

Jesus before Pilate

The soldiers mock Jesus

The Crucifixion

*\*Music*

*When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* 223

*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.*

The death of Jesus

Participating in today's service.  
Reverend Edward Dunn  
Mary Morse  
Mary Schumm  
Andrea Harmon  
Nancy Shimandle

*\*Music* *Were You There?* 228

*Were you there when they crucified my  
Lord? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they crucified my  
Lord?*

*O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.*

*Were you there when they crucified my  
Lord? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree?*

*O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.*

*Were you there when they nailed him to the  
tree? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they pierced him in  
the side? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they pierced him in  
the side?*

*O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.*

*Were you there when they pierced him in  
the side? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb? (Were you there?)*

*Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb?*

*O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,  
tremble, tremble.*

*Were you there when they laid him in the  
tomb? (Were you there?)*



**March 24, 2024**

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Welcome and Outreach Announcements

Prelude *Lift High the Cross*  
Mary Schumm, Oboe

*The Liturgy of the Palms*  
Mark 11:1-11

The Entrance into Jerusalem

*\*Music Hosanna, Loud Hosanna 197*

*Hosanna, loud hosanna,  
the little children sang;  
through pillared court and temple  
the joyful anthem rang.  
To Jesus, who had blessed them,  
close folded to his breast,  
the children sang their praises,  
the simplest and the best.*

*From Olivet they followed  
'mid an exultant crowd,  
the victor palm branch waving,  
and chanting clear and loud;  
the Lord of earth and heaven  
rode on in lowly state,  
nor scorned that little children  
should on his bidding wait.*

*"Hosanna in the highest!"  
That ancient song we sing,  
for Christ is our Redeemer;  
the Lord of heaven, our King.  
O may we ever praise him  
with heart and life and voice,  
and in his blissful presence  
eternally rejoice.*

\*Call to Confession  
\*Prayer of Confession

***God of our salvation, we confess that we have sinned, and although we would deny it, we have forsaken you. The suffering we cause you, ourselves, and the world horrifies us. Open the gates of your forgiveness and restore us in your love, for the sake of our Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.***

\*Declaration of Forgiveness

Receiving our Offering  
Prayer of Dedication

*The Liturgy of the Passion*  
Readings from Mark 14 and 15

Judas Agrees to Betray Jesus  
The Passover with the Disciples

Anthem *Lamb of God, What Wondrous Love*  
Mary Schumm, English Horn

Peter's denial foretold  
Jesus Prays in the garden

Solo *When You Prayed Beneath the Trees*  
Mary Morse

The Betrayal and Arrest

Jesus before the Council  
Peter denies Jesus

*\*Music O Sacred Head, Now Wounded 221*

***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?  
O make me thine forever;  
and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
outlive my love to thee.***

