)

Prayer

Hymn HWB#259 When I Survey the wondrous cross

### The Passover Supper

Peter Monologue "Getting Your Feet Dirty" (based on John 13:1-20)

Silent Reflection

Hymn HWB#449 Jesus Took a Towel

Sharing of Footwashing and Handwashing

Hymn STS#80 Jesus walked this lonesome valley

### The Arrest

Peter Monologue "Can I drink the cup?" (based on John 18:10-11)

Silent Reflection

Hymn HWB#447 O Jesus, I have promised

### The Denial

Peter Monologue "Bread of Life" (based on John 18:15-18; 25-27 and John 6)

Silent Reflection

Hymn HWB#254 Ah, Holy Jesus

### The Crucifixion

Scripture John 19: 16b-18; 28-30

Silent Reflection

Quartet "Go to Dark Gethsemane"

### The Lord's Supper

Sharing the Bread and the Cup in Communion

Prayer

### Sending

Hymn HWB#252 O Sacred Head Now Wounded (v.1,3,4)

Benediction

Quartet  
*to leave in reflective silence*

“Ave Verum Corpus”

Silent Reflection

*You are invited*

Leading us in Worship:

Worship Leader:

Song Leader:

Pianist:

Saxophone:

Peter:

Quartet:

Servers:

*Communion was served this week to members residing at Heritage House and Village Manor.*

Jesu Dulchis Memoria  
(Jesus, the very thought of Thee)  
- Tomas Victoria

Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast!  
Yet sweeter far Thy face to see  
And in Thy Presence rest.

Ave Verum Corpus  
(Hail, O hail, true body)  
- William Byrd

Hail, O hail, true body  
Born of the Virgin Mary  
Thou who hung upon the cruel cross  
Whose pierced side flowed with blood  
Be for us a foretaste in the trial of death  
O Tender, O loving, O Jesus son of Mary  
Show on me your mercy. Amen.

### **Peter Monologues for Good Friday:**

#### **Monologue #1 – “Getting Your Feet Dirty” (based on John 13:1-20)**

It was the most profound act, profound gift I had ever received. It got me all mixed up and discombobulated. It threw all my perspectives and assumptions up in the air and they landed in brand new places. It all started innocently enough. We had come together for a Passover supper. I should have known that with Jesus, no supper is a regular supper – something surprising was always bound to happen, especially a Passover meal with all its laden meanings and history.

Out of the blue, Jesus stands up, takes off his outer robe and ties a towel around himself. Before we knew it, Jesus himself pours water into a basin and begins washing and drying the feet of everyone around the table. It blew me away. Our leader, our rabbi, taking on the roll of a servant, a slave. There was no way he was going to wash my dirty feet. How humiliating? How shameful. It’s just wrong. If anyone should be washing feet, it should be us washing his feet. I simply refused. But then Jesus, already on his knees, said I would have no share with him, no part with him. “Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!” I’m going in all the way. Make all of me clean Jesus.

But then it dawned on me. This was not about getting clean at all, about being spotless and pristine - uncontaminated by the world. Just the opposite, it was about getting dirty. Jesus got dirty by washing our smelly feet and said we are to do likewise. We are to be servants. We are to bend down and get right in there with the dirt and smell and junk of our world. We are to show compassion, love, humility to the most lowly and lonely, to the most hurting. It will be complicated and awkward. It will get us in trouble. We'll end up dirty, not clean. If I follow Jesus, it's going to get messy. If I try to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, my feet will get dirty.

Jesus took a towel and he washed my feet!

*(Peter goes to the front and brings a basin and lays it at the foot of the cross, in place for footwashing/handwashing)*

### **Monologue #2 – “Can you drink this cup?” (based on John 18:10-11)**

We were in the garden. Most of us. It was dark. Jesus had been acting weird all day. Giving us words of comfort – let not your hearts be troubled. Praying for us. It felt like some sort of farewell, some sort of parting blessing. It didn't bode well. It was then we heard voices, foot steps, and suddenly we were surrounded – by soldiers and police – by lanterns, torches and weapons. I should have guessed it would be Judas – Jesus had hinted as much.

The anger, the betrayal, the violence just boiled over me. I drew a sword and struck out at anything – catching the ear of the high priest's slave, cutting it right off. I was ready to draw more blood when Jesus stopped me in my tracks. “Put your sword back into its sheath. Am I not to drink the cup that the Father has given me?”

To drink the cup. That is the question, the challenge. That is what this is all about. The cup is bitter to the taste, strong wine. The cup is pain and anguish and violence. To drink it is to follow Jesus wherever he may go. The cup is the alternative to the sword. The cup may be the only way to life? But you first you have to drink.

It was then I knew he would die. I knew his blood would be shed – his cup would be drained right to the bottom. His question remains. Can I drink this cup? Can I empty it to the dregs?

*(Peter goes to the front and brings a cup and lays it at the foot of the cross, in place for communion)*

### **Monologue #3 – “Bread of Life” (based on John 18:15-18; 25-27 and John 6)**

It hit like a load of bricks when I heard the cock crow. After everything I had said, all my promises, all my commitments, all my loyalty – in an instant this all disappeared and fell away. I had denied knowing Jesus – 3 times I denied him. I was scared, terrified. The soldiers had taken Jesus away; the high priest himself had put Jesus on trial. This could go all the way to the top – to Pilate. I wanted to get closer, to see what they were doing, what was happening with Jesus – but I just couldn't bring myself any closer than the outer courtyard, standing around the fire. I just wanted to hide, to escape, to melt into the shadows.

It was like the sound of that rooster woke me up to everything, to all the events and teachings and time with Jesus over the last 3 years. I remembered people, I remembered places, I remembered the feeling of just being in the presence of Jesus. We never really understood Jesus – but we caught glimpses and signs, we knew fragments of his teachings, we saw the hope and new life he inspired all around him. I remembered him talking about bread. He was always saying ‘I am’ this or that. ‘I am the bread of life’ he said. ‘Whoever comes to me will never be hungry and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.’ How I wish now I could just hold on to some of that bread, some of that promise.

We break bread – ‘my body broken for you’, he said. We eat bread everyday. We need it. If we go without, we begin to starve. Maybe that is what it is like to be with Jesus. You need to follow him daily, to live for him, to stand up for him. Right now I am starving. I have denied even knowing him. Is there any hope that I will one day eat again?

*(Peter goes to the front and brings a loaf of bread and lays it at the foot of the cross, in place for communion)*