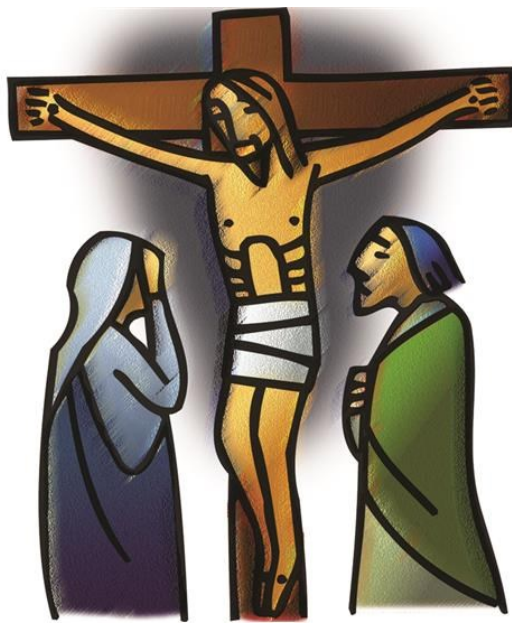


# **GOOD FRIDAY**



**Christ Our Shepherd Lutheran Church**

**Peachtree City, Georgia**

**April 15, 2022**

**8:00 P.M.**

# GOOD FRIDAY

## *The Seven Words from the Cross*

We gather in silence.  
↑ Please stand as you are able.

### PROCESSION OF THE CROSS

Pastor Beecher

- P** Behold, the life-giving cross on which was hung the salvation of the whole world.  
**C** **Oh, come, let us worship him.**
- P** Behold, the life-giving cross on which was hung the salvation of the whole world.  
**C** **Oh, come, let us worship him.**
- P** Behold, the life-giving cross on which was hung the salvation of the whole world.  
**C** **Oh, come, let us worship him.**

↑ **HYMN:** *Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross*

*ELW Hymn 335*

- 1** **Jesus, keep me near the cross, there's a precious fountain;  
free to all, a healing stream flows from Calv'ry's mountain.**
- 2** **Near the cross, a trembling soul, love and mercy found me;  
there the bright and morning star sheds its beams around me.**
- 3** **Near the cross! O Lamb of God, bring its scenes before me;  
help me walk from day to day with its shadow o'er me.**

**Refrain:** **In the cross, in the cross be my glory ever;  
till my ransomed soul shall find rest beyond the river.**

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915      Text is in Public Domain.

### ↑ RESPONSIVE READING

Pastor Wiese

- P** We glory in your cross, O Lord,  
**C** **and praise and glorify your holy resurrection; for by the virtue  
of your cross joy has come to the whole world.**
- P** May God be merciful to us and bless us,  
**C** **show us the light of your countenance, and come to us.**
- P** Let your ways be known upon earth,  
**C** **your saving health among all nations.**
- P** Let the people praise you, O God;  
**C** **let all the people praise you.  
We glory in your cross, O Lord,  
and praise and glorify your holy resurrection;  
for by virtue of your cross joy has come to the whole world.**

**T**hen [Pilate] handed [Jesus] over to them to be crucified.

So they took Jesus; <sup>17</sup>and carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. <sup>18</sup>There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them.

<sup>19</sup>Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." <sup>20</sup>Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. <sup>21</sup>Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" <sup>22</sup>Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written."

↑ **HYMN:** *Who Sends You, Christ, to Death?*

Tune: *SOUTHWELL*

1. **Who sends you, Christ, to death? Should Judas bear the blame?  
He takes his life, and his last breath is witness to his shame.  
But what of Caiaphas, accomplice to the act?  
Ought he and all the priests confess they share the guilt in fact?**
2. **The mob that wants your blood, their voices shrill and wild:  
Against which should from that great flood ought charges to be filed?  
And Pilate who gives in to what the mob demands:  
What is the verdict for the sin of washing clean his hands?**
3. **We dare not judge their wrong till we, O Lord, confess  
That we before the rich and strong too often acquiesce,  
Too often fear the crowd, too often stand aside,  
Or join them as they cry aloud: "Let Christ be crucified!"**
4. **And yet you meet our guilt with overwhelming grace.  
The bond of love your life had built our sin cannot displace.  
Who sends you, Christ, to death? We ask you now instead:  
Beyond your final, parting breath, what wonder lies ahead?**

Text: Thomas Troeger, b. 1945. ©2014 Oxford University Press. OneLicense A-701929      Tune: W. Daman, *The Psalmes of David*, 1579, alt.

**ANTHEM:** *Sacred Silence*

Joyful Noise Ringers

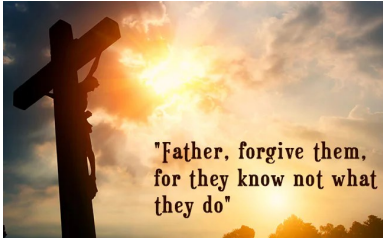
- 1 *Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;  
ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with blessing in his hand  
Christ our God to earth descending comes our homage to demand.*
- 2 *King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth he stood,  
Lord of lords in human vesture, in the body and the blood,  
he will give to all the faithful his own self for heav'nly food.*

Text: Liturgy of St. James; tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1829-1885, alt.      Tune: Picardy, French Folk Tune, 17th century

- 1 *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.*
- 2 *How pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;  
how does thy face now 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.*

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; translation Composite  
Tune: *HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN*, German melody, c. 1500; adapted by Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612  
This arrangement by Karissa Dennis © 2014 by Jeffers Handbell Supply

**THE FIRST WORD: "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."**



So Pilate gave his verdict that their demand should be granted.

<sup>25</sup>He released the man they asked for, the one who had been put in prison for insurrection and murder, and he handed Jesus over as they wished.

<sup>32</sup>Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. <sup>33</sup>When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his

left. <sup>34</sup>Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing."

And they cast lots to divide his clothing. <sup>35</sup>And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!" <sup>36</sup>The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, <sup>37</sup>and

saying, "If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!"

*Luke 23:34-38*

**FAITHFULNESS** by Susan Palo Cherwien (*From Glory into Glory*)

It is dark.  
The day has turned to night.  
Jesus,  
who just last night  
ate and drank wine  
with his disciples,  
lit with lamplight  
and promise,  
now hangs condemned.  
The sun is eclipsed.  
The earth shakes.  
Jesus,  
who spoke  
words of love  
who touched and healed,  
hangs condemned.  
("Father, forgive ...")  
The veil of the temple  
the veil that separates  
divine from human  
is torn  
torn from top to bottom.

Who is this person Jesus?  
Who had God called him to be?  
What was his deepest identity,  
his truest self?  
What were his unique gifts?  
What was the world yearning for?  
What was the cost to him  
to live in utter obedience  
to his deepest identity?  
And what happened to the very heart of the universe  
because of his obedience to his call?

Who is the person you are?  
Who has God called you to be?  
What is your deepest identity,  
your truest self?  
What are your unique gifts?  
What is the world yearning for?  
What would be the cost to you  
to live in utter obedience  
to your deepest identity?  
And what would happen  
at the very heart of the universe  
if we were all obedient to God's call  
up to our last breath?

*From Glory into Glory* © 2009 MorningStar Music Publishers  
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**ANTHEM:** *Thy Will Be Done*

Sanctuary Choir

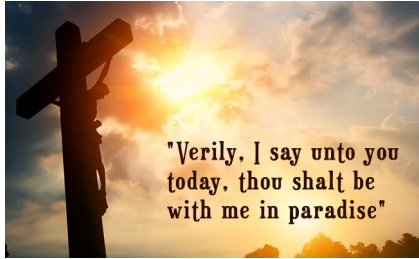
Our cup was filled with darkness. Our cup was filled with death.  
Christ took our cup and drank it, and gave us life, and gave us hope,  
gave us Himself.

*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.*  
 The they took my 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.*

Craig Courtney, based on Matthew 26:36-42 © 1985 by Beckenhorst Press

### THE SECOND WORD: "TODAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."



One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!"<sup>40</sup> But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation?"<sup>41</sup> And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong."<sup>42</sup> Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom."<sup>43</sup> He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise." *Luke 23:39-43*

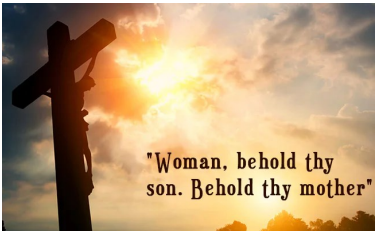
↑ **HYMN:** *How Shallow Former Shadows Seem*

*Tune: KINGSFOLD*

- 1 **How shallow former shadows seem beside this great reverse,  
 As darkness swallows up the Light of all the universe:  
 Creation shivers at the shock; the Temple rends its veil;  
 A pallid stillness stifles time; and nature's motions fail.**
- 2 **This is no midday fantasy, no flight of fevered brain.  
 With vengeance awful, grim, and real, chaos is come again:  
 The hands that formed us from the soil are nailed upon the cross;  
 The Word that gave us life and breath expires in utter loss.**
- 3 **Yet deep within this darkness lives a Love so fierce and free  
 That arcs all voids and—risk supreme!—embraces agony.  
 Its perfect testament is etched in iron, blood, and wood;  
 With awe we glimpse its true import and dare to call it good.**

Text: Carl P. Daw, Jr. © 1990 Hope Publishing Company OneLicense #A701929

### THE THIRD WORD: "WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON."



Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene.<sup>26</sup> When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son."<sup>27</sup> Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home. *John 19:25b-27*

### ANTHEM: *O Vos Omnes*

O vos ómnes qui transítis per víam,  
 Atténdite et vidéte:  
 Si est dólór símilis sícut dólór méus.  
 V. Atténdite, unívérsi p puli,  
 Et vidéte dólórem méum.  
 Si est dólór símilis sícut dólór méus.

### The Christ Our Shepherd Flute Choir

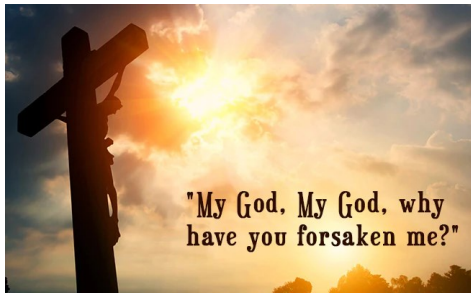
O all you who walk by on the road,  
 pay attention and see:  
 if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.  
 Pay attention, all people,  
 and look at my sorrow;  
 if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611) Arranged for flute choir by Phyllis Avidan Louke (b. 1954) © 2018 by Falls House Press, Nashua, NH

**HYMN: At the Cross, Her Vigil Keeping [Stabat Mater]**

- 1 **At the cross, her vigil keeping, stood the mournful mother weeping,  
where he hung, the dying Lord;  
for her soul, of joy bereaved, bowed with sorrow, deeply grieved,  
felt the sharp and piercing sword.**
- 2 **Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing, pierced with anguish so amazing,  
born of woman, would not weep?  
who, on Christ's dear mother thinking, such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
would not share her sorrows deep?**
- 3 **For his people's sins chastised, she beheld her Son despised,  
scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;  
saw him then from judgment taken, and in death by all forsaken,  
till his spirit he resigned.**
- 4 **Jesus, may her deep devotion stir in me the same emotion,  
fount of love, Redeemer kind,  
that my heart, fresh ardour gaining, a purer love attaining,  
may with thee acceptance find.**

Text: 13th century, translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878), and others

**THE FOURTH WORD: "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"**

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. <sup>34</sup>At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" <sup>35</sup>When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, "Listen, he is calling for Elijah." <sup>36</sup>And someone ran, filled a sponge with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Wait, let us see whether Elijah will come to take him down." *Mark 15:33-36*

**HYMN: How Deep the Father's Love for Us**

- 1 **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  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many unto glory.**
- 2 **Behold the man upon a 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.**
3. **I will not boast in anything: no gifts, no power, now 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.**

Text and Music: Stuart Townend, 1995. © 1995 ThankYou Music; admin. By EMI Christian Music Publishing. CCLI License 1160091

**PARADOX** by Susan Palo Cherwien (*From Glory into Glory*)

It is dark.  
 The day has turned to night.  
 And Jesus,  
 wondrous love,  
 summons up enough breath  
 to evoke Psalm 22:  
 “My God, my God,  
 why have you forsaken me?”  
 But this psalm is not only a psalm of lament,  
 listen further:  
 “in the midst of the congregation  
 I will praise you. . .”  
 Not only does the psalm mourn  
 with the words  
 “all my bones are out of joint”,  
 but also praises with  
 “Stand in awe of God,  
 all you of Jacob’s line  
 give glory.”  
 Praise and lament.  
 Lament and praise.  
 On God’s Friday  
 Jesus follows his call  
 accepting even suffering  
 in the cross,  
 and creation is shaken  
 to the very core:  
 In defeat, is victory.  
 In compassion, is glory.  
 In vulnerability, is power.  
 In servitude, is grace.  
 In death, there is life.  
 And echoing from the shadowed rocks,  
 A psalm,  
 lament hand in hand  
 with praise.

**ANTHEM:** *Ah! Holy Jesus*

Joyful Noise Ringers

- 1 *Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended that we to judge thee have in hate pretended?  
 By foes derided, by thine own rejected, O most afflicted.*
- 2 *Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee? Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.  
 'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee; I crucified thee.*

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585-1647; tr. Robert Bridges, 1844-1930, alt.

Tune: *HERZLIEBSTER JESU*, Johann Cruger, 1598-1662

This Arrangement by Brenda E. Austin © 2017 by Beckenhorst Press





**THE FIFTH WORD: "I thirst."**

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty."

<sup>29</sup>A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth.

*John 19:28-29*

↑ **HYMN:** *Beneath the Cross of Jesus*

*ELW Hymn 338*

- 1 **Beneath the cross of Jesus I long to take my stand;  
the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land,  
a home within a wilderness, a rest upon the way,  
from the burning of the noontide heat and burdens of the day.**
- 2 **Upon the cross of Jesus, my eye at times can see  
the very dying form of one who suffered there for me.  
And from my contrite heart, with tears, two wonders I confess:  
the wonder of his glorious love and my unworthiness.**
- 3 **I take, O cross, your shadow for my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of his face;  
content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,  
my sinful self my only shame, my glory all, the cross.**

Text: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1830-1869

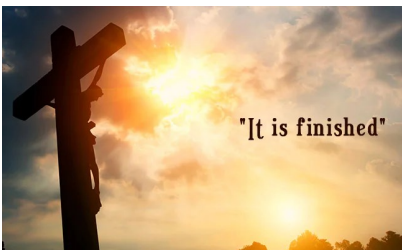
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**ANTHEM:** *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

Sanctuary Choir

- 1 *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.*
- 2 *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.*
- 3 *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?*
- 4 *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.*

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748 Text is in Public Domain.



**THE SIXTH WORD: "It is finished."**

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished."

Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

*John 19:30*

**HYMN:** *On a Barren Hilltop*

*Tune: KING'S WESTON*

- 1 **On a barren hilltop just outside the walls of an ancient city as the evening falls,  
Speaks a dying figure hanging on a tree, saying "It is finished," words of victory.**
- 2 **Tested just as we are, in a world of strife, through the pain and conflict of a human life,  
Here at last completed with his final breath is a life triumphant over sin and death. ▶**



- 3 Let us then come boldly to the heavenly throne,  
where our human weakness is so fully known,  
and the mercy given by which we are freed,  
and the grace provided for our time of need.**

Text: Christopher L. Webber © 2008 Faith Alive Christian Resources

**ANTHEM: *Pie Jesu***

*Pie Jesu,  
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

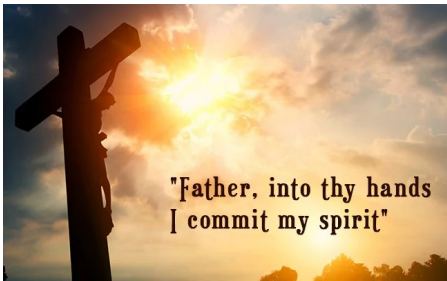
The Christ Our Shepherd Flute Choir

*Merciful [pious] Lord Jesus,  
Grant them rest everlasting.*

from *Requiem*, by Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)  
Copyright 1988 by ALRY Publications Etc., Inc., Charlotte, NC

Arranged for flute choir by Bruce Behnke (b. 1950)

**THE SEVENTH WORD: “Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.”**



It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, <sup>45</sup>while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. <sup>46</sup>Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.” Having said this, he breathed his last.

<sup>47</sup>When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, “Certainly this man was innocent.”

<sup>48</sup>And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts.

<sup>49</sup>But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance, watching these things. *Luke 23:44-49*

**HYMN: *The Power of the Cross***

- 1 Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day: Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then nailed to a cross of wood.**

*Refrain: This, the power of the cross: Christ became sin for us;  
took the blame, bore the shame — we stand forgiven at the cross.*

- 2 Oh, to see the pain written on Your face, bearing the awesome weight of sin.  
Every bitter thought, every evil deed crowning Your blood-stained brow. *Refrain***
- 3 Now the daylight flees; now the ground beneath quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life; “Finished!” the victory cry. *Refrain***
- 4 Oh, to see my name written in the wounds, for through Your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death; life is mine to live, won through Your selfless love.**

*Final Refrain: This, the power of the cross: Son of God — slain for us.  
What a love! What a cost! We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Words and music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend  
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**POUNDING THE NAILS:** If you would like to pound nails into the logs at the Font to evoke the nails driven into Jesus’ body or the crowd’s beating their breasts as they returned home, you are invited now. Please conclude as the music begins.

Hush —  
we feel it in the bitter cold night  
lit with crystal stars  
listen —  
we sense it in the silver hour  
before the dawn  
quiet —  
we see it in the blue shadow  
of the cypress  
across the limestone path  
still —  
we touch it in the warm nearness  
of beloved faces  
it is always there  
it is always here  
it is always around us  
    like a cloak of night  
    like the promise of day  
    like the sound of wind  
    like the dew on our face  
it is always there  
    even when our breath shallows  
    even when we whisper  
        “it is finished”  
it is always there  
if we hush  
if we listen  
if we quiet  
    still  
when we release our hands  
when we let go  
it is always here around us:  
    the ever presence of God  
    the ever presence of God  
    wondrous love

**ANTHEM:** *O Come and Mourn*

Sanctuary Choir and Flute

*O come and mourn with me awhile; all ye now come to the Savior's side;  
Come see the one who frees us all; the Lord of Life is crucified.  
Have we no tears to shed for him, while soldiers scoff and foes deride?  
Upon the cross he bears the pain; the Lord of Life is crucified.  
Seven times he speaks, seven words of love; his silence, too, cries out to all.  
His words of love our hearts receive. The Lord of Life is crucified.  
O Love of God, now shown to all, in this dread hour true strength is found;  
It is with love we triumph still. The Lord of Life is crucified.  
O come and mourn with me a while. The Lord of Life is crucified.*

Text: Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863, alt. Music: Hal H. Hopson © 1977, 2001 Hope Publishing Company OneLicense A-701929

**We depart in silence.**