

First Christian Reformed Church
Lynden, Washington
Good Friday, April 15, 2022 – 7:00 p.m. Worship Service

Isaiah 53:1-3

*Who has believed our message
and to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?
**He grew up before him like a tender shoot,
and like a root out of dry ground.**
He had no beauty or majesty to attract us to him,
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.
**He was despised and rejected by mankind,
a man of suffering, and familiar with pain.**
Like one from whom people hide their faces
he was despised, and we held him in low esteem.*

Opening Prayer

Holy God, we come to worship in the gathering shadows of Jesus' suffering and death. We come with his friends, the men and women who have followed him in every place and generation, to hear once again this story of service and betrayal, of weakness and courage. We come to witness your love in action. Be with us, we pray, in Jesus' name. **Amen.**

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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.
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.
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?

("When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" Words by Isaac Watts, Music by Lowell Mason Public Domain CCLI #358926 Streaming #20317932)

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
'Til my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

O, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God, left His glory above, to bear it to dark Calvary. *Refrain*

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died to pardon and sanctify me. *Refrain*

("The Old Rugged Cross" music and words by George Bennard, Public Domain CCLI #358926 Streaming License #20317932)

Go To Dark Gethsemane

Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter's power;
Our Redeemer's conflict see, watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away, learn from Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall, view the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss, learn from Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb; there adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear Him cry, learn from Jesus Christ to die.

("Go to Dark Gethsemane" words by James Montgomery, music by Richard Redhead Public Domain CCLI #358926 Streaming #20317932)

Call to Confession: *Isaiah 53:4-6*

Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted. But he was pierced for our transgressions; he was crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace, and with his wounds we are healed.

Prayer of Confession

God of grace,

we come before You with amazing wonder that we can hope in Your forgiveness.

We are all guilty.

We humbly come before You to ask forgiveness of our great and many sins, not just now and briefly, not once – but seventy times seven.

Forgive us completely.

Grant us Your grace to turn from our own path

so that we may stand before You cleansed, forgiven and secure.

In Your name, Amen.

Assurance: *Colossians 2:13-14*

And you, who were dead in your trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, God made alive together with him, having forgiven us all our trespasses, by canceling the record of debt that stood against us with its legal demands. This he set aside, nailing it to the cross.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?

Would He devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?

Was it for sins that I have done He suffered on the tree?

Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Thus might I hide my blushing face while His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe:

Here, Lord, I give my self away 'tis all that I can do.

("Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?" words by Isaac Watts tune by Hugh Wilson Public Domain CCLI# 358926 Streaming #20317932)

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded with grief and shame weighed down

Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown.

How art Thou pale with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;

How does that visage languish, which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain;

Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.

Lo, here I fall, my Savior; 'tis I deserve Thy place.

Look on me with Thy favor; vouch-safe to me Thy grace.

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.

("O Sacred Head, Now Wounded" words by Paul Gerhardt, trans. James W. Alexander, alt. music by Hans Leo Hassler, harmonized by JS Bach, Public Domain CCLI #358926 Streaming License #20317932)

Scripture (compiled from the Gospels)

When evening had come, since it was the day of Preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath, a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, took courage and went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. He was a respected member of the council, a good and righteous man, who was also himself looking for the kingdom of God, and secretly a disciple of Jesus.

Pilate was surprised to hear that Jesus should have already died. Summoning the centurion, he asked him whether he was already dead. And when he learned from the centurion that he was dead, he granted the corpse to Joseph. So he came and took away his body. Nicodemus also, who earlier had come to Jesus by night, came bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about seventy-five pounds in weight. So they took the body of Jesus and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as is the burial custom of the Jews.

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb in which no one had yet been laid. Joseph laid Jesus in his own new tomb, which he had cut in the rock. And he rolled a great stone to the entrance of the tomb and went away.

This is the Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

Monologue: *Joseph of Arimathea*

Were You There?

Moment of Silent Reflection

(Please depart in silence.)

You are invited to
celebrate the resurrection
of our Risen Lord
with us on
Sunday, April 17
at 10:30 a.m.

Pastors: Mike B, Robert W
Music: Ben K, Nancy Z

Worship services are also broadcast live in the basement and streamed online for anyone unable to worship in the sanctuary.
An assistive listening system is available in the sanctuary; to use this system, switch hearing aids to "T".

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