

# Good Friday Service

April 02, 2021



Hymn - *"How Deep the Father's Love for Us"*

Welcome and Prayer: Pastor Ted Groves

*"They Know Not What They Do"* - John Jaquez

Responsive Reading: Isaiah 53:3-6 - Randy Slak

Hymn - *"Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted"*

Psalm 22 - Doug Ferrell

*"Via Dolorosa"* - Melissa Piggott

Sermon:

*"Beholding the Significance of the Burial of Jesus"*

Pastor Ross Layne

Matthew 27:57-66

Hymn - *"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"*

## How Deep the Father's Love for 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.

## Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

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  
By His Son God now has spoken  
'Tis the true and faithful Word

Tell me ye who hear Him groaning  
Was there ever grief like His  
Friends through fear His cause disowning  
Foes insulting His distress  
Many hands were raised to wound Him  
None would interpose to save  
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him  
Was the stroke that Justice gave

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

Here we have a firm foundation  
Here the refuge of the lost  
Christ the Rock of our salvation  
His 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

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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 ever 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