

Trinity Presbyterian Church
Good Friday Service -- 4/10/2020

Prelude

Minister: Blessed be our God.

People: **Forever and ever. Amen.**

Let us pray together: **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, for ever and ever. Amen!**

Old Testament: Isaiah 52:13--53:12

Hymn: Psalm 22:1-3, 6-20 (6 stanzas, tune--Kingsfold)

Epistle: Hebrews 10:1-25

The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John 19:1-37 (please stand at v 17)

Hymn: "O Sacred Head Now Wounded" (see below)

Sermon: "*The Death of Death in the Death of Christ*" (Hebrews 2:9, 14-15)

Chant: Psalm 88 (see below)

Dear People of God: Our heavenly Father sent His Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved; that all who believe in Him might be delivered from the power of sin and death, and become heirs with Him of everlasting life. We pray, therefore, for people everywhere according to their needs..

Let us pray for President Trump, Vice President Pence, the Congress, Supreme Court, for Governor Evers, the WI Legislature and courts, that by God's help they may seek justice and truth, and live in peace and concord. *Silence*

Almighty God, kindly, we pray, in every heart the true love of peace, and guide with Your wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth; that in tranquility Your dominion may increase, until the earth is filled with the knowledge of Your love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Let us pray for all who suffer & are afflicted in body or in mind; for the hungry, homeless, destitute & the oppressed; for the sick, wounded, crippled, lonely, fearful & those in anguish; for those who face temptation, doubt, despair; for the sorrowful & bereaved; for prisoners, captives & those in mortal danger, that God in His mercy will comfort and relieve them, and grant them the knowledge of His love, and stir up in us the will and patience to minister to their needs. *Silence*

Gracious God, the comfort of all who sorrow, the strength of all who suffer: Let the cry of those in misery and need come to You, that they may find Your mercy present with them in all their afflictions; and give us, we pray, the strength to serve them for the sake of Him Who suffered for us, Your Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Finally, let us pray for all who have not received the Gospel of Christ; for those who have never heard the word of salvation; for those who have lost their faith; for those hardened by sin or indifference; for the contemptuous and scornful; for those who are enemies of the cross of Christ and persecutors of His disciples; for those who in the name of Christ have persecuted others; That God will open their hearts to the truth, and lead them to faith and obedience. *Silence*

Merciful God, Creator of all the peoples of the earth and lover of souls: Have compassion on all who do not know You as You are revealed in Your Son Jesus Christ; let Your Gospel be preached with grace and power to those who have not heard it; turn the hearts of those who resist it; and bring home to Your fold those who have gone astray; that there may be one flock under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Let us conclude with **The Lord's Prayer.**

Postlude

Psalm 22:1-22, tune: Kingsfold

1 My God, my God, O why have You forsaken me? O why
Are You so far from giving help, and from my groaning cry?
By day and night, my God, I call; Your answer still delays.
And yet You are the Holy One Who dwells in Israel's praise.

2 But as for me, I am a worm, and not a man at all.
To men I am despised and base, their scornings on me fall.
All those who look at me will laugh, and cast reproach at me.
Their mouths they open wide, they wag, their heads in mockery:

3 "The LORD was his reliance once; now see what God will send.
Yes, let God rise and set him free, this man that was His friend."
Be not far off, for grief is near, and none to help is found;
For bulls of Bashan in their strength, now circle me around.

4 Their lion jaws they open wide, and roar to tear their prey.
My heart is wax, my bones unknit, my life is poured away.
My strength is only broken clay; my mouth and tongue are dry,
For in the very dust of death, You there make me to lie.

5 For see how dogs encircle me! On every side there stands,
A brotherhood of cruelty; they pierce my feet and hands.
My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.
My clothes among them they divide, and gamble for their share.

6 Now hurry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!
But snatch my soul from raging dogs, and spare me from the sword.
From lion's mouth and oxen's horns, O save me; hear my prayer!
And to my brethren in the church, Your name I will declare. Yes!

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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,

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?

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, what bliss 'til now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, vouch - safe to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
 Tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1656
 Tr. James W. Alexander, 1830

PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.
 Hans Leo Hassler, 1601
 Harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1729

Psalm 88 chant

O Lord, God of my salvation, I cry out day and night before You.
Let my prayer come before You; Incline Your ear to my cry.

For my soul is full of troubles, And my life draws near to Sheol.
I am counted among those who go down to the pit; I am a man who has no strength,

Like one set loose among the dead, Like the slain that lie in the grave,
Like those whom You remember no more, For they are cut off from Your hand.

You have put me in the depths of the pit, In the regions dark and deep.
Your wrath lies heavy upon me, And You overwhelm me with all Your waves.

(Selah)

You have caused my companions to shun Me, You have made Me a horror to them.
I am shut in so that I cannot escape, My eye grows dim through sorrow.

Every day I call on You, Lord; I spread out my hands to You.
Do You work wonders for the dead? Do the departed rise up to praise You?

(Selah)

Is Your steadfast love declared in the grave? Or Your faithfulness in destruction?
Are Your wonders known in the darkness? Or Your righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

But I, O Lord, cry to You, In the morning my prayer comes before You.
O Lord, why do You cast My soul away? Why do You hide Your face from Me?

Afflicted and close to death from my youth up, I suffer Your terrors; I am helpless.
Your wrath has swept over Me; Your dreadful assaults destroy Me.

They surround Me like a flood all day long; They close in on Me together.
You have caused My beloved and My friend to shun Me, Darkness is My only companion.