

*Without His shame there is no glory.
Without His grief there is no joy.
Without His stripes there is no healing.
Without His cross there is no crown.*

*Lamb of God, You bring salvation,
and with your grace our hearts are sealed.
Lord, with your tears of love
You bathe our sorrows.
In your eyes we stand revealed.*

*Without His tears there is no comfort.
Without His death there is no life.
Without His blood there is no pardon.
Without His cross there is no crown.*

The Weeping Tree
Epilogue

The Celebration of Communion

Closing Hymn

Hymn # 234

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross”

(verse 4)

HAMBURG

Postlude

“All Glory, Laud, and Honor”

Albin Whitworth

We depart to serve . . .

.....
*We pray that God has spoken to you today.
If there is a decision you desire to make, or
for more information about joining this
church, we invite you to speak with our
ministers following the worship service.*

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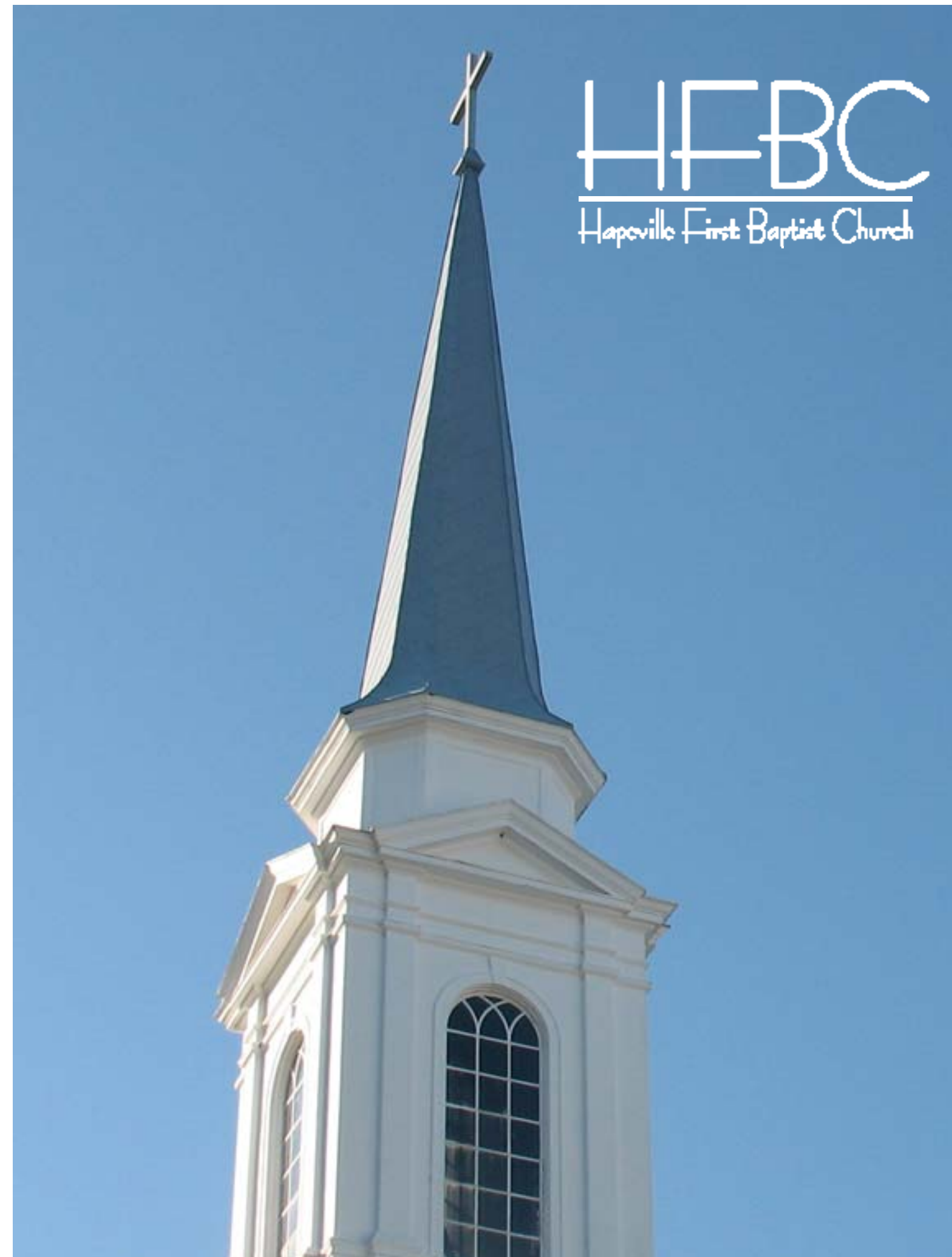
Sue Harris, Secretary

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**Charlie Clark, Building
Superintendent**

Bobbie Taylor, Nursery Worker



Morning Worship

April 5, 2009

We gather to worship . . .

Greetings and The Church Program

Bob Wiley, pastor

Prelude

“Crown Him with Many Crowns”

Hal Hopson

Hymn # 242

“Hallelujah, What a Savior!”

MAN OF SORROWS

(please stand)

Offertory Prayer

Cecil Wallace,

Deacon of the Week

(please be seated)

Offertory

“Were You There”

Anna Laura Page

“The Weeping Tree”

A Service for Holy Week

Presented by: The Sanctuary Choir

Narrated by: Carolyn Bishop

Jonathan Summers

The Weeping Tree

Procession of the Cross

The Weeping Tree

Theme

*Upon the wind there comes a call,
a whisper soft and low,
a lonesome cry that fills the night
and echoes through the soul.*

*It stirs the seekers' tender heart.
It bids them come and see,
to kneel in shadows cast by grace,
to touch the weeping tree.*

*Against the sky the timbers rise,
a silhouette of grace,
a rugged throne for heaven's own,
the sinner's hiding place.*

*Its burdened arms reach out to all;
they draw the world to see
the price of love is paid in blood
upon the weeping tree.*

*O come to the place where promise lives
and rest where hope begins,
where crimson leaves adorn the ground,
a gift from graceful winds.*

*O come and walk the winding path
that leads to Calvary.
Come lay your burdens down and rest
beneath the weeping tree.*

Of Tears and Sorrows

Soloists: Sandra Howard

Robert Jensen

*Surely He hath borne our griefs,
and hath carried our sorrows.*

*He was wounded for all our
transgressions.
He was bruised for all our sin.
And the chastisement of our peace was
upon Him,
and with his stripes we are healed.*

Kyrie eleison.

Lamentation of the Cross

*O sacred head now wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded
with thorns, Thine only crown.*

*How pale Thou art with anguish,
with sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
which once was bright as morn!*

*Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
where the blood of Christ was shed,
perfect Man on thee did suffer,
perfect God on thee has bled!*

*Faithful cross above all others,
standing for eternity!
Rugged wood and cruel branches,
perfect fruit is hung on Thee.*

Wondrous Love, Wondrous Cross

*What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the heavy cross for my soul.*

*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.*

*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?*

Kyrie eleison.

What wondrous love is this, O my soul.

Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed?

*Alas, and did my Savior bleed
and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
for sinners such as I?*

*Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
and love beyond degree!*

*Well might the sun in darkness hide,
and shut His glories in,
when Christ the mighty Maker died
for man, the creature's sin.*

*Thus might I hide my blushing face
while Calvary's cross appears;
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt my heart with tears.*

*But drops of grief can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do.*

Kyrie eleison!

Without His Cross

*Without His tears there is no comfort.
Without His death there is no life.
Without His blood there is no pardon.
Without His cross there is no crown.*