

Lake Oconee Presbyterian Church
A Service for Maundy Thursday
March 28, 2024
7:00 p.m.

Prelude: Macy Johnson, piano

What Wondrous Hope

By Heather Sorenson

Welcome: Travis Skillingstad

Call to Worship: Psalm 34:1-3

I will bless the LORD at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth. ² My soul makes its boast in the LORD; let the humble hear and be glad. ³ Oh, magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together!

Invocation

Hymn 247

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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.

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,
Vouch-safe 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.

Confession of Sin: Pastor Mike Palombo

Need of Confession: John 13:34-35

³⁴ A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another: just as I have loved you, you also are to love one another. ³⁵ By this all people will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another.”

Personal Confession of Sin

Corporate Confession of Sin (Unison)

Lord Jesus, like Judas, we have betrayed you; like Peter, we have denied you; and like the other disciples, we have forsaken you. Yet you remain faithful to us unto death, even death on a cross. We plead for your forgiveness and mercy. And we ask that you strengthen us so that we do not turn aside but follow you to the very end – for the final victory belongs to you. Amen.

Assurance of Pardon: Galatians 3:13

¹³ Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law by becoming a curse for us—for it is written, “Cursed is everyone who is hanged on a tree”—

Song of Praise

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song.
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease.
My comforter, my all in all
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe,
This gift of love and righteousness
Scorned by the ones he came to save,
Till on that cross as Jesus died
The wrath of God was satisfied.
For every sin on him was laid
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground his body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain.
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave he rose again.
And as he stands in victory

Sin's curse has lost its grip on me.
For I am his and he is mine,
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death
This is the power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from his hand,
'Till he returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from his hand,
'Till he returns or calls me home
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

Lord's Prayer/Pastoral Prayer

Choral Anthem: Chancel Choir

Gethsemane Hymn

By Keith Getty & Stuart Townend, arranged by Heather Sorenson

Scripture Reading (John 13:1-17): Pastor Jeff Birch

Now before the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour had come to depart out of this world to the Father, having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them to the end. ² During supper, when the devil had already put it into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him, ³ Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he had come from God and was going back to God, ⁴ rose from supper. He laid aside his outer garments, and taking a towel, tied it around his waist. ⁵ Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel that was wrapped around him. ⁶ He came to Simon Peter, who said to him, "Lord, do you wash my feet?" ⁷ Jesus answered him, "What I am doing you do not understand now, but afterward you will understand." ⁸ Peter said to him, "You shall never wash my feet." Jesus answered him, "If I do not wash you, you have no share with me." ⁹ Simon Peter said to him, "Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!" ¹⁰ Jesus said to him, "The one who has bathed does not need to wash, except for his feet, but is completely clean. And you are clean, but not every one of you." ¹¹ For he knew who was to betray him; that was why he said, "Not all of you are clean." ¹² When he had washed their feet and put on his outer garments and resumed his place, he said to them, "Do you understand what I have done to you? ¹³ You call me Teacher and Lord, and you are right, for so I am. ¹⁴ If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. ¹⁵ For I have given you an example, that you also should do just as I have done to you. ¹⁶ Truly, truly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than his master, nor is a messenger greater than the one who sent him. ¹⁷ If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them.

Homily: Love in Action

Choral Anthem

Behold the Lamb

By Keith Getty, Stuart Townend & Kristyn Lennox Getty, arr. by Douglas Nolan

The Celebration of the Lord's Supper

Hymn 252

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Benediction

Postlude

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