

Good Friday Service • **April 7, 2023**

*Enter the sanctuary speaking only to the Lord in prayer.
Please turn off all cell phones and electronic devices.*



Call to Worship		Rev. Tim Valentino
Hymn	251: On a Hill Far Away (v. 1, 2, 3, 4, Then Refrain 1x)	Congregation
Responsive Reading	622: Crucifixion of Jesus	Congregation
Silent Meditation		Congregation

On a Hill Far Away 251



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em - blem of
 2. O that old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a won - drous at -
 3. In the old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -

suf - fering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died
 proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

Refrain

For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged
 To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me. cross, the
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug - ged cross,

old rug - ged cross, And ex - change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

WORDS and MUSIC: George Bennard, 1913

OLD RUGGED CROSS
Irregular meter

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood 246

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
 Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-

sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. A-men.

WORDS: William Cowper, 1771
 MUSIC: Traditional American melody; arr. Lowell Mason, 1830

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN
 C.M.D.

Have mercy on me, O God,
 according to your unfailing love;

according to your great compassion
 blot out my transgressions.

Wash away all my iniquity
 and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions,
 and my sin is always before me.

Against you, and you only, have I sinned
 and done what is evil in your sight,

Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean;
 wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.

Hide your face from my sins
 and blot out all my iniquity.

Create in me a pure heart, O God,
 and renew a steadfast spirit within me.

Do not cast me from your presence
 or take your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of your salvation
 and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it;
 you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;
 a broken and contrite heart,
 O God, you will not despise.

Prayer Led by Pastor

134 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707
 MUSIC: Lowell Mason, 1824; based on plainsong melody

HAMBURG
 L.M.

¹⁵ Now it was the governor’s custom at the festival to release a prisoner chosen by the crowd. ¹⁶ At that time they had a well-known prisoner whose name was Jesus Barabbas. ¹⁷ So when the crowd had gathered, Pilate asked them, “Which one do you want me to release to you: Jesus Barabbas, or Jesus who is called the Messiah?” ¹⁸ For he knew it was out of self-interest that they had handed Jesus over to him.

¹⁹ While Pilate was sitting on the judge’s seat, his wife sent him this message: “Don’t have anything to do with that innocent man, for I have suffered a great deal today in a dream because of him.”

²⁰ But the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowd to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus executed.

²¹ “Which of the two do you want me to release to you?” asked the governor. “Barabbas,” they answered.

²² “What shall I do, then, with Jesus who is called the Messiah?” Pilate asked. They all answered, “Crucify him!”

²³ “Why? What crime has he committed?” asked Pilate. But they shouted all the louder, “Crucify him!”

²⁴ When Pilate saw that he was getting nowhere, but that instead an uproar was starting, he took water and washed his hands in front of the crowd. “I am innocent of this man’s blood,” he said. “It is your responsibility!”

²⁵ All the people answered, “His blood is on us and on our children!”

²⁶ Then he released Barabbas to them. But he had Jesus flogged, and handed him over to be crucified.

Sermon: *A Really Good Friday for Barabbas* Rev. Tim Valentino

Silent Prayer Congregation

Invitation Rev. Tim Valentino

Hymn *330: When Peace Like a River* (v. 1-3) Congregation

Nailing of the Testimonies Congregation

Depart in Silence

When Peace Like a River Attendeth 330

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin— O, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My sin— not in

sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
 part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,

Refrain
 “It is well, it is well with my soul.”
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well

soul,
 with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

WORDS: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873
 MUSIC: Philip P. Bliss, 1876

VILLE DU HAVRE
 11.8.11.9 Ref.

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