

The Word of Completion

John 19:25b-30

Joe Phelps

Anthem

Thy Will Be Done

Craig Courtney

Our cup was filled with darkness. Our cup was filled with death. Christ took our cup and drank it, and gave us life, and gave us hope, gave us himself. My Father, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, O Lord, but thine be done. In blackest night we hear him in dark Gethsemane. Pleading with the Father for one more way, for one more hope, for one more day. My Father, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, O Lord, but thine be done. Then they took our Savior, and led him to a tree; and there they broke his body, poured out his life, put him to death – to rise again! My Father, let this cup pass from me; yet not my will, O Lord, but thine be done. ~ *adaptation of Matthew 26:36-42*

Removal of the Light

Preparing the Room for the Darkness of Saturday

The Word of Commitment

Matthew 27:57-60

Nina Maples

Hymn

Were You There
Erin Barton, Clarinet

WERE YOU THERE

Congregation:

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 laid him in the tomb?

A time of stillness. Please depart in silence.

The Cruciform sculpture by artist, Guy Tedesco, pictured on the bulletin cover is housed in the sanctuary of The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus Catholic Church in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Please invite family and friends to join us for services on Easter Sunday morning, April 16, at 8:30, 9:30, and 11:00 a.m. Bible Study classes for all ages will meet at 9:30 and 11:00 a.m. Parking for visitors is available in the lot directly behind the church off Grinstead Drive. Off-site parking information may be found on our website.



O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown.

~ *Paul Gerhardt, 1656*

Tenebrae: A Service of Shadows

The Remembrance of Christ

April 14, 2017

7:00 p.m.

Silent Procession

Chiming of the Hour

Anthem

Go to Dark Gethsemane

GETHSEMANE

Go to dark Gethsemane, all who feel the tempter's power; your Redeemer's conflict see, watch with him one bitter hour; turn not from his griefs away; learn from Jesus Christ to pray. Follow to the judgment hall; view the Lord of Life arraigned; Oh, the wormwood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sustained! Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross. Calvary's mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at his feet, mark the miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete. "It is finished!" hear him cry; learn from Jesus Christ to die. ~James Montgomery 1771-1954

Summons to Worship – from Isaiah 53

Lance Springs

One: He was despised and rejected by all;
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;

**All: and as one from whom persons hide their faces.
He was despised and we esteemed him not.**

One: Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God and afflicted.

**All: But he was wounded for our transgressions,
he was bruised for our iniquities.**

One: Upon him was the chastisement that made us whole.

All: And by his stripes we are healed.

Hymn (191)

PASSION CHORALE

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down, now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown; how pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage languish which once was bright as morn! What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain: mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place; look on me with Thy favor, and grant to me Thy grace.

† **What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest Friend,
for this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?**

O make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be,

Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee. ~Paul Gerhardt, 1656

The Word of Betrayal

Luke 22:1-6

Nina Maples

† *For those who are able, we invite you to stand.*

Anthem

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

Ah, Holy Jesus

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended, that that we to judge thee hath in hate pretended? By foes derided, by thine own rejected, O most afflicted. Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee? Alas, my treason, Jesus, that has undone thee. 'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied you; I crucified you. For me, Kind Jesus, was thine incarnation, thy mortal sorrow, and your life's oblation; thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion, for my salvation. Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee, I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee, think on thy pity and thy love unswerving, not my deserving. ~Johann Heermann, 1630

The Word of Surrender

Matthew 26:36-42

Lauren Jones Mayfield

Anthem

SUFFERER

They Crucified My Lord

Michael Whatley, Tenor

They crucified my Lord, and he never said a mumbalin' word.

They nailed him to a tree, and he never said a mumbalin' word.

They pierced him in the side, and he never said a mumbalin' word.

He hung his head and died, and never said a mumbalin' word. ~African American Spiritual

The Word of Judgment

Luke 22:66-23:3a

Renee Purtlebaugh

Hymn (171) †

What Wondrous Love Is This

WONDROUS LOVE

The Word of Compassion

Luke 23:26-43

Perry Dixon

Anthem

LOVE UNKNOWN

My Song Is Love Unknown
Ben Pacyga, Treble Voice; Erin Barton, Clarinet

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me, love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be. Oh, who am I that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die? Sometimes they strew his way and his sweet praises sing; resounding all the day hosannas to their king. Then "Crucify!" is all their breath, and for his death they thirst and cry. Why, what has my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight. Sweet injuries! Yet they at these themselves displease and 'gainst him rise. They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made away; a murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet cheerful he to suffering goes that he his foes from thence might free. Here might I stay and sing—no story so divine! Never was love, never was grief, dear King like thine. This is my friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend! ~Samuel Crossman, 1624-1683