



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



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

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

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

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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
(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 move to the Stations outside the church. Parishioners may join the group as they move from Station to Station, or 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.