

GOOD FRIDAY

APRIL 15, 2022



With these Good Friday meditations we continue our observance of the Three Days of Jesus' suffering, death, and resurrection. Though we devoutly gather to recall our Lord's passion, we celebrate the wonder and mystery of the cross in the sure hope of the resurrection.

Today we pray around the cross as the sign of the world's redemption. From the cross flows forgiveness, healing, and salvation. We acclaim the cross as the tree of life, for as Christ vanquishes death and evil, the world is given new birth and a living hope. With faithful Christians everywhere, we are invited to worship, giving thanks for this great mystery of our faith.

The story of the cross has inspired people throughout the ages to ponder its mystery through poetry and music. This afternoon's organ meditations are taken from this great musical treasury of faith we find in our hymnals.

GATHERING

WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS

Tune: "Walker's Southern Harmony", 1835

Setting: David Paxton

Text: American folk hymn, c. 1811

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!

When I was sinking down,
beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
and through eternity I'll sing on!

CALL TO WORSHIP

from the Orthodox Tradition

Today the One who hung the earth upon the waters is hung on a tree.
The King of the angels is decked with a crown of thorns.
The One who wraps the heavens in clouds is wrapped in the purple of mockery.
The One who freed Adam in the Jordan is slapped in the face.
The Bridegroom of the Church is affixed to the cross with nails.
The Son of the Virgin is pierced by a spear.
The One who clothes himself with light as with a garment stood naked for trial.
He was struck on the cheek by hands that he himself had formed.
Then the curtain of the temple was torn in two.
Then the sun was darkened.
Come, let us worship Christ.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

Tune: Ithamar Conkey, 1815-1867

Setting: John Carter, 1996

Text: John Bowring, 1792-1872

In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,
from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.

LISTENING

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:1-2

When morning came, the chief priests and the elders all met together to plan the death of Jesus. They bound him and led him away, to hand him over to Pilate, the Roman governor.



ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

Setting: Wayne Wold, 2010

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
for sinners such as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done,
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Thus might I hide my blushing face
while his dear cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of tears can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'tis all that I can do.

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:27-30

Then the soldiers took Jesus into Pilate's residence where they collected the whole company round him. They stripped him and dressed him in a scarlet cloak; and weaving a crown of thorns they placed it on his head, and a stick in his right hand. Falling on their knees before him they jeered at him: "Hail, King of the Jews!" They spat on him, and used the stick to beat about the head.

○ SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED

Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612

harmonized by J.S. Bach, 1685-1750

Setting: Timothy Flynn, 1991

Text: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153

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.

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.

Be near when I am dying,
oh, show thy cross to me,
and for my rescue, flying,
come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
from Jesus shall not move,
for one who dies believing
dies safely, through thy love.

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:32-34, 37-39

Then they led him away to be crucified. Coming to a place called Golgotha (which means “Place of the Skull”), they offered him a drink of wine mixed with gall. Above his head was placed the inscription giving the charge against him: “This is Jesus, the king of the Jews.” Two bandits were crucified with him, one on his right and the other on his left. The passers-by wagged their heads and jeered at him.

UPON THE CROSS EXTENDED

Tune: Heinrich Friese, 1450-1517

Setting: Kenneth T. Kosche

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676

Upon the cross extended
see, world, your Lord suspended,
your Savior yields his breath.
The Prince of Life from heaven
himself hath freely given
to shame and blows and bitter death.

Come, see these things and ponder,
your soul will fill with wonder
as blood streams from each pore.
Through grief beyond all knowing
from his great heart came flowing,
sighs welling from its deepest core.

Your cords of love, my Savior,
bind me to you forever;
I am no longer mine.
To you I gladly tender
all that my life can render,
and all I have to you resign.

Your cross I place before me;
its saving power restore me,
sustain me in the test.
It will, when life is ending,
be guiding and attending
my way to your eternal rest.

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:50-54

Jesus cried aloud and breathed his last. At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom. The earth shook, rocks split, and graves opened; many of God's saints were raised from sleep ... and when the centurion

and his men who were keeping watch over Jesus saw the earthquake and all that was happening, they were filled with awe and said, “Truly. this was the Son of God.”

BEHOLD, THE LAMB OF GOD

*Tune: G. F. Handel, from “The Messiah”
Arr. David Paxton*

SCRIPTURE

Matthew 27:57-61

When evening fell, a wealthy man from Arimathea, Joseph by name, approached Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus...Joseph took the body, wrapped it in a clean linen sheet, and laid it in his own unused tomb, which he had cut out of the rock. He then rolled a large stone across the entrance, and went away. Mary of Magdala was there, and the other Mary, sitting opposite the grave.

O DARKEST WOE!

*Tune: Mainz, 1628
Setting: Joyce Jones, 1991
Text: Friedrich von Speer (v. 1); Johann Rist (verses 2-5)*

O darkest woe! O tears, forth flow!
Has earth so sad a wonder,
that the Father's only Son
now is buried yonder!

Behold thy Lord, the Lamb of God
blood-sprinkled lies before thee,
pouring out his life that he
may to life restore thee.

O Jesus blest, my help and rest!
With tears I pray, Lord hear me.
Make me love thee to the last,
till in heaven I greet thee!

PRAYING

INTERCESSIONS

We pray for all people in their daily life and work;

For our families, friends, and neighbors, and for those who are alone.

For this community, the nation and the world:

For all who work for justice, freedom and peace.

For the just and proper use of God's creation.

For the victims of hunger, fear, injustice and oppression.

For all who are in danger, sorrow or any kind of trouble:

For those who minister to the sick, the friendless and the needy.

For the peace and unity of the Church of God:

For all who proclaim the Gospel, and all who seek the truth.

For the special needs and concerns of this assembly.

Silence is kept.

Hear us, Lord.

For your mercy is great.

PRAYER

Eternal God,

**your tortured Son felt abandoned, and cried out in anguish from the cross,
yet you delivered him.**

He overcame the bonds of death and rose in triumph from the grave.

Do not hide your face from those who cry out to you.

Feed the hungry, strengthen the weak,

and break the chains of the oppressed,

that we may rejoice in your saving deeds.

We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ our Savior.

Amen.

WERE YOU THERE

*Tune: African American Spiritual
Setting: David Kidwell, 2018*