



Cross-Shattered Christ by Rick Beerhorst

April 2, 2021

Good Friday Worship Service

WHITE MEMORIAL
— PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH —

Leading Us in Worship Today

Christopher Edmonston, Pastor

Gloria Johnson, Associate Pastor for Outreach

Andrew Amodei, Executive Director

Kelly Gold, Director of Children's and Youth Music

Kirsten Homdrom, Associate Director of Music

Karl Zinsmeister, Director of Music

Lyricosa Quartet

Members of the Chancel and Sanctuary Choirs

GREETING

(Please light a candle)

PRELUDE - *Andante* from *String Quartet in D Major, KV 575*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

CALL TO WORSHIP

Jesus cries out from the cross,

"My God, why have you forsaken me?"

It causes us to tremble.

Jesus was crucified because of the sins of the world.

Jesus breathed his last for the the sins of the world.

It causes us to tremble.

Through the wilderness we journey,

relying upon God's promises.

Through the wilderness we journey to the cross.

Jesus said, "It is finished."

His work and mission were fulfilled.

And it causes us to tremble.

May the Holy Spirit be near us as we

witness and remember the death

of the Savior of the world this night.

Let us worship God.

HYMN 218 - *Ah, Holy Jesus*

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Merciful God, you gave your Son

to suffer the shame of the cross.

Save us from hardness of heart,

save us from the gravity of our sinfulness

that, seeing him who died for us,

we may repent, confessing our sin,

and receive your overflowing love.

We pray in the name of Jesus Christ

our crucified and life-giving Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM - *Kyrie from Mass in C*
Sung in Latin; English translation:

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

SCRIPTURE AND MEDITATION - 1

Isaiah 52:13 - 53:12

"Perversion of Justice"

SOLO - *He Was Despised from Messiah* George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. (Is. 53:3)

SCRIPTURE AND MEDITATION - 2

Psalms 22

"Christus Victor"

HYMN 210 - *Lord, Why Have You Forsaken Me (Psalm 22)*
stanzas 1 and 3: solo; **stanzas 2 and 4: ALL**

SCRIPTURE AND MEDITATION - 3

John 19:15-30

"It is Finished"

SOLO - *Thy Rebuke from Messiah* G. F. Handel
Thy rebuke hath broken his heart: he is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him. (Ps. 69:20)
Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow. (Lam. 1:12)

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

HYMN 221 - *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*

CHARGE AND BENEDICTION

(Please extinguish your candle)

SILENT RECESSIONAL

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Music included in today's service:

Andante from *String Quartet in D Major, KV 575*; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791); Public Domain

HYMN 218 *Ah, Holy Jesus*; Text and Music Public Domain

Kyrie from *Mass in C*; Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827); Public Domain

He Was Despised from *Messiah*; George Frideric Handel (1685-1759);
Public Domain

HYMN 210 *Lord, Why Have You Forsaken Me*; Text and Music Public Domain

Thy Rebuke from *Messiah*; G. F. Handel; Public Domain

HYMN 221 *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*; Text and Music Public Domain

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Ah, Holy Jesus

1 Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast thou of - fend - ed,
 2 Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on thee?
 3 Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;
 4 For me, kind Je - sus, was thine in - car - na - tion,
 5 There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay thee,

that we to judge thee have in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done thee. 'Twas I, Lord
 the slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered; for our a -
 thy mor - tal sor - row, and thy life's o - bla - tion, thy death of
 I do a - dore thee, and will ev - er pray thee, think on thy

rid - ed, by thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied thee; I cru - ci - fied thee.
 tone - ment, while we noth - ing heed - ed, God in - ter - ced - ed.
 an - guish and thy bit - ter pas - sion, for my sal - va - tion.
 pit - y and thy love un - swerv - ing, not my de - serv - ing.

This beautiful English paraphrase of a German meditation on Christ's Passion bears testimony to the unobtrusive poetic skill and musical sensitivity of a future Poet Laureate of England. The associated chorale is no less carefully crafted and rewards singing in parts.

210 Lord, Why Have You Forsaken Me

(Psalm 22)

1 Lord, why have you for - sak - en me, and
 2 Yet you are ho - ly, and the songs of
 3 But I am mocked and put to scorn. All
 4 Yet you, O Lord, have been my God and

why are you so far a - way from my com - plaint and
 praise of Is - rael are your throne; when our an - ces - tors
 those who see me laugh and say, "You trust in God, so
 on - ly hope since I was born. With trou - ble near me,

my dis - tress poured out be - fore you night and day?
 called on you, you saved them, res - cued all your own.
 let us see the help of God to whom you pray."
 none can help. My Sav - ior, leave me not for - lorn.

Although Psalm 22 paraphrased here begins in despair keen enough to be repeated on the lips of a dying Jesus (Matthew 27:46/Mark 15:34), it is replete with a faith that withstands even the mockery of disbelievers. The spareness of the shape note tune fits the text well.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221

1 O sa - cred head, now wound-ed, with grief and shame weighed down;
 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners' gain:
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear-est friend,

now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
 mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
 for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?

O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
 O make me thine for - ev - er; and should I faint - ing be,

Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
 look on me with thy fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.

This poignant hymn originated in a series of Holy Week meditations focused on the parts of Christ's crucified body: feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, face. First joined to secular words, this chorale melody has appeared with this text since the mid-17th century.