

THE SERVICE OF THE WORD

THE CONFESSION

P: We begin our worship in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

C: Amen.

P: Return to me with all your heart, says the Lord, with prayer and fasting, with weeping and mourning, with broken and contrite hearts.

C: For the Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love.

P: "How often have I desired to gather you," says the Lord, "as a hen gathers her brood under her wing."

(Silence for meditation and self – examination)

P: O God, in your kindness, have pity.

C: O God, in your mercy, wash away our sins. Cleanse us from the stain and guilt of the sins we cannot forget and those we cannot remember. In our thinking, speaking and doing, we have disobeyed you, and lived as enemies of the cross. We deserve your wrath and punishment. For the sake of Jesus Christ, turn your eyes from our iniquity and cover our guilt, that we may know again the joy of your salvation.

P: Our Lord Jesus Christ has the power to transform us; for his sake our citizenship is in heaven.

C: Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!

THE SHARING OF THE PEACE

Pastor: The peace of the Lord be with you

People: And also with you

THE HYMN: "My Song is Love Unknown"

THE PRAYER OF THE DAY

Heavenly Father, it is your glory always to have mercy.
Bring back all who have erred and strayed from your ways;
lead them again to embrace in faith the truth of your Word
and to hold it fast;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and forever. Amen.

THE FIRST AND SECOND LESSONS

THE READING OF THE HOLY GOSPEL

THE HYMN – "Beneath the Cross of Jesus"

THE SERMON – "Cross"

THE APOSTLES CREED

LEADER: We confess our faith in the words of the Apostolic Creed:

**CONG: I believe in God, the Father almighty,
Creator of heaven and earth.**

**I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of
the virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died and was buried.
He descended into hell.
On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again to judge the living and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,**

**the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. Amen**

THE PRAYERS OF THE CONGREGATION

Pastor: Lord, in your mercy,


People: Hear our prayer.

THE OFFERTORY AND THE GATHERING OF THE GIFTS

THE BENEDICTION

Pastor: The Lord bless you and keep you.⁷

The Lord make his face shine upon you
and be gracious to you.

The Lord look upon you with favor and  give you peace.

People: Amen.

THE HYMN: "Lift High the Cross"



① My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 ② He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 ③ Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
 ④ Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 ⑤ They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
 way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.
 That He His foes From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.

7 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!

Setting available in hymn accompaniment edition.

First: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624-83
 Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879-1962

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LOVE UNKNOWN
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Beneath the Cross of Jesus

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1 Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I long to take my stand;
 2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus, My eye at times can see
 3 I take, O cross, your shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land,
 The ver - y dy - ing form of one Who suf - fered there for me.
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of his face;



A home with-in a wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my con - trite heart, with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess:
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat And bur - dens of the day.
 The won - der of his glo - rious love And my un - wor - thi - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all, the cross.



JESUS: HIS SUFFERING AND DEATH

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At the Cross

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

Chorus — Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

RALPH E. HUDSON, 1843-1901

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - greel
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way - 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way - It was there by faith
 rolled a - way -

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

JESUS: HIS SUFFERING AND DEATH

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In the Cross of Christ I Glory

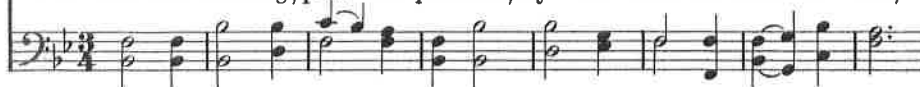
RATHBUN

JOHN BOWRING, 1792-1872

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1815-1867



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up- on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc- ti- fied;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lol it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - dianc streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thru all time a - bide.



Lift High the Cross

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Refrain

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim Till

all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our cap - tain trod,
 2 Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,
 3 All new - born sol - diers of the Cru - ci - fied
 4 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,

Refrain

Our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
 The hosts of God in cón - qu'ring ranks com - bine.
 Bear on their brows the seal of him who died.
 As thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to thee.

5 So shall our song of triumph ever be:
 Praise to the Crucified for victory! *Refrain*