

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

### Opening Hymn

*My Song is Love Unknown*

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?

He came from his blest throne Salvation to bestow,  
But such disdain! So few The longed-for Christ would know!  
But oh, my friend, My friend indeed, Who at my need His life did spend!

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 death might free.

In life no house, no home My Lord on earth might have;  
In death no friendly tomb But what a stranger gave.  
What may I say? Heav'n was his home But mine the tomb Wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing; No story so divine,  
Never was love, dear King, Never was grief like thine.  
This is my friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days Could gladly spend!

### Psalm of the Day

### Psalm 2

*refrain*: The mighty Lord is with us; the God of Jacob is our fortress.

Why do the nations 'conspire\*  
and the peoples 'plot in vain?  
The kings of the earth take their stand  
and the rulers gather together a'gainst the Lord\*  
and against his A'nointed One.

*refrain*

The One enthroned in 'heaven laughs;\*  
the Lord 'scoffs at them.  
Then he rebukes them in his anger and terrifies them in his wrath,  
'saying,\*  
"I have installed my King on Zion, my 'holy hill."  
I will proclaim the decree 'of the Lord:.\*  
He said to me, "You are my Son; today I have become your 'Father."

**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

Lord God, you anointed your Son to be King for the sake of your Church.  
Help us, as members of his kingdom, to serve him faithfully and to come  
to the full knowledge of his grace and glory, who lives and reigns with  
you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

### Passion History according to Luke On Trial Before The High Priest

Pastor: Then seizing him, they led him away and took him into the  
house of the high priest.

Congregation: Peter followed at a distance. But when they had kindled a  
fire in the middle of the courtyard and had sat down together,  
Peter sat down with them.

Women: A servant girl saw him seated there in the firelight. She looked  
closely at him and said, "This man was with him."

Men: But he denied it. "Woman, I don't know him," he said.

Pastor: A little later someone else saw him and said, "You also are one of  
them."

Congregation: "Man, I am not!" Peter replied.

Pastor: About an hour later another asserted, "Certainly this fellow was  
with him, for he is a Galilean."

Congregation: Peter replied, "Man, I don't know what you're talking about!"

Pastor: Just as he was speaking, the rooster crowed. The Lord turned and  
looked straight at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word the Lord had  
spoken to him: "Before the rooster crows today, you will

disown me three times." And he went outside and wept bitterly.

Men: The men who were guarding Jesus began mocking and beating him. They blindfolded him and demanded, "Prophesy! Who hit you?" And they said many other insulting things to him.

Women: At daybreak the council of the elders of the people, both the chief priests and teachers of the law, met together, and Jesus was led before them. "If you are the Christ," they said, "tell us."

Pastor: Jesus answered, "If I tell you, you will not believe me, and if I asked you, you would not answer. But from now on, the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of the mighty God."

Congregation: They all asked, "Are you then the Son of God?"

Women: He replied, "You are right in saying I am."

Pastor: Then they said, "Why do we need any more testimony? We have heard it from his own lips."

### 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

*O Dearest Jesus*

O dearest Jesus, what law have you broken  
That such sharp sentence should on you be spoken?  
Of what great crime have you to make confession  
What dark transgression?

They crown your head with thorns, they smite, they scourge you;  
With cruel mockings to the cross they urge you;  
They give you gall to drink, they still decry you; They crucify you.

Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish?  
It is my sins for which you, Lord, must languish;  
Yes, all the wrath, the woe that you inherit, This I do merit.

What punishment so strange is suffered yonder!  
The Shepherd dies for sheep that love to wander;  
The Master pays the debt his servants owe him, Who would not know him.

The sinless Son of God must die in sadness;  
The sinful child of man may live in gladness;  
We forfeited our lives, yet are acquitted God is committed.

I'll think upon your mercy without ceasing,  
That earth's vain joys to me no more be pleasing;  
To do your will shall be my sole endeavor Henceforth forever.

And when, dear Lord, before your throne in heaven  
To me the crown of joy at last is given,  
Where sweetest hymns your saints forever raise you, I too shall praise you.

### Special Music

*God Loves Me Dearly* Grades 3-5 (11:00 a.m.)  
Musical Offering: Grades 3-5 song flutes (11:00 a.m.)  
*Glory Be To Jesus; Go To Dark Gethsemane*

### Closing Hymn

*O Sacred Head Now Wounded*

O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns your only crown,  
O sacred head, no glory Now from your face does shine;  
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call you mine.

Men mock and taunt and jeer you, They smite your countenance,  
Though mighty worlds shall fear you And flee before your glance.  
How pale you are with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn!  
Your eyes with pain now languish That once were bright as morn!

Now from your cheeks has vanished Their color, once so fair;  
From your red lips is banished The splendor that was there.  
Grim death with cruel rigor Has robbed you of your life;  
Thus you have lost your vigor, Your strength, in this sad strife.

My burden in your passion, Lord, you have borne for me,  
For it was my transgression, My shame, on Calvary.  
I cast me down before you; Wrath is my rightful lot.  
Have mercy, I implore you; Redeemer, spurn me not!

What language shall I borrow To thank you, dearest Friend,  
For this, your dying sorrow, Your pity without end?  
Oh, make me yours forever, And keep me strong and true;  
Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love for you.

My Savior, then be near me When death is at my door,  
And let your presence cheer me; Forsake me nevermore!  
When soul and body languish, Oh, leave me not alone,  
But take away my anguish By virtue of your own!

Lord, be my consolation, My shield when I must die;  
Remind me of your passion When my last hour draws nigh.  
My eyes will then behold you, Upon your cross will dwell;  
My heart will then enfold you -- Who dies in faith dies well!