

**Meditation: *Call out for Help* by Revd Catherine Hutton**

**Act of Penitence:**

“When you have offered your all  
and more, so much more  
is asked in your anguish,  
and your life is diminished,  
Seek the Source of all Help.”

Take time to make your way to the cross.  
Seek there all you need in  
Christ's sacrifice for you.

“I praise and adore you O Christ:  
By your cross and precious blood you have  
redeemed me.”

**Prayers**

Please respond to the bidding : *Let us pray to  
the Lord* with **Lord have mercy**

**Oh, to see the dawn of the darkest day:**

Christ on the road to Calvary.  
Tried by sinful men, torn and beaten, then  
Nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:  
Christ became sin for us,  
Took the blame, bore the wrath:  
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Oh, to see the pain written on Your face  
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;  
Every bitter thought, every evil deed  
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees,  
now the ground beneath  
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.  
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life;  
'Finished!' the victory cry.

Oh, to see my name written in the wounds,  
For through Your suffering I am free.  
Death is crushed to death, life is mine to live,  
Won through Your selfless love.

*This, the power of the cross:  
Son of God, slain for us.  
What a love! What a cost!  
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty © 2005 Thankyou Music

**The Service continues as we raise the  
cross outside in the car park.  
Please join us outside.**

*Lift high the cross, the love of Christ  
proclaim till all the world adore his  
sacred name.*

Follow the path on which our Captain  
trod, our King victorious, Christ the  
Son of God...

Each new-born soldier of the Crucified  
bears on his brow the seal of Him who  
died...

Led on their way by this triumphant  
sign, the hosts of God in conquering  
ranks combine...

O Lord once lifted on the glorious tree,  
as thou hast promised,  
draw the world to thee...

Set up thy throne that earth's despair  
may cease beneath the shadow of its  
healing peace...

Newbolt & Kitching

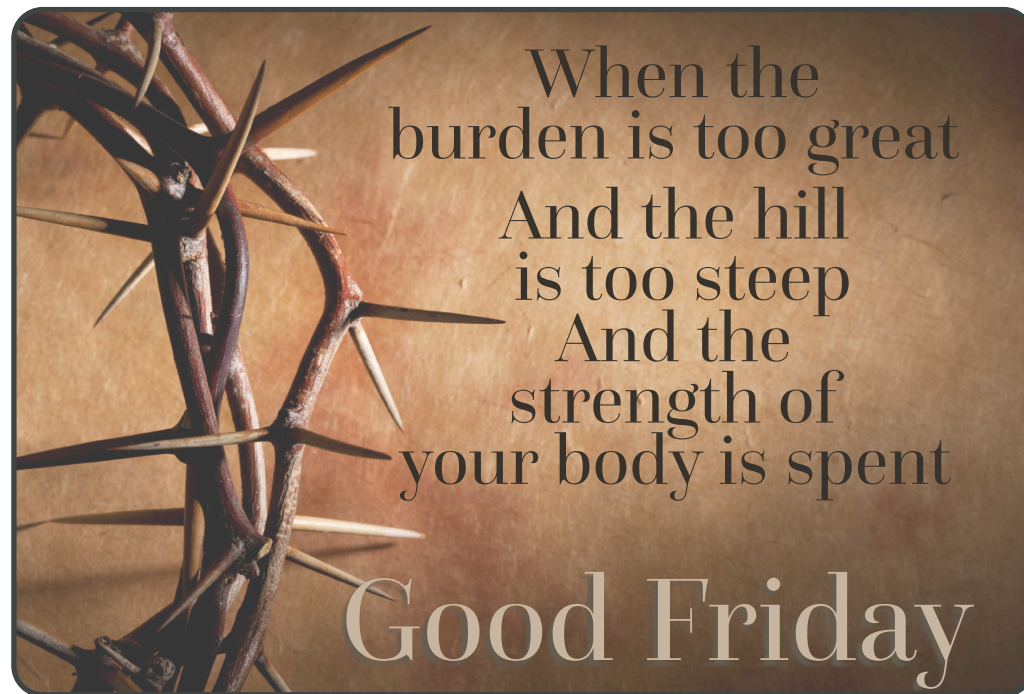
*After a few words from the Minister, we  
will sing the following benediction, after  
which we will leave quietly.*

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved  
And we must love him too  
And trust in his redeeming love  
And try his works to do

Cecil Frances Alexander



O sacred head, sore wounded  
With grief and pain weighed down  
how scornfully surrounded  
With thorns thine only crown!  
How pale thou art with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow  
To praise thee dearest friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me thine forever,  
Nor let me faithless prove;  
O let me never, never  
abuse such dying love!

Be near me Lord, when dying;  
O show thy cross to me,  
That I, for succour flying,  
My eyes may fix on thee;  
And then, thy grace receiving,  
Let faith my fears dispel,  
For whoso dies believing  
In thee, dear Lord, dies well.

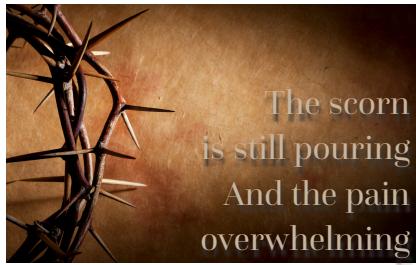
Paul Gerhardt

4 Surely he took up our pain  
and bore our suffering,  
yet we considered him  
punished by God,  
stricken by him, and afflicted.

5 But he was pierced for  
our transgressions,  
he was crushed for our  
iniquities;  
the punishment that brought us  
peace was on him,  
and by his wounds  
we are healed.

6 We all, like sheep, have gone  
astray, each of us has turned  
to our own way;  
and the Lord has laid on him  
the iniquity of us all.

Isaiah 53 NIV



## Prayers

*call:*

*My people,  
what have I done to you?  
How have I offended you?  
Answer me!*

*response:*

***Holy God,  
Holy and strong,  
Holy and immortal:  
Have mercy on us.***

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 my sin 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

Stuart Townend

John 19 NIV

Then Pilate took Jesus and had him flogged. 2 The soldiers twisted together a crown of thorns and put it on his head. They clothed him in a purple robe 3 and went up to him again and again, saying, 'Hail, king of the Jews!' And they slapped him in the face.

4 Once more Pilate came out and said to the Jews gathered there, 'Look, I am bringing him out to you to let you know that I find no basis for a charge against him.' 5 When Jesus came out wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, Pilate said to them, 'Here is the man!'

6 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.' 7 The Jewish leaders insisted, 'We have a law, and according to that law he must die, because he claimed to be the Son of God.'

John 19 NIV

23 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.

24 '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 that said, 'They divided my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment.'

So this is what the soldiers did.

25 Near the cross of Jesus stood his mother, his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. 26 When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing near by, he said to her, 'Woman, here is your son,' 27 and to the disciple, 'Here is your mother.' From that time on, this disciple took her into his home. 28 Later, knowing that everything had now been finished, and so that Scripture would be fulfilled, Jesus said, 'I am thirsty.' 29 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. 30 When he had received the drink, Jesus said, 'It is finished.' With that, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

When I survey the wondrous cross  
where the young 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 cross 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 an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

When He died  
for your sins;  
When the curtain was torn  
And daylight retreated,  
And all thought Him  
defeated-  
Wait for the dawn.

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