



# **The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ**

GOOD FRIDAY  
FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 2026



**TRINITY**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

## **Why Do They Call It Good Friday?**

Good Friday is the most solemn day of the Christian's year. On this day we remember the death of our Savior. We call this day "Good" because it is a holy day (holy is the old English meaning of the word "good"). This most solemn of all days is appropriately marked by fasting, abstinence, and penitence, leading us to focus on Jesus and the meaning of his cross. Some churches do not use musical instruments or bells on this day. The church is often darkened. The bare, stark appearance of the church serves as a reminder of the solemnity and the sorrow of the day. The Lord of Life was rejected, mocked, scourged, and then put to death on the cross. The faithful are reminded of the role which their own sin played in this suffering and agony, as Christ took all sin upon himself, in obedience to his Father's will. By the cross we are redeemed, set free from bondage to sin and death. The cross is a sign of God's never-ending love for us. It is a sign of life, in the midst of death.

## Call To Worship | Psalm 22:1-22

My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?

***Why are You so far from saving Me,  
so far from the words of My groaning?***

O My God, I cry out by day, but You do not answer,  
by night, and am not silent.

***Yet You are enthroned as the Holy One;  
You are the praise of Israel.***

In You our fathers put their trust;  
they trusted and You delivered them.

***They cried to You and were saved;  
in You they trusted and were not disappointed.***

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

***All who see Me mock Me;  
they hurl insults, shaking their heads:***

“He trusts in the LORD; let the LORD rescue Him.”

***“Let Him deliver Him, since He delights in Him.”***

Yet You brought Me out of the womb;

***You made Me trust in You even at My mother’s breast.  
From birth I was cast upon You;  
from My mother’s womb You have been My God.***

Do not be far from Me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help.

***Many bulls surround Me; strong bulls of Bashan encircle Me.***

Roaring lions tearing their prey open their mouths wide against Me.

***I am poured out like water, and all My bones are out of joint.***

My heart has turned to wax; it has melted within Me.

***My strength is dried up like a potsherd,  
and My tongue sticks to the roof of My mouth;  
You lay Me in the dust of death.***

Dogs have surrounded Me;

***A band of evil men has encircled Me,  
they have pierced My hands and My feet.***

I can count all My bones; people stare and gloat over Me.

***They divide My garments among them and cast lots for My clothing.***

But You, O LORD, be not far off; O My Strength, come quickly to help Me.

***Deliver My life from the sword,  
My precious life from the power of the dogs.***

Rescue Me from the mouth of the lions;

save Me from the horns of the wild oxen.

***I will declare Your name to My brothers;  
in the congregation I will praise You.***

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,  
see him dying on the tree!  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;  
yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!  
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,  
David's son, yet David's Lord;  
by his Son God now has spoken:  
'tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
was there ever grief like his?  
Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,  
foes insulting his distress;  
many hands were raised to wound him,  
none would interpose to save;  
but the deepest stroke that pierced him  
was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly  
nor suppose the evil great  
here may view its nature rightly,  
here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed,  
see who bears the awful load;  
'tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,  
Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation,  
here the refuge of the lost;  
Christ's the Rock of our salvation,  
his the name of which we boast.  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
None shall ever be confounded  
who on him their hope have built.

## We Ask for God's Help

**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 debts,**

**as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
and the power,  
and the glory, forever.  
Amen.**

## I Wonder As I Wander

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I wonder as I wander  
out under the sky,  
How Jesus the Savior  
did come for to die.  
For poor ord'n'ry people  
like you and I;  
I wonder as I wonder,  
out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus,  
'twas in a cow's stall,  
With wise men and farmers  
and shepherds and all.  
But high from God's heaven  
a star's light did fall,  
And the promise of ages,  
it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted  
for any wee thing,  
A star in the sky,  
or a bird on the wing,  
Or all of God's angels  
in heaven for to sing,  
He surely could have it,  
'cause He was the King.



## Silence, Prayer, and Reflection

*Please pause for a moment of silent reflection.*

### Apostles' Creed | 4th Century

*Please stand if you are able.*

***I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.***

***I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried; he descended into hell.***

*We will continue this creed in full on Sunday*

## O Sacred Head Now Wounded

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Text: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153, tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1656, James W. Alexander, 1830 | Music: PASSION CHORALE, Hans Leo Hassler, 1601, Harm. Johan Sebastian Bach, 1729

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 'til 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,  
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.

## **Solemn Dismissal**

I came to you as the least of your brothers and sisters; I was hungry and you gave Me no food; I was thirsty and you gave Me no drink; did not welcome Me, naked and you did not clothe Me, sick and in prison and you did not visit Me; and you have prepared a cross for your Savior.

***Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy Immortal One,  
have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy.***

*Please depart in silence.*



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