



Lenten Service - remembering the sacrifice on the cross

P: Opening Prayer

"When you fast, do not look somber as the hypocrites do, for they disfigure their faces to show others they are fasting. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward in full. But when you fast, put oil on your head and wash your face, so that it will not be obvious to others that you are fasting, but only to your Father, who is unseen; and your Father, who sees what is done in secret, will reward you.

Matthew 6:16-18

Let us enter the Lenten season in prayer and willingness to understand the meaning of the cross and the hope it brings to a lost world. Let us forever be grateful for this great sacrifice of love. Amen

Opening Hymn

Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

Should not we Thy sorrow share
And from worldly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Strong with Thee to suffer pain?

Then if Satan on us press,
Jesus, Savior, hear our call!
Victor in the wilderness,

Grant we may not faint nor fall!

So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Savior dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

Words: George H. Smyttan

Music: Heinlein Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676; melody attributed to Martin Herbst (1654–1681); harmony by William H. Monk (1823–1889)

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)

Meditation

L: I'm Giving Up Complaining for Lent (and I Already Hate It)

Every Lent, for the past several years, I've given up complaining.
It's liberating. And soul-making.
And hard.

Complaining is one of those things that just doesn't seem very Christian.
Complaint is the salve of the soul, said no saint ever.

Make no mistake, the Bible states that murmuring is sin. "Do all things without complaining and disputing, that you may become blameless and harmless, children of God without fault in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom you shine as lights in the world" (Phil. 2:14-15). "Be hospitable to one another without grumbling" (1 Pet. 4:9).

Complaining does no good. It solves no problems, it rights no wrongs, it moves the needle nowhere forward on anything of any value. It begets no progress.
As Pope Francis writes "complaining never helps us find God."
Complaining does nothing except to make the complainant feel better, by bemoaning a situation and making it worse. So, I'm giving up complaining and you should too.

But while it can be a soul-making process it can also be terribly hard.
Because complaining can feel good. Complaining can get out all that stuff we've bottled up and bothers us and it can feel great to "get it off our chest".

But there's something far better than complaining - prayer.
Instead of complaining about our situations, our neighbours, our co-workers, our priests, our choir and even our Church let us pray about all of this. Because Prayer is action and it helps. No immediate flashing miracles, but it at least gives you the strength to overcome problems and be positive about the negativities around us. Prayer is action.

So this Lenten season as I'm tempted towards complaining—as I surely will be time and time again—it will take all the grace God can muster to help me redirect that energy towards prayer and action.

It'll be tough. But that's the kind of soul-making stuff Lent was made for; to make more room for God and less room for me (and my laundry list of complaints).

Ref- <https://www.patheos.com/blogs/albertliddle/author/alittle/>

C: Hymn

Go to dark Gethsemane,
ye that feel the tempter's power;
your Redeemer's conflict see,
watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away;
learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

See him at the judgment hall,
beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
there, adoring at his feet,
mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
where they laid his breathless clay;
all is solitude and gloom.
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Savior, teach us so to rise.

Words: James Montgomery 1820 Music: Richard Red-head

L: Why?

Children happily skipping round a tree,
Playing the age when innocence is free.
Time has not grabbed its share of smiles.
Shadows have not stretched doubts on the line.

A father weeps, gently cradling his scarred child.
'Dear Lord why? Why does it have to happen to mine? '

The laws of the land are made by the wise,
Not just in the mind, but the pocket size.
For want will never cease to be greedy,
And justice can be blind to the rightful needy.

Tearfully she waits at the gates, for a moment with her son.
'Dear Lord Why? Why does he have to be caged in a prison? '

Somebody decides what's right for this world,
Sending the young to die for the banner unfurled.
To right the wrong, or that's what they say,
But they on the other side, don't see it that way.

She hugs her daddy's picture hopelessly, clutching his medallion star.
"Dear Lord why? Why did daddy have to ever go fight a war? "

The dust had settled on Jerusalem's street,
The clamor is over, the fear indiscreet.
The dream is in doubt, the crown is weak,
Miracles forgotten from the previous week.

A sweat of blood pours, as ahead, only humiliation He sees.

'Dear Lord why? My Father, why does it have to be me? '

L: A Cry of Victory

"It is finished". Stop and listen. Can you imagine the cry from the cross? The sky is dark. The other two victims are moaning. The jeering mouths are silent. Perhaps there is thunder. Perhaps there is weeping. Perhaps there is silence. Then Jesus draws in a deep breath, pushes his feet down on that Roman nail, and cries, "It is finished!"

What was finished? The history-long plan of redeeming man was finished. The message of God to man was finished. The works done by Jesus as a man on earth were finished. The task of selecting and training ambassadors was finished. The job was finished. The song had been sung. The blood had been poured. The sacrifice had been made. The sting of death had been removed. It was over. A cry of defeat? Hardly. Had his hands not been fastened down, I dare say that a triumphant fist would have punched the dark sky. No, this is no cry of despair. It is a cry of completion. A cry of victory. A cry of fulfillment. Yes, even a cry of relief. It's over.

An angel sighs. A star wipes away a tear. "Take me home." Yes, take him home. Take this prince to his king. Take this son to his father. Take this pilgrim to his home. He deserves a rest.

Come ten thousand angels! Come and take this wounded troubadour to the cradle of his Father's arms! Farewell manger's infant. Bless You holy ambassador. Go Home death slayer. Rest well sweet soldier. The battle is over.

by Max Lucado From His Name is Jesus©

Hymn- TEN THOUSAND ANGELS

They bound the hands of Jesus in the garden where He prayed;
They led Him thro' the streets in shame.
They spat upon the Saviour so pure and free from sin;
They said, "Crucify Him; He's to blame."

*He could have called ten thousand angels
To destroy the world and set Him free.
He could have called ten thousand angels,
But He died alone for you and me.*

Upon His precious head they placed a crown of thorns;
They laughed and said, "Behold the king."
They struck Him and they cursed Him and mocked His holy name.
All alone He suffered everything.

To the howling mob He yielded; He did not for mercy cry.
The Cross of shame He took alone.
And when He cried, "It's finished," He gave himself to die;
Salvation's wondrous plan was done.

Loretta Lynn (née Webb; born on April 14, 1932) is an American country-music singer-songwriter and author

Congregation to stand

Prayer of Confession

***Stay with me,
Remain here with me
Watch and pray,
Watch and pray,***

P: You speak, Lord, but we are not always listening.

C: Sometimes other voices are louder or more persuasive.

P: You show us your way, Lord, but we are not always looking.

C: Sometimes other ways seduce us with their ease or power.

P: You give us choices, Lord, now help us to learn your will.

C: Lead us, Lord, make us willing to walk on the way to the cross.

***Stay with me,
Remain here with me
Watch and pray, Watch and pray***

P: You call us to leave our old ways behind,

C: but we like our comfortable lives.

P: You call us to go where you will show us

C: but we want the map and directions before we leave.

P: You call us to be a blessing to all

C: but often we want to keep the blessing for ourselves.

P: Help us to hear your voice and to let go of what holds us back.

C: Lead us, Lord, make us willing to understand and share your love everyday

***Stay with me,
Remain here with me
Watch and pray, Watch and pray***

<https://www.liturgylink.net/2011/03/09/prayers-of-confession-for-lent/>

Intercessory Prayers

L: Lord Jesus, you stood all alone before Pilate, before Herod and before the crowds. Nobody speaks up for you. Nobody stands up to defend you. You devoted your entire life to helping and healing others, listening to even the smallest ones, caring for those who were ignored by others. But nobody seems to remember any of this as they prepare to put you to death.

*On the Cross, the simple cross, who is it that we see sacrificed?
Lord of life, Lord of love, for my sake gives up His innocent life.*

***C: Krushinmel Krushinmel Kanunna Tharitha
Praana naathan praana naathan en perkai chaakunnu***

L: A heavy cross is laid upon the bruised shoulders of our loving Lord. He carries it with meekness and commitment, for it is the instrument and symbol with which he will redeem and forgive the world and complete the mission for which his heavenly Father has sent him.

*How long have I ignored your amazing and pained love,
Loving Lord, forgive me and please forget my grave sins*

**C: Ithramam snehathe ethranaal thalli njan
Ee mahapaathe daivame orkalle**

L: Bowed down under the weight of the cross, Jesus slowly sets forth on the way to Calvary, amidst the mockery and insults of the crowd. His agony in the garden has exhausted his body. He is hurt along the way with blows and wounds; his strength fails Him.
For a sinner like me He falls to the ground under the weight of my cross.

*Will I ever return to my old sinful and shameful ways?
Through the sacrifice of the cross, from now on, I will endure to live as God's child.*

**C: Paapathe snehippan njanini pokumo
daivathin paithalai jeevikum njanini**

L: As the strength of Jesus fails, and he can't walk any further, they seize and compel Simon of Cyrene to carry the cross.
O Lord Jesus, may it be our privilege to bear our cross. May we glory in nothing else but the cross, may the world be crucified unto us, and we unto the world. May we never shrink from suffering but rather rejoice that we should be counted worthy to suffer for You.

*When difficulties and losses come my way
I will remember that great sacrifice of love, the sacrifice on the cross*

**C: Kashtangal vannalum nashtangal vannalum
krusinmel kaanunna snehathe orkum njan**

L: The pain of his wounds; the loss of blood at every step of the way weakens Our Lord and He falls a second time on the road to Calvary. Loving Lord, how often have we grieved you by our repeated falling into sin!

*When I am weary from the guilt of my sins
Help me to remember and focus on the great love of the cross*

**C: Paapathin shodhana bhemamai varumpol
krusinmel kaanunna snehathe orkum njan**

L: Jesus at last arrives at Golgotha and they prepare to crucify Him. They strip Him of His garments and mock Him.
O Jesus, strip us of all false esteem, conceit and pride and make us humble like you in this life so that we shall share your glory in the life to come. Amen

*When the waves of sin drive me to despair
I will remember and return to the sacrifice of the cross*

**C: Paapathin olangal sadhuve thallumpol
krusinmel kaanunna snehathe orkum njan**

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 Mark 1:40-45

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 -

O sacred Head, now wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown:
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

O Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and glory,
I joy to call Thee mine:
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

Text: Anonymous; trans. by Paul Gerhardt and James W. Alexander
Music: Hans L. Hassler, 1564-1612; harm. by J.S. Bach, 1685-1750

Offertory Hymn

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, 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 nailed him to the tree?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Were you there when He rose up from the dead?
Were you there when He rose up from the dead?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when He rose up from the dead?

'Were You There' was likely composed by African-American slaves in the 19th century.

Message

Congregation to stand

P: Closing prayer

Heavenly Father as we remember the sacrifice of the cross, and as we ponder your fasting and praying in the desert and your victory over the tempter, help us also to give up the things that displease you and hold fast to your promise of eternal salvation.

C: Dear Lord, help us to

- Fast from hurting words and say words of kindness
- Fast from sadness and be filled with gratitude.
- Fast from anger and be filled with love.
- Fast from pessimism and be filled with hope.
- Fast from worries with the trust that our God is in charge
- Fast from complaints through prayer.
- Fast from unnecessary pressures and contemplate simplicity.
- Fast from bitterness and fill our hearts with joy.
- Fast from selfishness and be compassionate to others.
- Fast from grudges and be reconciled.
- Fast from talk, and be silent, so we can listen for your Word. Amen.

P: Benediction

"Before we can begin to see the cross as something done for us, we have to see it as something done by us."

May you remember the meaning in the great suffering and sacrifice of the cross. And may you be ever grateful for such amazing love.

May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. Amen. Rom 15: 13

Closing Hymn and Kiss of peace

"Man of Sorrows!" what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Lifted up was He to die;
"It is finished!" was His cry;
Now in Heav'n exalted high.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew His song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

By Philip P. Bliss, 1875

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Quotes

<https://www.goodreads.com/quotes/tag/cross>

“Before we can begin to see the cross as something done for us, we have to see it as something done by us.”

– **John Stott**

“The world takes us to a silver screen on which flickering images of passion and romance play, and as we watch, the world says, “This is love.” God takes us to the foot of a tree on which a naked and bloodied man hangs and says, “This is love.”

– **Joshua Harris,**

“We sinned for no reason but an incomprehensible lack of love, and He saved us for no reason but an incomprehensible excess of love.”

– **Peter Kreeft, Jesus-Shock**

“In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection against our enemies; in the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is joy of spirit; in the Cross is excellence of virtue; in the Cross is perfection of holiness. There is no salvation of soul, nor hope of eternal life, save in the Cross.”

– Thomas à Kempis, The Inner Life

“Even on the cross He did not hide Himself from sight; rather, He made all creation witness to the presence of its Maker.”

– St. Athanasius, On the Incarnation

Primrose Mar Thoma Church March 2019