

The Prelude *What Wondrous Love Is This*
arr. M. Robeson-Howard

The Choral Introit *Ave Verum Corpus*

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria virgine,
Hail, true Body, born of the virgin Mary,
Vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine.
Who has truly suffered, was sacrificed on the cross for mankind.
Cujus latus perforatum un da fluxit et sanguine;
Whose side was pierced, whence flowed water and blood;
Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
Be for us a foretaste (of heaven) on judgment day.
13th century Latin, music by W.A. Mozart

The Call to Worship Rev. Caleb Cangelosi

The Hymn No. 247 *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

The Invocation Rev. Cangelosi

The Scripture Reading **John 13:12-30**

The Anthem *Out of the Depths*
Kelli Ricchetti, soloist

Out of the depths have I called to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice; let your ears consider well the voice of my supplication. If you, Lord, were to note what is done amiss, O Lord, who could stand? For there is forgiveness with you; therefore you shall be feared.

I wait for the Lord; my soul waits for him; in his word is my hope. My soul waits for the lord, more than watchmen for the morning. O Israel, wait for the Lord, wait for the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, with him there is plenteous redemption, and he shall redeem Israel from all their sins.

Psalm 130, Carl Schalk

The Scripture Reading **John 18:28-19:16**

The Anthem *Surely He Hath Borne Our Grievs*

Surely, surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him.

Isaiah 53:3-5, from *Messiah* by G.F. Handel

The Scripture Reading **Luke 23:26-34**

The Sermon Rev. Dean Williams
An Answered Prayer

The Hymn No. 257 *Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted*

The Anthem *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

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 a present far too small, love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all! Amen.

Words by Isaac Watts, 1707, music attributed to Lowell Mason, 1824,
arr. Gilbert Martin © Theodore Presser

The Scripture Reading **John 19:16-42**

The Anthem *Nothing but the Blood of Jesus*

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow; no other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this I see: nothing but the blood of Jesus; for my cleansing this my plea: nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace: nothing but the blood of Jesus. This is all my righteousness: nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone: nothing but the blood of Jesus. Naught of good that I have done; nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Words and music by Robert Lowry, arr. Craig Courtney © Beckenhorst Press

The Scripture Reading

Hebrews 10:19-25

The Anthem

And Can It Be

And can it be...and can it be? Amazing love, how can it be?

And can it be that I should gain an int'rest in the Savior's blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued? Amazing love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

He left his father's throne above (so free, so infinite his grace!), humbled himself (so great his love!), and bled for all his chosen race. 'Tis mercy all, immense and free; for, O my God, it found out me.

No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, and all in him, is mine! Alive in him, my living Head, and clothed in righteousness divine, bold I approach th'eternal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ, my own. Amazing love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Charles Wesley, Dan Forrest © Beckenhorst Press

The Song of Response

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us, how vast beyond all measure, that He should give His only Son to make a wretch His treasure. How great the pain of searing loss. The Father turns His face away only as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon the cross, my sin upon His shoulders. Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held Him there until it was accomplished; His dying breath has brought me life. I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything: no gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom. But I will boast in Jesus Christ: His death and resurrection. Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer. But this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ransom.

Words and music by Stuart Townend © 1995 Thankyou Music CCLI 600485

The Benediction

Rev. Williams

The Postlude

Agincourt Song

arr. G. Young

GOOD FRIDAY WORSHIP SERVICE
MARCH 29, 2024