

The Glory of the Cross is Hidden in the Savior's Stumbling

Opening Hymn

Behold The Lamb Of God

Behold the Lamb of God For guilty sinners slain;
Let it not be in vain That you have died!
You for my Savior let me take;
My only refuge let me make Your pierced side.

Behold the Lamb of God! Into the sacred flood
Of your most precious blood My soul I cast.
Wash me and make me pure and clean;
Uphold me through life's changing scene Till all is past.

Behold the Lamb of God! All hail, incarnate Word!
O everlasting Lord, Purge out our leav'n.
Clothe us with godliness and good;
Feed us with your celestial food, Manna from heav'n.

Behold the Lamb of God! Worthy is he alone
To sit upon the throne Of God above,
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise, All light, all love!

Psalm of the Day

refrain: Be mer-ci-ful, O Lord, for we have sinned.

O Lord, do not rebuke me in your 'anger*
or discipline me 'in your wrath.
For your arrows have 'pierced me,*
and your hand has come down up'on me.
My guilt has over'whelmed me*
like a burden too heav'y to bear.

refrain

All my longings lie open before 'you, O Lord;*
my sighing is not hid'den from you.
I wait for 'you, O Lord;*
you will answer, O 'Lord my God.
Come quickly to 'help me,*
O Lord my 'Savior.

**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 38

Psalm Prayer

Lord our God, you did not forget the pierced body of your Son, and his sighing was not hidden from you. In your kindness, look also on us, your children, weighed down with sins, and grant us the fullness of your mercy, through Jesus Christ, your Son, our Lord.

Passion History according to Luke On Trial Before Pilate

Pastor: Then the whole assembly rose and led him off to Pilate. And they began to accuse him, saying,

Congregation: "We have found this man subverting our nation. He opposes payment of taxes to Caesar and claims to be Christ, a king."

Pastor: So Pilate asked Jesus, "Are you the king of the Jews?"

Women: "Yes, it is as you say," Jesus replied.

Pastor: Then Pilate announced to the chief priests and the crowd, "I find no basis for a charge against this man."

Men: But they insisted, "He stirs up the people all over Judea by his teaching. He started in Galilee and has come all the way here."

Congregation: On hearing this, Pilate asked if the man was a Galilean. When he learned that Jesus was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who was also in Jerusalem at that time.

Pastor: When Herod saw Jesus, he was greatly pleased, because for a long time he had been wanting to see him. From what he had heard about him, he hoped to see him perform some miracle. He plied him with many questions, but Jesus gave him no answer.

Congregation: The chief priests and the teachers of the law were standing there, vehemently accusing him. Then Herod and his soldiers ridiculed and mocked him. Dressing him in an elegant robe, they sent him back to Pilate. That day Herod and Pilate became friends -- before this they had been enemies.

Pastor: Pilate called together the chief priests, the rulers and the people, and said to them, "You brought me this man as one who was inciting the people to rebellion. I have examined him in your presence and have found no basis for your charges against him.

Neither has Herod, for he sent him back to us; as you can see, he has done nothing to deserve death. Therefore, I will punish him and then release him."

Congregation: With one voice they cried out, "Away with this man! Release Barabbas to us!"

Pastor: (Barabbas had been thrown into prison for an insurrection in the city, and for murder.) Wanting to release Jesus, Pilate appealed to them again. But they kept shouting,

Congregation: "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Pastor: For the third time he spoke to them: "Why? What crime has this man committed? I have found in him no grounds for the death penalty. Therefore I will have him punished and then release him." But with loud shouts they insistently demanded that he be crucified, and their shouts prevailed. So Pilate decided to grant their demand.

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

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected; Yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he.
'Tis the long-expected Prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it: 'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, as you hear him groaning, Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning, Foes insulting his distress,
Many hands were raised to wound him, None would intervene to save,
But the deepest stroke that pierced him Was the stroke that justice gave.

If you think of sin but lightly Nor suppose the evil great,
Here you see its nature rightly, Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed; See who bears the awful load --
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation, Here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the rock of our salvation, His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded, Sacrifice to cancel guilt --
None shall ever be confounded Who on him their hope have built.

Special Music

O How He Loves You and Me
Musical Offering: *O Sacred Head*
Jesus Lamb of Calvary

Grades 6-8 (11:00 a.m.)
Jordan Laabs (11:00 a.m.)
choir (7:30 p.m.)

Closing Hymn

Upon The Cross Extended

Upon the cross extended, See, world, your Lord suspended;
Your Savior yields his breath.
The Prince of life from heaven Himself has freely given
To shame and blows and bitter death.

How God at our transgression To anger gives expression,
How loud his thunders roll,
How fearfully he smites him, How sorely he requites him --
All this your sufferings teach my soul.

'Tis I who should be smitten, My doom should here be written:
Bound hand and foot in hell.
The fetters and the scourging, The floods around you surging,
'Tis I who have deserved them well.

A crown of thorns you're wearing, My shame and scorn you're bearing
That I might ransomed be.
My bondsman, ever willing, My place with patience filling,
From sin and guilt has made me free.

Your cords of love, my Savior, Bind me to you forever;
I am no longer mine.
To you I gladly tender All that my life can render
And all I have to you resign.