

AN OPEN AND WELCOMING CONGREGATION

✠ A MEDITATION ON ✠
THE SEVEN LAST WORDS OF CHRIST

APRIL 18, 2025 • 7:00 PM

Childcare for infants and toddlers is available in the nursery located on the Lower Level under the Parish Hall. Stairs and an elevator are just inside the Parish Hall entry.

Restrooms are located in the vestibules on either side at the front of the cathedral, and are accessed through the doors near the pulpit and lectern. Additional restrooms are next to the parish office.



ORDER OF SERVICE

*Hymns are found in the **blue book** in the pew rack.*

VOLUNTARIES

Chorale-Prelude on “Herzlich tut mich verlangen”
Chorale-Prelude on “O Welt, ich muss dich lassen”

Johannes Brahms

Please stand as you are able at the ringing of the bell.

HYMN 163 • *Sunset to sunrise changes now*

Kedron

BIDDING PRAYER

Officiant Dear People of God: as disciples of Jesus, we are called to follow the way of the Cross and to minister to the wounded Christ as we find him broken and bruised on the highways of the world. May we be ready once again to hear the story of pain and suffering that sits side by side with joy and triumph, and know that in the mystery of Christ's Passion the ruined is redeemed, the fragmented made whole, and death and violence are defeated by the quiet endurance of love. We pray for the Church throughout the world, and for all those within and without her walls who hunger for a deeper connection with God. We pray that in the new light of Easter we may see no divisions among us, but may be united as Christ's risen body in the world. We pray that the Church may be true to her call to bring the good news of justice and peace to all people, to proclaim the time of God's favor, and to bring all people into unity with God and one other. And, because they are especially close to God's heart, we pray for the lonely and destitute, the hurting and suffering, the hungry, the impoverished, the elderly, and all those whom it would be easy for us to forget. May we see the face of Jesus in them, and be vehicles of grace as we witness in word and action to the saving acts of Christ, who taught us to pray in this way:

Officiant Our Father,

People

**who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,**

**as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours,
now and for ever. Amen.**



TRINITY
EPISCOPAL
CATHEDRAL

FORGIVENESS

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Please be seated.

READING • Luke 23:32-38

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to Luke.

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing." And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by watching, but the leaders

scoffed at him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!" The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine and saying, "If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!" There was also an inscription over him, "This is the King of the Jews."

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *Crux fidelis*

*Crux fidelis, inter omnes
arbor una nobilis:
nulla silva talem profert,
fronde, flore, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce pondus sustinet.*

Jacobus Clemens non Papa

Faithful cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee!

POEM • *Forgiveness*

Each moment things forgive you. All your hours
Are crowded with rich penitence unknown
Even to you. Shot birds and trampled flowers,
And worms that you have murdered with a stone
In idle sport—yea, and the well whose deep,
Translucent, green and solitary sleep
You stirred into harsh wrinkles with a stick.
Red mud that you have bound into a brick,
Old wood that you have wrought into a bark,
Flame in the street-lamp held to light the dark,
And fierce red rubies chiseled for a ring...
You are forgiven each hour by everything!

Harindranath Chattapodaya

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 170 • *To mock your reign, O dearest Lord*

The Third Tune

RELATIONSHIP

Woman, Behold Thy Son!...Behold, Thy Mother!

Please be seated.

READING • *John 19:25b-27*

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to John.

And that is what the soldiers did. Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he

loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *Corpus Christi Carol*

Matthew Coleridge

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,

The faucon hath born my mak away.

He bare hym up, he bare hym down,
He bare hym into an orchard brown.

In that orchard ther was an hall,
That was hanged with purpill and pall.

And in that hall ther was a bede,
Hit was hangid with gold so rede.

And yn that bed ther lythe a knyght,
His wowndes bledyng day and nyght.

By that bedes side ther kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both nyght and day.

And by that bedes side ther stonidith a ston,
"Corpus Christi" wretyn theron.

— *Anonymous, Medieval English*

faucon: falcon

mak: mate, love

bare: bore, carried

purpill: purple (the royal color)

pall: a funeral pall, a cloth spread over a coffin

bede: bed

rede: red

lythe: lyeth, lies

wowndes: wounds

bledyng: bleeding

kneleth: kneeleth, kneels

may: maid, maiden

wepeth: weepeth, weeps

stonidith: standith, stands

ston: stone

Corpus Christi: body of Christ (Latin)

wretyn: written

POEM • *Changling*

Rhina P. Espillat

I want to tell myself she is not you,
this sullen woman wearing Mama's eyes
all wrong, whose every gesture rings untrue
and yet familiar. In your harsh disguise
I sometimes feel the need to find you, sometimes fear
I will, if I look closely into her.

I want to tell myself you are not here,
trapped in this parody of what you were,
but love was never safe: it lives on danger,
finds what can't be found by any other
power on Earth or over it. This stranger
is you, is all the you there is, my mother
whose gentler face is gone beyond recall
and I must love you so, or not at all.

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 159 • *At the cross her vigil keeping*

Stabat Mater dolorosa

ENCOUNTER

Verily, I say unto thee, today thou shalt be with me in Paradise.

Please be seated.

READING • Luke 23:39-43

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to Luke.

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned

justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come in your kingdom." He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in paradise."

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *Song of the Passion*

George Oldroyd

When I think on Jesu's blood,
That he shed upon the rood,
I let tears smart.

Who of men can be unkind
If Christis blood he hath in mind,
Entirely in his heart?

Sweet Jesu Christ, what is thy guilt,
That thou for me art spilt,
Flower of unlothfulness?

I a thief am, but thou diest;
I am guilty, but thou abuyest
All my wickedness.

Why gavest thou so much for thine?
What winnest thou for thy hard pine,
Rich in bliss above?

Love thy heart so deep has sought
That pain of death doth let thee nought
Of man to win the love.

— *Attributed to Henry Parker (d. 1470)*

POEM • *Postscript*

Marie Howe

What we did to the earth, we did to our daughters
one after the other.

What we did to the trees, we did to our elders
stacked in their wheelchairs by the lunchroom door.

What we did to our daughters, we did to our sons
calling out for their mothers.

What we did to the trees, what we did to the earth,
we did to our sons, to our daughters.

What we did to the cow, to the pig, to the lamb,
we did to the earth, butchered and milked it.

Few of us knew what the bird calls meant
or what the fires were saying.

We took of earth and took and took, and the earth
seemed not to mind

until one of our daughters shouted: *it was right
in front of you, right in front of your eyes*

and you didn't see.

The air turned red. The ocean grew teeth.

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 104 • *A stable lamp is lighted*

Andújar

ABANDONMENT

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Please be seated.

READING • *Mark 15:25-39*

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to Mark.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him. The inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews." And with him they crucified two rebels, one on his right and one on his left. Those who passed by derided him, shaking their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!" In the same way the chief priests, along with the scribes, were also mocking him among themselves and saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe." Those who were crucified with him also taunted him. When it was noon, darkness

came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, "Listen, he is calling for Elijah." And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down." Then Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. Now when the centurion who stood facing him saw that in this way he breathed his last, he said, "Truly this man was God's Son!"

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *Civitas sancti tui*

William Byrd

*Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta.
Sion deserta facta est,
Jerusalem desolata est.*

Your holy city has become a wilderness.
Zion has become a wilderness,
Jerusalem has been made desolate.

— *Isaiah 64:10*

POEM • *No worst, there is none*

Gerard Manley Hopkins

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?
My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief
Woe, world-sorrow; on an age-old anvil wince and sing —
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No ling-
ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief.'

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 151 • *From deepest woe I cry to thee*

Aus tiefer Not

DISTRESS

I thirst.

Please be seated.

READING • *John 19:28-29*

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to John.
After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth.

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *O salutaris hostia*

*O salutaris hostia
Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Bella premunt hostilia;
Da robur, fer auxilium.*

*Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria:
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria.*

O saving victim opening wide
The gate of heaven to all below.
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great name be endless praise
Immortal Godhead, One in Three;
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with Thee.

Pierre Villette

— *Thomas Aquinas,*
tr. E. Caswall

POEM • *From the Cross*

I knew it would take hours hanging
there, knew it meant taking up a cup
heavy with that task, slowly, and without
help. I knew, also, I'd taste my blood
—known since I was a boy, after
hitting my thumb with a misplaced stoke
as I tailored, with detail, the armoire or
chest of drawers. Place here, a voice said,
the garments of your dying. Place here all
the little echo chambers of the heart. Surely
my father will not let me suffer like this, so
broken, so very left here like a door half
open—help me go through the door, father.
You said you would prepare me for this.
It closes without a single breath or moment
of exaltation. Tell me where my eternity is
I'll go there without asking about the pain.

Derek Ellis

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 662 • *Abide with me*

Eventide

TRIUMPH

It is finished.

Please be seated.

READING • *John 19:30-37*

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to John.

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit. Since it was the day of Preparation, the authorities did not want the bodies left on the cross during the Sabbath, especially because that Sabbath was a day of great solemnity. So they asked Pilate to have the legs of the crucified men broken and the bodies removed. Then the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first and of the other who had been crucified with him. But when they came to Je-

sus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once blood and water came out. (He who saw this has testified so that you also may believe. His testimony is true, and he knows that he tells the truth, so that you also may continue to believe.) These things occurred so that the scripture might be fulfilled, "None of his bones shall be broken." And again another passage of scripture says, "They will look on the one whom they have pierced."

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

MOTET • *Ave caro Christi chara*

Josquin des Prez

*Ave caro Christi chara,
immolata crucis ara,
redemptionis hostia: morte tua nos amara
fac redemptos luce clara tecum frui gloria.
Ave verbum, in altari consecratum,
panis vivus Angelorum,
salus et spes infirmorum,
medicina peccatorum.
Salve corpus Jesu Christi,
quod de coelo descendisti et populum redemisti,
qui in cruce pependisti.
Jesu bone, fons pietatis,
laus Angelorum, gloria Sanctorum,
spes peccatorum, miserere nobis.*

Hail, O Christ, sacrificed on the altar of the Cross,
an offering of redemption: by thy bitter death,
make us rejoice with thee, redeemed in the clear light of
glory.

Hail, Word incarnate of the Virgin Mary,
living bread of the angels,
healing and hope of the sick,
cure of sinners.

Hail, body of Jesus Christ,
who came down from heaven and redeemed the people,
who hung upon the cross.

O good Jesus, source of kindness,
praise of the angels, glory of the saints,
hope of sinners, have mercy upon us.

POEM • *You'll Never Be the Same*

Lisa Marie Oliver

See how the hundred-year old fir
uprooted by last night's storm
fell against another tree—
her left side skinned of bark,
leaning unstable, incarnadine
wound. How the forest shook
all night, branches, leaves,
pinecones, sorrows flung
against the Earth, leaving
only mute birds, frail insects.
A winter past we stood beneath
this same canopy, listening

to screech owls fill the starless
firmament, their scolding

clamor, a breathless minute
when one swooped

and landed above us. I love
certain places as much as
the people whose memories
inhabit them after they've gone.

I say to the fallen, I'm sorry.
I say, that must have been so
frightening. I say to the standing,
you'll never be the same.

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 172 • *Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*

Were You There

REUNION

Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.

Please be seated.

READING • *Luke 23:44-49*

Lector A reading from the Gospel according to Luke.

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed, and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had

taken place, he praised God and said, "Certainly this man was innocent." And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance watching these things.

Lector Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

ANTHEM • *In manus tuas*

Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.

— *Luke 23:46*

Margaret Burk

POEM • *After Great Pain, A formal feeling comes*

After great pain, a formal feeling comes
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The still Heart questions 'was it He, that bore,'
And 'Yesterday, or Centuries before?'

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—

Emily Dickinson

Please stand as you are able.

HYMN 442 • *In the cross of Christ I glory*

Tomter

CLOSING PRAYERS

Officiant Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, we pray you to set your passion, cross, and death between your judgment and our souls, now and in the hour of our death. Give mercy and grace to the living; pardon and rest to the dead; to your holy Church peace and concord; and to us sinners everlasting life and glory; for with the Father and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God, now and for ever.

People **Amen.**



POETRY NOTES

Poets across time have wrestled with the dramatic and emotional narrative of Jesus's suffering and death. Tonight's service provides a survey of poems that offer visions of intimate destruction and violence: in the story of Christ, in destruction of the natural world and of the human body, our personal experiences of despair, and the brokenness of human relationships. Harindrinath Chattapodhaya (1898-1990) was a distinguished poet, playwright, musician, and legislator from Hyderabad, India. His writing spans many genres, including films and poetry for children. In "Forgiveness," Chattapodhaya's gentle rhyming couplets contrast with the images he chooses. His inclusive spirituality makes it possible for divine forgiveness to walk hand in hand with its opposite. Rhina Espalliat (b. 1932) emigrated from the Dominican Republic as a child and is known for her dexterity with rhyme and plainspoken diction. By listening to her poem, "Changeling," a traditional sonnet form, we can refract the pain of Christ's last's moments with his mother through a more contemporary a mother-child experience, of dementia. Although inexorably changed and shot through with grief, this love persists. In Luke's description of the crucifixion, we can see ourselves in the criminals that suffer and die with Jesus. Marie Howe's (b. 1950) poem "Postscript," compels us to do as they do: reflect on our collective sins and hope for paradise in the presence of the salvation mystery. Few poets have articulated the despair of God's abandonment as well as 19th century priest Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889.) His, "No worst, there is none," cries out in a lament textured with howling vowels and plosive consonants. He evokes a whirlwind of grief in his characteristic, tightly metrical lines.

The voices of two emerging poets grace the following movements, bringing us into more familiar cadences. Derek Ellis, a poet from rural Kentucky, imagines the thoughts of a dying Jesus, depicting his human and divine natures by a mind that moves between eternity and physical sensations. The poem, and Christ's life, end in an intimate plea. Portland poet Lisa Marie Oliver paints the aftermath of a Pacific Northwest storm in her signature couplets. She allows the damaged landscape to embrace bereavement little by little, so that a tentative mysticism emerges from seeming destruction. Finally, we hear from that great 19th century writer, Emily Dickinson (1830-1886.) Despite (or perhaps because of) her fraught relationship with the social world, Dickinson's absorption of Christian hymnody, her deep religious imagination, and her close attention to nature created poetry that hooks the listener and leaves us gasping for air, drawn up into a light that both cuts and reveals.

- Canon Liz Harlan-Ferlo





SERVICE PARTICIPANTS

The Rev'd Vijendran Sathyaraj, *Officiant* • The Very Rev'd Shana McCauley, Canon Charissa Simmons, Canon Liz Harlan-Ferlo, The Revd Roger Ferlo, *Assisting* • Katie Webb, *Canon for Cathedral Music* • Sienna Stribling, *Organ Scholar* • Cathedral Schola

Hosts: Claudia LeRud, Melissa Sillitoe, James Chasse, David Ferguson, Beth Ferguson, BettyLou Koffel

Lectors: Mary Shibley, Pam Erickson



ARTWORK

Page 9: Title: Crucifixion. **Copyright:** <https://www.flickr.com/photos/midnightglory/2308830348/>

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WEEKLY SERVICE SCHEDULE

SUNDAYS

8 am – Holy Eucharist, Rite I

10 am – Holy Eucharist, Rite II
(*in-person and livestream*)

First Sunday of the Month:

10 am – Church at the Commons
Family Service

5 pm – Evensong (*Sept-June*)
(*in-person and livestream*)



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