

Tenebrae Service

GOOD FRIDAY

7:00 p.m.

APRIL 18, 2025

Welcome to Christ The King Lutheran Church. Tonight's "cross-view" is not a view of the one cross, but from the three crosses on Good Friday. Two crosses made sense. They held criminals being punished for their transgressions. One did not--holding an innocent who offered His life willingly. May God bless our worship on this Good Friday. ...Pastor Jason Cashmer

Service Note: Toward the end our service tonight, we will process toward the front of the church, symbolically leaving a nail at the foot of the cross. Nails for this procession are in the back of the church in a basket.

In consideration of the solemn nature of Good Friday, there will be no greetings after worship. We ask that you depart the church silently. We pray this time of worship and the season has been a blessing for your spirit.

THE TOLL BELLS

THE OPENING PRAYER

THE CALL TO WORSHIP

Man of Grief and Man of Sorrows

Chancel Choir

THE OPENING HYMN

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Brown Hymnal #258

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 INVOCATION

P: *In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.*

C: Amen.

THE SONG OF THE SUFFERING SERVANT *(read responsively)*

Isaiah 52:13-53:6

P: *See, my servant will act wisely; he will be raised and lifted up and highly exalted.*

C: 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—

P: *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.*

C: Who has believed our message and to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?

P: *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.*

C: 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.

P: Surely he took up our infirmities and carried our sorrows, yet we considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted.

C: 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.

P: 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.

THE SONG RESPONSE

My Song Is Love Unknown

LSB #430

1. My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I that for my sake
My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
2. He came from His blest throne salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none the longed for Christ would know.
But, oh, my friend, my friend indeed
Who at my need His life did spend!
3. Sometimes they strew His way and His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,
And for His death they thirst and cry.

THE FIRST HOMILY

Pastor Jason Cashmer

THE CONFESSION OF SIN (*From Psalm 22*)

P: My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?

C: Why are You so far from saving me, from the words of my groaning?

P: O my God, I cry by day, but You do not answer,
C: and by night, but I find not rest.

P: Be not far from me, for trouble is near,
C: there is none to help.

P: my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws;
C: You lay me in the dust of death.

P: For dogs encompass me;
C: a company of evildoers encircles me; they have pierced my hands and feet—

P: I can count all my bones—
C: they stare and gloat over me;

P: they divide my garments among them,
C: and for my clothing they cast lots.

P: But you, O Lord, do not be far off!
C: O You my help, come quickly to my aid!

(*Time of silence*)

THE ABSOLUTION

THE MUSICAL OFFERING

The Cross Was His Own

Chancel Choir

THE PRAYERS AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE SONG OF THE SUFFERING SERVANT *(read responsively)*

Isaiah 53:7-12

- C: 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.
- P: *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.*
- C: 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.
- P: *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.*
- C: 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.
- P: *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.*
- C: For he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

THE SONG RESPONSE

My Song Is Love Unknown

LSB #430

6. In life no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was His home
But mine the tomb wherein He lay.
7. Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine!
Never was love, dear King, never was grief like Thine.
This is my friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend!

THE SECOND HOMILY

Pastor Jason Cashmer

THE SONG RESPONSE

Were You There

Brown Hymnal #287

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?

THE CONCLUSION OF THE PASSION HISTORY

THE SERMON HYMN

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

LSB #451

1. 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.
2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning, was there ever grief like this?
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.
3. 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.
4. 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 THIRD HOMILY

Pastor Jason Cashmer

THE BENEDICTION

THE CLOSING HYMN

Throned upon the Awe-full Tree

Throned upon the awe-full tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee.
Darkness veils Thine anguished face; none its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown hold Thee silent and alone.

Silent thro' those three dread hours, wrestling with the evil pow'rs,
Left alone with human sin, gloom around Thee and within,
Till th' appointed time is nigh, till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark the cry that peals aloud upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son, Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him, can it be? "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft that Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry in the gloom to know Thee nigh.

THE CLOSING OF THE TOMB

We depart the sanctuary in silence. God's peace is with you.

If you are staying for the Prayer Vigil opening hour, 8:00 to 9:00 p.m., please gather in the West Gallery while the sanctuary is prepared.