

## Psalm of the Day

*refrain:* Re-mem-ber your mer-cy, O Lord;  
re-mem-ber your mer-cy and love.

Blessed is he whose transgressions are for'given,\*  
whose sins are 'covered.  
When I kept silent, your hand was heavy up'on me,\*  
my strength was sapped as in the heat of 'summer.  
Then I acknowledged my 'sin to you\*  
and did not cover up my in'iquity.  
I said, "I will confess my transgressions 'to the Lord,"\*  
and you forgave the guilt 'of my sin.

### *refrain*

You are my 'hiding place,\*  
you will protect me from 'trouble.  
Many are the woes of the 'wicked,\*  
but the Lord's un'failing love surrounds those who 'trust in him.

**Glory be to the Father and 'to the Son\*  
and to the Holy 'Spirit,  
as it was in the be'ginning,\*  
is now, and will be forever. 'Amen.**

### *refrain*

## Psalm Prayer

Gracious Father in heaven, in countless ways we have transgressed against you. But you have been merciful to us and have forgiven the guilt of our sins. Surround us with your un'failing love that we may rejoice in your great goodness now and forever, through your Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

## Passion History according to Luke 2. Gethsemane and the Arrest

Pastor: Jesus went out as usual to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples followed him. On reaching the place, he said to them, "Pray that you will not fall into temptation."

Congregation: He withdrew about a stone's throw beyond them, knelt down and prayed, "Father, if you are willing, take this cup from me; yet not my will, but yours be done."

## Psalm 32

Women: An angel from heaven appeared to him and strengthened him. And being in anguish, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was like drops of blood falling to the ground.

Men: When he rose from prayer and went back to the disciples, he found them asleep, exhausted from sorrow. "Why are you sleeping?" he asked them. "Get up and pray so that you will not fall into temptation."

Pastor: While he was still speaking a crowd came up, and the man who was called Judas, one of the Twelve, was leading them. He approached Jesus to kiss him, but Jesus asked him, "Judas, are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?"

Men: When Jesus' followers saw what was going to happen, they said, "Lord, should we strike with our swords?" And one of them struck the servant of the high priest, cutting off his right ear.

Women: But Jesus answered, "No more of this!" And he touched the man's ear and healed him.

Pastor: Then Jesus said to the chief priests, the officers of the temple guard, and the elders, who had come for him,

Congregation: "Am I leading a rebellion, that you have come with swords and clubs? Every day I was with you in the temple courts, and you did not lay a hand on me. But this is your hour -- when darkness reigns."

Pastor: Then seizing him, they led him away and took him to the house of the high priest. Peter followed at a distance.

## Seasonal Response

**All: All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. By his wounds we are healed.**

## Sermon Hymn

### *He Stood Before The Court*

He stood before the court On trial instead of us;  
He met its pow'r to hurt, Condemned to face the cross --  
Our King, accused of treachery;  
Our God, abused for blasphemy!

These are the crimes that tell The tale of human guilt;  
Our sins, our death, our hell -- On these the case is built.  
To this world's pow'rs the Lord stays dumb.  
The guilt is ours, no answers come.

The sentence must be passed, The unknown pris'ner killed;  
The price is paid at last, The law of God fulfilled.  
He takes our blame, and from that day  
Th' accuser's claim is wiped away.

Shall we be judged and tried? In Christ our trial is done;  
We live, for he has died, Our condemnation gone.  
In Christ are we both dead and raised,  
Alive and free -- his name be praised!

### Special Music

*God Loves Me Dearly*

Offering: *Jesus Loves Me*

*Jesus Lamb of Calvary*

Grades 1-2 (11:00 a.m.)

Kyle Laabs (11:00 a.m.)

Choir (7:30 p.m.)

### Closing Hymn *Jesus Grant That Balm And Healing*

Jesus, grant that balm and healing In your holy wounds I find,  
Ev'ry hour that I am feeling Pains of body and of mind.  
Should some evil thought within Tempt my treach'rous heart to sin,  
Show the peril, and from sinning Keep me from its first beginning.

Should some lust or sharp temptation Fascinate my sinful mind,  
Let me think about your passion, And new courage I shall find.  
Or should Satan press me hard, Let me then be on my guard,  
Saying, "Christ for me was wounded," That the tempter flee confounded.

If the world my heart entices With the broad and easy road,  
With seductive, sinful vices, Let me think about the load  
You were willing to endure; Then I'll flee all thoughts impure,  
Mastering each wild temptation, Calm in prayer and meditation.

Ev'ry wound that pains or grieves me By your wounds, Lord, is made whole;  
When I'm weak, your cross revives me, Granting new life to my soul.  
Yes, your comfort renders sweet Ev'ry bitter cup I meet;  
For your all-atoning passion Has procured my soul's salvation.

O my God, my Rock and Tower, Grant that in your death I trust,  
Knowing death has lost his power Since you crushed him in the dust.  
Savior, let your agony Ever help and comfort me;  
When I die be my protection, light and life and resurrection.

## The Glory of the Cross is Hidden in the Savior's Rejection by His Own

Midweek 2

### Opening Hymn

*Christ, The Life of All The Living*

Christ, the Life of all the living, Christ, the Death of death, our foe,  
Who, thyself for me once giving To the darkest depths of woe --  
Through thy sufferings, death, and merit I eternal life inherit.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Thou, ah, thou hast taken on thee Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;  
Pain and scorn were heaped upon thee, O thou sinless Son of God!  
Thus didst thou my soul deliver From the bonds of sin forever.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Thou hast borne the smiting only That my wounds might all be whole;  
Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely, Rest to give my weary soul;  
Yea, the curse of God enduring, Blessing unto me securing.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Heartless scoffers did surround thee, Treating thee with cruel scorn,  
And with piercing thorns they crowned thee. All disgrace thou, Lord,  
hast borne  
That as thine thou mightest own me And with heav'nly glory crown me.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Thou hast suffered men to bruise thee That from pain I might be free;  
Falsely did thy foes accuse thee -- Thence I gain security.  
Comfortless thy soul did languish Me to comfort in my anguish.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Thou has suffered great affliction And hast borne it patiently,  
Even death by crucifixion, Fully to atone for me.  
Thou didst choose to be tormented That my doom should be prevented.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Then, for all that wrought my pardon, For thy sorrows deep and sore,  
For thine anguish in the garden, I will thank thee evermore,  
Thank thee for thy groaning, sighing, For thy bleeding and thy dying,  
For that last triumphant cry And shall praise thee, Lord, on high.