

Friday, April 19, 2019

7 p.m. Worship Service

Prelude

When Jesus Wept David Schelat

Julie Shelton

Welcome/ Opening Prayer

The Rev. Peter Larson

Hymn

Were You There?

Hymn 218

Lenten Sketches

Portrait of Grace

Behold, the King of Zion Comes

From an Upper Room

Scenes from Gethsemane

Tableau of Sorrow

Pietà

Epilogue

During the epilogue, the congregation is invited to leave the Sanctuary in silence.

Special thanks to the following for sharing their gifts:

Sanctuary Choir Rachel Sachs, Soloist

Julie Shelton, Organ

Daniel Sachs, Piano Kathy Anderson, Violin

Tom Way, Reader

Dana Bicknell, Audio/Lighting Anna Bracey, Multimedia

Artists:

Sue Baumann Rob Cleland

Heather Forster

Jennifer Garter Heather Henry

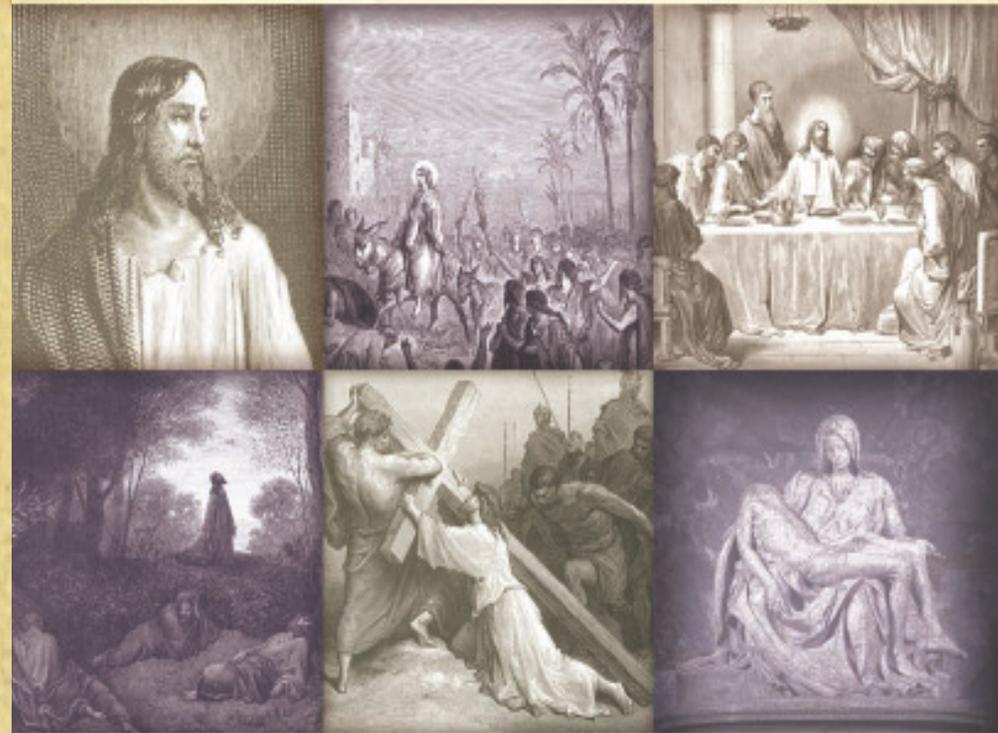
Jerry Hentschel

Linda Hentschel Nona McCauley

Canilee McNeely

Rick McNeely Helen Vickers

THE LENTEN SKETCHES



Lebanon Presbyterian Church

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Office Hours - Mon-Thurs 8 to 4 pm; Friday 8 to 3 pm

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Portrait of Grace

Come weary pilgrim, kneel and remember,
rest in the silence of this sacred place.
Search through the shadows; Jesus is waiting.
See in His passion a portrait of grace.
O come see His portrait of grace.

Come to the garden, kneel and remember.
See neath the olives the Son of God prays.
Look through the shadows, Jesus is weeping.
See in His passion a portrait of grace.
O come see His portrait of grace.

Come, come, kneel and remember.
Gaze on the wonder and glory of grace.
Come, come, kneel and remember.
Weep for the Savior who dies in our place.
Miserere nobis. Kyrie eleison.

Come weary pilgrim, kneel and remember,
rest in the comfort of Jesus' embrace.
Here in these shadows, Jesus is waiting.
See in His mercy a portrait of grace.
Come see His portrait of grace.
Come and remember.
Come see His portrait of grace.

Pietà

In the shadow of a manger, by a candle's dancing flame,
tender Mary holds her baby, and she breathes His holy name.
"Jesus, rest your weary head, close your weeping eyes."
As evening falls, she starts to sing a lullaby.

"Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight."

In the shadow of the temple, in a place so far from home,
Mary sees her child of wonder, and she marvels how He's grown.
"Jesus rest your weary head, and think on gentle things."
With loving arms she holds her Savior and she sings,

"Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight."

In the shadow of Golgotha, underneath a darkened sky,
Mary gently cradles Jesus. Through her tears she says goodbye.
"Jesus, rest your weary head. Your work on earth is done."
And as the darkness falls, she whispers to her son,

"Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight."

Epilogue

During the epilogue, the congregation is invited to come forward,
touch the cross and leave the sanctuary in silence.

Tableau of Sorrow

High upon Golgotha's tree,
Jesus moans in agony.
Darkness falls across His face.
Shadows crush His heart of grace.

Who can tell what love unknown
holds Him silent and alone?

On a cross of shame and fear,
Jesus weeps the falling tear.
Held by nails of pain and scorn,
for our sin He bears the thorn.

See redemption draweth nigh.
See the Lamb now lifted high.

Hear the shout that shakes the sky.
Hear the Savior's anguished cry,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Christ, God's own anointed one.

You are asking, can it be?
"Why have you forsaken me?"

Ah, holy Jesus, how have You offended,
that mortal judgment has on You descended?
By foes derided, by Your own rejected, Lamb most afflicted!

Behold, the King of Zion Comes

Behold, the King of Zion comes, the promise is fulfilled.
The visions seen by prophet eyes,
to all is now, in truth, revealed, to all is now revealed.

From age to age, the people prayed and searched the Eastern sky.
Rejoice! Rejoice! The time has come.
Redemption draweth nigh. Redemption draweth nigh.

Hosanna, hosanna! Hosanna to the King!
O blessed is He! O blessed is He who comes in the name of the
Lord.

O blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.

Lift up your heads, ye ancient doors. Fling open wide, ye gates.
Open ye gates neath chapels made of palms and praise.
Your King rides humbly on to reign. Your King rides on to reign.

Behold, the King of Zion comes.
The promise is fulfilled.
The promise is fulfilled.

From an Upper Room

On the night He was betrayed, Jesus took the bread and wine.
Gathered with the twelve, He prayed, giving to all a sacred sign.

Take and eat this bread. This is my body.
Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.

In a shadowed upper room, in that humble sacred space
Jesus opened up His heart, pouring out God's gift of grace.

Take and eat this bread. This is my body.
Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood.
Lord of lords in human vesture, in the body and the blood,
He will give to all the faithful, His own blood for heav'nly food.

Take and eat this bread. This is my body.
Come and drink this wine. This is my blood. This is my love.
This is my life given for you.

Scenes from Gethsemane

Someone's crying in the garden,
weeping 'neath the olive trees.
Someone's crying in the garden.
Hear the Savior as He grieves.

"Father, Father, let this cup pass by me."

Someone's praying in the garden,
kneeling in Gethsemane.
Someone's praying in the garden.
All alone He bends the knee.

"Father, Father, let this cup pass by me."

Can no one hear His plea?
He calls out in pain again and again.

He calls, "Father, Father, let this cup pass by me."

Someone's standing in the garden,
wiping teardrops from His eyes.
Someone's standing in the garden.
Hear His voice ring through the night.

"Father, Father, Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done!"