

Good Friday

April 2, 2021 3:30 PM



Crucified Christ ~ Diego Velázquez

Watch our Chapel Service on CHANNEL 105

Order of Worship

The Old Rugged Cross

Rhonda R.

Prayer

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; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever. **Amen.**

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Rhonda R.

*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.*

Text: Isaac Watts; **Music:** Lowell Mason

Invitation and Prophecy

Pr. Kristina

Gospel Acclamation

Look to Jesus, who for the sake of the joy that was set before him endured the cross, disregarding its shame, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God.

The Trial and The Sentence: Part I

Mark 15:1-5

The Book of God, pp. 789-793

Reader: Pr. Kristina

In the Hour of Trial

LBW 106

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee.
When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall;
Nor from fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

(Turn page)

3

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

Text: James Montgomery; **Music:** Spencer Lane

The Trial and The Sentence: Part II

Mark 15:6-15

The Book of God, pp. 799-802

Reader: Christiana Adams

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

LBW 117

O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;

O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and bitter Passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine forever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Lord, be my consolation;
Shield me when I must die;
Remind me of thy Passion
When my last hour draws nigh.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in thy love.

Golgotha

Mark 15:21-24

My Jesus, I Love Thee

Rhonda R.

*My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
 For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
 My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou;
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.*

*I love thee because thou hast first loved me
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
 I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.*

*I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
 And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath,
 And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow:
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.*

*In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.*

Text: William R. Featherstone; **Music:** Adoniram J. Gordon

The Crucifixion

Mark 15: 25-32

What Wondrous Love

Rhonda R.

*What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this
 That caused the Lord of bliss
 To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
 To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?*

*To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
 To God and to the Lamb
 Who is the great I Am,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing.*

*And when from death I'm free I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing his love for me,
 And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
 And through eternity I'll sing on.*

Text: North American folk hymn, alt.; **Music:** W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*

The Death

Mark 15:33-39

(Psalm 22 follows)

Psalm 22

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words
of my groaning?

**O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by
night, but find no rest.**

But I am a worm, and not human; scorned by others,
and despised by the people.

**All who see me mock at me; they make mouths at me,
they shake their heads;**

*Commit your cause to the Lord; let him deliver— let him
rescue the one in whom he delights!*

**I am poured out like water, and all my bones are
out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within
my breast;**

My mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue
sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death.

**For dogs are all around me; a company of evildoers
encircles me. My hands and feet have shriveled;**

I can count all my bones. They stare and gloat over me;

**They divide my clothes among themselves, and for my
clothing they cast lots.**

Were You There

Rhonda R.

*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*

*Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?*

The Burial

Mark 15:40-47

Were You There

*Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
 Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?*

Text: African American spiritual; **Music:** African American spiritual

Silence

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Coloring by Diane Nerud