## The First Congregational Church in Worcester UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

Good Friday		April 15, 2022
Prelude		Partita on Ebenezer ~ Behnke I ~ Theme
		II ~ The Cross
Kingdom con us this day o forgive th	yer r, who art in heaven, hallowed ne, thy will be done on earth, a ur daily bread. And forgive us ose that trespass against us. Ar ut deliver us from evil. For thin power, and the glory, forever.	s it is in heaven. Give our trespasses, as we nd lead us not into ne is the kingdom, the
Old Testament Reading		Isaiah 52:13-53:12
*Hymn - #179		Were You There?
We Oh, some Were Oh, some Were Were Were Oh, some	re you there when they crucifie re you there when they crucifie etimes it causes me to tremble, re you there when they nailed his e you there when they nailed his e you there when they nailed his etimes it causes me to tremble, e you there when they nailed his e you there when they laid him e you there when they laid him etimes it causes me to tremble, e you there when they laid him etimes it causes me to tremble, e you there when they laid him	ed my Lord? tremble, tremble. ed my Lord? m to the tree? m to the tree? tremble, tremble. m to the tree? in the tomb? in the tomb? tremble, tremble.
The Reading of the Passi	on Story	John 18:1-19:42
Musical Offering		And No Bird Sang ~ Wagner
Meditation	Love Lifted High	Rev. Josh Fitterling
Almighty God, to wh did not know what t prayer. Whether we s	r they know not what they do." om your crucified Son prayed t they were doing, grant that we in out of ignorance or intention	for the forgiveness of those who e, too, may be included in that n, be merciful to us and grant us rist, our suffering Savior. Amen.

"Truly I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

O Lord Jesus Christ, who promised to the repentant the joy of paradise, enable us by the Holy Spirit to repent and to receive your grace in this world and in the world to come. Amen.

"Woman, behold your son . . . Behold your mother."

O Blessed Savior, who in your hour of greatest suffering expressed compassion for your mother and made arrangements for her care, grant that we who seek to follow your example may show our concern for the needs of others, reaching out to provide for those who suffer in our human family. Hear this our prayer for your mercy's sake. Amen.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

O Lord, I call for help by day, and in the night I still must cry. Regard me, listen to my prayer. My soul is troubled, I am weak, cut off as one whom you forsake, forgotten near the pit of death. Your wrath weighs heavy on me here. Your angry waves upon me break. Friends watch in horror from afar. I am shut in without escape. My eyes are dim because I weep. My hands are lifted up to you. Do you work wonders for the dead? Can graves tell out your mighty deeds? There, who can know that you can save? Lord, do not hide your face from me. You have afflicted me from youth. Your anger is destroying me. Your flood of anger closes in. The darkness is my closest friend-shunned and forsaken, all alone.

"I thirst."

O blessed Savior, whose lips were dry and whose throat was parched, grant us the water of life that we who thirst after righteousness may find it quenched by your love and mercy, leading us to bring this same relief to others. Amen.

"It is finished."

O Lord Jesus Christ, who finished the work that you were sent to do, enable us by your Holy Spirit to be faithful to our call. Grant us strength to bear our crosses and endure our sufferings, even unto death. Enable us to live and love so faithfully that we also become good news to the world, joining your witness, O Christ, in whose name we pray. Amen.

"Father, into your hands I commit my spirit."

Father, into whose hands your Son Jesus Christ commended his spirit, grant that we, too, following his example, may in all of life and at the moment of our death entrust our lives into your faithful hands of love. In the name of Jesus who gave his life for us all. Amen.

\*Hymn - #170

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, and grant to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend, for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?

Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Words of Hope

Postlude

Were You There? ~ McDonald

You are invited to sit in the darkness and meditate on the passion of Christ. When you are ready, please leave the sanctuary in reverence and silence.

\*Please stand in body, or in spirit.

While we go forth in darkness, remember that our service has not ended, but continues Easter morning!

Easter Sunday - April 17th - 10am

Come celebrate the light which bursts forth from the darkness! We will rejoice in the power of love as we proclaim, "Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!"



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Luke 9:22