

Good Friday
April 15, 2022

Faith Lutheran Church

512-863-7332

Georgetown, TX 78628

flcms.org

(The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod)

The Call to Worship by the Tolling of the Bell

INVOCATION:

Pastor: In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

People: Amen.

THE INVITATORY: (adapted from: *John 1:29; Rom. 4:25; 2 Cor. 5:21*)

Pastor: Behold the Lamb of God, Who takes away the sin of the world.

People: Oh, come, let us worship Him.

Pastor: Christ Jesus was delivered over to death for our sins;

People: and was raised to life for our justification.

Pastor: Behold the Lamb of God, Who takes away the sin of the world.

People: Oh, come, let us worship Him.

Pastor: God made Him Who had no sin to be sin for us,

People: so that in Him we might become the righteousness of God.

Pastor: Behold the Lamb of God, Who takes away the sin of the world.

People: Oh, come, let us worship Him.

THE GREETING AND PRAYER OF THE DAY:

Pastor: The Lord be with you.

People: And also with you.

Pastor: Let us pray:

People: Merciful and everlasting God, You did not spare Your only-begotten Son but delivered Him up to bear on the cross the sins of all mankind. Fix our hearts so firmly on Jesus that we fear no evil but marvel at His love and faithfully proclaim His death and resurrection throughout the world; through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.

THE HYMN: “Christ, the Life of All the Living” (Lutheran Service Book, #420 v. 1-4)

Christ, the life of all the living,
Christ, the death of death, our foe,
Who, Thyself for me once giving
To the darkest depths of woe:
Through Thy suff'rings, death, and merit
I eternal life inherit.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!
Thus didst Thou my soul deliver
From the bonds of sin forever.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast borne the smiting only
That my wounds might all be whole;
Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely,
Rest to give my weary soul;
Yea, the curse of God enduring,
Blessing unto me securing.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Heartless scoffers did surround Thee,
Treating Thee with shameful scorn
And with piercing thorns they crowned Thee.
All disgrace Thou, Lord, hast borne,
That as Thine Thou mightest own me
And with heav'nly glory crown me.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

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THE PASSION IN PROPHECY: *Isaiah 52:13-53:12*

See, My Servant will act wisely; He will be raised and lifted up and highly exalted.

Just as there were many who were appalled at Him - His appearance was so disfigured beyond that of any man and His form marred beyond human likeness -

so will He sprinkle many nations, and kings will shut their mouths because of Him. For what they were not told, they will see, and what they have not heard, they will understand.

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 men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering. Like one from whom men hide their faces He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

Surely He took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered Him stricken by God, smitten by Him, and afflicted.

But He was pierced for our transgressions, He was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon Him, and by His wounds we are healed.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to his own way; and the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed and afflicted, yet He did not open His mouth; He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is silent, so He did not open His mouth.

By oppression and judgment He was taken away. And who can speak of His descendants? For He was cut off from the land of the living; for the transgression of My people He was stricken.

He was assigned a grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death, though He had done no violence, nor was any deceit in His mouth.

Yet it was the LORD's will to crush Him and cause Him to suffer, and though the LORD makes His life a guilt offering, He will see His offspring and prolong His days, and the will of the LORD will prosper in His hand.

After the suffering of His soul, He will see the light of life and be satisfied; by His knowledge My Righteous Servant will justify many, and He will bear their iniquities.

Therefore I will give Him a portion among the great, and He will divide the spoils with the strong, because He poured out His life unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors. For He bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

THE HYMN: “Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted” (LSB, #451)

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting His distress;
Many hands were raised to wound Him,
None would intervene to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly
Nor suppose the evil great
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed,
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed,
Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation,
Here the refuge of the lost:
Christ, the Rock of our salvation,
Is the name of which we boast;
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built.

THE PASSION IN PSALMODY: *Psalm 22*

My God, my God, why have You forsaken me? Why are You so far from saving me, so far from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry out by day, but You do not answer, by night, and am not silent. Yet You are enthroned as the Holy One; You are the praise of Israel. In You our fathers put their trust; they trusted and You delivered them. They cried to You and were saved; in You they trusted and were not disappointed. But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by men and despised by the people. All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads: "He trusts in the LORD; let the LORD rescue him. Let Him deliver him, since He delights in him." Yet You brought me out of the womb; You made me trust in You even at my mother's breast. From birth I was cast upon You; from my mother's womb You have been my God. Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help. Many bulls surround me; strong bulls of Bashan encircle me. Roaring lions tearing their prey open their mouths wide against me. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart has turned to wax; it has melted away within me. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; You lay me in the dust of death. Dogs have surrounded me; a band of evil men has encircled me, they have pierced my hands and my feet. I can count all my bones; people stare and gloat over me. They divide my garments among them and cast lots for my clothing. But You, O LORD, be not far off; O my Strength, come quickly to help me. Deliver my life from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dogs. Rescue me from the mouth of the lions; save me from the horns of the wild oxen. I will declare Your name to my brothers; in the congregation I will praise You. You who fear the LORD, praise Him! All you descendants of Jacob, honor Him! Revere Him, all you descendants of Israel!

For He has not despised or disdained the suffering of the afflicted one; He has not hidden His face from him but has listened to his cry for help. From You comes the theme of my praise in the great assembly; before those who fear You will I fulfill my vows. The poor will eat and be satisfied; they who seek the LORD will praise Him - may your hearts live forever! All the ends of the earth will remember and turn to the LORD, and all the families of the nations will bow down before Him, for dominion belongs to the LORD and He rules over the nations. All the rich of the earth will feast and worship;

all who go down to the dust will kneel before Him - those who cannot keep themselves alive. Posterity will serve Him; future generations will be told about the LORD. They will proclaim His righteousness to a people yet unborn - for He has done it.

THE HYMN: “Go To Dark Gethsemane” (LSB, #436 v. 1-3)

Go to dark Gethsemane,
All who feel the tempter’s pow’r;
Your 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;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff’ring, shame, or loss;
Learn from Him to bear the cross.

Calv’ry’s mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God’s own sacrifice complete.
“It is finished!” hear Him cry;
Learn from Jesus Christ to die.

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THE PASSION READING: *John 18:1-14*

When He had finished praying, Jesus left with His disciples and crossed the Kidron Valley. On the other side there was an olive grove, and He and His disciples went into it.

Now Judas, who betrayed Him, knew the place, because Jesus had often met there with His disciples. So Judas came to the grove, guiding a detachment of soldiers and some officials from the chief priests and Pharisees. They were carrying torches, lanterns and weapons.

Jesus, knowing all that was going to happen to Him, went out and asked them, “Who is it you want?” “Jesus of Nazareth,” they replied. “I am He,” Jesus said. (And Judas the traitor was standing there with them.) When Jesus said, “I am He,” they drew back and fell to the ground.

Again He asked them, “Who is it you want?” And they said, “Jesus of Nazareth.” “I told you that I am He,” Jesus answered. “If you are looking for Me, then let these men go.” This happened so that the words He had spoken would be fulfilled: “I have not lost one of those You gave Me.”

Then Simon Peter, who had a sword, drew it and struck the high priest’s servant, cutting off his right ear. (The servant’s name was Malchus.) Jesus commanded Peter, “Put your sword away! Shall I not drink the cup the Father has given Me?”

Then the detachment of soldiers with its commander and the Jewish officials arrested Jesus. They bound Him and brought Him first to Annas, who was the father-in-law of Caiaphas, the high priest that year. Caiaphas was the one who had advised the Jews that it would be good if one man died for the people.

THE HYMN: “O Sacred Head, Now Wounded” (LSB, #450, v. 1)

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.

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THE READING: *John 18:15-27*

Simon Peter and another disciple were following Jesus. Because this disciple was known to the high priest, he went with Jesus into the high priest’s courtyard, but Peter had to wait outside at the door. The other disciple, who was known to the high priest, came back, spoke to the girl on duty there and brought Peter in. “You are not one of his disciples, are you?” the girl at the door asked Peter. He replied, “I am not.” It was cold, and the servants and officials stood around a fire they had made to keep warm. Peter also was standing with them, warming himself.

Meanwhile, the high priest questioned Jesus about His disciples and His teaching. “I have spoken openly to the world,” Jesus replied. “I always taught in synagogues or at the temple, where all the Jews come together. I said nothing in secret. Why question Me? Ask those who heard Me. Surely they know what I said.”

When Jesus said this, one of the officials nearby struck Him in the face. “Is this the way you answer the high priest?” he demanded. “If I said something wrong,” Jesus replied, “testify as to what is wrong. But if I spoke the truth, why did you strike Me?” Then Annas sent Him, still bound, to Caiaphas the high priest.

As Simon Peter stood warming himself, he was asked, “You are not one of His disciples, are you?” He denied it, saying, “I am not.”

One of the high priest’s servants, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off, challenged him, “Didn’t I see you with Him in the olive grove?” Again Peter denied it, and at that moment a rooster began to crow.

THE HYMN: O Sacred Head, Now Wounded (LSB, #450, v. 2)

How pale Thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn!
How doth Thy face now languish that once was bright as morn!
Grim death, with cruel rigor, hath robbed Thee of Thy life;
Thus Thou hast lost Thy vigor, Thy strength, in this sad strife.

THE READING: *John 18:28-40*

Then the Jews led Jesus from Caiaphas to the palace of the Roman governor. By now it was early morning, and to avoid ceremonial uncleanness the Jews did not enter the palace; they wanted to be able to eat the Passover. So Pilate came out to them and asked, “What charges are you bringing against this man?” “If He were not a criminal,” they replied, “we would not have handed Him over to you.” Pilate said, “Take Him yourselves and judge Him by your own law.” “But we have no right to execute anyone,” the Jews objected. This happened so that the words Jesus had spoken indicating the kind of death He was going to die would be fulfilled.

Pilate then went back inside the palace, summoned Jesus and asked Him, “Are You the king of the Jews?” “Is that your own idea,” Jesus asked, “or did others talk to you about Me?” “Am I a Jew?” Pilate replied. “It was Your people and Your chief priests who handed You over to me. What is it you have done?”

Jesus said, “My kingdom is not of this world. If it were, My servants would fight to prevent My arrest by the Jews. But now My kingdom is from another place.” “You are a king, then!” said Pilate. Jesus answered, “You are right in saying I am a king. In fact, for this reason I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone on the side of truth listens to me.”

“What is truth?” Pilate asked. With this he went out again to the Jews and said, “I find no basis for a charge against Him. But it is your custom for me to release to you one prisoner at the time of the Passover. Do you want me to release ‘the king of the Jews?’” They shouted back, “No, not Him! Give us Barabbas!” Now Barabbas had taken part in a rebellion.

THE HYMN: (LSB, #450, v. 3)

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.

THE READING: *John 19:1-16a*

Then Pilate took Jesus and had Him flogged. The soldiers twisted together a crown of thorns and put it on His head. They clothed Him in a purple robe and went up to Him again and again, saying, “Hail, king of the Jews!” And they struck Him in the face.

Once more Pilate came out and said to the Jews, “Look, I am bringing Him out to you to let you know that I find no basis for a charge against Him.” When Jesus came out wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, Pilate said to them, “Here is the man!” As soon as the chief priests and their officials saw Him, they shouted, “Crucify! Crucify!” But Pilate answered, “You take Him and crucify Him. As for me, I find no basis for a charge against Him.” The Jews insisted, “We have a law, and according to that law He must die, because He claimed to be the Son of God.”

When Pilate heard this, he was even more afraid, and he went back inside the palace. “Where do you come from?” he asked Jesus, but Jesus gave him no answer. “Do You refuse to speak to me?” Pilate said. “Don’t you realize I have power either to free you or to crucify you?” Jesus answered, “You would have no power over Me if it were not given to you from above. Therefore the one who handed Me over to you is guilty of a greater sin.”

From then on, Pilate tried to set Jesus free, but the Jews kept shouting, “If you let this man go, you are no friend of Caesar. Anyone who claims to be a king opposes Caesar.”

When Pilate heard this, he brought Jesus out and sat down on the judge’s seat at a place known as the Stone Pavement (which in Aramaic is Gabbatha). It was the day of Preparation of Passover Week, about the sixth hour.

“Here is your king,” Pilate said to the Jews. But they shouted, “Take Him away! Take Him away! Crucify Him!” “Shall I crucify your king?” Pilate asked. “We have no king but Caesar,” the chief priests answered. Finally Pilate handed Him over to them to be crucified.

THE HYMN: (LSB, #450, v. 5)

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 for Thee.

THE READING: *John 19:16b-30*

So the soldiers took charge of Jesus. Carrying His own cross, He went out to the place of the Skull (which in Aramaic is called Golgotha). Here they crucified Him, and with Him two others - one on each side and Jesus in the middle.

Pilate had a notice prepared and fastened to the cross. It read: JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. Many of the Jews read this sign, for the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and the sign was written in Aramaic, Latin and Greek. The chief priests of the Jews protested to Pilate, “Do not write ‘The King of the Jews,’ but that this man claimed to be king of the Jews.” Pilate answered, “What I have written, I have written.”

When the soldiers crucified Jesus, they took His clothes, dividing them into four shares, one for each of them, with the undergarment remaining. This garment was seamless, woven in one piece from top to bottom. “Let’s not tear it,” they said to one another. “Let’s decide by lot who will get it.” This happened that the scripture might be fulfilled which said, “They divided My garments among them and cast lots for My clothing.” So this is what the soldiers did.

Near the cross of Jesus stood His mother, His mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw His mother there, and the disciple whom He loved standing nearby, He said to His mother, “Dear woman, here is your son,” and to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” From that time on, this disciple took her into his home.

Later, knowing that all was now completed, and so that the Scripture would be fulfilled, Jesus said, “I am thirsty.” A jar of wine vinegar was there, so they soaked a sponge in it, put the sponge on a stalk of the hyssop plant, and lifted it to Jesus’ lips. When He had received the drink, Jesus said, “It is finished.” With that, He bowed His head and gave up His spirit.

THE HYMN: (LSB, #450, v. 7)

Be Thou my consolation, My shield when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee, Upon Thy cross shall dwell
My heart by faith enfold Thee. Who dieth thus dies well.

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THE READING: *John 19:31-42*

Now it was the day of Preparation, and the next day was to be a special Sabbath. Because the Jews did not want the bodies left on the crosses during the Sabbath, they asked Pilate to have the legs broken and the bodies taken down. The soldiers therefore came and broke the legs of the first man who had been crucified with Jesus, and then those of the other. But when they came to Jesus and found that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. Instead, one of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side with a spear, bringing a sudden flow of blood and water. The man who saw it has given testimony, and his testimony is true. He knows that he tells the truth, and he testifies so that you also may believe. These things happened so that the scripture would be fulfilled: "Not one of His bones will be broken," and, as another scripture says, "They will look on the one they have pierced."

Later, Joseph of Arimathea asked Pilate for the body of Jesus. Now Joseph was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly because he feared the Jews. With Pilate's permission, he came and took the body away. He was accompanied by Nicodemus, the man who earlier had visited Jesus at night. Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about seventy-five pounds. Taking Jesus' body, the two of them wrapped it, with the spices, in strips of linen. This was in accordance with Jewish burial customs. At the place where Jesus was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb, in which no one had ever been laid. Because it was the Jewish day of Preparation and since the tomb was nearby, they laid Jesus there.

THE HYMN: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" (LSB, #425)

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 tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

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SERMON: "Why 'Good' Friday?"

*He was delivered over to death for our sins and was raised to life for our justification.
(Romans 4:25)*

OFFERTORY:

THE LORD'S PRAYER:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

THE VERSICLES: *Philippians 6:2-8*

Pastor: Christ Jesus, being in very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped,

People: but made Himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness.

Pastor: And being found in appearance as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient to death –

People: even death on a cross!

The Recession of the Christ Candle

HYMN: “**Were You There**” (LSB, #456)

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Oh . . . Sometimes it causes me

To tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

Oh . . . Sometimes it causes me

To tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Oh . . . Sometimes it causes me

To tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

Oh . . . Sometimes it causes me

To tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

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The Procession of the Christ Candle

RESPONSE: *Philippians 2:9-11*

Pastor: Therefore God exalted Him to the highest place

People: and gave Him the name that is above every name,

Pastor: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow in heaven and on earth and under the earth,

People: and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

CLOSING HYMN: “Christ, the Life of All the Living” (LSB, # 420, v. 5-7)

Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:
Thence I gain security;
Comfortless Thy soul did languish
Me to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast suffered great affliction
And hast borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion,
Fully to atone for me;
Thou didst choose to be tormented
That my doom should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Then, for all that wrought my pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the Garden,
I will thank Thee evermore,
Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,
For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
For that last triumphant cry,
And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

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The congregation now departs in silence, to return with joy on Easter morning.

In Christian Service:

All disciples of the Lord Jesus

with

Proclaimer: Rev. Walt Pohland

Liturgist: Vicar John Cotner

Organist: Adam Perez

Musicians: Keierra Collins (soprano), Amanda Theilen (alto), Ty Broyles, Austin Angerman
(bass), String Quartet - McCaryn Gaty (cello)