



GOOD FRIDAY

Office of Tenebrae

April 3, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Tenebrae, the Latin word for “shadows,” is the name given to this service, which is more than a thousand years old. It is a meditation for Good Friday evening reflecting on the events of Holy Week, and looking forward to Saturday evening when the joyful celebration of Easter begins with Baptism.

The most notable feature of the service, apart from the chanting of the lessons, is the gradual extinguishing of the fifteen candles in the candelabra, until only one candle is left. (The name seems to have been applied to the service because the sequence of the office is accompanied by ever-deepening shadows.)

One final prayer is usually said while the last candle is hidden. After a brief pause, a sudden noise is made, symbolizing the earthquake, and the lighted candle is restored to its former place—a suggestion of the Resurrection. Then the congregation departs in silence.

The service is strongly reminiscent of the prologue to St. John’s Gospel, in which the Incarnation is spoken of as a light which shines in the darkness, and which the darkness is powerless to overcome.

As a courtesy to others, please silence all cell phones.

OPENING PRAYER

Alma Stokes

God of mystery, known and beyond all knowing,
draw near to us in the shadows.
Be with us tonight in our sadness, in our grief.
Surround us with a sense of your presence.
Comfort us; uphold us.
Help us to be. Amen.

A MEDITATION

Jonathan Stoner

The people may sit or kneel during the office.

NOCTURN I

Officiants: Dan McCarrel, Lynndi Scott

The spoken Psalms are read by the officiant; the people speak the Antiphon before and after the Psalm.

PSALM 69 (1–23)

Dan McCarrel

Antiphon: Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

Save me, O God,
for the waters have risen up to my neck.

I am sinking in deep mire,
and there is no firm ground for my feet.

I have come into deep waters,
and the torrent washes over me.

I have grown weary with my crying;
my throat is inflamed;
my eyes have failed from looking for my God.

Those who hate me without a cause are more than the
hairs of my head;
my lying foes who would destroy me are mighty,

What I did not steal must I now restore?

O God, you know my foolishness,
and my faults are not hidden from you.

Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach,
and shame has covered my face.

I have become a stranger to my own kindred,
an alien to my mother's children.

Zeal for your house has eaten me up;
the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

I humbled myself with fasting,
but that was turned to my reproach.

When I made sackcloth my clothing
I became a byword to them.

Those who sit at the gate murmur against me,
and the drunkards make songs about me.

But as for me, this is my prayer to you.
At the time you have set:

"In your great mercy, O God,
answer me with your unfailing help.

Save me from the mire;
do not let me sink.

Let not the torrent of waters wash over me,
neither let the deep swallow me up;
do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me.

Answer me, O God, for your love is kind;
In your great compassion, turn to me.

Hide not your face from your servant;
be swift and answer me, for I am in distress.

Draw near to me and liberate me;
because of my enemies, deliver me.

You know my reproach, my shame, and my dishonor;
my adversaries are all in your sight."

Reproach has broken my heart, and it cannot be healed;
I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I could find no one.

They gave me gall to eat,
and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar
to drink.

Antiphon: Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH*Sung by Lydia Brown.***A PRAYER, TO BE SAID SILENTLY**

O God, as we stand and look at the figure of Jesus,
 trying to enter into closer association with him,
 and as we watch the wave of his popularity gradually receding until there is not one soul left,
 help us in our feebleness to stand loyal to him whom we know to be the Truth and the Way and the Life.
 We ask this, knowing that he will help us;
 he will understand our failures and make allowance for our weakness. Amen.

RESPONSORY*Sung by the Coventry Renaissance Singers.*

In monte Oliveti

On the Mount of Olives Jesus prayed to the Father:
*Father, if it be possible, cause this cup to pass from me.
 The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak:
 Thy will be done.
 Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*

—Ancient Plainsong Tenebrae Responsory

*Silence is kept.***NOCTURN II**

Officiants: Anna Davalos, Terry Moore, Alma Stokes, Dan McCarrel

*The spoken Psalms are read by the officiant; the people speak the Antiphon before and after the Psalm.***PSALM 54**

Anna Davalos

Antiphon: God is my helper; it is the Lord who sustains my life.

Save me, O God, by your Name;
 in your might, defend my cause.

Behold, God is my helper;
 it is the Lord who sustains my life.

Hear my prayer, O God;
 give ear to the words of my mouth.

May their own malice recoil on those who slander me;
 Silence them with your truth.

For the arrogant have risen up against me,
 and the ruthless have sought my life;
 they do not set God before them.

For you have rescued me from every trouble,
 And my eye has seen the ruin of my foes.

Antiphon: God is my helper; it is the Lord who sustains my life.

PSALM 76

Choir Antiphon: At Salem is your tabernacle, and your dwelling is in Zion.



Choir and People:

Tenors & Basses: In Judah is God | known;
your Name is great in Isra|el.

Trebles: At Salem is your tabe|r|nacle,
and your dwelling is in Zi|on.

Tenors & Basses: There you broke the flashing | arrows,
the shield, the sword, and the weapons of bat|tle.

Trebles: How glorious you | are!
more splendid than the everlasting moun|tains!

Tenors & Basses: The strong of heart have been despoiled; they sink into | sleep;
none of the warriors can lift a | hand.

Trebles: At your rebuke, O God of | Jacob,
both horse and rider lie | stunned.

Tenors & Basses: What terror you in|spire!
who can stand before you when you are an|gry?

Trebles: From heaven you pronounced | judgment;
the earth was afraid and was | still;

Tenors & Basses: When God rose up to | judgment
and to save all the oppressed of the | earth.

Trebles: Truly, wrathful Edom will give you | thanks,
and the remnant of Hamath will keep your | feasts.

Tenors & Basses: Make a vow to our God and | keep it;
let all bring gifts to the One who is worthy to be | feared.

Trebles: You break the spirit of | princes,
and strike terror in the kings of the | earth.

Choir Antiphon: At Salem is your tabernacle, and your dwelling is in Zion.

PSALM 88

Terry Moore

Antiphon: I have become like one who has no strength, lost among the dead.

O Lord, my God, my Savior,
by day and night I cry to you.
Let my prayer enter into your presence;
incline your ear to my lamentation.
For I am full of trouble;
my life is at the brink of the grave.
I am counted among those who go down
to the Pit;
I have become like one who has no strength;
Lost among the dead, like the slain who lie
in the grave,
Whom you remember no more,
for they are cut off from your hand.
You have laid me in the depths of the Pit,
in bleak places, and in the abyss.
You have put my friends far from me;
you have made me to be abhorred by them;
I am in prison and cannot get free.

My sight has failed me because of trouble;
Lord, I have called upon you daily;
I have stretched out my hands to you.
Do you work wonders for the dead?
Will those who have died stand up and give you thanks?
Will your loving-kindness be declared in the grave?
your faithfulness in the land of destruction?
Will your wonders be known in the shadows?
or your righteousness in the country where all is
forgotten?
But as for me, O Lord, I cry to you for help;
in the morning my prayer comes before you.
Lord, why have you rejected me?
Why have you hidden your face from me?
Terror surrounds me all day long like a flood;
it encompasses me on every side.
My friend and my neighbor you have put away from me,
and shadows are my only companions.

Antiphon: I have become like one who has no strength, lost among the dead.

A PRAYER, TO BE SAID SILENTLY

In your cross, O Christ, we glory.
In your pain we see our shame,
in your love we find our hope.
Break through our hard and heartless ways with the sight of perfect goodness put to death;
bring us back to our senses, Lord,
and show us how the suffering leads to glory and how the glory covers all our pain. Amen.

LESSON Hebrews 4:15, 16, 5:2

Alma Stokes

We do not have a high priest who is unable to sympathize with our weakness, but one who in every respect has been tempted as we are, yet without sinning. Let us then with confidence draw near to the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need. This high priest can deal gently with the ignorant and wayward, since this priest is also beset with weakness. And one does not take the honor upon one's self, but is called by God, just as Aaron was.

RESPONSORY*Sung by the Coventry Renaissance Singers.*

Eram quasi agnus

Eram quasi agnus innocens, ductus sum ad immolandum, et nesciebam:

I was like an innocent lamb; I was led to the slaughter, and I knew it not.

Consilium fecerunt inimici mei adversum me, dicentes:

My enemies have conspired together against me, saying:

Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius,

Come, let us put poison into his bread,

et eradamus eum de terra viventium.

And let us cut him off out of the land of the living.

Omnes inimici mei adversum me cogitabant mala mihi:

All my enemies have thought evil things about me;

Verbum iniquum mandaverunt adversum me dicentes:

They have spoken evil words against me, saying:

Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius,

Come, let us put poison into his bread,

et eradamus eum de terra viventium.

And let us cut them off out of the land of the living.

—Words: Tenebrae Responsory 4

Music: Tomas Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)

LESSON Matthew 27:39–49a

Dan McCarrel

Those going by insulted Jesus, shaking their heads and saying, "So you are the one who was going to destroy the Temple and rebuild it in three days, save yourself! Come down off that cross if you are God's Own!" The chief priests, the religious scholars and the elders also joined in the jeering: "He saved others but he cannot save himself! So he is the King of Israel! Let us see him come down from that cross, and then we will believe in him. He trusts in God; let God rescue him now, if God is happy with him! After all, he claimed to be God's Own!" The robbers who had been crucified with Jesus jeered at him in the same way. At noon, a darkness fell over the whole land.

RESPONSORY*Sung by the Coventry Renaissance Singers.*

Vere languores nostros

Vere languores nostros, ipse tulit,
Surely, he has borne our griefs
 et dolores nostros, ipse portavit:
and has carried our sorrows:
 cujus livore sanati sumus.

He was wounded for our transgressions.

Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulcia ferens pondera,
Sweet wood, sweet iron, bearing a sweeter burden,
 quae sola fuisti digna sustinere Regem coelorum, et Dominum.
They only were deemed worthy to uphold the heavenly King and Lord.

—Words: Based on Isaiah 53:4, 5 and Crux fidelis
 Music: Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)

*Silence is kept.***LAUDS**

Officiants: Lynndi Scott, Anina Minotto, Terry Moore, Alma Stokes, Anna Davalos

*The spoken Psalms and Lesson are read by the officiant;
 the people speak the Antiphons before and after each.*

PSALM 63:1–8

Lynndi Scott

Antiphon: My soul clings to you, your right hand holds me fast.

O God, you are my God; eagerly I seek you;
 my soul thirsts for you, my flesh faints for you,
 as in a barren and dry land where
 there is no water.

Therefore I have gazed upon you in
 your holy place,
 that I might behold your power and your glory.

For your loving kindness is better than life itself;
 my lips shall give you praise.

So will I bless you as long as I live
 and lift up my hands in your Name.

My soul is content, as with marrow and fatness,
 and my mouth praises you with joyful lips,

When I remember you upon my bed,
 and meditate on you in the night watches.

For you have been my helper,
 and under the shadow of your wings I will rejoice.

Antiphon: My soul clings to you, your right hand holds me fast.

PSALM 90:1–12

Choir Antiphon: He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened not his mouth.



Choir and People:

Lord, you have been our | refuge
 from one generation to anothe|r.
 Before the mountains were brought forth, or the land and the earth were | born,
 from age to age you are | God.

You turn us back to the dust and | say,
 "Go back, O child of | earth."
 For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday when it is | past
 and like a watch in the | night.

You sweep us away like a | dream;
 we fade away suddenly like the | grass.
 In the morning it is green and | flourishes;
 in the evening it is dried up and with|ered.

For we consume away in your dis|pleasure;
 we are afraid because of your wrathful indigna|tion.
 Our iniquities you have set be|fore you,
 and our secret sins in the light of your counte|nance.

When you are angry, all our days are | gone;
 we bring our years to an end like a | sigh.
 The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in strength even | eighty;
 yet the sum of them is but labor and sorrow, for they pass
 away quickly and we are | gone.

Who regards the power of your | wrath?
 who rightly fears your indigna|tion?
 So teach us to number our | days
 that we may apply our hearts to wis|dom.

Choir Antiphon: He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened not his mouth.

ISAIAH 38:10–20 (Song of Hezekiah)

Anina Minotto

Antiphon: From the gates of hell, O Lord, deliver my soul.

In my despair I said, "In the noonday of my life
I must depart;
my unspent years are summoned to the portals
of death."

And I said, "No more shall I see the Lord in the land
of the living,
never more look on my kind among dwellers
on earth.

Between sunrise and sunset my life is brought
to an end;
I cower and hope for the dawn.

Like a lion the Lord has crushed all my bones;
Like a swallow or thrush I utter plaintive cries;
I mourn like a dove.

My weary eyes look up to you;
Lord, be my refuge in my affliction."

Slow and halting are my steps all my days,
because of the bitterness of my spirit.

O Lord, I recounted all these things to you and
you rescued me;
when I entreated, you restored my life.

I know now that my bitterness was for my good,
for you held me back from the pit of destruction,
you cast all my sins behind you.

The grave does not thank you nor death give you praise;
nor do those at the brink of the grave hang on your
promises.

It is the living, O Lord, the living who give you thanks as I
do this day;
and parents speak of your faithfulness to their children.

You, Lord, are my Savior; I will praise you with stringed
instruments
all the days of my life, in the house of the Lord.

Antiphon: From the gates of hell, O Lord, deliver my soul.**PSALM 150**

Terry Moore

Antiphon: O Death, I will be your death; O Grave, I will be your destruction.

Praise God in the holy temple;
praise God in the firmament of God's power.

Praise God for mighty acts;
praise God for excellent greatness.

Praise God with the blast of the ram's horn;
praise God with lyre and harp.

Praise God with timbrel and dance;
praise God with strings and pipe.

Praise God with resounding cymbals;
praise God with loud-clanging cymbals.

Let everything that has breath
praise the Lord.

Antiphon: O Death, I will be your death; O Grave, I will be your destruction.

CANTICLE OF ZACHARIAS (Benedictus)

Everyone stands – all who are able.

During the singing of the following Canticle, the candles at the Altar are extinguished except the final candle, which is considered a symbol of our Lord.

Choir antiphon. The women sitting over against the sepulchre,
made lamentation, weeping for the Lord.



Choir and People:

Tenors & Basses: Blessed be the Most High God of | Israel:

For you have visited and redeemed your peo|ple;

Trebles: You have raised up a mighty salvation| for us,
In the house of your servant Da|vid;

Tenors & Basses: As you promised through the mouths of the holy | prophets,
Which have been since the world be|gan:

Trebles: That we would be saved from our | enemies,
And from the hand of all that hate | us,

Tenors & Basses: To perform the mercy promised to our | forebears,
And to remember the holy cove|nant;

Trebles: To perform the oath which you swore to Sarah and | Abraham,
That you would give | us;

Tenors & Basses: That we, being delivered out of the hand of our | enemies,
Might serve you without | fear;

Trebles: In holiness and righteousness be|fore God,
All the days of our | life.

Tenors & Basses: And you, my child, will be called the prophet of the | highest:
For you will go before the face of the Most High to prepare God's| way,

Trebles: To give knowledge of salvation unto God's| people
For the remission of their | sins,

Tenors & Basses: Through the tender mercy of our | God;
Whereby the day-spring from on high has visited | us;

Trebles: To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of | death,
and to guide our feet into the way of | peace.

Choir antiphon. The women sitting over against the sepulchre,
made lamentation, weeping for the Lord.

After the Canticle, during the repetition of the Antiphon, the remaining candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. Everyone kneels — all who are able.

LESSON Matthew 27:50–54. *Kneeling — all who are able.*

Alma Stokes

Jesus cried out in a loud voice; then he gave up his spirit. Suddenly, the curtain in front of the Holy of Holies was ripped in half from top to bottom. The earth quaked, boulders were split and tombs were opened. Many bodies of holy ones who had fallen asleep were raised. After Jesus' resurrection, they came out of their tombs and entered the holy city, and appeared to many. The centurion who was standing guard over Jesus' body, was terror-stricken at seeing the earthquake and all that was happening and said, "Clearly, this was God's Own."

MOTET *Remain kneeling —all who are able.*

Sung by the Coventry Renaissance Singers.

Christus factus est

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem:

Christ became obedient for us unto death:

mortem autem crucis.

even death on a cross.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum,

Therefore, God has highly exalted him,

et dedit illi nomen quod est super omne nomen.

and bestowed on him the name which is above every name.

—Words: From Philippians 2:8, 9

Music: Felice Anerio (1560–1617)

Silence is kept.

PSALM 51 *Remain kneeling; spoken by everyone.*

Anna Davalos

Minister and People:

Have mercy on me, O God, according to your loving-kindness;
in your great compassion blot out my offenses.

Wash me through and through from my wickedness
and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.

Against you only have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight.

And so you are justified when you speak
and upright in your judgment.

Indeed, I have been wicked from my birth,
and a sinner from my mother's womb.

You who desire truth in the inward parts,
O teach me wisdom in the secret places of my heart.

Purge me from my sin, and I shall be pure;
wash me, and I shall be clean indeed.

Make me hear of joy and gladness,
that the body you have broken may rejoice.

Hide your face from my sins
and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from your presence
and take not your holy Spirit from me.

Give me the joy of your saving help again
and sustain me with your bountiful Spirit.

I shall teach your ways to the wicked,
and sinners shall return to you.

Deliver me from death, O God,
and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness, O God of my salvation.

Open my lips, O Lord,
and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.

—continued on next page—

Had you desired it, I would have offered sacrifice,
but you take no delight in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;
a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise.

Be favorable and gracious to Zion,
and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.

Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices,
with burnt-offerings and oblations;
then shall they offer young bullocks upon your altar.

COLLECT

Jonathan Stoner

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.

*A noise is made, symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the Resurrection,
and a light is restored upon the altar as a sign of the final triumph of the forces of God's goodness over evil.*

By its light the people and ministers depart in silence.

* * * * *

MEDITATION: The Reverend Jonathan Stoner, *Assistant Rector*.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC/ORGANIST-CHOIRMASTER: Weicheng Zhao.

GUEST CHOIRMASTER: Ruth Ballenger.

COVENTRY CHOIR SOLOISTS: Kyla McCarrel, Lydia Brown, Daniel Ramon, Elliot Z. Levine.

COVENTRY RENAISSANCE SINGERS: (*Sopranos*) Elizabeth Champion, Kyla McCarrel, Courtney Meier, Cynthia Nickell. (*Altos*) Lydia Brown, Wendy Edwards, Melissa Hayes, Karen Meier, Gloria Pitzer. (*Tenors*) Matt Berkley, Ken Gruberman, Daniel Ramon. (*Basses*) Matthew Graham, Al Hughes, Greg Kovatch, Elliot Levine.

ACOLYTES: Parker Beck, Cress Diehl, Cruz Jackson, Beyonce Said, Andrew Sweet, Walt Williamson, Jr.; Christine Hartman, *Acolyte coordinator*.

VERGER: Anina Minotto.

USHERS: Frances Marsden, *Captain*; Alice Baklayan, Mary Bartlett, Edwina Dedlow, Kathy Hansen-Adams, Ben Martin, Diane Rivera, Maggie Settle, Bob Sukhanusasna, Julie Wang, Frank Wells.

AUDIO: Manny Carrillo.

LIVE STREAMING: Keith Holeman.

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER SERVICES

Holy Saturday, April 4

Family Easter Vigil, 4:00 p.m.

Music offered by Unidad. Tim Rich offers a meditation.
This service will be live-streamed.

Lighting of the Paschal Candle and Easter Vigil, 7:30 p.m.

Music offered by Canterbury Chamber Singers and Susie Glaze.
Susan Russell offers a meditation. *This service will be live-streamed.*

Easter Sunday, April 5

Easter Sunday Festive Eucharists, 7:00, 9:00, 11:15 a.m.

At 7 a.m. music by Elliot Z. Levine;
At 9 & 11:15 a.m. music by Minisingers, Unidad, Trouvères Coventry Choir, and
Canterbury Choir with brass ensemble
Tim Rich preaches.
The 9 & 11:15 a.m. services will be live-streamed.