

TRE ORE

Father Michael G. Ryan, *presider* ♦ Father Tom Lucas, SJ, *homilist*

Out of respect for the prayer of others, please turn off all cell phones.

If you are unable to remain for the entire three hours but would like to make a contribution, please ask an usher.

PRELUDE

Stabat Mater

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710–1736)

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendeat Filius.

*The sorrowful Mother stood
in tears beside the Cross
where her Son was hanging.*

OPENING PRAYER *Please kneel*

HYMN *Please stand*

What wondrous love is this

WONDROUS LOVE



1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul?
2. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
3. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;



What won - drous love is this, O my soul?
To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;



What won - drous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To God and to the Lamb who is the great I Am,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be,



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my soul;
While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing on!



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul?
While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.

THE FIRST WORD: *“Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.”*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

The story of the end, of the last word
of the end, when told, is a story that never ends.
We tell it and retell it — one word, then another
until it seems that no last word is possible,
that none would be bearable. Thus, when the hero
of the story says to himself, as to someone far away,
‘Forgive them, for they know not what they do,’
we may feel that he is pleading for us, that we are
the secret life of the story and, as long as his plea
is not answered, we shall be spared. So the story
continues. So we continue. And the end, once more,
becomes the next, and the next after that.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

*Through her groaning soul,
grieving and suffering,
the sword had passed.*

*O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the only-begotten One!*

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *All respond, Amen.*

THE SECOND WORD: *“Today you will be with me in Paradise.”*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

There is an island in the dark, a dreamt-of place
where the muttering wind shifts over the white lawns
and ruffles the leaves of trees, the high trees
that are streaked with gold and line the walkways there;
and those already arrived are happy to be the silken
remains of something they were but cannot recall;
they move to the sound of stars, which is also imagined,
but who cares about that; the polished columns they see
may be no more than shafts of sunlight, but for those
who live on and on in the radiance of their remains
this is of little importance. There is an island
in the dark and you will be there, I promise you, you
shall be with me in paradise, in the single season of being,
in the place of forever, you shall find yourself. And there
the leaves will turn and never fall, there the wind
will sing and be your voice as if for the first time.that.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Quæ mærebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi is videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

*She was mourning and grieving,
the holy Mother, when she saw
where her Son was hanging.*

*Who could fail to weep,
to see the Mother of Christ
in such agony?*

*Who could fail to grieve with her,
contemplating Christ's Mother
mourning with her son?*

*For the sin of his own people,
she saw Jesus subdued
by blows and scourges.*

OFFERING Two collections are taken during this liturgy in order to allow those who cannot be present for the entire service to participate. Thank you for your generosity.

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *All respond, Amen.*

THE THIRD WORD: *"Behold your son... Behold your mother."*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

Someday some one will write a story set
in a place called The Skull, and it will tell,
among other things, of a parting between mother
and son, of how she wandered off, of how he vanished
in air. But before that happens, it will describe
how their faces shone with a feeble light and how
the son was moved to say, 'Woman, look at your son,'
then to a friend nearby, 'Son, look at your mother.'
At which point the writer will put down his pen
and imagine that while those words were spoken
something else happened, something unusual like
a purpose revealed, a secret exchanged, a truth
to which they, the mother and son, would be bound,
but what it was no one would know. Not even the writer.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

*She saw her own sweet son
dying in desolation,
while he breathed forth his spirit.*

*Ah, Mother, fount of love,
make me feel the force of your sorrow,
make me weep with you.*

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *Father Ryan begins, then all pray together:*

Hail Mary,
full of grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou amongst women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

HYMN

Sing of Mary
PLEADING SAVIOR



1. Sing of Mar - y, pure and low - ly, Vir - gin - moth - er
2. Sing of Je - sus, son of Mar - y, In the home at
3. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther; Glo - ry be to

un - de - filed, Sing of God's own Son most ho - ly,
Naz - a - reth. Toil and la - bor can - not wea - ry
God the Son; Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it;

Who be - came her lit - tle child. Fair - est child of
Love en - dur - ing un - to death. Con - stant was the
Glo - ry to the Three in One. From the heart of

fair - est moth - er, God the Lord who came to earth, Word made
love he gave her, Though he went forth from her side, Forth to
bless - ed Mar - y, From all saints the song as - cends, And the

flesh, our ver - y broth - er, Takes our na - ture by his birth.
preach, and heal, and suf - fer, Till on Cal - va - ry he died.
church the strain re - ech - oes Un - to earth's re - mo - test ends.

THE FOURTH WORD: *“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

These are the days when the sky is filled with
the odor of lilac, when darkness becomes desire,
when there is nothing that does not wish to be born.
These are the days of spring when the fate
of the present is a breezy fullness, when the world's

great gift for fiction gilds even the dirt we walk on.
On such days we feel we could live forever, yet all
the while we know we cannot. This is the doubleness
in which we dwell. The great master of weather
and everything else, if he wishes, can bring forth
a dark of a different kind, one hidden by darkness
so deep it cannot be seen. No one escapes.
Not even the man who saved others, and believed
he was the chosen son. When the dark came down
even he cried out, 'Father, father, why have you
forsaken me?' But to his words no answer came.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere.

*Make my heart burn
in loving Christ my God
that I may be pleasing to him.*

*Fix the wounds of the crucified
firmly in my heart,
Holy Mother, as they are in yours.*

*Share with me the sufferings
of your wounded Son, who deigned
to suffer so much for me.*

*Let me devoutly weep with you,
and suffer with the crucified,
as long as I shall live.*

*I desire in lamentation
to stay with you beside the Cross,
and to unite myself to you.*

*Holy virgin of virgins,
do not now be harsh with me:
make me weep with you.*

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *All respond, Amen.*

THE FIFTH WORD: "I thirst."

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

To be thirsty. To say, 'I thirst.' To be given,
instead of water, vinegar, and that to be pressed
from a sponge. To close one's eyes and see the giant
world that is born each time the eyes are closed.
To see one's death. To see the darkening clouds
as the tragic cloth of a day of mourning. To be the one
mourned. To open the dictionary of the Beyond and discover
what one suspected, that the only word in it

is nothing. To try to open one's eyes, but not to be able to. To feel the mouth burn. To feel the sudden presence of what, again and again, was not said. To translate it and have it remain unsaid. To know at last that nothing is more real than nothing.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me Cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Inflammatum et accensum,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensum
In die iudicii.

*Grant that I may bear Christ's death,
make me a partner in his Passion,
and feel his wounds afresh.*

*Wound me with his blows,
inebriate me with his Cross,
and with the blood of your Son.*

*From the flames and burning
through you, Virgin, may I be
defended in the day of judgment.*

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *All respond, Amen.*

HYMN

O Sacred Head surrounded
PASSION CHORALE



1. O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
2. I see your strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,
3. In this, your bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
And death with cru - el rig - or, Be - reav - ing you of life;
With your most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - worth - y though I be:



The pow'r of death comes o'er you, The glow of life de - cays,
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ner's free!
Be - neath your cross a - bid - ing For ev - er would I rest,



Yet an - gel hosts a - dore you, And trem - ble as they gaze.
Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn your face on me.
In your dear love con - fid - ing, And with your pres - ence blest.

THE SIXTH WORD: *"It is finished."*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

'It is finished,' he said. You could hear him say it, the words almost a whisper, then not even that, but an echo so faint it seemed no longer to come from him, but from elsewhere. This was his moment, his final moment. "It is finished," he said into a vastness that led to an even greater vastness, and yet all of it within him. He contained it all. That was the miracle, to be both large and small in the same instant, to be like us, but more so, then finally to give up the ghost, which is what happened. And from the storm that swirled a formal nakedness took shape, the truth of disguise and the mask of belief were joined forever.

HOMILY

RESPONSE

"Jesus comforts the women of Jerusalem"
from *The Stations of the Cross*
Marcel Dupré (1886–1971)

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INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *All respond, Amen.*

THE SEVENTH WORD: *"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."*

SCRIPTURE

POEM by Mark Strand

Back down these stairs to the same scene, to the moon, the stars, the night wind. Hours pass and only the harp off in the distance and the wind moving through it. And soon the sun's gray disk, darkened by clouds, sailing above. And beyond, as always, the sea of endless transparence, of utmost calm, a place of constant beginning that has within it what no eye has seen, what no ear has heard, what no hand has touched, what has not arisen in the human heart. To that place, to the keeper of that place, I commit myself.

HOMILY

CHORAL RESPONSE

Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

*When my body will be decayed,
let the glory of paradise
be given to my soul. Amen.*

INTERCESSIONS *All join in the response, Lord, have mercy.*

PRAYER *Father Ryan begins, then all pray together:*

Our Father,
**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. Amen.**

EARTHQUAKE

The veil is rent

RESPONSE

“Jesus dies upon the Cross” from *The Stations of the Cross*
Marcel Dupré

HYMN

Were you there?



1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? Were you
3. Were you there when they pierced him in the side? Were you
4. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you



there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? O!
there when they nailed him to the tree? O!
there when they pierced him in the side? O!
there when they laid him in the tomb? O!



Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.
Some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

VIA CRUCIS | THE WAY OF THE CROSS

The Stations of the Cross hanging in the Cathedral this Lent were created by Joan Brand-Landkamer, who also created a large set of traditional icons for the Cathedral. Brand-Landkamer used “found objects” from the beach near her home in Ocean Shores—wood, rope, and wire—to create a contemporary interpretation of the centuries-old devotion of the Stations of the Cross. She drew her inspiration from the work of the 20th-century French artist Georges Rouault (1871–1958). The poetic meditations read during the Stations today are the work of Rouault’s contemporary, Paul Claudel (1868–1955), translated by Corinna Laughlin.

Please remain in your place during the procession.

DIALOGUE *Presider* *We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.*
All genuflect *ALL* **Because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.**

MEDITATION BY PAUL CLAUDEL *All kneel following the meditation*

PRAYER

STABAT MATER *All stand and sing the Stabat Mater verse after each Station*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Intro</i> At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last | 7 O, thou Mother, fount of love,
touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord. |
| 1 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
all his bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword had passed. | 8 Make me feel as thou has felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ our Lord. |
| 2 Oh how sad and sore distressed
was that mother highly blessed,
of the sole-begotten One! | Holy Mother, pierce me through;
in my heart each wound renew
of my Saviour crucified. |
| 3 Christ above in torment hangs;
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son. | 9 Let me share with thee his pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died. |
| 4 Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ’s dear Mother to behold? | 10 Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him Who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live. |
| 5 Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother’s pain untold? | By the cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
this I ask of thee to give. |
| For the sins of His own nation
saw Him hang in desolation,
all with bloody scourges rent. | 11 Virgin, of all virgins blest,
listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine. |
| 6 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender child,
till His Spirit forth he sent. | 12 Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine. |

13 **Wounded with his every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned
in His very blood away.**

14 **Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
be Thy mother my defense,
be Thy cross my victory.**

**While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TOM LUCAS, SJ is an artist, designer, historian, storyteller, gardener, and, most importantly, a Jesuit priest. He has followed a rich and winding path over four decades in the Society of Jesus. For many years the Rector of the Jesuit community at Seattle University, he now serves as pastor of St. Ignatius Parish in Sacramento, California.

MARK STRAND (1934-2014) was recognized as one of the premier American poets of his generation as well as an accomplished editor, translator, and prose writer. The hallmarks of his style are precise language, surreal imagery, and the recurring theme of absence and negation. Named the U.S. Poet Laureate in 1990, Strand's career spanned five decades, and he won numerous accolades from critics and a loyal following among readers. In 1999 he was awarded the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his collection *Blizzard of One*.

Joseph Adam, Director of Music & Cathedral Organist
Christopher Stroh, Assistant Director of Music & Organist

WOMEN OF THE CATHEDRAL CANTOREI

Gemma Balinbin | Brandi Birdsong | Marjorie Bunday | Ya-Li Lee Cheng | Jessica French
Christine Knackstedt Friday | Lisa Cardwell Pontén | Stacey Sunde | Kathryn Weld

CATHEDRAL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Dawn Posey, *violin* | Teddy Wiggins, *violin* | Annie Center, *viola*
Virginia Dziekonski, *violoncello* | Ramon Salumbides, *bass* | Christopher Stroh, *organ*