

# Good Friday



*"Death of Christ – Isaiah 53"*

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## PRELUDE

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### **Invitation** *(Original poem written Christine Sine. Revised by Pastor Ward.)*

Tonight, on Good Friday, we mourn for promises unfulfilled, for wholeness unrealized, and for brokenness still afflicting.

Tonight, on Good Friday, we step into a place of darkness where our hopes are buried, our longings shrouded, and our desires entombed.

Tonight, on Good Friday, we experience a moment when the grave engulfs us, when we walk empty and stripped of life, and when see no light but only darkness.

On Good Friday, this is the night which empties us and makes us whole.

### **Prayer** *(15th Antiphon of the Matins of Holy Friday)*

Let us pray.

Today He who hung the earth upon the waters is hung upon the Cross.

He who is King of the angels is arrayed in a crown of thorns.

He who wraps the heavens in clouds is wrapped in the purple of mockery.

He who in Jordan set all creation free receives blows upon His face.

The Bridegroom of the Church is transfixed with nails.

The Son of the Virgin is pierced with a spear.

As we hold in awe your Passion, O Christ,

Show us also your glorious Resurrection. Amen.

### **Processional Song**

*“Prelude in E Minor” (Frédéric Chopin)*

Annette Nolan

### **Isaiah 49:1-6**

Listen to me, you islands;

hear this, you distant nations:

Before I was born the Lord called me;

from my mother’s womb he has spoken my name.

<sup>2</sup>He made my mouth like a sharpened sword,

in the shadow of his hand he hid me;

he made me into a polished arrow

and concealed me in his quiver.

<sup>3</sup>He said to me, “You are my servant,

Israel, in whom I will display my splendor.”

<sup>4</sup>But I said, “I have labored in vain;

I have spent my strength for nothing at all.

Yet what is due me is in the Lord’s hand,

and my reward is with my God.”

<sup>5</sup>And now the Lord says—  
he who formed me in the womb to be his servant  
to bring Jacob back to him  
and gather Israel to himself,  
for I am honored in the eyes of the Lord  
and my God has been my strength—  
<sup>6</sup>he says:  
“It is too small a thing for you to be my servant  
to restore the tribes of Jacob  
and bring back those of Israel I have kept.  
I will also make you a light for the Gentiles,  
that my salvation may reach to the ends of the earth.”

*“In Love, Christ Came Among Us”*

Carol Ridell, soloist

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## GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

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### Psalm 31:1–5, 9–16

<sup>1</sup>In you, O Lord, I seek refuge;  
do not let me ever be put to shame;  
in your righteousness deliver me.  
<sup>2</sup>Incline your ear to me;  
rescue me speedily.  
Be a rock of refuge for me,  
a strong fortress to save me.  
<sup>3</sup>You are indeed my rock and my fortress;  
for your name’s sake lead me and guide me;  
<sup>4</sup>take me out of the net that is hidden for me,  
for you are my refuge.  
<sup>5</sup>Into your hand I commit my spirit;  
you have redeemed me, O Lord, faithful God.  
<sup>9</sup>Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am in distress;  
my eye wastes away from grief,  
my soul and body also.  
<sup>10</sup>For my life is spent with sorrow  
and my years with sighing;  
my strength fails because of my misery,  
and my bones waste away.  
<sup>11</sup>I am the scorn of all my adversaries,  
a horror to my neighbors,

an object of dread to my acquaintances;  
those who see me in the street flee from me.

<sup>12</sup> I have passed out of mind like one who is dead;  
I have become like a broken vessel.

<sup>13</sup> For I hear the whispering of many—  
terror all around!—

as they scheme together against me,  
as they plot to take my life.

<sup>14</sup> But I trust in you, O Lord;  
I say, "You are my God."

<sup>15</sup> My times are in your hand;  
deliver me from the hand of my enemies and persecutors.

<sup>16</sup> Let your face shine upon your servant;  
save me in your steadfast love.

**"And There Was Night"**

Rob Beyersdorf, soloist

**ELW #347 "Go to Dark Gethsemane"**



1 Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, all who feel the tempt - er's pow'r;  
2 Fol - low to the judg-ment hall, view the Lord of life ar - raigned;  
3 Cal - v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; there, a - dor - ing at his feet,  
4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb where they laid his breath - less clay;



your Re-deem - er's con - flict see. Watch with him one bit - ter hour;  
oh, the worm-wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus-tained!  
mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com-plete.  
all is sol - i - tude and gloom. Who has tak - en him a - way?



turn not from his griefs a - way; learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
Shun not suf - f'ring, shame, or loss; learn from him to bear the cross.  
"It is fin - ished!" hear him cry; learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

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## CRUCIFIXION

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### Isaiah 50:4-11

<sup>6</sup>I gave my back to those who struck me  
and my cheeks to those who pulled out the beard;  
I did not hide my face  
from insult and spitting.

<sup>7</sup>The Lord God helps me;  
therefore I have not been disgraced;  
therefore I have set my face like flint,  
and I know that I shall not be put to shame;

<sup>8</sup> he who vindicates me is near.  
Who will contend with me?  
Let us stand in court together.  
Who are my adversaries?  
Let them confront me.

<sup>9</sup>It is the Lord God who helps me;  
who will declare me guilty?  
All of them will wear out like a garment;  
the moth will eat them up.

<sup>10</sup>Who among you fears the Lord  
and obeys the voice of his servant,  
who walks in darkness  
and has no light,  
yet trusts in the name of the Lord  
and relies upon his God?

### *“Are You the One”*

Sanctuary Singers

### Isaiah 53:1-7

<sup>1</sup>Who has believed what we have heard?  
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?

<sup>2</sup>For he grew up before him like a young plant  
and like a root out of dry ground;  
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,  
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.

<sup>3</sup>He was despised and rejected by others;  
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity,  
and as one from whom others hide their faces  
he was despised, and we held him of no account.

<sup>4</sup> Surely he has borne our infirmities  
and carried our diseases,  
yet we accounted him stricken,  
struck down by God, and afflicted.

<sup>5</sup> But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
crushed for our iniquities;  
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,  
and by his bruises we are healed.

<sup>6</sup> All we like sheep have gone astray;  
we have all turned to our own way,  
and the Lord has laid on him  
the iniquity of us all.

<sup>7</sup> He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,  
yet he did not open his mouth;  
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter  
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,  
so he did not open his mouth.

***“In Pilate’s Court”***

Daniel Pietruszka, soloist

***Jesus Is Condemned to Death*** (Malcolm Guite)

The very air that Pilate breathes, the voice  
With which he speaks in judgment, all his powers  
Of perception and discrimination, choice,  
Decision, all his years, his days and hours,  
His consciousness of self, his every sense,  
Are given by this prisoner, freely given.  
The man who stands there making no defense  
Is God. His hands are tied, His heart is open.

And he bears Pilate’s heart in his and feels  
That crushing weight of wasted life. He lifts  
It up in silent love. He lifts and heals.  
He gives himself again with all his gifts  
Into our hands. As Pilate turns away  
A door swings open. This is judgment day.

***“Crucify”***

Sanctuary Singers

***Jesus Falls the First Time*** (Malcolm Guite)

He made the stones that pave the roads of Zion  
And well he knows the path we make him tread  
    He met the devil as a roaring lion  
And still refused to turn these stones to bread,  
    Choosing instead, as Love will always choose,  
    This darker path into the heart of pain.  
And now he falls upon the stones that bruise  
The flesh, that break and scrape the tender skin.

He and the earth he made were never closer,  
    Divinity and dust come face to face.  
    We flinch back from his *via dolorosa*,  
He sets his face like flint and takes our place,  
    Staggers beneath the black weight of us all  
And falls with us that he might break our fall.

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**VIA DOLOROSA**

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***“Via Dolorosa”***

Sanctuary Singers

***Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments*** (Malcolm Guite)

You can't go on, you go on anyway  
He goes with you, his cradle to your grave.  
    Now is the time to loosen, cast away  
    The useless weight of everything but love  
    For he began his letting go before,  
Before the worlds for which he dies were made,  
    Emptied himself, became one of the poor,  
  
    To make you rich in him and unafraid.  
See as they strip the robe from off his back  
    They strip away your own defenses too  
    Now you could lose it all and never lack  
    Now you can see what naked Love can do  
Let go these bonds beneath whose weight you bow  
    His stripping strips you both for action now

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## TABLEAU OF SORROW

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*"Tableau of Sorrow"*

Daniel Pietruszka, soloist

*Jesus Dies on the Cross* (Malcolm Guite)

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black  
We watch him as he labors to draw breath  
He takes our breath away to give it back,  
Return it to it's birth through his slow death.  
We hear him struggle breathing through the pain  
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,  
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain

And drew us into consciousness from sleep.  
His spirit and his life he breathes in all  
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere  
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall  
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air  
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath  
Breathes us, and bears us through the gates of death.

**Psalm 22 and *Strepitus***

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## PIETÀ

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*"Pietà"*

Laura Torrence, soloist

*(Dismissal in silence.)*