



TENEBRAE

March 31, 2021
Livestream at 7:00 p.m.

WELCOME



TO ST. JAMES'S

TENEBRAE

Concerning the Service

The name Tenebrae (the Latin word for “darkness” or “shadows”) has for centuries been applied to the ancient monastic night and early morning services (Matins and Lauds) of the last three days of Holy Week, which in medieval times came to be celebrated on the preceding evenings.

As we meditate on Christ’s journey to the cross in poem, anthem, song and story, one by one the candles and other lights in the church will be extinguished until only a single candle, considered a symbol of our Lord, remains. Toward the end of the service this candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. At the very end, a loud noise is made (symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the Resurrection - Matthew 28:2), the hidden candle is restored to its place, and by its light all depart in silence.

Silent Procession, *please stand*

Opening Prayer

Lord God of all creation, whose awesome will lifts up the cross, a sign of entry to eternal life, change our hearts that we may turn from all past ways of worldly power, from means of destruction and coercion, to embrace the way of the cross, the weakness that is true power, the folly that marks your wisdom and your reign. **Amen.**

Please be seated

Kyrie Eleison

Plainchant

The first candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

First Reading

Almost Everything by Anne Lamott

Scientists say we are made of stars, and I believe them, although my upper arms look like hell. Maybe someday the stars will reabsorb me. Maybe, as fundamentalist Christians have shared with me, I will rot in hell for all eternity, which I would hate, because I am very sensitive. Besides, I have known hell, and I have also known love. Love was bigger.

What comforts us is that, after we make ourselves crazy enough, we can let go inch by inch into just being here; every so often, briefly. There is flow everywhere in nature—glaciers are just rivers that are moving really, really slowly—so how could there not be flow in each of us? Or at least in most of us? When we detach or are detached by tragedy or choice from the tendrils of identity, unexpected elements feed us. There is weird food in the flow, like the wiggly bits that birds watch for in tidal channels. Protein and greens are obvious food, but so is buoyancy, when we don't feel as mired in the silt of despair.

Our lives bob along on the sea of ordinariness, turmoil, paperwhites about to bloom, matters of state, war about to be waged, although when has it ever, even once, led to the predicted consequences? As we grow older, we know what is always there in the wings, some of it not very good news. Then it's here, and it may be as awful as we'd imagined, as in the Santa Rosa fires, or just as stunning, as in the response.

How can we celebrate paradox, let alone manage at all, knowing how scary the future may be—that the baby brother will grow, and ignore you or hurt you or break your heart? Or that we may die, after an unattractive decline, or bomb North Korea later today? We remember that because truth is paradox, something beautiful is also going on. So while trusting that and waiting for revelation, we do the next right thing. We tell the truth. We march, make dinner, have rummage sales to raise relief funds.

Whoever arranges such things keeps distracting us and shifting things around so we don't get stuck in hopelessness: we can take one loud, sucking, disengaging step back into hope. We remember mustard seeds, that the littlest things will have great results. We do the smallest, realest, most human things. We water that which is dry.

The second candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Psalm 121

Plainchant

I lift up my eyes to the hills—
from where will my help come?

My help comes from the LORD,
who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved;
he who keeps you will not slumber.

He who keeps Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is your keeper;
the LORD is your shade at your right hand.

The sun shall not strike you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The LORD will keep you from all evil;
he will keep your life.

The LORD will keep
your going out and your coming in
from this time on and forevermore.

The third candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Second Reading

The Weight of Glory by C.S. Lewis

There are no *ordinary* people. You have never talked to a mere mortal. Nations, cultures, arts, civilisations - these are mortal, and their life is to ours as the life of a gnat. But it is immortals whom we joke with, work with, marry, snub, and exploit - immortal horrors or everlasting splendours. This does not mean that we are to be perpetually solemn. We must play. But our merriment must be of that kind (and it is, in fact, the merriest kind) which exists between people who have, from the outset, taken each other seriously - no flippancy, no superiority, no presumption. And our charity must be a real and costly love, with deep feeling for the sins in spite of which we love the sinner - no mere tolerance, or indulgence which parodies love as flippancy parodies merriment. Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbor is the holiest object presented to your senses. If he is your Christian neighbor, he is holy in almost the same way, for in him also Christ *vere latitat* - the glorifier and the glorified, Glory Himself, is truly hidden.

The fourth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Responsory *In Monte Oliveti*

Officiant: On the mount of Olives Jesus prayed to the Father:

People: **Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.**

Officiant: Watch and pray, that you may not enter into temptation.

People: **The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.**

Psalm 70

Plainchant

Be pleased, O God, to deliver me.

O LORD, make haste to help me!

Let those be put to shame and confusion
who seek my life.

Let those be turned back and brought to dishonor
who desire to hurt me.

Let those who say, "Aha, Aha!"
turn back because of their shame.

Let all who seek you
rejoice and be glad in you.

Let those who love your salvation
say evermore, "God is great!"

But I am poor and needy;
hasten to me, O God!

You are my help and my deliverer;
O LORD, do not delay!

The fifth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Third Reading

Thirst by Mary Oliver

Another morning and I wake with thirst for the goodness I do not have. I walk out to the pond and all the way God has given us such beautiful lessons. Oh Lord, I was never a quick scholar but sulked and hunched over my books past the hour and the bell; grant me, in your mercy, a little more time. Love for the earth and love for you are having such a long conversation in my heart. Who knows what will finally happen or where I will be sent, yet already I have given a great many things away, expecting to be told to pack nothing, except the prayers which, with this thirst, I am slowly learning.

The sixth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Responsory *Tristis est anima mea*

Officiant: My soul is very sorrowful, even to the point of death;

People: **remain here, and watch with me.**

**Now you shall see the crowds who will surround me;
you will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.**

Officiant: Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

People: **You will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.**

Lamentations 1:1-5

How lonely sits the city
that once was full of people!
How like a widow she has become,
she that was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the provinces
has become a vassal.

She weeps bitterly in the night,
with tears on her cheeks;
among all her lovers
she has no one to comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her,
they have become her enemies.

Judah has gone into exile with suffering
and hard servitude;
she lives now among the nations,
and finds no resting place;
her pursuers have all overtaken her
in the midst of her distress.

The roads to Zion mourn,
for no one comes to the festivals;
all her gates are desolate,
her priests groan;
her young girls grieve,^[a]
and her lot is bitter.

Her foes have become the masters,
her enemies prosper,
because the LORD has made her suffer
for the multitude of her transgressions;
her children have gone away,
captives before the foe.

The seventh candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Fourth Reading

Made for Goodness by Desmond and Mpho Tutu

I hear your call as you are falling.

You stumble over your own wrongdoing and topple into the bottomless pit of guilt and shame.

But there is no abyss. It is an illusion.

There is no depth to which you can fall that is beyond my reach.

I have lived with you from the age of the ages.

The dream of you has delighted me, the fact of you pleases me.

There is a choice in every moment.

In every moment there is a chance to flourish and not to fail.

Every instant is rich with possibility.

I have not carved out the path that you must follow, we form the way together, you and I.

I have destined you for good and a field of goodness lies before you.

Listen to me, and though the way may not be easy, every step and stone will lead to joy.

Turn aside to heed the voice of the tempter and faltering will mark your journey.

I trust you my child.

Even when you have fallen the road does not end.

You can rise up from the ground and turn around.

You can repent and head for home in me.

Seek me out.

You will find me.

I have been here from eternity.

Until eternity this is where I will be.

I am waiting and you will find me.

The eighth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Responsory *Ecce vidimus eum*

Officiant: Lo, we have seen him without beauty or majesty,

People: **with no looks to attract our eyes.**

**He bore our sins and grieved for us,
he was wounded for our transgressions,
and by his scourging we are healed.**

Officiant: Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows:

People: **And by his scourging we are healed.**

Organ Voluntary

Ich Ruf Zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ

J. S. Bach

The ninth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Fifth Reading

Go to the Limits of Your Longing by Rainer Maria Rilke

God speaks to each of us as he makes us,

then walks with us silently out of the night. These are the words we dimly hear:

You, sent out beyond your recall, go to the limits of your longing. Embody me.

Flare up like a flame
and make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror. Just keep going. No feeling is final.
Don't let yourself lose me.

Nearby is the country they call life. You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.

The tenth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Responsory *Tamquam ad latronem*

Officiant: Have you come out as against a robber,

People: **with swords and clubs to capture me?**

**Day after day I sat in the temple teaching,
and you did not seize me;
but now, behold, you scourge me,
and lead me away to be crucified.**

Officiant: When they had laid hands on Jesus and were holding him, he said:

People: **Day after day I sat in the temple teaching,**

**and you did not seize me;
but now, behold, you scourge me,
and lead me away to be crucified.**

Hebrews 4:15-5:10

For we do not have a high priest who is unable to sympathize with our weaknesses, but we have one who in every respect has been tested as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore approach the throne of grace with boldness, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

Every high priest chosen from among mortals is put in charge of things pertaining to God on their behalf, to offer gifts and sacrifices for sins. He is able to deal gently with the ignorant and wayward, since he himself is subject to weakness; and because of this he must offer sacrifice for his own sins as well as for those of the people. And one does not presume to take this honor, but takes it only when called by God, just as Aaron was.

So also Christ did not glorify himself in becoming a high priest, but was appointed by the one who said to him, "You are my Son, today I have begotten you"; as he says also in another place, "You are a priest forever, according to the order of Melchizedek."

In the days of his flesh, Jesus offered up prayers and supplications, with loud cries and tears, to the one who was able to save him from death, and he was heard because of his reverent submission. Although he was a Son, he learned obedience through

what he suffered; and having been made perfect, he became the source of eternal salvation for all who obey him, having been designated by God a high priest according to the order of Melchizedek.

The eleventh candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Responsory *Tenebrae factae sunt*

Officiant: Darkness covered the whole land when Jesus had been crucified;

People: **and about the ninth hour he cried with a loud voice: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? And he bowed his head and handed over his spirit.**

Officiant: Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said: Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.

People: **And he bowed his head and handed over his spirit.**

Organ Voluntary

Les Ténèbres

Olivier Messiaen

Isaiah 38:10-20

The Song of Hezekiah

I said: In the noontide of my days

I must depart;

I am consigned to the gates of Sheol

for the rest of my years.

I said, I shall not see the LORD

in the land of the living;

I shall look upon mortals no more

among the inhabitants of the world.

My dwelling is plucked up and removed from me

like a shepherd's tent;

like a weaver I have rolled up my life;

he cuts me off from the loom;
from day to night you bring me to an end;
I cry for help until morning;
like a lion he breaks all my bones;
from day to night you bring me to an end.
Like a swallow or a crane^[e] I clamor,
I moan like a dove.
My eyes are weary with looking upward.
O Lord, I am oppressed; be my security!
But what can I say? For he has spoken to me,
and he himself has done it.
All my sleep has fled
because of the bitterness of my soul.
O Lord, by these things people live,
and in all these is the life of my spirit.
Oh, restore me to health and make me live!
Surely it was for my welfare
that I had great bitterness;
but you have held back my life
from the pit of destruction,
for you have cast all my sins
behind your back.
For Sheol cannot thank you,
death cannot praise you;
those who go down to the Pit cannot hope
for your faithfulness.
¹The living, the living, they thank you,
as I do this day;
fathers make known to children
your faithfulness.
The LORD will save me,
and we will sing to stringed instruments^[i]
all the days of our lives,
at the house of the LORD.

The twelfth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Sixth Reading

No Man Is an Island by Thomas Merton

Only when we see ourselves in our true human context, as members of a race which is intended to be one organism and “one body,” will we begin to understand the positive importance not only of the successes but of the failures and accidents in our lives. My successes are not my own. The way to them was prepared by others. The fruit of my labors is not my own: for I am preparing the way for the achievements of another. Nor are my failures my own. They may spring from the failure of another, but they are also compensated for by another’s achievement. Therefore the meaning of my life is not to be looked for merely in the sum total of my own achievements. It is seen only in the complete integration of my achievements and failures with the achievements and failures of my own generation, and society, and time. It is seen, above all, in my integration in the mystery of Christ.

The thirteenth candle is extinguished. A brief silence is kept.

Reponsory *Velum templi*

Officiant: The veil of the temple was torn in two,

People: **and the earth shook, and the thief from the cross cried out,
 Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom.**

Officiant: The rocks were split, the tombs were opened, and many bodies of the saints who slept were raised:

People: **And the earth shook, and the thief from the cross cried out,
 Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom.**

Piano Voluntary

Steal Away

Seventh Reading

*A Reading from the Treatise of Saint Augustine the Bishop on the Psalms.
[Vulgate Psalm 54. Prayer Book Psalm 55:1,2,10c]*

“For I have seen unrighteousness and strife in the city.” See the glory of the cross itself. On the brow of kings that cross is now placed, the cross which enemies once mocked. Its power is shown in the result. He has conquered the world, not by steel, but by wood. The wood of the cross seemed a fitting object of scorn to his enemies, and standing before that wood they wagged their heads, saying, “If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross.” He stretched out his hands to an unbelieving and rebellious people. If one is just who lives by faith, one who does not have faith is unrighteous. Therefore when he says “unrighteousness,” understand that it is unbelief. The Lord then saw unrighteousness and strife in the city, and stretched out his hands to an unbelieving and rebellious people. And yet, looking upon them, he said, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Canticle 16: Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel

During the Benedictus, the Christ candle at the top of the hearse is hidden.

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; *
 he has come to his people and set them free.
He has raised up for us a mighty savior, *
 born of the house of his servant David.
Through his holy prophets he promised of old,
that he would save us from our enemies, *
 from the hands of all who hate us.
He promised to show mercy to our fathers *
 and to remember his holy covenant.
This was the oath he swore to our father Abraham, *
 to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
Free to worship him without fear, *
 holy and righteous in his sight
 all the days of our life.

You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High, *
 for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
 To give his people knowledge of salvation *
 by the forgiveness of their sins.
 In the tender compassion of our God *
 the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
 To shine on those who dwell in darkness and the
 shadow of death, *
 and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Silence

Responsory *Sepulto Domino*

Officiant: When the Lord was buried, they sealed the tomb,

People: **rolling a great stone to the door of the tomb; and they stationed soldiers to guard him.**

Officiant: The chief priests gathered before Pilate, and petitioned him:

People: **And they stationed soldiers to guard him.**

The Officiant says the following Collect:

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross.

At the end, a noise is made, and the burning Christ candle is brought from hiding and replaced on the hearse.

Organ Voluntary

Love Unknown

Francis Jackson

By the light of the Christ Candle the ministers and people depart in silence.

PARTICIPANTS IN THE LITURGY

READERS – The Rev. Timothy R. O’Leary & The Rev. Margie Baker

MUSICIAN – Vaughn Mauren

LENT / HOLY WEEK / EASTER 2021

ALL SERVICES AVAILABLE ON OUR YOUTUBE CHANNEL

Compline

Sunday, March 14 at 9pm
Broadcast

Palm Sunday

March 28 at 9:30am
Broadcast
Passion Reading with 3 Chanters / Palms

Tenebrae

Wednesday, March 31 at 7pm
Broadcast w/ music and readings

Maundy Thursday

April 1 at 7pm
Broadcast / BCP Service with Eucharist
Homily by the Rev. Tim O'Leary

Good Friday

April 2 at 12 noon
Broadcast / BCP Service
Meditation by the Rev. Bob Hooper

EASTER SUNDAY

April 4 at 9:30am
Broadcast indoor service
11:00 am Outdoor Service
Sermon by the Rev. Bob Hooper
12:00 noon Easter Egg Hunt



ST. JAMES'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

LET'S GO
EASTER EGG
HUNTING!

EASTER SUNDAY
AT NOON



SERVICE SCHEDULE

SUNDAY LIVESTREAM
WORSHIP
9:30 a.m.

MORNING PRAYER
8 a.m. Wednesdays via Zoom
(link provided in bulletin, weekly
email, newsletter, & on website)

CLERGY

The Rev'd Robert C. Hooper III *Rector*
 The Rev'd Tim R. O'Leary.....*Assistant Rector*
 The Rev'd Canon Douglas T. Cooke..... *Priest Associate*
 The Rev'd Barry W. Miller *Priest Associate*
 The Rev'd Canon John L.C. Mitman..... *Priest Associate*
 The Rev'd Doctor Borden W. Painter Jr. *Priest Associate*
 The Rev'd Elsa P. Walberg *Priest Associate*
 The Rev'd Terry M. Wysong *Priest Associate*

STAFF

Mrs. Cheryl C. Batter *Parish Administrator*
 Mrs. Heidi Cotter *Financial Secretary*
 Mr. Leon Fraser..... *Sexton*
 Mrs. Priscilla Hooper..... *Director of Family Ministries*
 Mr. Vaughn Mauren..... *Organist and Choirmaster*

VOLUNTEER STAFF

Mr. David Thomas..... *Facilities Manager*
 Mr. Michael Sherrill *Assistant Treasurer*

VESTRY

Mrs. Claire Burnett..... *Senior Warden*
 Mr. David Dynowski..... *Junior Warden*
 Mrs. Kerri Raissian *Clerk*
 Mr. Harry Meyer *Treasurer*

2022	2023	2024
Doug Compton	Jerrod Bowman	Adam Fisher
Greg Jacobs	Ruth Mitman	Jessica Henning
Chris Keesling	Tyler Smith	Jonathan Lewis
	Loretta Waldman	Debra Morton

*We are a vibrant, inclusive, fun-loving, child-friendly community of faith.
 No matter where you are in your journey, we welcome you to join us on ours...*

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