



MY LORD AND MY GOD

Opening Prayer

P: As we gather together today, we remember the supreme sacrifice of our King, the Lord Jesus Christ. Led like a lamb to the slaughter, clothed in humility and grace, he willingly offered himself to death so that we might live forever. We are truly thankful for the extent of his love, stretched out on a cruel wooden cross.

We dwell on the pain he bore for us and are truly grateful for the forgiveness that he offers. As we worship and praise now, let us to live in the wonder of this goodness and marvel at his endless grace and the great hope He gave us through his resurrection.

Opening Hymn

Christ the Lord is ris'n for us, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply, Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er, Alleluia!
Lo, He steals in blood no more, Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once He died our souls to save, Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

King of glory, Soul of bliss, Alleluia!
Everlasting life is this, Alleluia!

Thee to know, Thy power to prove, Alleluia!
Thus to sing, and thus to love, Alleluia!

MUSIC-Lyra Davidica. 1708. TEXT-Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

Kauma

P. †Glory be to the Father our Creator, to the Son our Redeemer and to the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

C. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

P. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory, Hosanna in the highest.

C. Blessed is He that has come and is to come again in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

P. Holy art thou, O God.

C. Holy art thou, Almighty Lord.

P. Holy art thou, Immortal Lord.

C. O Lord, the Messiah who was crucified for us † have mercy on us. **(To be repeated thrice)**

P. O Lord, have mercy on us.

C. O Lord, have mercy on us and bless us.

P. O Lord, accept our prayers and worship and have mercy on us.

C. Glory be to you, O God.

P. Glory be to you, O Creator.

C. Glory be to you, O King the Messiah; who has mercy on us sinners. Bless us, O Lord.

(Let us sing together the prayer that Jesus taught us)

**All: Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth as it is done 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, the power, and the glory, Forever. Amen.

(Cong. to be seated)

Lesson 1 Gen 32:22-32

Lesson 2 Acts 9:1-18

Meditation

"I killed Jesus"

While I read the story of Christ's passion and death in the Gospel of Matthew, I was looking for myself in the story. Which character am I? What is God trying to teach me? Well....

I think that I am every character in the story of the passion and death of Christ. And I think that's the whole point.

I am the Apostle

I am an Apostle, sleeping in the Garden of Gethsemane. I'm prone and give in to laziness in the presence of holiness. I don't put up a fight against the pull of distractions or sometimes even sleep.

I am Judas

I am Judas. Jesus has every right to call me both "friend" and "betrayer" barely 30 seconds apart. My heart is fickle and weak and sometimes my commitment to being Jesus' friend is blown off on the whim of an emotion.

I am Caiaphas

I am Caiaphas, the high priest. I want Jesus to prove Himself to me. I want signs and wonders to know that I really can trust Him. I want my prayers answered in my way. I want concrete proof over humble faith.

I am Peter

I am Peter. Sometimes I deny Jesus. I deny Him in the face of the homeless when I chose to look away. I deny Him when I am afraid of being judged and condemned by those around me.

I am the Crowd

I am in the crowd yelling, "crucify Him". And I say it again and again every time I knowingly choose to sin.

I am Simon of Cyrene

I am Simon of Cyrene. I suffer reluctantly. I will take the cross but I won't seek it. I'll only take it if it's been placed on my shoulders... and I don't love it.

I am passer-by

I am a passer-by. These passers-by people mocked Jesus while He was hanging on the cross. How quickly they had forgotten all the good works He had done among their cities and towns. When popular opinion about Jesus changed, they followed suit. How quickly I forget the good He's done for me. In a brief moment of pain all my gratitude is forgotten and replaced by resentment.

But sometimes...

I am the Centurion. My eyes are opened to who Jesus is in my life (Matthew 27:54). My heart swells with the truth that God became man and died for me. And this knowledge brings me peace and a resignation to amend my life.

I am one of the women standing by the Cross (Matthew 27:55-56). When I'm open to God's grace, I can be a faithful and constant Christian. In the midst of pain and suffering, I can stay close to the cross. Jesus, my beloved, is my strength and He's all I need.

I am Joseph of Arimathea (Matthew 27:59). Again, only by God's grace, I can be selflessly compassionate, putting others' needs before my own. Moved by God, I will use what He has given me in the service of others. My time, talent, and treasure are all for Him.

Sometimes I am every character in the story of the passion and death of Christ.

We have to apply it to our lives today because the reality of its events matter today.

I killed Jesus. But I am also the reason He rose from the Dead on Easter Sunday.

by Christina Mead

Hymn

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun:
Alleluia!

The pow'rs of death have done their worst;
But Christ their legions has dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst:
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell:
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded You,
In us You've won the vict'ry too,
That we may live, and sing to You:
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Translated by Francis Pott, pub.1861 Music -Giovanni P. da Palestrina, pub.1591
arr. by William H. Monk, 1861

Thanksgiving

Jesus rose to life

L: If Jesus be dead, in the grip of a tomb,
There'd be nothing for us but fear and doom.
Life would be sad, with no way to cope.
Death would reign all, without any hope.

If Jesus be dead, in the grip of a tomb,
We'd have no future, only dark and gloom.
No life after death, no eternity in sight,
No hope, no joy, no Saviour, no light.

But thanks be to God, Jesus rose to life.
The debt all paid, though sin was rife.
His body lay in the tomb three days,
Then up from the grave his life was raised.

Yes, thanks be to God, Jesus rose to life.
He conquered death, all sin and strife.
To those who believe, from death set free.
With hope, with joy, their Saviour to see.

A poem by John R. Cross, 2013 © GoodSeed International

Thank God for 'Doubting' Thomas!

St. Thomas the Apostle, sometimes known as 'doubting Thomas', but maybe honest Thomas, courageous Thomas, even tenacious Thomas would be nearer the mark!

We thank God for St. Thomas, the one disciple who had the courage to say what everyone else was thinking but didn't dare say, the courage to ask the awkward questions.

"We don't know where you're going, how can we know the way"? asked Thomas, and because he had the courage to confess his ignorance, we were given that beautiful saying "I am the way the Truth and the Life".

Here is a poem written for St. Thomas

"We do not know... how can we know the way?"
Courageous master of the awkward question,
You spoke the words the others dared not say
And cut through their evasion and abstraction.
Oh doubting Thomas, father of my faith,
You put your finger on the nub of things
We cannot love some disembodied wraith,
But flesh and blood must be our king of kings.
Your teaching is to touch, embrace, anoint,
Feel after Him and find Him in the flesh.
Because He loved your awkward counter-point
The Word has heard and granted you your wish.
Oh place my hands with yours, help me divine
The wounded God whose wounds are healing mine.

Sounding the Seasons by Malcolm Guite

<https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/2012/07/02/a-sonnet-for-st-thomas-the-apostle/#comments>

Cong to stand

Prayer of Confession

Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson
Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy

P: Gracious Father, you sent your son to die and rise to new life in order that death might be brought to an end and that we might live a new life in Him.

L: Yet we confess that we often have chosen to remain captive to doubt and fear and ways that lead to death. By our thoughts, words, and actions, we have scorned your love, diminished the lives of others, and defaced your image in us. Father, forgive us for Jesus' sake, and enable us by His resurrection power to live no longer for ourselves but for Him who died and rose again for us. Amen.

Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson
Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy

Psalm 40

P: I waited patiently for the Lord;
he turned to me and heard my cry.
He lifted me out of the slimy pit,
out of the mud and mire;
he set my feet on a rock
and gave me a firm place to stand.

C: ³ He put a new song in my mouth,
a hymn of praise to our God.
Many will see and fear the Lord
and put their trust in him.

Blessed is the one
who trusts in the Lord,
who does not look to the proud,
to those who turn aside to false gods

P: ⁵ Many, Lord my God,
are the wonders you have done,
the things you planned for us.
None can compare with you;
were I to speak and tell of your deeds,
they would be too many to declare.

C: ⁶ Sacrifice and offering you did not desire—
but my ears you have opened—
burnt offerings and sin offerings you did not require.
Then I said, "Here I am, I have come—
it is written about me in the scroll.
I desire to do your will, my God;
your law is within my heart."

P: ⁹ I proclaim your saving acts in the great assembly;
I do not seal my lips, Lord,
as you know.
I do not hide your righteousness in my heart;
I speak of your faithfulness and your saving help.
I do not conceal your love and your faithfulness
from the great assembly.

C: ¹¹ Do not withhold your mercy from me, Lord;
may your love and faithfulness always protect me.
For troubles without number surround me;
my sins have overtaken me, and I cannot see.
They are more than the hairs of my head,
and my heart fails within me.
Be pleased to save me, Lord;
come quickly, Lord, to help me.

P: ¹⁴ May all who want to take my life
be put to shame and confusion;
may all who desire my ruin
be turned back in disgrace.
May those who say to me, "Aha! Aha!"

be appalled at their own shame.

C: ¹⁶ But may all who seek you
rejoice and be glad in you;
may those who long for your saving help always say,
"The Lord is great!"

But as for me, I am poor and needy;
may the Lord think of me.
You are my help and my deliverer;
you are my God, do not delay.

Intercessory Prayers

L: Lord God, You loved this world so much, that you gave your one and only Son for us. Lord, help us to live in the gladness and grace of your resurrection every day. Let us have hearts of thankfulness for your sacrifice. Let us have eyes that look upon Your grace and rejoice in our salvation. Help us to walk in that mighty grace and tell your good news to the world.

While we celebrate the resurrection, let us pray for those who have fallen – those who are victims of life's strange circumstances, those who have become addicted to the ills of life and those who have given up on hope. We pray for those who suffer due to poverty and lack of education. We pray for the sick, especially children suffering from complicated diseases. We pray for those who are weak and disadvantaged.

Loving Jesus, we pray for consolation for the bereaved. Relief for the poor and needy, shelter for the homeless, joy for the brokenhearted

Bless us with the reassurance that You will always look after us and do what's best for us.

For I know, whatever befall me,
My Saviour doeth all things well.

Amen.

C: To be sung

All the way my Savior leads me;

What have I to ask beside?

Can I doubt His tender mercy,

Who through life has been my Guide?

Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,

Here by faith in Him to dwell!

For I know, whate'er befall me,

Jesus doeth all things well,

For I know, whate'er befall me,

Jesus doeth all things well.

L: We pray for the ministry and unity of the Church. We pray that you will guide our Church leaders and office bearers in all their ministerial endeavours. We pray for the many evangelistic and mission projects of the Church and the relief and support that it gives to so many in need. We pray that we can reach out to more people to share the news of hope and eternal life through You. We especially pray for the completion of the Working Women's hostel at Galilean Center and the blessing it is to so many young women with financial difficulties.

We thank and pray for Sham Achen and family for their ministry in Bangalore. We pray for your blessings on them as they move to a new Parish. We pray for all our Achens, and especially pray for the Achens who are moving to new Parishes. Strengthen them to be your light in the new areas they

minister in. Bless the families of our Achens, Evangelists and missionaries with the comfort that You will lead them all the way. Amen

C: *All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.*

L: Dear Lord, we pray for your blessing for those in Government, give them the will to do good and guide them in all their decisions. We pray that they will understand their responsibility to every citizen of our country.

We pray for our upcoming State elections, we pray that more people will exercise their right to vote for better governance. Guide us to be worthy citizens of this great nation.

Dear Lord, we pray for all who are here today, bless them and strengthen them with the great hope of eternal life through your resurrection, and let this be our song through endless ages- Jesus leads me all the way. Amen.

C: *All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh, the fullness of His grace!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's blest embrace.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way,
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way.*

Lyrics:Fanny Jane Crosby (1820-1915) Music:Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Gospel Reading

P: †Peace be with you all.

C: May the Lord make us all worthy to listen to His Word.

P: The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which proclaims life and salvation to the world as recorded by John 20:24-29

C: Blessed is He that has come and will come again. Praise to the Father who sent him for our Salvation. May His blessings be ever upon us.

P: In the days of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, the Word of life, God incarnate of the blessed Virgin Mary, it happened in this way.

C: So we believe and affirm.

(After reading the Gospel, the priest says, †'Peace be with you all')

C: We thank you, Lord, that you have given us your gospel which is indeed the light of the world, that we may be drawn closer to you through the living words from your gospel which we have now heard.

The Nicene Creed

We believe in the one true God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all world; Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He was crucified also for us in the days of Pontius Pilate; suffered and died and was buried. The third day He rose again, by His Father's holy will, ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of the Father. He will come again, with glory, to judge both the living and the dead and of His kingdom there will be no end. We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life; who proceeds from the Father; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spoke by the prophets and the apostles. We believe in one Holy Catholic and apostolic Church. We acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and look forward to the resurrection of the dead, and the new life of the world to come. Amen.

(Cong. to be seated)

Birthday, Wedding Anniversary & Thanksgiving

Oh, spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
 The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heav'n,
The Father's promise giv'n;
Oh, spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found—
 The Comforter has come!

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last;
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast!
 The Comforter has come!

The mighty King of kings, with healing in His wings,
To every captive soul a full deliv'rance brings;
And through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings:
 The Comforter has come!

O boundless love divine! how shall this tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—
That I may with Him dwell, and in His image shine!
 The Comforter has come!

Oh, let the echoes fly above the vaulted sky,
And all the saints above to all below reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die;
 The Comforter has come!

Lyrics: Frank Bottome (1823-1894) Music: William James Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

Offertory Hymn

On that bright and golden morning, when the Son of Man shall come,
And the radiance of His glory we shall see,
When from ev'ry clime and nation He shall call His people home,
What a gath'ring of the ransomed that will be!

*What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring,
What a gath'ring of the ransomed in the summer land of love!
What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring,
Of the ransomed in that happy home above!*

When the blest, who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall arise
From the silence of the grave, and from the sea,
And with bodies all celestial they shall meet Him in the skies,
What a gath'ring and rejoicing there will be! [Chorus]

When our eyes behold the city, with its "many mansions" bright,
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free,
When the friends that death has parted shall in bliss again unite,
What a gath'ring and a greeting there will be! [Chorus]

O the King is surely coming, and the time is drawing nigh
When the blessed day of promise we shall see;
Then the changing "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,"
And forever in His presence we shall be. [Chorus]

Lyrics: Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887 Music: Ira David Sankey

MESSAGE

Closing Prayer

P: Raise me up! Renew my life!
Father of life, we see the light again!

C: I was in darkness and had lost hope
but Jesus Christ, your son, has won over death - for me.
I celebrate today, your love, the life you give me.
I feel your presence as you breathe in me and open my heart.
So many times, in my life my eyes are closed, but now I see the risen Lord.
Thank you for this hope, thank you for such incredible love, thank you for always being my Lord and my God. Amen

Benediction

Jesus is risen!
He is risen indeed!
May this declaration resound not only in these walls but touch the lives of all we meet
and forever be the truth of which we speak, ever proclaiming - my Lord and my God.

May the blessing of God Almighty Father, Son and Holy Spirit
rest upon you and dwell within you, this day and evermore.

Amen.

Doxology and Kiss of Peace

Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee;
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Author (attr.): Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1836)

Tune: William B Bradbury (1859)

.....
QUOTES

I know the resurrection is a fact, and Watergate proved it to me. How? Because 12 men testified they had seen Jesus raised from the dead, then they proclaimed that truth for 40 years, never once denying it. Everyone was beaten, tortured, stoned and put in prison. They would not have endured that if it weren't true. Watergate embroiled 12 of the most powerful men in the world-and they

couldn't keep a lie for three weeks. You're telling me 12 apostles could keep a lie for 40 years? Absolutely impossible."

— Charles W. Colson

Primrose Mar Thoma Church Choir- April 2018