

## Maundy Thursday Bulletin

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### Prelude

#### Call to Worship:

Pastor: Jesus said: I give you a new commandment,

People: *That you love one another.*

Pastor: Just as I have loved you

People: *You also should love one another.*

**Opening Hymn #221**      "O Sacred Head Now Wounded"

### Opening Prayer

#### Special Music:      "Just As I Am (I Come Broken)"

Charlene Campbell, Peggy Darner, Roger Dobbins, Becky Gillaugh

### Introduction to The Triduum

**The Reading of the Passover Narrative** (Bob Lilje and Cindy Spracklen)

#1 The Anointing at Bethany

#2 Judas Agrees to Betray Jesus

#3 The Passover with the Disciples

#4 The Institution of the Lord's Supper

### Devotional

### Communion

**Closing Hymn #213**      "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross"

### Draping of the Sanctuary

*Our Good Friday service is tomorrow at 7pm.  
Please leave in silence.*

**Opening Hymn #221**      “*O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*”

O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,  
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown:  
O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine;  
yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, has suffered was all for sinners' gain;  
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place;  
look on me with thy favor, and grant to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,  
for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

**Closing Hymn #213**      “*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 love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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.