

Good Friday, 15 April 2022

Today's preacher is:  
Jerry Middleton

### Praise

#### **Hark how the adoring hosts above**

with songs surround the throne!  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;  
but all their hearts are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
to be exalted thus;  
worthy the Lamb, let us reply;  
for He was slain for us.

Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,  
and set the prisoners free;  
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,  
and we shall reign with Thee.

From every kindred, every tongue,  
Thou brought'st Thy chosen race;  
and distant lands and isles have shared  
the riches of Thy grace.

To Him who sits upon the throne,  
the God whom we adore,  
and to the Lamb that once was slain,  
be glory evermore.

*Scottish Paraphrases 1781*

### Prayer

### Praise

#### **Here is love, vast as the ocean,**

lovingkindness as the flood,  
when the Prince of life, our ransom,  
shed for us His precious blood.  
Who His love will not remember?  
Who can cease to sing his praise?  
He can never be forgotten  
throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the mount of crucifixion  
fountains opened deep and wide;  
through the floodgates of God's mercy  
flowed a vast and gracious tide.  
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,  
poured incessant from above,  
and heaven's peace and perfect justice  
kissed a guilty world in love.

Through the years of human darkness,  
shone the lamp the prophets trimmed,  
making known redemption's story,  
of the love of God undimmed.  
Christ for every tongue and nation!  
All must come beneath His sway;  
His the everlasting kingdom  
that shall never pass away.

When the stars shall fall from heaven,  
and the sun turn black as night,  
when the skies recede and vanish,  
and the elements ignite.

Then the Son of Man in glory,  
coming as the Morning Star,  
shall return to claim His loved ones,  
gathered in from near and far.

*William Bees 1802-83*  
*Trans. William Edwards 1848-1929*  
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## Reading

### Matthew 27:45-56

The Death of Jesus

<sup>45</sup>From noon until three in the afternoon darkness came over all the land. <sup>46</sup>About three in the afternoon Jesus cried out in a loud voice, “*Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?*” (which means “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”).

<sup>47</sup>When some of those standing there heard this, they said, “He’s calling Elijah.”

<sup>48</sup>Immediately one of them ran and got a sponge. He filled it with wine vinegar, put it on a staff, and offered it to Jesus to drink. <sup>49</sup>The rest said, “Now leave him alone. Let’s see if Elijah comes to save him.”

<sup>50</sup>And when Jesus had cried out again in a loud voice, he gave up his spirit.

<sup>51</sup>At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom. The earth shook, the rocks split <sup>52</sup>and the tombs broke open. The bodies of many holy people who had died were raised to life. <sup>53</sup>They came out of the tombs after Jesus’ resurrection and went into the holy city and appeared to many people.

<sup>54</sup>When the centurion and those with him who were guarding Jesus saw the earthquake and all that had happened, they were terrified, and exclaimed, “Surely he was the Son of God!”

<sup>55</sup>Many women were there, watching from a distance. They had followed Jesus from Galilee to care for his needs. <sup>56</sup>Among them were Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of Zebedee’s sons.

## Praise

### How deep the Father’s love for us,

how vast beyond all measure,  
that He should give His only Son  
to make a wretch his treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss:  
the Father turns His face away,  
as wounds which mar the chosen one  
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
my sin upon His shoulders:  
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
call out among the scoffers.  
It was His love that held Him there  
until it was accomplished  
His dying breath has brought me life  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer,

but this I know with all my heart,  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Behold the man upon the throne,  
the sons all brought to glory,  
cry ‘Hallelujah’ to the Lamb  
and sing redemption’s story.  
And all creation bows in awe,  
the wretch is now a treasure.  
By faith alone through grace alone,  
in Christ alone forever.

*Stuart Townend*  
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## Reading

### Hebrews 11:39 – 12:3

<sup>39</sup>These were all commended for their faith, yet none of them received what had been promised, <sup>40</sup>since God had planned something better for us so that only together with us would they be made perfect.

**12** Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, <sup>2</sup>fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. <sup>3</sup>Consider him who endured such opposition from sinners, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart.

## Message

### Something Better

#### Prayer

#### Praise

### When I survey the wondrous cross

on which the Prince of glory died,  
my richest gain I count as loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the cross of Christ my God;  
the very 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:  
when did such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His lifeblood, like a crimson robe,  
clothes all His body on the tree:  
then I am dead to all the globe,  
and all the globe is dead to me!

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all!

*Isaac Watts 1674-1748*

## Benediction

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,  
the love of God and the fellowship  
of the Holy Spirit be with us all. Amen