

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



Call to Worship

Pastor 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

Then Pilate handed Jesus over to them to be nailed to the cross. So they took charge of Jesus.

He went out, carrying his own cross, and came to “The Place of the Skull,” as it is called. (In Hebrew it is called “Golgotha.”)

There they nailed him to the cross; they also nailed two other men to crosses, one on each side, with Jesus between them.

Pilate wrote a notice and had it put on the cross. “Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews,” is what he wrote.

After the soldiers had nailed Jesus to the cross, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one part for each soldier.

They also took the robe, which was made of one piece of woven clothe, without any seams in it.

The soldiers said to each other, “Let us not tear it; let us throw dice to see who will get it.”

This happened to make the scripture come true: “They divided my clothes among themselves, they gambled for my robe.

Standing close to Jesus, cross were his mother, his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple he loved standing there; so he said to his mother, “Woman, here is your son.”

Then he said to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” And from that time the disciple took her to live in his home.

Jesus knew that by now everything had been completed; and in order to make the scripture come true he said, “I am thirsty.” They soaked a sponge in the wine, put it on a branch of hyssop, and lifted it up to his lips.

Jesus took the wine and said, “It is finished!” Then he bowed his head and died.

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. Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

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

136 "Man of Sorrows," What a Name

1. "Man of Sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demned He stood;
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less, we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry;

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 "Full a - tone - ment" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

WORDS and MUSIC: Philip P. Bliss, 1875

HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOR!
7.7.7.8

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.

Responsive Prayer of Confession *Psalm 51:1-4, 7, 9-12, 16-17* Pastor Tim Valentino/Sonya Valentino

Scripture Reading: *Luke 23:44-46* Pastor Tim Valentino

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.**

⁴⁴ It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, ⁴⁵ for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two. ⁴⁶ Jesus called out with a loud voice, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." When he had said this, he breathed his last.

Sermon: *Thank God It's Friday 7: The Word of Trust* (Luke 23:44-49) Pastor Tim Valentino

Silent Prayer Congregation

Invitation Pastor 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.

Lector Pastor Tim Valentino **Narthex Greeters** Dave & Kaye Focht
Responder Sonya Valentino **Lead Pastor** Rev. Dr. Timothy Valentino

121 South College Street, Myerstown, PA 17067-1299
<https://christcomm.church> • Facebook @cccmyerstown