

MONDAY | “Cleansing the Temple”

Order of Worship

Welcome

“Tell Me the Story of Jesus” | “Let It Be Said of Us”

Scripture Reading | Isaiah 35:3-10

Scripted Prayer | “Held Back”

“My Jesus, I Love Thee” | “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

Message in Song | *“House of Prayer”*

Message | Mark 11:15-18

Benediction

Tell Me the Story of Jesus

CHORUS

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word;
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

VERSE 1

Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that are past;
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrow He bore;
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.

VERSE 2

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writing in anguish and pain;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see;
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.

Words: FANNY JANE CROSBY
Music: JOHN ROBSON SWENEY

Let It Be Said of Us

VERSE 1

Let it be said of us
That the Lord was our passion,
That with gladness we bore
Ev’ry cross we were given;
That we fought the good fight,
That we finished the course
Knowing within us the pow’r of the risen Lord.

CHORUS

Let the cross be our glory
And the Lord be our song;
By mercy made holy;
By the Spirit made strong.
Let the cross be our glory
And the Lord be our song
'Til the likeness of Jesus
Be through us made known;
Let the cross be our glory
And the Lord be our song.

VERSE 2

Let it be said of us
We are marked by forgiveness.
We were known by our love
And delighted in meekness.
We were ruled by His peace
Heeding unity’s call;
Joined as one body
That Christ would be seen by all.

TAG

Let the cross be our glory
And the Lord be our song.

Words and Music: STEVE FRY

Scripture Reading: Isaiah 35:3-10

Prayer: Held back

You have texted us yet again
with this glorious text of homecoming and well-being.
We have finished with the text of doom and extermination,
ready to relish Your good news of deep wells,
and safe roads, and happy jackals.
We among Your ransomed and redeemed,
we in gladness and in gratitude.
Just beyond the margin of this text,
we are Your people bottomed in Thursday, grieved in Friday,
our days of doom and failure and death,
Your days of suffering and anguish.
We look past the doom days
to the Easter page of good news, ready to dance.
In life as in text,
we would leap beyond where we are to where You promise to be,
"Ahead of us in Galilee,"
held back only by the truth of Thursday and Friday
and by loud crashing weapons,
held back, waiting, ready to dance, yet held back...
for a little while. Amen.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

VERSE 1

My Jesus, I Love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

VERSE 2

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

VERSE 4

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright.
And singing Thy praises, before Thee I'll bow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Words and Music: ADONIRAM GORDON
and WILLIAM FEATHERSTON

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

VERSE 1

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

VERSE 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

VERSE 3

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

VERSE 4

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Words: ISAAC WATTS Music: LOWELL MASON

TUESDAY | “The First Commandment”

Order of Worship

Welcome

“Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It” | “I Stand Amazed in the Presence”

Scripture Reading | Isaiah 53:3-10

Scripted Prayer | “In the Name of the Bruised One”

“How Deep the Father’s Love for Us” | “At Calvary”

Message | Matthew 22:34-40; Mark 12:28-31

Benediction

Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It

VERSE 1

Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it!
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed through His infinite mercy,
His child, and forever, I am.

CHORUS

Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
His child, and forever, I am.

VERSE 2

Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell;
I know that the light of His presence
With me doth continually dwell.

VERSE 4

I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of Him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent;
His love is the theme of my song.

Words: FANNY CROSBY
Music: WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK

I Stand Amazed

VERSE 1

I stand amazed in the presence
Of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

CHORUS

How marvelous! How wonderful!
And my song shall ever be;
How marvelous! How wonderful!
Is my Savior’s love for me!

VERSE 2

For me it was in the garden
He prayed, “Not My will, but Thine.”
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

VERSE 3

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own.
He bore the burden to Calv’ry,
And suffered and died alone.

VERSE 4

When with the ransomed in glory,
His face I at last shall see,
‘Twill be my joy through the ages
To sing of His love for me.

Words and Music: CHARLES HUTCHISON GABRIEL

Scripture Reading: Isaiah 53:3-10

In the name of the bruised one

The cadences of suffering love sound in the church this Holy Week.

We ponder this coming Thursday and this ready Friday.

Beating solemnly and transformatively in the foreground is this...

“wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, healed by His stripes.”

We ponder how much self-giving could heal our lives,

and we cannot do better than to rest ourselves in that awesome mystery.

All the while we occupy the killing fields...

with Amalekites, their Amalekites, our Amalekites, always Amalekites to be cleansed.

And we imagine, as do they

that somehow the killing matches our noblest, most pious convictions.

You are the one who has spared, who has pitied, who has drawn the violence short in order to save.

Hold Your church all this week

to the unbearable mystery of Your self-giving, and

to the intolerable burden of our killing.

Move us from the grip of that deathly squeeze,

move by Your innocence, move by Your weakness, move by Your passion.

Deliver us from our Amalekite shaped-world in the name of the bruised one. Amen.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

VERSE 1

How deep the Father's love for us,

How vast beyond all measure;

That He should give His only Son

To make a wretch His treasure.

How great the pain of searing loss,

The Father turns His face away;

As wounds which mar the chosen one

Bring many sons to glory.

VERSE 2

Behold the Man upon a cross,

My sin upon His shoulders;

Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice

Call out among the scoffers.

It was my pain that held Him there

Until it was accomplished;

His dying breath has brought me life –

I know that it is finished.

VERSE 3

I will not boast in anything,

No gifts, no pow'r, no wisdom;

But I will boast in Jesus Christ,

His death and resurrection.

Why should I gain from His reward?

I cannot give an answer.

But this I know with all my heart:

His wounds have paid my ransom.

At Calvary

VERSE 1

Years I spent in vanity and pride,

Caring not my Lord was crucified,

Knowing not it was for me He died

On Calvary.

VERSE 2

By God's Word at last my sin I learned;

Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,

Till my guilty soul imploring turned

To Calvary.

CHORUS

There Your mercy and Your grace was free

There Your pardon multiplied to me,

There my burdened soul found liberty, at Calvary.

VERSE 3

Now I've given to Jesus ev'rything,

Now I gladly own Him as my King;

Now my raptured soul can only sing

Of Calvary.

VERSE 4

Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!

Oh, the grace that brought it down to man!

Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span

At Calvary.

Words and Music: WILLIAM REED NEWELL,
MARK HALL and DANIEL BRINK TOWNER

WEDNESDAY | “Justifiably Evil”

Order of Worship

Welcome

“Nothing but the Blood” | “And Can It Be?”

Scripted Prayer | “In the Midst of All the Pushing and Shoving”

“Hallelujah, What a Savior” | “Glorious Day (Living He Loved Me)”

Message | Matthew 26:6-13

“Near the Cross” for Benediction

Nothing but the Blood

VERSE 1

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS

Oh! precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

VERSE 2

For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

VERSE 4

This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Words and Music: ROBERT LOWRY

And Can It Be

VERSE 1

And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

CHORUS

Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

VERSE 2

He left His Father's throne above;
So free, so infinite His grace.
Emptied Himself of all but love
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, Oh, my God, it found out me.

VERSE 3

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye difused a quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light.
My chains fell off; my heart was free.
I rose, went forth and followed Thee.

Words and Music: THOMAS CAMPBELL,
CHARLES WESLEY and JOHN COATES

In the midst of all the pushing and shoving

In the midst of all the pushing and shoving among us,
in the world and in the church, propelled by anxiety and acted as brutality,
You have planted Yourself in all Your fidelity.
You have placed Yourself among us in steadfastness and abiding care
present in the day, alert in the night, making us all safe and noticed and cared for.
So evidence Your fidelity as to curb our anxiety,
as to restrain our brutality, as to overcome our alienation.
By Your fidelity, renew us, renew church, renew city, renew world.
Give us the safety to love You fully, to love neighbor well, in glad obedience. Amen.

Hallelujah, What a Savior!

VERSE 1

"Man of sorrows!" what a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

VERSE 2

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

VERSE 3

Guilty, vile and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
Full atonement! can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

VERSE 4

Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry;
Now in heav'n exalted high:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Words and Music: PHILIP P. BLISS

Glorious Day (Living He Loved Me)

VERSE 1

One day when heaven was filled with His praises,
One day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
Dwelt among men, my example is He.
The Word became flesh and
the light shined among us, His glory revealed.

CHORUS

Living, He loved me, dying, He saved me.
Buried, He carried my sins far away.
Rising, He justified freely forever.
One day He's coming,
O glorious day, O glorious day.

VERSE 2

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain.
One day they nailed Him to die on a tree.
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected,
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He.
The hand that healed nations,
stretched out on a tree and took the nails for me.

VERSE 3

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door.
Then He arose, over death He had conquered.
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore.
Death could not hold Him,
the grave could not keep Him from rising again.

BRIDGE

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His glory will shine.
Wonderful day, my beloved one, bringing.
My Savior, Jesus, is mine.

Words and Music: MICHAEL BLEECKER,
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, and MARK HALL

Near the Cross

VERSE 1

Jesus, keep me near the cross, there a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream, flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

CHORUS

In the cross, in the cross be my glory ever,
Till my ransomed soul shall find rest beyond the river.

VERSE 4

Near the cross! I'll watch and wait, hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand, just beyond the river.

Words and Music: WILLIAM H. DONE, FANNY J. CROSBY and TRAVIS COTTRELL

THURSDAY | “Where Lies the Victory”

Order of Worship

Welcome “*Jesus Messiah*” | “*Mystery*”

Scripted Prayer | “*Loss Is Indeed Our Gain*”

The Lord’s Supper

“*Jesus Paid It All*” | “*Scandal of Grace*”

Message | Luke 22:31

Benediction

Jesus Messiah

VERSE 1

He became sin who knew no sin,
That we might become His Righteousness.
He humbled Himself and carried the cross;
Love so amazing, love so amazing.

CHORUS

Jesus Messiah, name above all names.
Blessed Redeemer, Emmanuel,
The Rescue for sinners,
The Ransom from heaven,
Jesus Messiah, Lord of all.

VERSE 2

His body the bread, His blood the wine;
Broken and poured out all for love.
The whole earth trembled and the veil was torn;
Love so amazing, love so amazing.

BRIDGE

All our hope is in You, all our hope is in You,
All the glory to You, God, the Light of the world.

ENDING

Jesus Messiah, Lord of all
The Lord of all, the Lord of all.

Word and Music: CHRIS TOMLIN, ED CASH,
JESSE REEVES and DANIEL CARSON

Mystery

VERSE 1

Sweet Jesus Christ, my sanity.
Sweet Jesus Christ, my clarity.
Bread of heaven broken for me.
Cup of Salvation, held out to drink.
Jesus, mystery.

CHORUS

Christ has died and
Christ is risen.
Christ will come again.

BRIDGE

Celebrate His death and rising.
Lift your eyes, proclaim His coming.
Celebrate His death and rising.
Lift your eyes, lift your eyes.

Words and Music by CHARLIE HALL

Loss Is Indeed Our Gain

The pushing and shoving of the world is endless. We are pushed and shoved.
And we do our fair share of pushing and shoving in our great anxiety.
And in the middle of that You have settled down Your beloved suffering Son
 who was like a sheep led to slaughter who opened not His mouth.
We seem not able, so we ask You to create the spaces in our life
 where we may ponder His suffering and Your summons for us to suffer with Him,
 suspecting that suffering is the only way to come to newness.
So we pray for Your church in the days of this Holy Week,
 when we are driven to denial—not to notice the suffering, not to engage it, not to acknowledge it.
So be that way of truth among us that we should not deceive ourselves.
That we shall see that loss is indeed our gain.
We give You thanks for that mystery from which we live.
Amen.

Jesus Paid It All

VERSE 1

I hear the Savior say,
“Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.”

VERSE 2

Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone
Can change the leper’s spots
And melt the heart of stone.

CHORUS

Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

VERSE 3

And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
“Jesus died my soul to save,”
my lips shall still repeat.

CHORUS 2

Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow. (3X)

BRIDGE

Oh, praise the One who paid my debt
And raised this life up from the dead.

Words and Music: JOHN THOMAS GRAPE,
ALEX NIFONG and ELVINA HALL

Scandal of Grace

VERSE 1

Grace, what You have done,
Nailed there for me on that cross?
Accused in absence of wrong,
My sin washed away in Your blood.
Too much to make sense of it all,
I know that Your love breaks my fall,
The scandal of grace,
You died in my place so my soul will live.

CHORUS

Oh, to be like You;
give all I have just to know You.
Jesus, there’s no one beside You:
Forever the hope in my heart.

VERSE 2

Death where is Your sting?
Your power is as dead as my sin.
The cross has taught me to live
And mercy my heart now to sing.
The day and its troubles shall come,
I know that Your strength is enough.
The scandal of grace,
You died in my place so my soul will live.

BRIDGE

And it’s all because of You, Jesus.
It’s all because of You, Jesus.
It’s all because of Your love
that my soul will live

Words and Music: JOEL HOUSTON
and MATT CROCKER

FRIDAY | “Making It Look Good”

Order of Worship

“The Power of the Cross (Oh, to See the Dawn)”

Welcome—Intro to Tenebrae (*Service of Shadows*)—Prayer

Message in Song | *“Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted”*

Shadows: Betrayal | Agony | Arrest | Tried by the Jews

Message | The Sanhedrin Trial

Shadows: Denial | Tried by the Gentiles | Humiliation & Crucifixion | Death

“O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”

Shadows: Humiliation & Crucifixion | Death

Message in Song | *“Behold the Savior of Mankind”*

Extinguishing of the Christ Candle

Shadow: Burial

Explanation of and Challenge to Vigil

The Power Of The Cross (Oh, to See the Dawn)

VERSE 1

Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day;
Christ on the road to Calvary;
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

CHORUS

This the pow’r of the cross: Christ became sin for us;
Took the blame, bore the wrath; we stand forgiven at the cross!

VERSE 2

Oh, to see the pain written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Ev’ry bitter thought, ev’ry evil deed
Crowning Your blood-stained brow.

VERSE 3

Now the daylight flees; now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life,
“Finished!” the victory cry!

VERSE 4

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,
For through Your suff’ring I am free.
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love!

CHORUS 2

This the pow’r of the cross; Son of God slain for us.
What a love, what a cost! We stand forgiven at the cross!

Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

VERSE 1

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;
By His Son, God now has spoken, 'tis the true and faithful Word.

VERSE 2

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning, was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear, His cause disowning, foes insulting His distress.
Many hands were raised against Him, none would interpose to save.
Yet the deepest stroke that pierced Him was the stroke that justice gave.

VERSE 3

Ye who think of sin but lightly, nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view 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.

VERSE 4

Here we have a firm foundation, here the refuge of the lost:
Christ, the Rock of our salvation, His the name on which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded, sacrificed to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded, who on Him their hope have built!

Words by THOMAS KELLY Music by FERNANDO ORTEGA

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

VERSE 2

O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

VERSE 3

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

Behold the Savior of Mankind

VERSE 1

Behold the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

VERSE 3

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies!

VERSE 4

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine? Amen.

Words: SAMUEL WESLEY
Music: William Damon's *Booke of Musicke*, 1591

Words: PAUL GERHARDT
Music: HANS LEO HASSLER & J.S. BACH