

# The New York Times

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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 2010

95¢ (US) \$1.50 (CANADA)



A woman and her child in Malambou, one of the Congo villages seized by rebels of the Lord's Resistance Army, a militia group.

Good Friday  
Service of Tenebrae &  
The Seven Last Words of Jesus

New Utrecht Church  
2<sup>nd</sup> April 2010  
8 PM

**B**ECAUSE for our sake you tasted gall,  
may the enemy's bitterness be killed in us.  
Because for our sake you drank sour wine,  
may what is weak in us be strengthened.  
Because for our sake you were spat upon,  
may we be bathed in the dew of immortality.  
Because for our sake you were struck with a rod,  
may we receive shelter in the last.  
Because for our sake you accepted a crown of thorns,  
may we who love you be crowned with garlands  
that never can fade.  
Because for our sake you were wrapped in a shroud,  
may we be clothed in your all-enfolding strength.  
Because you were laid in the new grave and the tomb,  
may we receive renewal of soul and body.  
Because you rose and returned to life,  
may we be brought to life again.

Communion hymn  
Fifth century

# Beneath the Cross of Jesus

*Near the cross of Jesus stood His mother . . . John 19:25*

- 1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand -  
- 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see  
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;  
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;  
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,  
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess -  
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.  
The won - ders of re - deem - ing love And my un - wor - thi - ness.  
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

TEXT: Elizabeth C. Clephane  
MUSIC: Frederick C. Maker

ST. CHRISTOPHER  
7.5.8.5.8.5.8.5.

## The First Word

Luke 23.26, 32-34

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus... 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.'

**'Father, forgive them;  
for they do not know what they are doing.'**



ONE of the witnesses at the Auschwitz trial gave a very concrete meaning to the difficult concept of "original sin" when he said, "I should only like to remind you of how many people stood watching at their doors when we were driven out of our houses and loaded onto the cattle trucks." As the gospel tells us, "If there is one of you who has not sinned, let that person be the first to throw a stone." And Paul, in his own grim and radical way of speaking, says in his letter to the Romans, "Every mouth may be stopped and the whole world may be held guilty."

The whole world. That has a pitiless sound and the conclusion is inescapable—we are all of us left out in the cold, in the desert. In the history of Christianity, this idea has defeated many people and it certainly contains more than enough to make people feel assailed, predetermined and paralyzed in every aspect of their existence. What, then, ought to be the attitude of people who have been born without suspecting anything at all and who simply carry on their lives, with other people, in this world which is held guilty? I suspect that the answer to this question has already been given to us in a living example, possibly in as many people as there have been cases in which the guilt of the world and the power of evil have been encountered by us. The answer, then, is that there are people who simply begin, somewhere in the "whole world," to be responsible for one other person, a few other people, a family or a wide circle of people in their environment.

Huib Oosterhuis

# 거기 너 있었는가 Were you there when they crucif'ed my Lord?

Negro Spiritual

조금 어프제 1-100

1-27:551

WERE YOU THERE: 10, 10, 10, 4, 10.  
American Folk Hymn

1. 거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
2. 거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
3. 거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
4. 거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주

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

거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가  
거기 너 있었는가 그 때에 주가

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

Sometimes 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?

## The Second Word

Luke 23.39-43

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 into your kingdom.' He replied, 'Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.'

**'Truly I tell you,  
today you will be with me in Paradise.'**

"This crucified people is the historical continuation of the Lord's servant, whom the sin of the world continues to deprive of any human decency, and from whom the powerful of this world continue to rob everything, taking everything away, even life, especially life. . . ." Ignacio Ellacuria

Above all the crucified peoples offer values that are not offered elsewhere. We may discuss whether they create these values because they have nothing else to hold on to, and whether these values will disappear when their present economic and social circumstances disappear.

But they are there now and are offered to all (and those who work to bring the people down from the cross also work to prevent these values disappearing). . . .

The crucified peoples also offer hope, foolish or absurd, it might be said; because it is the only thing they have left, others argue. But once again, it is there, and it must not be trivialized by other worlds. That it is hope against hope is obvious, but it is also active hope that has shown itself in work and liberation struggles. What success these have is another matter.

The crucified peoples offer great love. It is not masochism or an invitation to suicide, nor making a virtue of necessity, but it is simply true that Latin America's innumerable martyrs show that love is possible because it is real, and great love is possible because many have shown it. And in a structurally selfish world based on selfishness and making a virtue of it — not in so many words of course — that love is a great offer of humanization.

The crucified peoples are ready to forgive their oppressors. They do not want to triumph over them but to share with them. To those who come to help them, they open their arms and accept them and thus, even without knowing it themselves, they forgive them. In this way they introduce into the world that reality which is so humanizing and so lacking, which is gratuitousness: not only what you get for yourself but also what you are given unexpectedly, freely and without having to earn it.

The crucified peoples have generated solidarity: human beings and Christians mutually supporting one another, in this way and that, open to one another, giving and receiving one another's best. On a small scale it offers a model of how people and churches can relate to one another in a human and Christian way.

Finally, the crucified peoples offer faith, a way of being the church and a more genuine, Christian and relevant holiness for the world today, that gives more of Jesus. Again, this is more like a seed than a leafy tree, but it is there.

Jon Sobrino

LORD Jesus Christ, for the sake of thy holy cross,  
be with me to shield me.  
Lord Jesus Christ, by the memory of thy blessed cross  
be within me to strengthen me.  
Lord Jesus Christ, for the holy cross,  
be ever round about me to protect me.  
Lord Jesus Christ, for thy glorious cross,  
be before me to direct my steps.  
Lord Jesus Christ, for thy adorable cross,  
come thou after me to guard me.  
Lord Jesus Christ, for thy cross, worthy of all praise,  
overshadow me to bless me.  
Lord Jesus Christ, for thy noble cross,  
be thou in me to lead me to thy kingdom.

Saxon prayer  
Eleventh century

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091 - 1153)

O sacred head, now wounded

PASSION CHORALE: 7. 67. 60.

M.L. Hostler, 1601

Arr. by J. S. Bach, 1729

번호 오름으로 J-84

(4 27 : 28)

1. 오 거룩하신 주님 그 상하 신머리  
 2. 주앙하신 그고 난죄인 위함이라  
 3. 나부손말로 주께 다 감사드리라

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,  
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,

조롱과 무예싸여가시관쓰셨네  
 내지은죄문인해주형벌받았네  
 끝없는주의사랑한없이고마와

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;  
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain;  
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

아침해치림밤던주님의얼굴이  
 보주여비용는나나온주위의것삼은물사  
 How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn:  
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - our! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
 O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be.

고몽과치옥으로창백해지셨네  
 온해와사랑하며나살게하소서아멘  
 주님만사랑하며나살게하소서아멘

How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!  
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
 Look, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee. A - men.

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.

'Woman, here is your son.'

## Fleeing Rebels Kill Hundreds Of Congolese

By JEFFREY GETTLEMAN

TAPILI, Congo — Depleted by an American-backed offensive and seemingly desperate for new conscripts, the Lord's Resistance Army, one of the most infamous armed groups in Africa, has killed hundreds of villagers in this remote corner of Congo and kidnapped hundreds more, marching them off in a vast human chain, witnesses say.

Human Rights Watch, which sent a team to investigate the killings in February, said the L.R.A. killed at least 320 people in this area, calling the massacre one of the worst in the group's 23-year, atrocity-filled history.

Witnesses said that the number of dead could be several hundred more, and that most victims had been taken from their villages, tied at the waist and forced into the jungle, often with enormous loads of looted food balanced on their heads. Along the way, fighters randomly selected captives to kill, usually by an ax blow to the back of the head.

"They only scream once," said Jean-Claude Singbatile, a high school student who said that he spent 14 days in captivity and witnessed dozens of killings.

What the attack shows, said Anneke Van Woudenberg, a Human Rights Watch researcher who was recently in Congo, "is that whether they are weakened or not, the L.R.A.'s capacity to kill

remains as strong as ever."

The events expose another troubling reality: Even as Congo's leaders are pushing the United Nations to begin withdrawing peacekeepers, partly to make the government look more independent from the West, this immense nation of nearly 70 million people remains as vulnerable as ever.

This particular patch of northeastern Congo is so cut off from the rest of the country — there is no electricity, no cellphones and no roads, save 18-inch-wide footpaths barely passable by motorbike — that only now, more than three months later, is the scale of the massacre becoming clear. Human Rights Watch is planning to release an extensive report on the killings soon.

Residents here said that they had heard warnings for months.

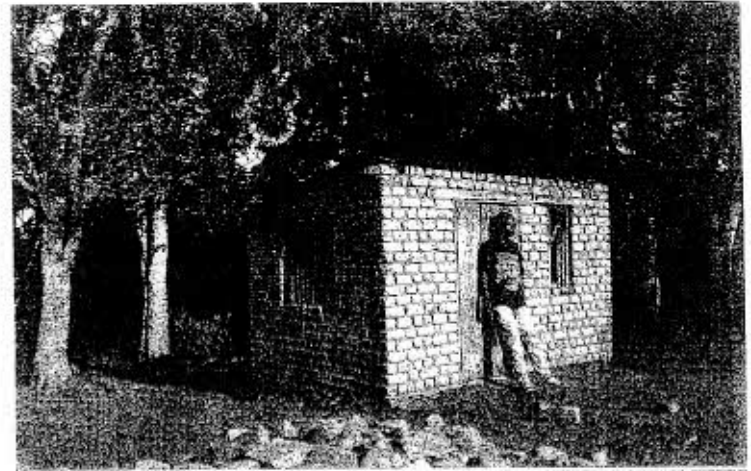
"We are going to feast with you for Christmas' — that what's the L.R.A. kept telling people," said Papa Adam Matsaga, the leader of a local human rights group that also documented the recent killings. Mr. Matsaga keeps a notebook log of the dead, including Merci Zunane, a 3-year-old. The list, in neat capital letters, covers page after page.

The massacre also had a clear precedent. Nearly a year before, more than 800 civilians were killed in revenge attacks after an American-backed air raid that went awry.

The last time Cecilia Nendu saw her three sons, they were bound with rope and being marched off toward a wall of green.

"I think they are dead," she said.

THE NEW YORK TIMES INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 2010



*'They only  
scream once.'*

Jean-Claude Singbatile, above, a high school student, said he spent 14 days in captivity and witnessed the executions of dozens of people.

# Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Chile

Traditional

Traditional



1. Some-times I feel like a moth-er-less chile,— Some-times I feel like a
2. Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,— Some-times I feel like I'm



moth-er - less chile,— Some-times I feel like a moth - er - less chile,—  
al - mos' gone,— Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,—



— A long ways from home,— A long ways from home.  
— A long ways from home,— A long ways from home.



Then I get down on my knees an' pray,— Get down on my knees an' pray.

## The Fourth Word

Mark 15.33-34

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?'

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

**I**n the presence of eyes  
which witnessed the slaughter,  
which saw the oppression  
the heart could not bear,  
And as witness the heart  
that once taught compassion  
Until days came to pass  
that crushed human feeling,  
I have taken an oath: To remember it all,  
To remember, not once to forget!  
Forget not one thing to the last generation  
when degradation shall cease,  
To the last, to its ending,  
when the rod of instruction  
shall have come to conclusion.  
An oath: Not in vain passed over  
the night of the terror.  
An oath: No morning shall see me  
at flesh pots again.  
An oath: Lest from this we learned nothing.

Abraham Shlonsky

# BEHOLD THE WOOD

Dan Schutte

Acc #59

## REFRAIN

Be - hold, be - hold the wood of the cross, on which is  
hung our sal - va - tion. O come, let us a - dore.

## VERSES

1. Un - less a grain of wheat shall fall up - on the ground and die, it  
2. And when my hour of glo - ry comes as all was meant to be,  
3. For there can be no great - er love shown up - on this land than

6. My bod - y now is torn with pain, my friends have left and gone. O

1. shall re - main but a sin - gle grain and not give life.  
2. you shall see me lift - ed up up - on a tree.  
3. in the one who came to die that we might live.

6. lov - ing Fa - ther, take my life in - to your hands.

## The Fifth Word

John 19:28-29

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfil 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.

'I am thirsty.'

Water is life. It's the briny broth of our origins, the pounding circulatory system of the world. We stake our civilizations on the coasts and mighty rivers.

On my desk, a glass of water has caught the afternoon light and I'm still looking for wonders. Who owns this water? How can I call it mine when its fate is to run through rivers and living bodies, so many already and so many more to come? It is an ancient, dazzling relic, temporarily quarantined here in my glass, waiting to return to its kind, waiting to move a mountain.

Americans use about 100 gallons of water at home each day. Millions of the world's poorest subsist on fewer than five gallons. 46% of people on earth do not have water piped to their homes. Women in developing countries walk an average of 3.7 miles to get water. In 15 years, 1.8 billion people will live in regions of severe water scarcity.

IT IS NOT YET NOON in Delhi, just 180 miles south of the Himalayan glaciers. But in the narrow corridors of Nehru Camp, a slum in this city of 16 million, the blast furnace of the north Indian summer has already sent temperatures soaring past 105 degrees Fahrenheit. Chaya, the 25-year-old wife of a fortune-teller, has spent seven hours joining the mad scramble for water that, even today, defines life in this heaving metropolis—and offers a taste of what the depletion of Tibet's water and ice portends.

Chaya's day began long before sunrise, when she and her five children fanned out in the darkness, armed with plastic jugs of every size. After daybreak, the rumor of a tap with running water sent her stumbling in a panic through the slum's narrow corridors. Now, with her containers still empty and the sun blazing overhead, she has returned home for a moment's rest.

For the people in Nehru Camp, geopolitical concerns are lost in the frenzied pursuit of water.

*"We wake up every morning fighting over water," says Kamal Bhate of Nehru Camp in Delhi. The brawls can be deadly. In a nearby slum a teenage boy was recently beaten to death for cutting in line.*

In the afternoon, a tap outside the slum is suddenly turned on, and Chaya, smiling triumphantly, hauls back a full, ten-gallon jug on top of her head. The water is dirty and bitter, and there are no means to boil it. But now, at last, she can give her children their first meal of the day: a piece of bread and a few spoonfuls of lentil stew. "They should be studying, but we keep shooing them away to find water," Chaya says. "We have no choice, because who knows

National  
Geographic  
AUGUST 2014

# 웬말인가 날 위하여

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

MARTYRDOM (AVON) : S.S.S. St. Wilson, c. 1800

1. Watts, 1707.  
보통으로 - 88

♩ 23 : 11 - 141

1. 아 - 래! and did my Sav - our bleed? And did my Sav - our bleed?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up on the cross.  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his eyes.  
 4. but drops of grief did never fall, The debt of love was paid.

아 - 래! and did my Sav - our bleed? And did my Sav - our bleed?  
 Would he be so vile that he should so great a pain  
 A - way! When Christ the might - y God was so  
 Here Lord, I give my self a - way: For such a worm as I  
 To save the souls of men, And love be - yond de - grees  
 For man, the crea - ture's sin, For man, the crea - ture's sin,  
 To save the souls of men, And love be - yond de - grees

## The Sixth Word

John 19.30

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, 'It is finished.' Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

'It is finished.'

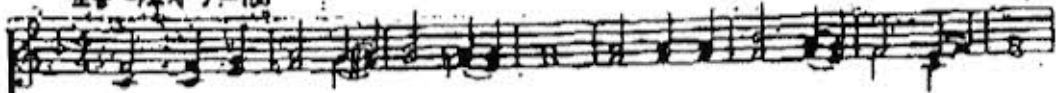
**A**ll the reversals of the feast—despised Jerusalem become the joy and center of the universe; a persecuted people vindicated; one who is as good as dead made to live—are meant to bear witness to this central reversal: the cross is lifted for life. This central image of the feast is simply a sign for what is at the heart of Christian faith, for the reversal to which and from which the whole tradition of biblical reversals flows: A crucified man is the source of life. The "exaltation of the cross" is a paradox and, at the same time, the sign and foretaste of the eschatological reversal God promises—the sorrowful shall rejoice, the barren shall bear, the poor shall reign, the hungry shall feast and the dead shall live. It is thereby a sign of the core paradox and core reversal of Christian hope: This man's death is all life.



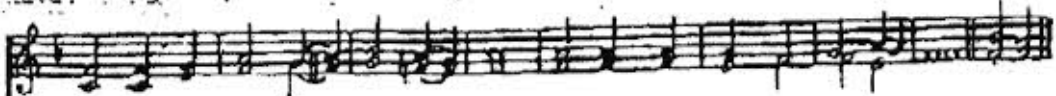
Gordon Lathrop

W. 1707  
조성 작곡 J=100

HAMBURG S.S.B.  
Gregorian Melody  
Arr. by L. Mason, 1834



|      |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. 주 | 말 | 려 | 죽 | 은 | 십 | 자 | 가 | 무 | 익 | 가 | 실 | 각 | 말 | 페 | 에 |
| 2. 죽 | 은 | 인 | 구 | 주 | 박 | 애 | 는 | 차 | 관 | 자 | 만 | 계 | 하 | 소 | 서 |
| 3. 주 | 자 | 침 | 손 | 받 | 보 | 오 | 니 | 관 | 자 | 비 | 나 | 타 | 내 | 선 | 배 |
| 4. 온 | 세 | 상 | 만 | 음 | 가 | 저 | 도 | 주 | 은 | 혜 | 못 | 다 | 갈 | 것 | 내 |



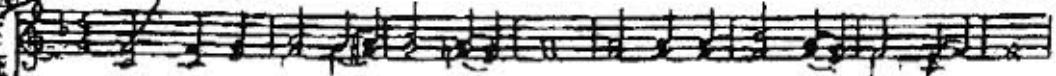
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| 2. 죽 | 은 | 인 | 구 | 주 | 박 | 애 | 는 | 차 | 관 | 자 | 만 | 계 | 하 | 소 | 서 |
| 3. 주 | 자 | 침 | 손 | 받 | 보 | 오 | 니 | 관 | 자 | 비 | 나 | 타 | 내 | 선 | 배 |
| 4. 온 | 세 | 상 | 만 | 음 | 가 | 저 | 도 | 주 | 은 | 혜 | 못 | 다 | 갈 | 것 | 내 |



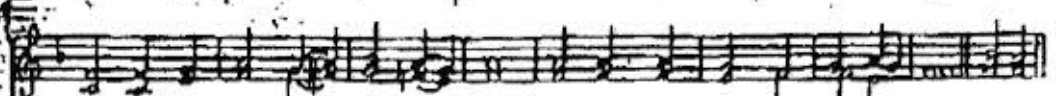
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

W. 1707  
J=100

HAMBURG S.S.B.  
Gregorian Melody  
Arr. by L. Mason, 1834



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died.  
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:  
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;  
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.



## The Seventh Word

Luke 23.44-49

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 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.

'Father, into your hands  
I commend my spirit.'

AND your voice speaks:  
A I take the shoes from my feet, I put off all that is finite  
and tread on a land without borders.  
Burst forth, all the dark well-springs of my life!  
Come flying all my nights, dark birds of guilt,  
descend upon me with outstretched wings:  
I will go into deepest sorrow that I may find my God.  
For sorrow is great in the world, mighty and without end.  
It has encompassed that against which heaven and earth  
are shattered, it has endured the weight of infinite love.  
Holy God, Holy Strength, Holy Immortal,  
Thou God under my sin, thou God under my weakness,  
thou God under my death.  
I lay my lips upon thy wounds — Lord, I lay my soul  
upon thy cross.

Gertrude von Le Fort