

Good Friday

12:15 p.m.

*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.*

(Isaiah 53:5, ESV)

Preparation for Worship Hymn Sing

12:00 p.m.

HYMN 251: *Beneath the Cross of Jesus* ST. CHRISTOPHER

HYMN 253: *There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood* FOUNTAIN

HYMN 254: *Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed* MARTYRDOM

HYMN 252: *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* HAMBURG



CALL TO WORSHIP Rev. Josh Squires

HYMN 247: *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* PASSION CHORALE

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

CONFESSION OF FAITH

Christ Jesus,
Who, though he was in the form of God,
Did not count equality with God
A thing to be grasped,
But made himself nothing,
Taking the form of a servant,
Being born in the likeness of men.

And being found in human form, he humbled himself
By becoming obedient to the point of death,
Even death on a cross.

Therefore God has highly exalted him
And bestowed on him the name that is above every name,
So that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,
In heaven and on earth, and under the earth,
And every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,
To the glory of God the Father.

(Philippians 2:6-11)

HYMN 255: *O Jesus, We Adore Thee* MEIRIONYDD

PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION

SCRIPTURE LESSON John 19:28-30
(Pew Bible page 906, Children's Bible page 1171)

SERMON: "Enduring the Cross" Mr. Mark Capper

PRAYER FOR BLESSING ON THE WORD OF GOD

HYMN 182: *My Song Is Love Unknown* ST. JOHN (CALKIN)
(Stanzas 1-5, 7)

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE: *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* Johannes Brahms

Sermon Notes

First Presbyterian Church

Good Friday

Joyful Worship on Easter Day

Morning Worship

8:30 & 11:15 a.m.

“What Did You Expect?”

Mark 16:1-8 | Dr. Neil C. Stewart

Evening Worship

6:00 p.m.

“Arguing Your Way to Faith”

Psalm 11 | Dr. Neil C. Stewart



March 29, 2024

12:15 p.m.

Good Friday

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he was crushed for our iniquities;
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and with his wounds we are healed.*

(Isaiah 53:5, ESV)

HYMN SING PRELUDE

HYMN: *Beneath the Cross of Jesus*

**Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
the shadow of a mighty Rock
within a weary land;
a home within the wilderness,
a rest upon the way,
from the burning of the noontide heat
and the burden of the day.**

**Upon the cross of Jesus
mine eye at times can see
the very dying form of One
who suffered there for me:
and from my stricken heart with tears
two wonders I confess,
the wonders of redeeming love**

**and my unworthiness.
I take, O cross, thy shadow
for my abiding place:
I ask no other sunshine than
the sunshine of his face;
content to let the world go by,
to know no gain nor loss;
my sinful self my only shame,
my glory all the cross.**

HYMN: *There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood*

**There is a fountain filled with blood,
drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
lose all their guilty stains.**

**The dying their rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away:
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.**

**E'er since by faith I saw the stream
thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
and shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
and shall be till I die.**

**Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing your pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave:
Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.**

**Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
be saved, to sin no more:
Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God
be saved to sin no more.**

HYMN: *Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed*

**Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
for such a worm as I!**

**Was it for crimes that I had done,
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!**

**Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.**

**Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.**

**But drops of grief can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'tis all that I can do.**

HYMN: *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?**

**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.**

CALL TO WORSHIP

HYMN: *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

**O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.**

**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.**

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

CONFESSION OF FAITH

**Christ Jesus,
Who, though he was in the form of God,
Did not count equality with God
A thing to be grasped,
But made himself nothing,
Taking the form of a servant,
Being born in the likeness of men.
And being found in human form, he humbled him-
self by becoming obedient to the point of death,
Even death on a cross.
Therefore God has highly exalted him
And bestowed on him the name that is above every
name, so that at the name of Jesus every knee
should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the**

**earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is
Lord, to the glory of God the Father.
(Philippians 2:6-11)**

HYMN: *O Jesus, We Adore Thee*

**O Jesus, we adore thee,
upon the cross, our King!
We bow our hearts before thee,
thy gracious name we sing.
That name hath brought salvation,
that name in life our stay,
our peace, our consolation,
when life shall fade away.**

**Yet doth the world disdain thee,
still passing by the cross;
Lord, may our hearts retain thee;
all else we count but loss.
Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
and nailed thee to the tree:
our pride, our Lord, disdained thee;
yet deign our hope to be.**

**O glorious King, we bless thee,
no longer pass thee by;
O Jesus, we confess thee,
the Son enthroned on high.
Lord, grant to us remission;
life through thy death restore;**

**yea, grant us the fruition
of life forevermore.**

PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION

SCRIPTURE LESSON

John 19:28-30

28 After this, Jesus, knowing that all was now finished, said (to fulfill the Scripture), “I thirst.” 29 A jar full of sour wine stood there, so they put a sponge full of the sour wine on a hyssop branch and held it to his mouth. 30 When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, “It is finished,” and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

**SERMON:
“Enduring the Cross”**

Mr. Mark Capper

PRAYER

HYMN: *My Song is Love Unknown*

**My song is love unknown, my Savior’s love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.**

**O who am I, that for my sake
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?**

He came from his blest throne, salvation to bestow;

**But men cared not,
And none the longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,
Who at my need his life did spend!**

**Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day hosannas to their King.
Then “Crucify!” is all their breath,
And for his death they thirst and cried.**

**Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet all his deeds
Their hatred feeds; they ’gainst him rise.**

**They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made a way;
A murderer they save, the Price of Life they slay.
Yet willing he to suff’ring goes,
That he his foes from thence might free.**

**Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like thine.
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.**

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE: *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

Johannes Brahms