

THE LORD'S SUPPER

Come and receive of the feast that Jesus offers those who follow him. During this time, we remember Jesus' sacrifice and are nourished by his Body that was broken on the cross for us and Blood that was poured out for the sins of many.

SWEET DELIVERANCE

GADSBY/GORDON

Oh my soul, admire and wonder;
Jesus lived and died for thee;
He has broke the bands asunder,
And from bondage set thee free:
Sweet deliverance,
Jesus Christ was wrought for me.

All the debts I had contracted,
He, in mercy, called his own;
And, lest I should be neglected,
Drew me near his gracious throne;
Paid all charges,
Then, and for the time to come

I, a slave to sin and Satan,
Once did live and liked it well,
But the God of my salvation,
Died to save my soul from Hell:
Precious Savior,
Let me ever with Thee dwell

Soon I hope to see His glory,
And, with all the saints above,
Sing and tell the pleasing story,
In the highest strains of love;
And forever, live and reign with Him above.

Lyrics by W Gadsby Music by Stephen Gordon ©2012 Grace and Peace, Bowling Green, KY

OLD RUGGED CROSS

BENNARD

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.

**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.

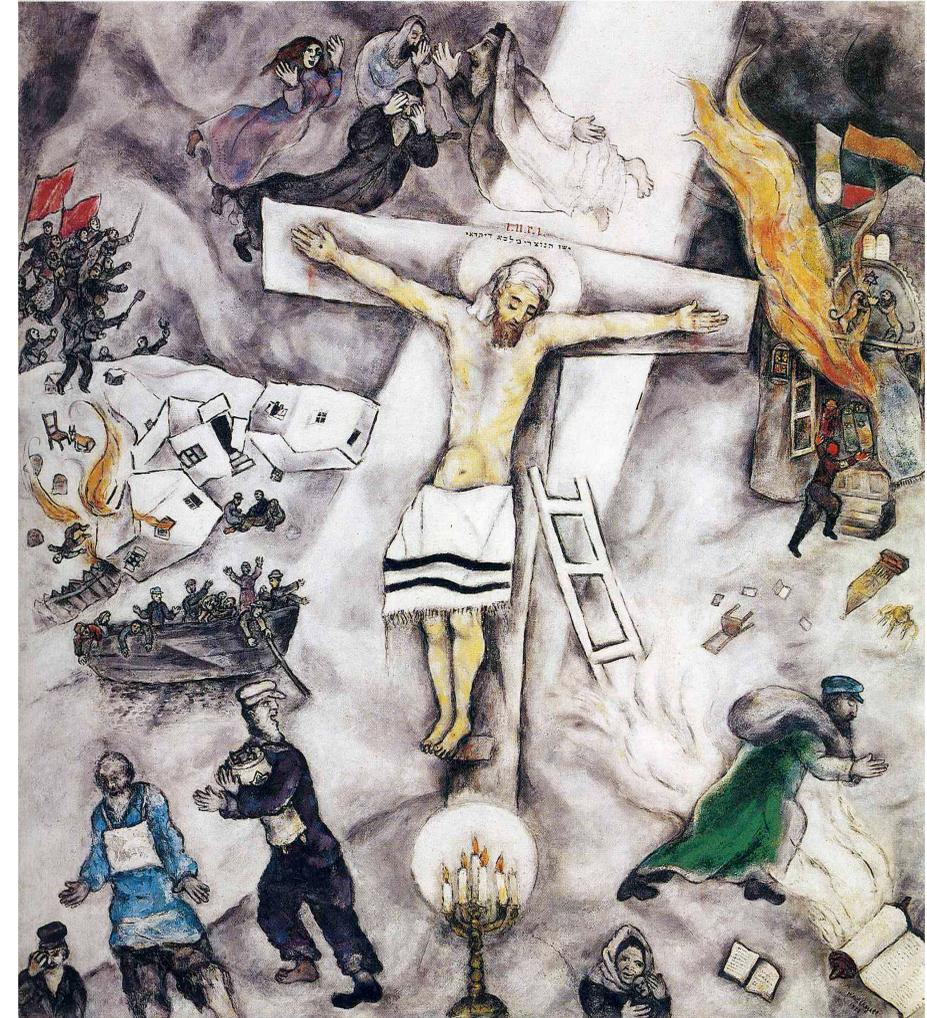
CHORUS

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 the 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



GOOD FRIDAY

March 29, 2013 | 6:00pm | Extraordinary Ventures

IT IS FINISHED

When God's own begotten Son	Lay your deadly doing down
Heav'd His final sigh	Down at Jesus' feet
Ev'rything was fully done	Stand in Him and Him alone
Hearken to His cry,	Gloriously complete.

CHORUS

"It is finished!" Finished.	There the robber! There the thief!
What more could He ever do?	Gathered round they stand
Nothing whether great or small	Reaping now that blessed promise
Nothing can you claim	Nailed in to His hands.

CHORUS

Jesus died and paid it all
Only plead His name.

CHORUS

Written by Isaac Wardell ©2008 New Jerusalem Music CCLI #5526316

THE GATHERING CHURCH

The Gathering Church is a group of people who has been gathered (and is being gathered) together by God. Our primary aims are to be present to God in our worship, connected to each other in our relationships, and engaged in loving and serving the world. Special services like this one seek to do each of the above, forming a living, worshipping, loving, creative Body of people transformed by God's love in Jesus Christ and by the movement of the Holy Spirit.

The Gathering Church meets each Sunday morning at 10:30 at Creekside Elementary School in Southwest Durham. Join us for worship and stay for a potluck meal (every 1st and 3rd Sunday of the month). Kids are very welcomed, and children's programs are available for infants through middle school age.

Join us this Sunday, March 31st at 10:30am to experience the second part of tonight's story: Jesus' resurrection and victory over death. As part of our Easter celebration we'll share a fellowship lunch and have an Easter Egg hunt on the grounds for the kids.



www.allgather.org

Cover artwork: Marc Chagal "White Crucifixion" (1938)
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Scripture readings: New International Version

Responsive Reading: Robert Alter's *The Book of Psalms (Translation and Commentary)*

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RESPONSIVE READING:

PSALM 22:1-12

<i>My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?</i>	Far from my rescue are the words that I roar.
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<i>My God, I call out by day and You do not answer, by night- no stillness for me.</i>	And You, the Holy One- enthroned in Israel's praise.
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<i>In You did our fathers trust, they trusted and You set them free.</i>	To You they cried out, and escaped, in You they trusted and were not put to shame.
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<i>But I am a worm and no man, a disgrace among men, by the people reviled.</i>	All who see me do mock me- they curl their lips, they shake their head.
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<i>Who turns to the LORD, He will set him free.</i>	He will save him, for He delights in him.
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<i>For You drew me out from the womb, made me safe at my mother's breasts.</i>	Upon You I was cast from birth, from my mother's belly You were my God.
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Do not be far from me, for distress is near, for there is none to help.

GOOD FRIDAY REFLECTION: "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?"

NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD

TRADITIONAL

They led him to Pilate's bar
Not a word, not a word, not a word
They led him to Pilate's bar
But he never said a mumblin' word
Not a word, not a word, not a word

We nailed him on to a tree
Not a word, not a word, not a word
We nailed him on to a tree
But he never said a mumblin' word
Not a word, not a word, not a word

They all cried, "Crucify!"
Not a word, not a word, not a word
They all cried, "Crucify!"
But he never said a mumblin' word
Not a word, not a word, not a word

Not a word, not a word, not a word
Not a word, not a word, not a word
Not a word, not a word, not a word

19th Century African- American Spiritual – Public Domain

'THIS IS JESUS, KING OF THE JEWS.'

Text from Matthew 27:24-44

○ SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED

ST BERNARD/HASSLER

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.

My burden in Thy Passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me.
For it was my transgression
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy, I implore Thee;
Redeemer, spurn me not!

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend?
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

Words by St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1153) Music "Passion Chorale" by Hans Hassler (1601) – Public Domain

"MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?"

Text from Matthew 27:45-61

The chill ascends from feet to knees
The fever sings in mental wires.
If to be warmed, then I must freeze
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires
Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.

The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood-
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

-T.S. Eliot, *East Coker*

GATHERING MUSIC : "THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORY"

BRUMLEY

The world's greatest story in the Bible is told.	It's the world's greatest story, greatest story e're told.
It's a story more precious than diamonds or gold.	It's the story of Jesus and it never grows old.
He was born in a manger, gave his life on a cross.	How just one Galilean saved the world from its fall.
Brought hope and salvation to a world that was lost.	It's the world's greatest story, greatest story of all.

Written by Alfred Brumley ©1952 Alfred Brumley and Sons CCLI# 566622

"BUT YOU WILL NOT ALWAYS HAVE ME..."

Text from Matthew 26:1-13

HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOR!

BLISS

Man of sorrows, what a name!	Full atonement, can it be?
For the Son of God, who came	Alleluia! What a Savior!
Ruined sinners to reclaim	
Alleluia! What a Savior!	Lifted up was he to die
	'It is finished!' was his cry
Bearing shame and scoffing rude	Now in heaven exalted high
In my place condemned he stood	Alleluia! What a Savior!
Sealed my pardon with his blood	
Alleluia! What a Savior!	When he comes, our glorious King
	All his ransomed, home to bring
Guilty, helpless, lost were we	Then anew this song we'll sing:
Spotless Lamb of God was he	Alleluia! What a Savior!

Words and Music by Phillip Bliss (1875) - Public Domain

"TAKE. EAT. THIS IS MY BODY."

Text from Matthew 26:14-30

JESUS SPREADS HIS BANNER O'ER US

PARK/BARTHELEMON

While the sons of earth retiring,	Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
From the sacred temple roam;	Wine of gladness, flowing free;
Lord, Thy light and love desiring,	May we taste it, kindly given,
To Thine altar fain we come.	In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.
Children of our heavenly Father,	
Friends and brethren we would be;	In Thy holy incarnation,
While we round Thy table gather,	When the angels sang Thy birth;
May our hearts be one in Thee.	In Thy fasting and temptation,
	In Thy labors on the earth,
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,	In Thy trial and rejection,
Cheers our famished souls with food;	In Thy sufferings on the tree,
He the banquet spreads before us,	In Thy glorious resurrection,
Of His mystic flesh and blood.	May we, Lord, remember Thee.

Words by Roswell Park (1836) Music - "Autumn" by Francois Barthelemon (1785)

"MY FATHER, IF THIS CANNOT PASS UNLESS I DRINK IT, YOUR WILL BE DONE."

Text from Matthew 26:31-56

UP ON A MOUNTAIN

AIUTO

Up on a mountain our LORD is alone	Up in the heavens our LORD prays for you
Without a family, friends, or a home	He sent his Spirit to carry us through
He cries, "Oh, Oh, Oh..."	So its true...
Will you stay with me?"	That you're not alone.
He cries, "Oh, Oh, Oh..."	Do you know...
Will you wait with me?"	He came all the way down?
Up on a mountain our LORD is afraid	So its true...
Carrying all the mistakes we have made.	That you're not alone.
And he knew...	Do you know...
It's a long way down.	He came all the way down?
Do you know...	
It's a long way down?	

Written by Vito Aiuto ©2008 New Jerusalem Music CCLI #14556

"YOU HAVE SAID SO."

Text from Matthew 26:57-75

HAST THOU HEARD HIM, SEEN HIM, KNOWN HIM?

ROWAN/LITTLEPAGE

Hast thou heard Him,	What can strip the seeming beauty,
Seen Him, known Him?	From the idols of the earth?
Is not thine a captured heart?	Not a sense of right or duty,
Chief among ten thousand own Him,	But the sight of peerless worth.
Joyful choose the better part.	CHORUS
Captivated by His beauty,	'Tis that look that melted Peter,
Worthy tribute haste to bring.	'Tis that face that Stephen saw,
Let His peerless worth	'Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
Constrain thee,	Can alone from idols draw.
Crown Him now unrivaled King.	CHORUS

Lyrics by Ora Rowan (1834-1879) alt. K Twit Music by Joel Littlepage ©2010 Joel Littlepage Music

"LET HIM BE CRUCIFIED."

Text from Matthew 27:1-23