

Final Chorus

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.

Words and Music: Stuart Townend & Keith Getty. © 2005 Thankyou Music.

FIFTH READING

Wayne Bowman, Elder

Jesus is Crucified

John 19:16-30b

Pew Bible pp. 905–906

* HYMN OF REFLECTION

Hymn 257 (vv. 1-4)

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

GOOD FRIDAY DEVOTIONAL

David Rogers, Pastor

John 12:20-36

Pew Bible p. 899

SONG OF CONTEMPLATION

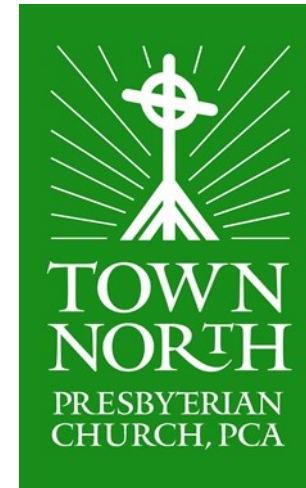
*Michelle Turner
& Lynna Harbison*

Were You There?

We welcome you to remain for silent meditation and prayer.

Please depart in silence...

*Rev. David Rogers, Senior Pastor
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This Evening's Order of
WORSHIP
for
GOOD FRIDAY

April 7, 2023 • 6:30 P.M.

Order of Service

WELCOME

Andrew Cies, Pastor

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

FIRST READING

Tom Cies, Deacon

Jesus is Arrested in Gethsemane

John 18:1-14

Pew Bible p. 904

* HYMN OF REFLECTION

Hymn 246 (vv. 1-5)

Man of Sorrows! What a Name

SECOND READING

Graham Clark, Youth Director

***Jesus is Questioned by the High Priest
and Denied by Peter***

John 18:15-27

Pew Bible p. 904

SILENT MEDITATION & PRAYER

THIRD READING

David Brugger, Deacon

Jesus is Examined by Pilate

John 18:28-40

Pew Bible pp. 904-905

* HYMN OF RESPONSE

Hymn 252 (vv. 1-4)

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

FOURTH READING

David Zeiger, Deacon

Jesus is Condemned by Pilate

John 19:1-16a

Pew Bible p. 905

* SONG OF REFLECTION

Ensemble & Congregation

The Power of the Cross

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.

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 bloodstained brow.

Chorus

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 vict'ry cry.

Chorus

4 Oh to see my name written in the wounds,

for through your suffering I am free.

Death is crushed to death; life is mine to live,

won through your selfless love.

(Continued on Back)