

Maundy Thursday – Remembering the Last Supper

4pm, Thursday 1 April

To join the Service through Zoom go to bit.ly/2J5jvY8

and if prompted, use Meeting ID: **874 6773 6490**, and Passcode **702336**.

On your home phone, dial **020 3481 5240**, listen to the announcement and enter the meeting ID **874 6773 6490** followed by # (hash) when prompted; just # on its own when asked for your Participant ID; and when prompted, the passcode **702336** followed by #.

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Introduction: The Love Feast, or *Agape*, is a Christian fellowship meal recalling the meals Jesus shared with disciples during his ministry. The service expresses the *koinonia* or sharing, belonging and fellowship enjoyed within the body of Christ.

The Love Feast, in common with other acts of worship includes prayer, praise, scripture, reflection, and mutual fellowship; but in addition, the Love Feast contains a time of testimony and the sharing of the Love Feast cake and the Loving Cup. Our Love Feast service for today has been based on the Maundy Thursday Holy Communion service in the Methodist Worship Book and the Love Feast guidelines on the Methodist Church website.

There will be *no* virtual coffee and chat time at the end of the service. The Zoom room will open at 3.45pm for a chance to chat *before* the service which will start at around 4pm. The service will not be broadcast on YouTube.

Please have some food – eg, bread, a biscuit, or a cake – and a drink – eg, water, tea or coffee; anything really! – with you as this is part of the Love Feast. There will be an open time of prayer and testimony as part of the service, so please think about anything you might wish to share – although this isn't compulsory!

Call to worship: On this night, our Lord Jesus Christ said:
'A new commandment I give to you,
that you love each other, as I have loved you.'

Hymn: Singing the Faith #272

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled,
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, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

Come see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

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.

Graham Kendrick
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Prayer of confession:

Let us confess our sins to God and ask him to cleanse us.

**Father eternal, giver of light and grace,
we have sinned against you,
against our neighbour,
and against each other,
in thought, word, and deed,
in the evil we have done
and in the good we have not done,
through ignorance, through weakness,
through our own deliberate fault.**

**We have wounded your love
and marred your image within us.
We are sorry and ashamed
and repent of all our sins.**

**For the sake of your Son Jesus Christ,
who died for us,
forgive us all that is past
and lead us out of darkness
to walk as children of light. Amen.**

This is the message that we have heard from him and proclaim to you,
that God is light and in him is no darkness at all.
If we walk in the light, as he is in the light,
we have fellowship with one another,
and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanses us from all sin.

This is Christ's gracious word:
'Your sins are forgiven.'

Amen. Thanks be to God.

Lord, we praise you for your awesome power
and your absolute sovereignty and utter holiness.
We praise you and acknowledge your glory
and we confess that you alone
are worthy of our thanks and praise.

We praise you because though the world was made by you,
and you continue to sustain the life of your creation,
yet we can know you as Father.
We praise you that you are not remote,
unknown and unknowable;
that we have seen your face
in the human life of your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.
Your majesty takes our breath away
and your power completely overwhelms us.

We confess that we know you,
but in truth we have not even begun to know you.
We say that you are love,
but what kind of love is this
that your Son dies for us in our place?
We say that you are holy,
but your otherness and your purity and righteousness
are beyond our understanding.

Lord, we praise you
that though you are far above and beyond anything
our tiny, finite minds can comprehend,
yet you have promised to live in the hearts and lives
of those who put their trust in Christ.
We praise you, the one true living God.
You are worthy of our total commitment
and the whole of our praise.

We ask that by your Holy Spirit
you will enable us to offer you the kind of worship
that comes from hearts set on fire with your grace –
the only worship that is worthy of you.
This we ask in the name of Christ. **Amen.**

A time of shared conversation & reflection:

A key part of the Love Feast is sharing testimony - how your story is part of God's story. 'My life is different because I believe God has changed my . . . challenged my . . . loved me . . . ' It is where you are. It is who you are. No need to pretend. It is your testimony.

Bible Reading: John 13: 1-17, 31b-35

(NRSV)

Now before the festival of the Passover, Jesus knew that his hour had come to depart from this world and go to the Father. Having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them to the end. The devil had already put it into the heart of Judas son of Simon Iscariot to betray him. And during supper Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he had come from God and was going to God, got up from the table, took off his outer robe, and tied a towel around himself. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel that was tied around him. He came to Simon Peter, who said to him, 'Lord, are you going to wash my feet?' Jesus answered, 'You do not know now what I am doing, but later you will understand.' Peter said to him, 'You will never wash my feet.' Jesus answered, 'Unless I wash you, you have no share with me.' Simon Peter said to him, 'Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!' Jesus said to him, 'One who has bathed does not need to wash, except for the feet, but is entirely clean. And you are clean, though not all of you.' For he knew who was to betray him; for this reason he said, 'Not all of you are clean.'

After he had washed their feet, had put on his robe, and had returned to the table, he said to them, 'Do you know what I have done to you? You call me Teacher and Lord—and you are right, for that is what I am. So if I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have set you an example, that you also should do as I have done to you. Very truly, I tell you, servants are not greater than their master, nor are messengers greater than the one who sent them. If you know these things, you are blessed if you do them.

When he had gone out, Jesus said, 'Now the Son of Man has been glorified, and God has been glorified in him. If God has been glorified in him, God will also glorify him in himself and will glorify him at once. Little children, I am with you only a little longer. You will look for me; and as I said to the Jews, so now I say to you, "Where I am going, you cannot come." I give you a new commandment, that you love one another. Just as I have loved you, you also should love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another.'

Reflection on our Lent Bible Studies

Throughout Lent, we have printed weekly reflections in the News Sheets and have also been looking at Woven, a Lent Bible Study written by Rev Michaela Youngson, chair of the London Methodist District. This is an opportunity for us all to reflect on what we have discovered during this Lenten season.

Hymn: Singing the Faith #646

Come, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
give we all with one accord
glory to our common Lord.

Hands and hearts and voices raise,
sing as in the ancient days,
antedate the joys above,
celebrate the feast of love.

Jesu, dear expected Guest,
thou art bidden to the feast;
for thyself our hearts prepare,
come, and rest, and banquet there.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
thou thyself within us move,
make our feast a feast of love. Charles Wesley

The sharing of the Love Feast:

Please ready yourself with your Love Feast items – a piece of bread or cake, and a drink.

A Love Feast grace is sung or said

(Tune: Old One Hundredth – StF #1)

**Be present at our tables, Lord;
be here and everywhere adored;
thy creatures bless, and grant that we
may feast in paradise with thee.**

*We eat the portions of Love Feast food, and take a sip of our Love Feast drink.
As we eat, we reflect upon the following scripture in silence:*

1 Corinthians 11:23-26

(NRSV)

For I received from the Lord what I also handed on to you, that the Lord Jesus on the night when he was betrayed took a loaf of bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said, 'This is my body that is for you. Do this in remembrance of me.' In the same way he took the cup also, after supper, saying, 'This cup is the new covenant in my blood. Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.' For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.

An open time of reflection: *This could include sharing reflections on the testimonies offered, the scriptures read, and the shared message. This could also include practical responses to the needs of the world through charitable giving or making commitments to particular social action.*

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession: an open time of prayer.

The prayer concludes with:

**Gracious God,
we thank you Jesus Christ your Son,
and his selfless acts we recall at this time.
May we who revere this sacred mystery
know and reveal in our lives
the fruits of his redemption;
who is alive and reigns with you
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. Amen.**

Hymn: Singing the Faith #569

An Upper Room did our Lord prepare
for those he loved until the end;
and his disciples still gather there
to celebrate our Risen Friend.

A lasting gift Jesus gave his own —
to share his bread, his loving cup;
whatever burdens may bow us down,
he by his cross shall lift us up.

And after supper he washed their feet,
for service, too, is sacrament;
in him our joy shall be made complete —
sent out to serve, as he was sent.

No end there is! We depart in peace;
he loves beyond the uttermost;
in every room in our Father's house
he will be there, as Lord and Host.

Fred Pratt Green (1903–2000)

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Service conclusion:

When the disciples had sung a hymn
they went out to the Mount of Olives.

Jesus prayed to his Father:

'If it is possible,
take this cup of suffering from me;
yet not my will but yours be done.'

Christ was obedient to the point of death,
even death on a cross.

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Good Friday – 2 April– 11am

Watch live on YouTube: youtu.be/vxP2x2T-A24 or join on Zoom: bit.ly/2J5jvY8

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Opening Prayer

Gracious and eternal God,
look with mercy on this your family,
for which our Lord Jesus Christ
was content to be betrayed
and given up into the hands of sinners
and to suffer death upon the cross;
who is alive and glorified with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

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Psalm 22: 1-11, 21-31

My God, my God,
why have you forsaken me,
and are so far from my salvation,
from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime,
but you do not answer;
and by night also, but I find no rest.

Yet you are the Holy One,
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.

Our forebears trusted in you;
they trusted, and you delivered them.

They cried out to you and were delivered;
they put their trust in you
and were not confounded.

But as for me,
I am a worm and not human,
scorned by all and despised by the people.

All who see me laugh me to scorn;
they curl their lips
and wag their heads, saying,

'He trusted in the Lord; let him deliver him;
let him deliver him, if he delights in him.'

But it is you that took me out of the womb
and laid me safe upon my mother's breast.

On you was I cast ever since I was born;
you are my God
even from my mother's womb.

Be not far from me,
for trouble is near at hand
and there is none to help.

Save me from the lion's mouth,
from the horns of wild oxen.
You have answered me!

I will tell of your name to my people;
in the midst of the congregation
will I praise you.

Praise the Lord, you that fear him;
O seed of Jacob, glorify him;
stand in awe of him, O seed of Israel.

For he has not despised nor abhorred
the suffering of the poor;
neither has he hidden his face from them;
but when they cried to him he heard them.

From you comes my praise
in the great congregation;
I will perform my vows
in the presence of those that fear you.

Hymn: Singing the Faith 274

Jesus Christ, I think upon your sacrifice,
you became nothing, poured out to death.
Many times I've wondered at your gift of life,
I'm in that place once again,
I'm in that place once again.

*And once again I look upon
the cross where you died,
I'm humbled by your mercy
and I'm broken inside.
Once again I thank you,
once again I pour out my life.*

The poor shall eat and be satisfied;
those who seek the Lord shall praise him;
their hearts shall live for ever.

All the ends of the earth shall remember
and turn to the Lord,
and all the families of the nations
shall bow before him.

For the kingdom is the Lord's
and he rules over the nations.

How can those who sleep in the earth
bow down in worship,
or those who go down to the dust
kneel before him?

He has saved my life for himself;
my descendants shall serve him;
this shall be told of the Lord
for generations to come.

They shall come
and make known his salvation,
to a people yet unborn,
declaring that he, the Lord, has done it

From *Common Worship* via Singing the Faith #804
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Now you are exalted to the highest place,
King of the heavens, where one day I'll bow.
But for now, I marvel at your saving grace,
and I'm full of praise once again,
I'm full of praise once again.

Thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross, my friend.

Matt Redman
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1: "Gethsemane"

Hymn: Singing the Faith 269

To see the King of heaven fall
in anguish to his knees,
the Light and Hope of all the world
now overwhelmed with grief.
What nameless horrors must he see,
to cry out in the garden:
'Oh, take this cup away from me -
yet not my will but yours,
yet not my will but yours.'

To know each friend will fall away,
and heaven's voice be still,
for hell to have its vengeful day
upon Golgotha's hill.
No words describe the Saviour's plight -
to be by God forsaken
till wrath and love are satisfied
and every sin is paid
and every sin is paid.

What took him to this wretched place,
what kept him on this road?
His love for Adam's curséd race,
for every broken soul.
No sin too slight to overlook,
no crime too great to carry,
all mingled in this poisoned cup -
and yet he drank it all,
the Saviour drank it all,
the Saviour drank it all.

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2: "Peter"

Hymn: Singing the Faith 565

Only by grace can we enter,
only by grace can we stand;
not by our human endeavour,
but by the blood of the Lamb.
Into your presence you call us,
you call us to come.
Into your presence you draw us,
and now by your grace we come,
now by your grace we come.

Lord, if you mark our transgressions,
who would stand?
Thanks to your grace we are cleaned
by the blood of the Lamb.
Lord, if you mark our transgressions,
who would stand?
Thanks to your grace we are cleaned
by the blood of the Lamb.

Gerrit Gustafson
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3: "Mary"

Hymn:

At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
all his bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
was that mother highly blest
of the sole begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying, glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
'whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child,
all with bloody scourges rent.

For the sins of his own nation,
saw him hang in desolation
till his spirit forth he sent.

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ, my God.

Let me share with you his pain,
who for all our sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live:

By the cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Jacobus de Benedictis (1230-1306)
translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

4: "Pilate"

Prayer

O Jesus, poor and abject, unknown and despised,
have mercy upon me, and let me not be ashamed to follow you.

O Jesus, hated, slandered, and persecuted,
have mercy upon me, and make me content to be as my master.

O Jesus, blasphemed, accused, and wrongfully condemned,
have mercy upon me, and teach me to endure the contradiction of sinners.

O Jesus, clothed with a habit of reproach and shame,
have mercy upon me, and let me not seek my own glory.

O Jesus, crowned with thorns and hailed in derision;

O Jesus, burdened with our sins and the curses of the people;

O Jesus, affronted, outraged, battered, overwhelmed with injuries, griefs and humiliations;

O Jesus, hanging on the accursed tree, bowing the head, giving up the ghost,
have mercy upon me, and accept my whole soul to your holy, humble, suffering Spirit.

Amen.

John Wesley (1703-1791) (Alt.)

Hymn: Singing the Faith 278

O Love divine, what hast thou done!
The immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
bore all my sins upon the tree;
the immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

Behold him, all you that pass by;
the bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
and say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
my Lord, my Love is crucified.

Is crucified for me and you
to bring us rebels back to God:
believe, believe the record true,
we all are bought with Jesus' blood!
Pardon for all flows from his side:
my Lord, my Love is crucified.

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

5: "Cross"

Prayer

(Roots)

I was not there.

I can only imagine,
or see simulated by modern technology,
something of the horror and suffering of the cross.

Yet you say I must carry my own cross.

What does that mean for me?
Am I prepared to follow you at any cost?
To love you more than anyone else – especially myself?

If I am to try, then I need help.
Even as Simon was there for Jesus,
so the Holy Spirit is there for me.
I claim that help and power today.
In the name of Jesus, Amen.

6: "And they crucified Him."

Mark 15: 22-24

(NIV)

They brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha. Then they offered him wine mixed with myrrh, but he did not take it. And they crucified him. Dividing up his clothes, they cast lots to see what each would get.

Hymn: Singing the Faith 287

When I survey the wondrous cross,
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

7: "It is finished"

(Roots)

Hymn:

Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary;
tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then
nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us;
took the blame, bore the wrath:
we stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain written on your face,
bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Every bitter thought, every evil deed
crowning your blood-stained brow.

Now the daylight flees,
now the ground beneath
quakes as its Maker bows his head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,
for through your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live,
won through your selfless love.

*This the power of the cross:
Son of God — slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

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Closing Prayer:

Almighty God,
whose most dear Son went not up to joy
but first he suffered pain,
and entered not into glory before he was crucified:
mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross,
may find it to be the way of life and peace;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

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