

Silence

The Lord's Prayer

Kontakion for the departed:

Give rest O Christ  
to your servant with your saints,  
where sorrow and pain are no more,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.  
Creator and maker of humankind,  
you only are immortal,  
and we are mortal, formed of the earth,  
and to the earth we shall return.  
For you did ordain when you created us, saying,  
Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return.

**All we go down to the dust,  
and, weeping o'er the grave,  
we make our lament:**

*Pause*

**Give rest O Christ  
to your servant with your saints,  
where sorrow and pain are no more,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

Lighten our darkness,  
Lord we pray,  
and in your great mercy  
defend us from all perils and dangers of this night,  
for the love of your only Son,  
our Saviour Jesus Christ.

**Amen**

*Please remain in the Chapel  
for as long as you like after the Service ends.*

*As you leave the chapel,  
you may like to add your stone to the cairn  
or take it away with you.*



Welcome to the Parish Church of St Mark  
*Serving the people of Broomhill and Broomhall*

## Keeping Watch by the Tomb A Vigil for Holy Saturday



*As you enter the chapel,  
you may like to pick up a stone.*

Let us be silent...  
let us be still...  
empty...  
in the presence...  
saying nothing...  
asking nothing...  
being silent...  
being still.

*Jim Cotter*

Music      O Eucharist

*Hildegard of Bingen*

Poem:      Sepulchre

Oh blessed body! Wither art thou thrown?  
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?  
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one  
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;  
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:  
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door  
They leave thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.  
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,  
Which holds thee now? Who hath indicted it  
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain  
thee,  
And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee;  
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,  
And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,  
Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art  
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart  
To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,  
And so should perish, but that nothing can,  
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man  
Withhold thee.

*George Herbert*

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Silence

Lines from Psalm 61:

I stand on a rock at the edge of the sea,  
the wind hurls the spray at my face.  
The depths of the ocean swell heavy with menace,  
tides of despair drown my heart in the deep.

**In our despair give us hope;  
in our death give us life.**

*Pause*

I collapse by a rock in the wastes of the desert,  
the noonday sun scorches my skin.  
Waves of heat beat upon my weary heart,  
my eyes stare at the dry bones around me.

**In our despair give us hope;  
in our death give us life.**

*Pause*

The spirit has gone out of me,  
my self-centred desires are as nothing.  
I have come to the brink of inner death,  
I descend to the depths of my doom.

**In our despair give us hope;  
in our death give us life.**

*Pause*

My vows lie broken, yet I would serve you,  
my heart's desire is to love your name.  
May the angels of mercy and truth stand by me,  
the hand of deliverance heal me.

**In our despair give us hope;  
in our death give us life.**

*Pause*

With a glimmer of hope I remember your love,  
the love that finds me even as I search.  
You have entered the void of my despair,  
meeting me in the very place of your absence.

**In our despair give us hope;  
in our death give us life.**

*Paraphrased by Jim Cotter*

Music      How Long O Lord

Silence

Reading: Mark 15:42 - 47

<sup>42</sup> When evening had come, and since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath,<sup>43</sup> Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the

council, who was also himself waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God, went boldly to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. <sup>44</sup> Then Pilate wondered if he were already dead; and summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he had been dead for some time.<sup>45</sup> When he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the body to Joseph. <sup>46</sup> Then Joseph bought a linen cloth, and taking down the body, wrapped it in the linen cloth, and laid it in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock. He then rolled a stone against the door of the tomb. <sup>47</sup> Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus saw where the body was laid.

Poem:

We're all going somewhere,  
we're all going in, and on, and through, and down  
from the womb to the tomb  
we're all going somewhere.

We're all going into the black and the grey  
into the pitch and the dark,  
into the sheen and the shine of wet walls

And I can hear the echo of dripping water  
I can hear it and I want to touch it  
I want to be there where  
I can touch the walls of water  
and put my fingers in the slivers of silver  
in the black and the grey.

I'm going in, going in,  
going deeper into the womb, the tomb,  
and I know that we're all going somewhere  
we're all separately going somewhere together:

into the mystery,  
this awe-inspiring mystery,  
where in the dark we can touch beauty  
and in our depths find the greatest love.

*Rosie Miles*

Prayers

*Kyrie Eleison*

We pray for all who are entombed in terror;  
for all who are imprisoned by addiction;  
for all tempted to end their own lives;

*Kyrie Eleison*

We pray for anyone weighed down by despair;  
for those who have no hope;  
for those isolated by fear;

*Kyrie Eleison*

We pray for all who find it hard to accept love;  
all who live in a hell of their own making;  
all who make life difficult for others;

*Kyrie Eleison*