

Crown Him the Lord of Love

Kingsboro Baptist & South Lake Christian Churches

Good Friday - April 2, 2021

MOVEMENT 1: THE LIGHT HAS COME

JOHN 1:1-5

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. ² He was in the beginning with God. ³ All things were made through him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. ⁴ In him was life, and the life was the light of men. ⁵ The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.”

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Chorus:

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary. [Chorus]

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me. [Chorus]

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share. [Chorus]



MOVEMENT 2: DARKNESS

LUKE 23:44-45

⁴⁴It was now about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour, ⁴⁵while the sun's light failed.

Extinguish First Candle.

Moment of Reflection.



MOVEMENT 3: LAMENT

A Liturgy For Those Who Weep Without Knowing Why

Pastor Alec: There is so much lost in this world, O Lord, so much that aches and groans and shivers for want of redemption, so much that seems dislocated, upended, desecrated, unhinged—even in our own hearts.

People: Even in our own hearts we bear the mark of all that is broken.

Pastor Alec: What is best in this world has been bashed and battered and trodden down. What was meant to be the substance has become the brittle shell, haunted by the ghosts of a glory so long crumbled that only its rubble is remembered now.

People: Is it any wonder we should weep sometimes, without knowing why?

Pastor Alec: It might be anything. And then again, it might be everything...

People: O Lord, how can we not weep, when waking each day in this vale of tears?

Pastor Alec: How can we not feel those pangs, when we, wounded by others, so soon learn to wound as well, and in the end wound even ourselves? We grieve what we cannot heal and we grieve our half-belief, having made uneasy peace with disillusion, aligning ourselves with a self-protective lie that would have us kill our best hopes just to keep our disappointments half-confined.

People: We feel ourselves wounded by what is wretched, foul, and fell, but we are sometimes wounded by the beauty as well, for when it whispers, it whispers of the world that might have been our birthright,

Pastor Alec: now banished, now withdrawn, as unreachable to our wounded hearts as ancient seas receding down some endless dark. We weep, O Lord, for those things that, though nameless, are still lost.

People: We weep for the cost of our rebellions, for the mocking and cheapening of holy things, for the inward curve of our souls, for the evidences of death outworked in every field and tree and blade of grass, crept up in every creature, alert in every longing, infecting all fabrics of life.

Pastor Alec: We weep for the leers our daughters will endure, as if to be made in reflection of your beauty were a fault for which they must pay. We weep for our sons, sabotaged by profiteers who seek to warp their dreams before they even come of age. We weep for all the twisted alchemies of our times that would turn what might have been gold into crowns of cheap tin and then toss them into refuse bins as if love could ever be a castoff thing one might simply be done with. We weep for the wretched expressions of all things that were first built of goodness and glory but are now their own shadow twins.

People: We have wept so often. And we will weep again.

Pastor Alec: And yet, there is somewhere in our tears a hope still kept. We feel it in this darkness, like a tiny flame, when we are told Jesus also wept.

People: You wept.

Pastor Alec: So moved by the pain of this crushed creation, you, O Lord, heaved with the grief of it, drinking the anguish like water and sweating it out of your skin like blood... Could it be that we weep at that which breaks your heart, because it has also broken ours...

People: We weep at the brokenness of our world, At our own sin, At the nails that pierced your hands and feet... That we drove in.

Pastor Alec: We weep at the cost of making all things new;

People: Our Saviour, you paid for it With your very life, And so we weep.

ISAIAH 53:3-5

- 3 He was despised and rejected by men,
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
- 4 Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.
- 5 But he was pierced for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with his wounds we are healed.

Man of Sorrows What A Name

Man of sorrows what a name
for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
in my place condemned he stood,
sealed my pardon with his blood:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Guilty, helpless, lost were we;
blameless Lamb of God was he,
sacrificed to set us free:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

He was lifted up to die;
"It is finished" was his cry;
now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

PSALM 22:1-2

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from saving me, from the words of my groaning?

O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer,
and by night, but I find no rest.

Yet you are holy..

Extinguish 2nd Candle

Moment of Reflection.



M O U E M E N T 4 : L O U E

PSALM 103:8-10

People: The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love.

ROMANS 5:8

God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.

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.

JOHN 15:10:

“Greater love has no one than this, that someone lay down his life for his friends.”

Extinguish 3rd Candle

Moment of Reflection.



M O V E M E N T 5 : C O N D E M N A T I O N

2 CORINTHIANS 5:21

People: For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God.

ROMANS 8:1-4

There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the Spirit of life has set you free in Christ Jesus from the law of sin and death. For God has done what the law, weakened by the flesh, could not do. By sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, he condemned sin in the flesh, in order that the righteous requirement of the law might be fulfilled in us.

Before the Throne of God Above

Before the throne of God above
I have a strong and perfect plea
A great High Priest whose name is love
Who ever lives and pleads for me
My name is graven on His hands
My name is written on His heart
I know that while in heav'n He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart
No tongue can bid me thence depart

When Satan tempts me to despair
And tells me of the guilt within
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end to all my sin
Because the sinless Savior died
My sinful soul is counted free
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me
To look on Him and pardon me

Behold Him there, the risen Lamb
My perfect, spotless Righteousness
The great unchangeable I AM
The King of glory and of grace
One with Himself, I cannot die
My soul is purchased by His blood
My life is hid with Christ on high
With Christ my Savior and my God
With Christ my Savior and my God

Extinguish 4th Candle

Moment of Reflection.



MOVEMENT 6: DEATH

Alas, And Did My Saviour Bleed

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
for sinners such as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done,
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
and shut its glories in,
when God, the mighty maker, died
for his own creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
while his dear cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of tears can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'tis all that I can do.

JOHN 19:28–30

After this, Jesus, knowing that all was now finished, said (to fulfill the Scripture), “I thirst.” A jar full of sour wine stood there, so they put a sponge full of the sour wine on a hyssop branch and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, “It is finished,” and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Extinguish 5th Candle

Moment of Reflection.