His dying breath has brought me life I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
No gifts no power no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

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A Time of Meditation: Meditate on the text of "Tenebrae Factae Sunt" (just below)

Tenebrae Factae Sunt

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei. Et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna: *Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti?*

Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum

Exclamans Jesus voce magna ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

Translation:

commend my spirit.

There was darkness over the earth when they crucified Jesus. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice: My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

And he bowed his head and gave up His spirit.

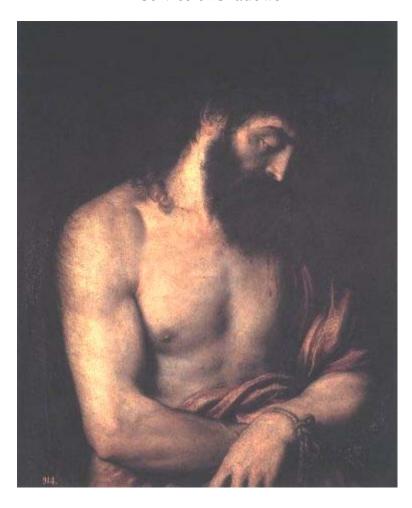
Jesus cried with a loud voice and said, Father, into thy hands I

And he bowed his head and gave up His spirit.

DEPARTING. We invite worshipers to leave in silence. Image: Ecce Homo (Behold the Man). Titian.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

Embrace the Cross: A Service of Shadows



ENTERING. We invite worshipers to enter, and then pray, in silence.

They shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *

A Time of Meditation: Meditate on John 6:25; 31-41

COMMUNION

Jesus says: "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty...and anyone who comes to me I will never drive away."

Communion Meditation

1 Corinthians 11:23-29

EMBRACE THE CROSS. We encourage worshipers to interact with the

cross if so led.

Overture Matthew 7:13-14

Little Narrow Gate (Patty) Colossians 2:13-15

To The Cross (Mason) 41:0 anstrans 6:14

(singing) How Deep the Father's Love for Us (Townend)

How deep the Father's love for us, How vast beyond all measure?
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mat the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross! My sin upon His shoulders. Ashamed I hear my mocking voice Call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held Him there Until it was accomplished.

A Time of Meditation

Jesns, Remember Me (Taize)

A Time of Meditation: Meditate on Psalm 22

Psalm 22 (chanting)

My God, my God, why have you foreaken me? * and are so far from my cry and from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer, * by night as well, but I find no rest

All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

"He traised in the LORO Ladt in batsint all

"He trusted in the LORD; let him deliver him; * let him rescue him, if he delights in him."

Be not far from me, for trouble is near, * and there is none to help.

I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint; *

Packs of dogs close me in, and gangs of evildoers circle around me,* they pierce my hands and my feet; I can count all my bones.

They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them; they cast lots for my clothing.

Be not far away, O LORD; * you are my strength; hasten to help me.

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the LORD, * and all the families of the nations shall bow before him.

My soul shall live for him; my descendants shall serve him; * they shall be known as the LORD'S forever.