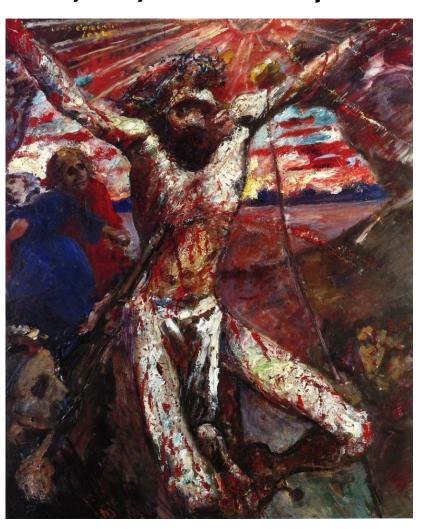


The Rev. Dr. Nicholas Funk, Rector
The Rev. Gordon Miltenberger, Assisting Priest
David Gish, Music Director
Becky Shasteen, Pianist
Angela Dryer, Parish Administrator

8320 Jack Finney Blvd. Greenville, TX 75402 (903)455-5030 secretary@stpaulstx.org http://stpaulstx.org

Cover: Lovis Corinth, *Red Christ* (Munich: State Gallery of Modern Art, 1922), oil on wood.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the Episcopal Diocese of Dallas



Good Friday
April 15, 2022 - 12:00 pm
Eucharist from Reserve &
Stations of the Cross

St.Paul's Episcopal Church in the Episcopal Diocese of Dallas

APRIL 15, 2022 NOON ON GOOD FRIDAY

The ministers enter in silence.

(Stand)	Opening Sentence	BCP, pg 276
(Kneel)	The Collect for Good Friday	10
(Sit)	First Lesson - Isaiah 52:13 – 53:12	
(Sit)	Psalm - Psalm 22	
(Sit)	Second Lesson - Hebrews 10:16-25	
(Stand)	The Holy Gospel - John 18:1 – 19:42	
(Sit)	Sermon - The Rev. Dr. Nicholas J. Funk	<
(Kneel)	The Solemn Collects	BCP, pg 277
(Kneel)	The Way of the Cross	Booklet
	Those leading The Way of the Cross will r	nove to the Sta
	tions outside the church. Parishioners may	y join the group
	as they move from Station to Station, or a	may remain in
	the pews.	
(Kneel)	Confession of Sin	BCP, pg 331
(Kneel)	The Lord's Prayer	BCP, pg 336
(Kneel)	Communion	
(Kneel)	Closing Prayer	BCP, pg 282

The ministers and people leave in silence. No blessing or dismissal is added.

The Way of Pain

by Wendell Berry

- 1. For parents, the only way is hard. We who give life give pain. There is no help. Yet we who give pain give love; by pain we learn the extremity of love.
- 2. I read of Abraham's sacrifice the Voice required of him, so that he led to the altar and the knife his only son. The beloved life was spared that time, but not the pain.

It was the pain that was required. 3. I read of Christ crucified,

- the only begotten Son sacrificed to flesh and time and all our woe. He died and rose, but who does not tremble for his pain, his loneliness, and the darkness of the sixth hour? Unless we grieve like Mary at His grave, giving Him up as lost, no Easter morning comes.
- 4. And then I slept, and dreamed the life of my only son was required of me, and I must bring him to the edge of pain, not knowing why. I woke, and yet that pain was true. It brought his life to the full in me. I bore him suffering, with love like the sun, too bright, unsparing, whole.