

GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION OF WITNESS

STATION 1 - on The Green

Welcome and Introduction

- Reading : Mark 15.6-15 (*Jesus before Pilate*)
- Prayer

At the end of each set of Prayers we say together
Holy God, holy and strong
Holy and immortal,
Have mercy upon us. Amen

- Hymn
From heav'n you came, helpless babe,
Enter'd our world, Your glory veil'd,
Not to be served but to serve,
And give Your life that we might live.
*This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow Him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
My heavy load He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' He said.
This is our God.....

Come see His hands and His feet,
The scars that speak of sacrifice,
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered.
This is our God.....

So let us learn how to serve,
And in our lives enthrone Him;
Each other's needs to prefer,
For it is Christ we're serving.
This is our God.....

We follow the cross along the B3098

STATION 2 - At the Westbury Road bench looking across the valley

- Reading : Mark 15.16-20 (*The Soldiers mock Jesus*)
- Prayer
- Hymn

Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah.
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah.
Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah.
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's crying Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's crying Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's crying Lord, Kum ba yah,
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's singing Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's singing Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's singing Lord, Kum ba yah,
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Someone's praying Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's praying Lord, Kum ba yah,
Someone's praying Lord, Kum ba yah,
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

Hear our prayer, O Lord, hear our prayer,
Keep our friends, O Lord, in your care,
Keep our friends, O Lord, in your care,
O Lord, Kum ba yah.

We cross the road and follow the cross up Sandy Lane to the gate at the foot of Piquet Hill

STATION 3 - Foot of Piquet Hill

- Reading : Mark 15.21-24 (*The Crucifixion*)
- Prayer
- Hymn

There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

We follow the cross to the top of Piquet Hill via the path that winds up the side of the hill

STATION 4 - Piquet Summit