



SCRIPTURES FULFILLED:
CRUCIFIXION

Midweek Lenten Service

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH | Bangor, WI

March 13, 2024

WELCOME TO WORSHIP

In the name of our Savior, Jesus Christ, we welcome you to St. Paul's. We especially welcome our guests who have joined us today. We pray that your soul will be strengthened by the good news of God's forgiveness through Jesus.

PRAYER IN PREPARATION FOR TODAY'S WORSHIP

God the Father, you sent your Son to suffer and die by crucifixion. You did that for me. Build my appreciation of your grace and kindness tonight as I see my Savior numbered with the transgressors instead of me. Bless my voice as I sing his praises and consider what he endured to set me free from sin. In his name I pray. Amen.

FOR FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN

Children's activity sheets are available near the entrance to the sanctuary. The church basement is also available with a live feed of the worship service along with a Kids' Corner for parents with children to utilize during the service if needed.

THANK OFFERING

You may leave your offering in the plate in the lobby. The QR code to the right will provide the link to our online giving option. If you're visiting with us today you are welcome to give an offering, but don't feel compelled by guilt or embarrassment to do so. God wants all offerings to be made freely and with joy.



SCRIPTURES FULFILLED

This midweek Lenten series focuses on Jesus' fulfillment of certain Old Testament prophecies during his suffering and death. Praise God for sending Christ so the Scriptures could be fulfilled and our salvation secured.

OPENING HYMN

431 O Perfect Life of Love



- 1 O per - fect life of love! All, all is fin - ished now,
2 No work is left un - done of all the Fa - ther willed;
3 No pain that we can share but he has felt its smart;
4 And on his thorn-crowned head and on his sin - less soul



all that he left his throne a - bove to do for us be - low.
his toil, his sor - rows, one by one, the Scrip - tures have ful - filled.
all forms of hu - man grief and care have pierced that ten - der heart.
our sins in all their guilt were laid that he might make us whole.

- 5 In perfect love he dies;
for me he dies, for me!
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
you died to make me free!
- 6 In ev'ry time of need,
before the judgment throne,
your works, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
your merits, not my own.

Text: Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877, abr., alt.
Tune: William Daman, c. 1540–1591
Text and tune: Public domain

Stand

EVENING DIALOGUE

The Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night and peace at the last.
Amen.

It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
to sing praise to your name, O Most High,
to herald your love in the morning,
your truth at the close of day.

CONFESSION

Our help is in the name of the Lord,
the maker of heaven and earth.

Let us confess our sins in the presence of God and of one another.

Silence for personal reflection

CONFESSION

Almighty God, our heavenly Father,
we have sinned against you
in our thoughts,
in our words,
in our deeds,
and in all that we have not done.
Forgive us in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Deliver and restore us,
that we may rest in peace.

By the mercy of God we are redeemed by Jesus Christ,
and in him we are forgiven.

Let us rest in his peace until the rising of the sun,
when we shall serve him in newness of life.

Amen.

PSALM

Psalm 22, various verses

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish?

My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer,

by night, but I find no rest.

But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by everyone, despised by the people.

All who see me mock me; they hurl insults, shaking their heads.

"He trusts in the LORD," they say, "let the LORD rescue him.

Let him deliver him, since he delights in him."

Dogs surround me, a pack of villains encircles me;

they pierce my hands and my feet.

All my bones are on display; people stare and gloat over me.

They divide my clothes among them and cast lots for my garment.

But you, LORD, do not be far from me.

You are my strength; come quickly to help me.

I will declare your name to my people;

in the assembly I will praise you.

Posterity will serve him;

future generations will be told about the Lord.

They will proclaim his righteousness, declaring to a people yet unborn:

He has done it!

PSALM PRAYER

Lord Jesus, because your hands and feet were pierced for us, because you were surrounded by taunting enemies, and because you were abandoned even by your heavenly Father, we are rescued from the lion's mouth. Be with us when we must face our own crosses, and instill in us the confidence to say, "My Savior has won the victory for me."

Amen.

Be seated

PASSION READING

Mark 14:66-15:15

^{14:66}While Peter was in the courtyard below, one of the servant girls of the high priest came there. ⁶⁷When she saw Peter warming himself, she looked directly at him and said, "You were also with the Nazarene, Jesus!"

⁶⁸But he denied it, saying, "I don't know or understand what you are saying," and he went out to the entryway. Then a rooster crowed.

⁶⁹When the servant girl saw him, once more she began to tell those standing there, "This is one of them."

⁷⁰But again he denied it. After a little while those who were standing there said to Peter, "Surely you are one of them, because you are a Galilean."

⁷¹But he began to curse and to swear, "I do not know this man you are talking about!" ⁷²Just then, the rooster crowed for the second time. Then Peter remembered what Jesus had said to him: "Before the rooster crows twice, you will deny me three times." And he broke down and wept.

^{15:1}As soon as it was morning, the chief priests, along with the elders, the experts in the law, and the whole Sanhedrin, reached a decision. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. ²Pilate asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?"

He answered him, "It is as you say."

³The chief priests accused him of many things. ⁴Pilate questioned him again, "Are you not going to answer anything? See how many charges they are bringing against you!"

⁵But Jesus still did not answer anything, so Pilate was amazed.

⁶At each Festival, Pilate used to release to the people one prisoner whom they requested. ⁷There was one named Barabbas, who was imprisoned with the rebels and had committed murder in the rebellion. ⁸The crowd came up and began to ask Pilate to do for them what he usually did.

⁹Pilate replied, "Do you want me to release the King of the Jews to you?" ¹⁰In fact, he knew that it was because of envy that the chief priests had handed him over.

¹¹But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas to them instead.

¹²Again, Pilate replied to them, "Then what do you want me to do with the man you call the King of the Jews?"

¹³"Crucify him!" they shouted back.

¹⁴But Pilate said to them, "Why? What has he done wrong?"

But they shouted even louder, "Crucify him!"

¹⁵Since he wanted to satisfy the crowd, Pilate released Barabbas to them. After he had Jesus flogged, he handed him over to be crucified.

The Gospel of the Lord.

Praise be to you, O Christ!

RESPONSE TO THE WORD

You have redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

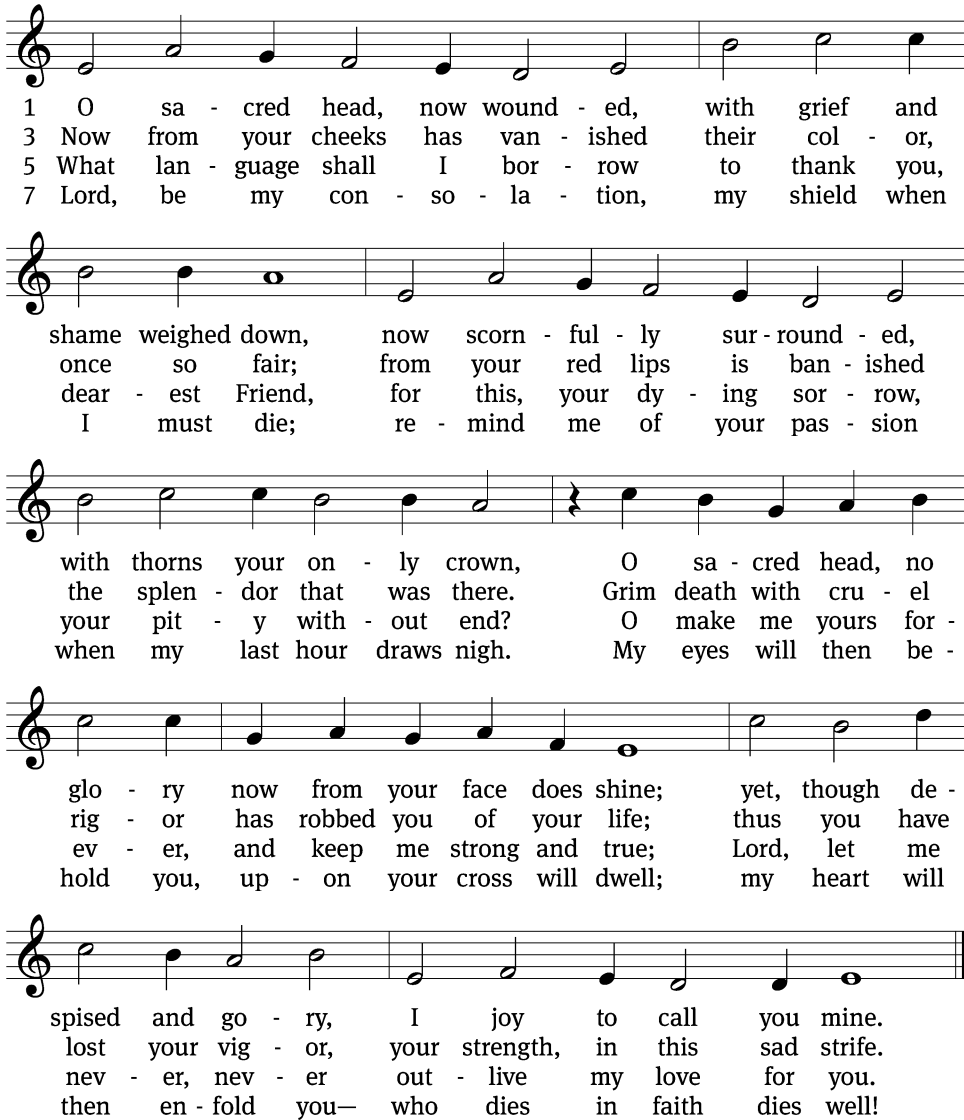
Into your hands I commend my spirit.

Glory to the Father and to the + Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Into your hands I commend my spirit.

HYMN

429 O Sacred Head, Now Wounded sts. 1, 3, 5, 7



1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and
 3 Now from your cheeks has van - ished their col - or,
 5 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank you,
 7 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion, my shield when

shame weighed down, now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed,
 once so fair; from your red lips is ban - ished
 dear - est Friend, for this, your dy - ing sor - row,
 I must die; re - mind me of your pas - sion

with thorns your on - ly crown, O sa - cred head, no
 the splen - dor that was there. Grim death with cru - el
 your pit - y with - out end? O make me yours for -
 when my last hour draws nigh. My eyes will then be -

glo - ry now from your face does shine; yet, though de -
 rig - or has robbed you of your life; thus you have
 ev - er, and keep me strong and true; Lord, let me
 hold you, up - on your cross will dwell; my heart will

spised and go - ry, I joy to call you mine.
 lost your vig - or, your strength, in this sad strife.
 nev - er, nev - er out - live my love for you.
 then en - fold you— who dies in faith dies well!

Text: tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.; German version, Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676; attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, abr.

Tune: Hans Leo Hassler, 1546–1612

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Tune: Public domain

Scriptures Fulfilled: Crucifixion

²⁵Now it was the third hour when they crucified him. ²⁶The superscription stating the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews." ²⁷They also crucified two criminals with him, one on his right and one on his left.

Stand

CREATE IN ME

from Psalm 51

Cre - ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new a right

spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a - way from your

pres - ence, and take not your Ho - ly Spir - it from me. Re -

store un - to me the joy of your sal - va - tion,

and up - hold me with your free Spir - it. A - men.

Text: The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, rev.

Tune: The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, rev. James E. Engel, 1925–1989

Text and tune: Public domain

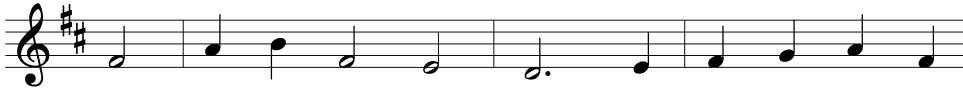
Be seated

OFFERING

"Honor the LORD with your wealth, with the firstfruits from your entire harvest" (Proverbs 3:9).

HYMN

397 *My Song Is Love Unknown* sts. 1–4



1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
2 He came from his blest throne sal - va - tion to be -
3 Some - times they strew his way and his sweet prais - es
4 Why? What has my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
stow, but such dis - dain! So few the longed - for Christ would
sing, re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to their
spite? He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I that for my sake
know! But oh, my friend, my friend in - deed,
King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath,
sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
who at my need his life did spend!
and for his death they thirst and cry.
them - selves dis - please and 'gainst him rise.

Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–1683, alt.

Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879–1962

Text and tune: Public domain

PRAYER

Hear my prayer, O Lord;
listen to my cry.

Keep me as the apple of your eye;
hide me in the shadow of your wings.

In righteousness I shall see you;
when I awake, your presence will give me joy.

Keep watch, dear Lord, with those who watch or work or weep this night, and give your angels charge over those who sleep. Tend the sick, give rest to the weary, pity the afflicted, soothe the suffering, bless the dying—and all for your love's sake; through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom
and the power and the glory
forever and ever. Amen.**

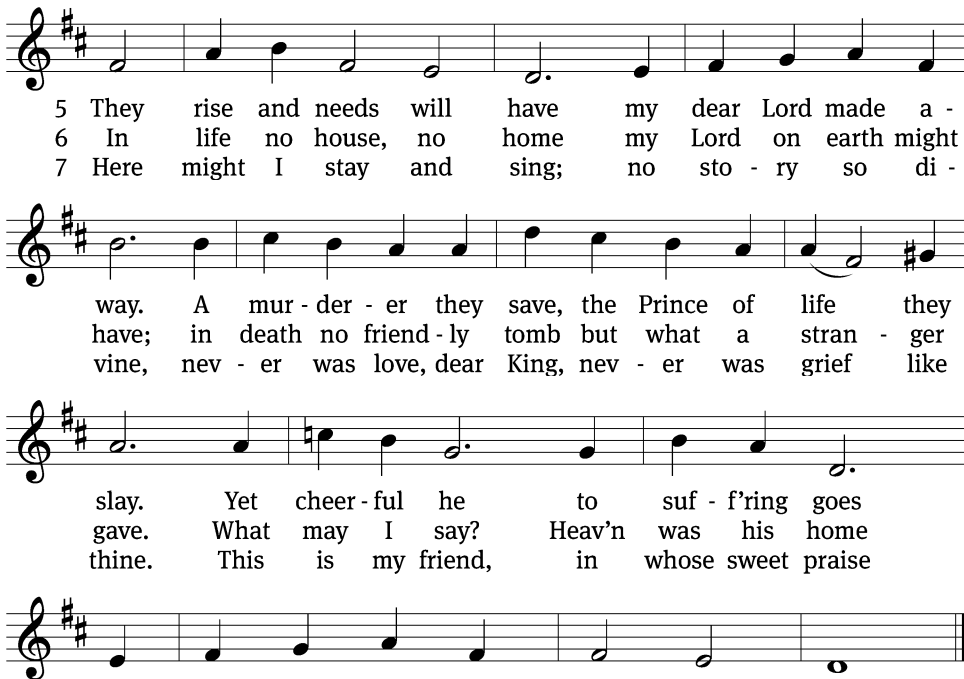
BLESSING

May God lead you in truth and steady your spirit.
May Christ renew your joy and strengthen your will.
May the Spirit teach you God's hidden wisdom and fill you with songs of rejoicing.
We go in peace to love and serve the Lord,
in the name of Christ. Amen.

Be seated

CLOSING HYMN

397 *My Song Is Love Unknown* sts. 5–7



5 They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made a -
6 In life no house, no home my Lord on earth might
7 Here might I stay and sing; no sto - ry so di -

way. A mur - der - er they save, the Prince of life they
have; in death no friend - ly tomb but what a stran - ger
vine, nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like

slay. Yet cheer - ful he to suf - f'ring goes
gave. What may I say? Heav'n was his home
thine. This is my friend, in whose sweet praise

that he his foes from death might free.
but mine the tomb where - in he lay.
I all my days could glad - ly spend!

Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–1683, alt.

Tune: John N. Ireland, 1879–1962

Text and tune: Public domain

SERVING IN WORSHIP

Presiding Minister

Pastor Chris Johns, Christ Lutheran, Burr Oak

Accompanist

Irene Bakken

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WORTHY IS THE
LAMB
WHO WAS SLAIN





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