



Pittsburgh Theological Seminary

A Lenten Service of Word and Sacrament

prepared by the Rev. Kendra Buckwalter Smith '12/'13
Director of the Worship Program

Candles in the worship space may be lit prior to the start of the service.
Hymns/hymn numbers in *Glory to God* (WJK 2013)
Readings: leaders read plain text, congregation reads bold text
*Please stand in body or in spirit.

GATHERING

*Opening Sentences

Hebrews 1:1-2; 13:15

In the past God spoke through the prophets at
many times and in various ways,
**but in the last days he has spoken to us by his Son,
whom he appointed heir of all things,
and through whom he made the universe.**

Through Jesus, therefore, let us continually offer to God a sacrifice of praise—
the fruit of lips that confess his name.
The Lord's name be praised.

*Opening Song

O Blest Are They Who in Their Love

GtG #208

Confessional Prayer based on Psalm 22

Reader 1 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?
**O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.**

Yet you are holy,
enthroned on the praises of Israel.
**In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.**

To you they cried, and were saved;
in you they trusted, and were not put to shame.

Reader 2 Do not be far from us,
for trouble is near
and there is no one to help us.
Our sins overtake us. They overwhelm us. You are our sole refuge.

On you we were cast from birth,
and since our mothers bore us you have been our God.
We repent in dust and ashes for the times we have forgotten this.

Reader 1 We are poured out like water,
and all our bones are out of joint;
our hearts are like wax;
 they are melted within our breast;
 our mouths are dried up like potsherds,
 and our tongues sticks to our jaws;
 you lay us in the dust of death.
**Yet from this dust you raise us to eternal life;
 loosen our stubborn tongues so that they may praise you.**

Our hands and feet have shriveled;
we can count all our bones.
They stare and gloat over us;
 they divide our clothes among themselves,
 and for our clothing they cast lots.
**But you, O LORD, are not far away!
 You clothe us in your righteousness
 and nourish us anew with your love.
 Forgive our sins and redeem us, we pray.**

Reader 2 We will tell of your name to our brothers and sisters;
 in the midst of the congregation we will praise you:
**Praise God, you who fear the LORD!
We who dwelt in sin now glorify God;
 we who now stand in awe struck forgiveness proclaim God's majesty.**

All the ends of the earth shall remember
 and turn to the LORD;
**and all the families of the nations
 shall worship God. Amen.**

Assurance of Forgiveness

Indeed, all the families of the nations shall worship God.
For he has washed us entirely and made us His own.
Hear and believe the good news of the gospel: In Jesus Christ, you are forgiven.
Thanks be to God. Amen.

The Lord's Supper

Song of Preparation

Sharing Paschal Bread and Wine
stanza 1

GtG #207

Invitation to the Table and the Words of Institution

Luke 22:14-20

“When the hour came, he took his place at the table, and the apostles with him. He said to them, ‘I have eagerly desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; for I tell you, I will not eat it until it is fulfilled in the kingdom of God.’ Then he took a cup, and after giving thanks he said, ‘Take this and divide it among yourselves; for I tell you that from now on I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God

comes.' Then he took a loaf of bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and gave it to them, saying, 'This is my body, which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me.' And he did the same with the cup after supper, saying, 'This cup that is poured out for you is the new covenant in my blood.'"

Friends, every time you eat this bread and drink this cup,
you proclaim the saving death of the risen Lord, until he comes.
The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them to the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

It is right to give God thanks and praise.

It is truly right and our greatest joy to give you thanks and praise,
O Lord our God, creator and ruler of the universe.

You made us in your image, freed us from the bonds of slavery,
claimed us as your people, and made covenant to be our God.

Though we have strayed you have never abandoned us.

Therefore with all the company of heaven,
and with all your people of all places and times,
we proclaim your greatness and sing your praise.

**Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.**

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

You are holy, O God of majesty,
and blessed is Jesus Christ, your Son, our Lord,
In his life, he showed us your great love;
In his death, he ransomed us from death's dominion;
In his resurrection, he opened to us the way to eternal life.
Remembering all your mighty and merciful acts,
we celebrate Christ's perfect sacrifice and declare Him Lord of all
as we prepare for His coming Kingdom.
Accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving
as a living and holy offering of ourselves,
that our lives may proclaim the One crucified and risen.
Praise to you, Lord Jesus:

**Dying you destroyed our death,
rising you restored our life.**

Lord Jesus, come in glory.

Gracious God,
pour out your Holy Spirit upon us
and upon these your gifts of bread and wine,
that the bread we break and the cup we bless
may be the communion of the body and blood of Christ.
As we eat and drink at his command, unite us to Christ as one body in him,
and give us strength to serve you in the world,
until that day when, with the redeemed of all the ages,
we will feast with you at your table in glory.
Through Christ, all glory and honor are yours, almighty Father,
with the Holy Spirit in the holy church, now and forever.

Amen.

Breaking the Bread and Pouring the Cup

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.

Therefore let us keep the feast.

The gifts of God for the people of God.

Communion

Song during Communion

Nada te Turbe

Taizé Community

Ostinato Refrain

1.
Na - da te tur - be, na - da te es - pan - te. Quien a Dios tie - ne
Noth - ing can trou - ble, noth - ing can fright - en. Those who seek God shall

2.
na - da le fal - ta. So - lo Dios bas - ta.
nev - er go want - ing. God a - lone fills us.

Post-Communion Prayer and the Lord's Prayer

Giver of Life, Bearer of Pain, Creator of Love,

Day by day you sustain us with your Word

and here you have nourished us in this Holy Meal.

Awaken us to suffering of those around us.

In your love make us fearless to live compassionately and justly.

Allow us now to journey with you into the shadows.

Let us follow you, even on the way that leads to darkness and the cross.

Hear us as we join our voices in the prayer our Lord taught us:

Our Father...

Gethsemane – the Flight of the Disciples

(Any lit candles in the worship space will be extinguished a few at a time during each stanza of the song.)

Song

Sharing Paschal Bread and Wine
stanzas 2 and 3

GtG #207

Shadow: Luke 22:39-46

Song

Sharing Paschal Bread and Wine
stanzas 4 and 5

GtG #207

Shadow: Luke 22:47-53

Song

Sharing Paschal Bread and Wine
stanzas 6 & 7

GtG #207

Shadow: Luke 22:54-62

Musical Meditation

Draw Near

Wendell Kimbrough

1. The flood around me is rising; the water's up to my neck.
My voice is worn out from crying. O Lord, please send me your help!

Two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "Draw near to my soul, O Lord!". The first staff shows the melody with lyrics underneath. The second staff shows the melody with lyrics underneath, starting with a rest for the first two measures.

2. My flesh and blood no more own me; my family's no more my home.
They hide their eyes from my grieving; they stop their ears from my groans.
3. I asked them all for some comfort; I begged, but there was no bread.
They gave me food that was poison; with wine, they left me for dead.

Crucifixion

Spiritual imagination exercise

written by Michael Ondrick, Student Association President

If you had your druthers, you wouldn't be in Jerusalem. After all, it is Passover, and Jews have come from far and wide for the celebration. Too much commotion, as far as you're concerned, but business is business.

As the gates of the city come into view, you see a large crowd seemingly moving in procession away from the city. Just my luck, you think. I'm not even in the city yet. As you move closer, you realize with a shudder what is going on. This is no normal gathering, much less a celebration. This is an execution.

This wouldn't be the first crucifixion you've seen. As a citizen of the Roman Empire, you're much more familiar with it than you'd like to be. You recall your great-grandfather telling you how he walked on the Appian Way lined with thousands of crucified slaves after the Spartacus revolt, the corpses left to rot as the birds feasted on the remains. You yourself have been witness to the spectacle multiple times. You know you shouldn't watch. You know that it is an intentionally cruel death to demonstrate to the citizenry what happens when you cross the empire. You know that, by your witness, you are playing into the hands of the powerful at the expense of these victims, exploited and exposed for the world to see. But as you move closer and closer, you can't help but join the madding crowd yourself.

Two ragged criminals struggle forward, the crossbars on which they will shortly be tortured to death hoisted on the shoulders of each. In the moment you realize what a breathtaking amount of cruelty this is, novel even for the Romans, to force the condemned to carry to the place of their execution the instrument on which they will die in agony. The third man is different. The crowd is treating him as such; where they mostly ignore the first two criminals, they swarm around the third man. He is cloaked in the purple robe of royalty—at least, it was purple at some point, before the blood had soaked through it. He staggers and falters forward with the beam upon his neck like a grotesque yoke. You surmise that he has been scourged before this—it wouldn't be the first

time the Romans have whipped a condemned criminal to the point of near-death only to stop and kill him all over again. Its inefficiency is precisely the point. An example is being made. This is what happens. If you defy Rome, you suffer and you die. Hail Caesar.

As you jostle for position amidst the throng, you notice for the first time that a crude crown of thorn branches has been brutally forced upon the man's brow, causing blood to run into his bleary eyes. Suddenly he stumbles forward and collapses on the ground. The crossbar falls from his shoulders. The blood loss is taking its toll. Several in the crowd laugh at the miserable sight. A centurion rolls his eyes, as if this is a minor annoyance to him, another everyday workplace hazard. He grabs the shoulder of a bystander and demands that he carry the crossbar up the hill. The condemned man, unable to reach his feet, begins to crawl to the summit, where a trio of stakes lies innocently on the ground, quietly awaiting the victim. The soldiers continue to abuse him as he slowly makes his way up the path on hands and knees, to the place the locals call "The Place of the Skull."

The hammer floats upward into the air, almost casually, and then swiftly downward in an arc. The spike plunges through flesh, tendon, bone. He groans but says nothing. Even some of those who had been mocking Jesus on the way up to the mount have fallen quiet. This, too, is part of the Roman way: Nails, after all, were never meant to penetrate human flesh. The outlandishness of the punishment reflects the outlandishness of the crime. So it was decreed, so shall it be done.

With a heave and a ho, the centurions haul on the ropes, the wood creaks as though resisting its fate, and finally the crosses lurch into position, silhouetted against the noonday sun. Suddenly, with a prickle running up your spine, you recall just what it is that most disturbed you about the crucifixions you have witnessed: To be sure, the blood, the mangling of human bodies, the abject humiliation are alarming to say the least, but you now recall just how long, how purposefully drawn-out this torture truly is. You have heard rumors of crucified men begging for death but unable to die for days on end. All the while they cry out in pain, they hurl epithets, they beg for mercy that will not come; in return they receive constant abuse from the self-righteous crowd, unaware that this could happen to any of them given the right circumstances. So too in this moment; you hear the shouts and whispers around you. "You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days, save yourself, and come down from the cross!" bellows the man in front of you. "He saved others; he cannot save himself," mutters a priest behind you. "He is the Messiah, the King of Israel? Let him come down from the cross now, so that we may see and believe," the scribe next to him says in a mocking tone.

A king? You shelter your eyes from the sun and focus on the sign fastened above his bleeding brow. "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." This man? This bleeding, naked Jew nailed to the stake of torture? Yet as this incredulous thought crosses your mind, a hush falls over the murmuring crowd. Incredibly, this man who would be king is trying to speak. He strains upward, his shoulders practically dislocating as he exerts against the staying power of the nails driven through his limbs, and he gasps out at the criminal hanging next to him: "Truly I tell you . . . today . . . you will be with me . . . in paradise."

How could this pauper, this criminal, this filthy, poor, wretched excuse for a man promise such a thing? How could he be king of anything? You shake your head in pity. He is a common Jew from a Galilean backwater, nothing more, and his life is ending in front of you.

Song

Sharing Paschal Bread and Wine
stanza 8

GtG #207

SENDING

Stripping of the Sanctuary

During 33 strikes of a hammer, the Communion elements, parament, and pulpit bible are carried out of the sanctuary and a black cloth is draped over the cross; then, at the strike of a cymbal or gong, the Christ candle is extinguished. Without a benediction, all depart in silence.