

Following Jesus' teachings, Grace seeks to educate, lead, and partner with all people through discipleship to worship, service, and faith celebration.

# Good Friday

March 29, 2024 7:00pm

Grace Lutheran Church † Davenport, Iowa

Pastor Stephanie Wood



## Prelude Music

*Were You There?* ..... Piano Arrangement by Cindy Berry

## Announcements

# Heart & Voice Choir Anthem

*Calvary Invitation* ..... Pamela Martin/Craig Courtney

*Come and see the Lamb of God, O come to Calvary.  
Linger for a moment more and see the twisted tree.  
Come and hear the hammer ring, come hear it nail His feet.  
Linger for a moment more, O come to Calvary.*

*Come and taste the tears that fall, O come to Calvary.  
Linger for a moment more and taste His lonely grief.  
Come and feel the angry thorns, come feel His agony.  
Linger for a moment more, O come to Calvary.*

*Though you long to turn away you cannot seem to leave.  
Rooted to the ground you stand as firmly as the tree.  
In His face you recognize what draws you to this place.  
Written on each line of pain and suffering is grace.*

*Come and see the Lamb of God, come hear the hammer ring.  
Come and taste the tears that fall, come feel His agony  
Come and look into His face, come stand beneath the tree.  
Linger for a moment more, O come to Calvary.*

## Station 1 | John 13:1-20

I watched as Jesus poured the water into the basin and tied a towel around his waist. I could not believe it. He began to wash our feet.

Our teacher, our leader, the one who was said to lead us to liberation, he was acting like a servant!

He lowered himself and touched the other disciple's feet covered in dust and grime.

When he came to me, in my disbelief, I asked him, "Lord, are you going to wash *my* feet?"

He looked at me and said, "You do not realize now what I am doing, but later you will understand."

Before I knew it, I was standing and telling my teacher, "No, you will never wash my feet."

It was absurd - to let someone so important lower themselves to serve me. I was offended on Jesus' behalf.

But --- then Jesus looked up at me from the ground and told me that "Unless I wash you, you will not be a part of me, with me."

Again, I had screwed this up somehow. I was desperate to make it right. I couldn't imagine a life without him.

In for a penny, in for a pound, "Then, Lord," I said, "don't wash only my feet but my hands and my head as well!"

Jesus seemed to chuckle at that. He told me, "The feet are enough. If you have washed your feet, you are clean."

Then I saw a deep sadness cross his face when he said pointedly to Judas, "Though not every one of you is clean."

When he had finished washing our feet, he put on his clothes and continued to teach.

"Do you understand what I have done for you...to you?" he asked.

I didn't understand. It felt like he was speaking in riddles.

He said, "I am your teacher and I have washed your feet, now you should wash one another's feet. I have set you as an example."

He suggested that we are blessed if we do this ritual, the washing of feet, that we should humble ourselves and if we do, we would be blessed if we do it. If we serve one another.

I was trying to understand what this meant when he started saying something about someone who had turned against him. How someone there, gathered around that table, someone we knew and trusted had betrayed him. I was ready to defend Jesus against whoever was moving against him. But before I could do anything he told us that he was sharing this not because he wanted us to do something about it but so that we might believe who he says he is.

He told Judas to go and do what he was going to do and to do it quickly. I thought Jesus had instructed him to go and purchase what was needed for the festival.

## **Station 2 | John 13:31-38**

After Judas left, Jesus began talking about how the Son of Man is glorified and God is glorified in him. Then he paused, looking serious he told us he would only be with us a little longer and we cannot go with him.

He said, "A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples if you love one another."

I couldn't get his previous comment out of my head. Where could he possibly be going that we weren't able to follow. I would lay my life down my life for him!

When I pushed him for an answer and tried to convince him of my conviction, he said, and I'll never forget these words, "Will you really lay down your life for me? Very truly I tell you, before the rooster crows, you will disown me three times!"

I was gutted. Turning his words over in my mind again and again. I can't imagine ever denying Jesus, turning my back on him.

He kept teaching about not worrying, how he was leaving, and that the Holy Spirit will be with us. That our grief will turn to joy.

But... I kept hearing the words, "you will disown me three times."

"you will disown me."

"you will disown me."

## **Hymn**

*Lord Jesus Think On Me* (v. 1-3)..... ELW 599

- 1 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
and purge away my sin;  
from selfish passions set me free  
and make me pure within.
- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
by anxious thoughts oppressed;  
let me your loving servant be  
and taste your promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
nor let me go astray;  
through darkness and perplexity  
point out your chosen way.

## **Station 3 | John 18:1-11**

After Jesus had prayed for us and all future believers, we went to the garden Jesus often brought us to.

What we didn't know was that Judas had been waiting, knowing that we often gather there. But he wasn't alone, he was there with a group of soldiers and some religious officials. They carried with them torches, lanterns, and weapons.

When Jesus asked them who they were looking for, they answered, "Jesus of Nazareth."

He stepped forward and said, "I am he."

The soldiers and religious officials stepped back as if afraid, maybe surprised?

They asked the same question again and Jesus answered.

No one moved. Jesus made an offer to go peacefully with them. Offering himself up, sacrificing himself for us, under the one condition that we be let go.

Before I knew it, I was raising my sword and struck the high priest's servant, cutting off his right ear. I was determined to not let Jesus down; I told him that I would lay my life down for him and I intended to do that.

In truth, I thought Jesus would be proud, maybe even impressed. But instead, he shouted at me to put away the sword. As though I was getting in the way of some plan he had.

I stood by and watched as this group of soldiers and the religious officials bound Jesus and arrested him. Multiple people, some with weapons, versus one man.

## Hymn

*Beneath the Cross of Jesus* ..... ELW 338

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus  
I long to take my stand;  
the shadow of a mighty rock  
within a weary land,  
a home within a wilderness,  
a rest upon the way,  
from the burning of the noontide heat  
and burdens of the day.
- 2 Upon the cross of Jesus,  
my eye at times can see  
the very dying form of one  
who suffered there for me.  
And from my contrite heart, with tears,  
two wonders I confess:  
the wonder of his glorious love  
and my unworthiness.
- 3 I take, O cross, your shadow  
for my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
the sunshine of his face;  
content to let the world go by,  
to know no gain nor loss,  
my sinful self my only shame,  
my glory all, the cross.

## Station 4 | John 18:13-27

I followed Jesus and those who arrested him with another disciple. The other disciple knew the high priest and he went with Jesus into the courtyard while I waited outside of the door. When the other disciple came back to get me, he spoke with a servant girl. She asked me, "Aren't you one of this man's disciples too?"

"I.... I.... I am not." I told her. I ducked my head down and went to stand by the fire with the other servants and officials to keep warm. Best to keep a low profile I told myself. That way I am available to help Jesus if needed.

I saw Jesus standing before Annas, the father-in-law to Caiaphas. They questioned him about one thing after another. About his disciples and his teachings. Finally, Jesus told them how he hasn't been gathering in secret, anyone and everyone could have heard him teach. So, ask those who came and listened about what he's been saying and doing. Why question him?

Then I heard a slap ring out across the courtyard. I looked up to see a red mark spreading across Jesus' face. An official shouted, accusing him of being disrespectful of the high priest.

Still, Jesus did not back down. He stood his ground and challenged them, saying, "If I said something wrong, tell me what is wrong. But if I have told the truth, why did you strike me?"

They had no answer. So, they bound Jesus and led him to Caiaphas, the one in charge.

I was still standing there, warming myself by the fire when someone asked, "Aren't you one of his disciples?"

I denied it. Best to stay out of the fray and out of the way I told myself.

Then one of the high priest's servants who was related to the man that I had hurt in the garden got in my face. He pointed his finger, pushing it into my chest, "Didn't I see you with him in the garden?"

Again, I denied it. Best to avoid any potential problems and danger I told myself.

A rooster crowed.

It's then that I realized what I had done. I began to take in short and shallow breaths, I was panicking. I stumbled toward the wall and with my back against it slid down to the ground.

I, the rock of the church, the one who drew a sword to defend Jesus. I denied ever knowing him.

With my face in my hands. The rationalizations and excuses I told myself each time I denied him began to fall away.

How far I have fallen. How weak my convictions, my loyalty.

At the first real sign of danger, I denied my teacher, my Lord.

## Hymn

*O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* (verse 1) ..... ELW 351

- 1     O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,  
      now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;  
      O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!  
      Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

## Station 5 | John 18:28-40

It was early morning when I followed them as they took Jesus from Caiaphas to the Roman leader's headquarters. Pilate came out to meet them at the gate because they couldn't rightly enter the Roman's compound and still be considered clean according to their rituals.

He asked them what Jesus had done wrong, but they didn't answer, not really. They just said they would not have brought him if he weren't a criminal.

Pilate looked as though he was annoyed, telling them to take him and judge him according to their law.

Then their true motivations were revealed. "We are not permitted to put anyone to death," they said.



DEATH!!! They had been conspiring against him for days. So threatened by his teachings that they would rather him die than be challenged. Hypocrites, they think they can remain innocent of taking a life by permitting and encouraging someone else to do their dirty work.

From what I understand, Pilate entered the headquarters and summoned Jesus. He asked him, "Are you King of the Jews?"

Jesus knew Pilate had been put up to this line of questioning. The Roman even said "Your own nation and religious leaders have handed you over to me. What have you done?"

He only answered, "My kingdom is not from this world. If it were, my followers would be fighting to keep me safe. But as it is, my kingdom is not here."

Pilate asked him again if he was a king.

Jesus said, "You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I came into the world, to testify to the truth. Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice."

Pilate then asked, "What is truth?"

The question hung in the air. Before Jesus could answer, he left to tell the religious leaders at the gate that he had no case against Jesus.

For a split second, a brief moment in time, I was hopeful. Jesus would be okay. He would leave and come home. I would have another chance to make things right. But Pilate kept talking, "As is our custom, I can release someone in honor of the Passover. Do you want me to release the one who claims to be king?"

I heard them shout "no! Barrabas the bandit!" Their shouting and cheers faded into the background all my hope evaporated and I felt as though my world was closing in.

## Hymn

*O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* (verse 2) ..... ELW 351

- 2     How pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;  
      how does thy face now languish, which once was bright as morn!

Thy grief and bitter passion were all for sinners' gain;  
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.

## **Prayers of the People** *(Please remain seated.)*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

**Have mercy upon us all.**

We pray this day: for all who have a song they cannot sing,

**for all who have a burden they cannot bear,**

for all who live in chains they cannot break,

**for all who wander homeless and cannot return,**

for those who are sick and for those who tend them,

**for those who wait for loved ones, and wait in vain,**

for those who live in hunger and for those who will not share their bread,

**for those who are misunderstood and for those who misunderstand,**

for those who are captives and for those who are captors,

**for those whose words of love are locked within their hearts and for those who yearn to hear those words.**

Lord, have mercy upon these people, O God.

**Have mercy upon us all.**

## **Station 6 | John 19:1-16**

I watched as Pilate took Jesus and had him beaten. The soldiers wove a crown of thorns and put it on his head. Then they dressed him in a purple robe, mocking him and striking him in the face as they shouted, "hail, the king of the Jews!"

Pilate went out again and said to the religious leader, "Look, I am bringing him out to you, I can find no case against him."

Jesus came out in the purple robe that matched the bruises that began to form on his face.

The religious leaders started shouting, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" A chant that grew louder as other voices chimed in.

I stood silent and frozen, watching it all unfold. Pilate again told them to take him and crucify him if they wanted but he didn't have a case against him.

The religious leaders explained to Pilate that according to one of their laws, he ought to die because he claimed to be the Son of God.

Pilate looked shaken, almost afraid. He pulled Jesus into the headquarters and asked him, where he was from but Jesus didn't answer. In an effort to compel Jesus to answer, Pilate reminded him of the power he possessed. The power to free him or kill him.

I am told Jesus responded by saying, "You would have no power over me unless it had been given you from above; therefore, the one who handed me over to you is guilty of a greater sin."

Pilate tried to release Jesus, wanting him to be someone else's problem. But the people cried out that he would be going against the emperor since Jesus claimed to be a king.

When Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus outside and sat on the judge's bench. It was nearly noon when he told the gathering crowd, "Here is your King!"

At night, I can still hear the venom in the voices of the crowd as they cheered, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify Him!"

The religious leaders were so determined to have Jesus killed that they betrayed their own convictions, becoming complicit with our oppressors. Where does such deep hatred come from? Just a few days before, people were shouting, "Hosanna! Please, save us!"

I lost count of the number of times Pilate tried to avoid crucifying Jesus. In one final effort to be rid of the responsibility, he asked the crowd, "Shall I crucify your King?"

The religious leaders answered, "We have no king but the emperor."

I watched as Pilate handed Jesus over to be crucified.

# Hymn

*O Sacred Head, Now Wounded* (verse 3) ..... ELW 351

- 3     What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,  
      for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?  
      Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,  
      Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

## Confession and Forgiveness\*

*(Please stand and face the cross at the center of the sanctuary.)*

Surely, he has borne our infirmities and carried our diseases.

**I am the one who held the nails.**

And yet we accounted him stricken, struck down by God, and afflicted.

**I am the one who raised the hammer.**

But he was wounded for our transgressions.

**I am the one who rolled the dice.**

Crushed for iniquities.

**I am the one who laughed and pointed.**

Upon him was the punishment that made us whole.

**I am the one for whom he died.**

And by his bruises we are healed.

**Father, forgive me, for I do not know what I do. I need your cross to make me whole.**

Even as he hung on that cross, Jesus spoke words of love: to the thief, to his tormentors, to a world of sinners our Lord says, "I will remember your sins no more." For you he carried the cross. For you he bled and died. For you are his words of love. **Amen**

# Hymn

*Stay With Me* (sing through three times) ..... ELW 348

Stay with me,  
remain here with me,  
watch and pray.  
Watch and pray.

*(Please be seated after the hymn.)*

## Station Seven | John 19:17-36

Still, I kept silent, watching as Jesus carried the cross, the object he would die on. The crowd yelled at him and spit on him. Yet he continued. Sweat and blood mixed, dripping into his eyes.

There were two others who were being crucified, when we arrived to the place of the skull. They placed him in the middle with one person on either side. Jesus was laid upon the cross and I flinched as I heard the hammer hit the nail. The cries of pain reverberated throughout the crowd, the fear and agony in his cries touched me deep within my soul.

Pilate had an inscription written on a sign in Hebrew, Latin and Greek so that no one could misunderstand it. The sign was nailed to the cross reading, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

The religious leaders objected to the sign, but Pilate answered, "I have written what I have written."

As Jesus hung on the cross, the soldiers took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic and cast lots to see who would get it.

They treated Jesus as though he wasn't even human. Ignoring his mother, aunt and Mary Magdalene who were crying into one another's arms at the foot of the cross.

When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he told them to take care of one another as if they were mother and son.

My heart was breaking, and my face was wet with tears.

Still, I remained silent.

I ached for my teacher in pain. I felt all my hope for our people, our liberation, slip away.

I began to be consumed with grief and the shame of my denial, my inaction, my silence.

The soldiers gave Jesus some wine on a branch of hyssop. Afterwards he said, "It is finished" and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

## Hymn

*Were You There?* ..... ELW 353

Janice Gibbs *Bassoon*, Susan Senn *Harpsichord*

- 1     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?
- 2     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?
- 3     Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
      Were you there when they pierced him in the side?  
      Oh..., sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
      Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
- 4     Were you there when the sun refused to shine?  
      Were you there when the sun refused to shine?  
      Oh..., sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
      Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
- 5     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 Christ Candle is Extinguished

Lord Jesus, you gave your life for us.

**You suffered and died that we might be made whole.**

It is finished.

## Depart in Silence

## Serving in Worship

**Director of Outreach & Youth Ministry** ..... Pr. Kirsten Lee  
**Cross Bearer** ..... Jake Bayles  
**Readers** ..... Abbi Lee, Bill McCullough, Ken Krumwiede  
**Greeters** ..... Jane Krumwiede, Cindy Lee  
**Usher** ..... Mike Kirby  
**Sound System** ..... Anne Pacha  
**Altar Guild** ..... Mike Keller  
**Tech Assistant** ..... Vey Rodriguez  
**Heart & Voice Choir Director** ..... Sally Meier  
**Organist** ..... Susan Senn  
**Pianist** ..... Kathi Parrish

## Easter Weekend Services

Easter Sunday March 31, 2024

8:30am & 10:30am



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Lord Jesus Think on Me Text: Synesius of Cyrene, 375-430; tr. Allen W. Chatfield, 1808-1896, alt.

O, Sacred Head Now Wounded Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676, based on Arnulf of Louvain, d. 1250; tr. composite

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