

Maundy Thursday/Tenebrae Service
April 1, 2021

Introduction

Rev. Anne Swanson

Organ/Piano Prelude "Were You There"

Toni DiCapua, Mollie Wakeman

Call to Worship

Ben Ball

Opening Hymn: Beneath the Cross of Jesus

no. 92

Invocation

Leland Morine

Anthem: "When You Prayed Beneath the Trees"...Lloyd Larson

Chancel Choir

Richard Dinwiddie, director; Mollie Wakeman, accompanist (CCLI #20405356)

The Hours in the Upper Room: Matthew 26:17-29

Mollie Wakeman

Communion Hymn: Let Us Break Bread Together

no. 513

Prayer of Confession

Bob Kraut

We here present ourselves to Thee, O Lord, our souls and bodies, to be a holy and living sacrifice unto Thee; humbly beseeching Thee that all who are partakers of this Holy Communion may be filled with Thy grace and Heavenly Benediction. And though we are unworthy to offer unto Thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech Thee to accept this our bounden duty and service, not weighing our merits but pardoning our offenses; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Assurance of Pardon

Holy Communion

Prayers of Thanksgiving

Almighty God, we render Thee humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast, of Thine infinite mercy, given us Christ as mediator. And grant, we beseech Thee, O faithful Lord, that through the operation of Thy Holy Spirit, this commemoration of the Last Supper of Jesus may tend to the daily increase of our faith and of our redeeming fellowship with Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose name we pray. Amen.

Hymn: When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

no. 101

The Office of Tenebrae (The Service of Shadows)

The readers represent the disciples, who each one deserted Jesus in his final hours. In the sanctuary, a candle is extinguished as each disciple departs. The one remaining candle, symbolizing Jesus, is never extinguished but is carried from the church.

The Shadow of Betrayal
The Shadow of Desertion

Ben Ball
Mollie Wakeman

The Shadow of Slumber
The shadow of the Unshared Vigil

Bob Kraut
Sharon Dinwiddie

The Shadow of the Hour
The Shadow of the Arrest

Leland Morine
Toni DiCapua

The Shadow of the Cross
The Shadow of Darkness

Richard Dinwiddie
Anne Swanson

Solo: Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

Richard Jackson

The Lord's Prayer

(The service concludes in prayerful silence, as we remember Christ's sacrifice for our sin.)

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

Beneath the cross of Jesus, I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock, within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat, and the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus, mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One, who suffered there for me;
And from my stricken heart with tears, two wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love, and my unworthiness.

WHEN YOU PRAYED BENEATH THE TREES (Chancel Choir)

When you prayed beneath the trees, it was for me, O Lord;
When you cried upon your knees, how could it be, O Lord?
When in blood and sweat and tears, you dismissed your final fears,
When you face the soldiers' spears, you stood for me, O Lord.

When their triumph looked complete, it was for me, O Lord;
When it seemed like your defeat, they could not see, O Lord!
When you face the mob alone, you were silent as a stone,
And a tree became your throne; you came for me, O Lord.

When you stumbled up the road, you walked for me, O Lord;
When you took your deadly load, that heavy tree, O Lord;
When they lifted you on high, and they nailed you up to die,
And when darkness filled the sky, it was for me, O Lord.

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

Let us break bread together on our knees;
Let us break bread together on our knees.
*When I fall on my knees, with my face to the rising sun,
O Lord, have mercy on me.*

Let us drink wine together on our knees...

Let us praise God together on our knees...

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 death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

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.

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD (Solo)

Were you there, when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there, when they crucified my Lord?
O, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there, when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there, when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there, when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there, when they laid him in the tomb?