



COME TO THE CROSS

APRIL 2, 2023



ST. HELENA'S
— ANGLICAN —

A Liturgy of Praise to Christ who Conquered Death

Mary Bennett Pickens

Sing through me, O Spirit of God.
Call forth songs of praise. Let my lips, my tongue, my life
proclaim the glories of the Living One who died and
conquered death; the Risen One who leads me into life.

What once was lost, you have reclaimed.
What had been harmed, you will remake.
What was unwell, you now restore.
You make all things well!

All praise to you, Lord Christ!

You took on body, blood, and breath,
that you, clothed in our condition,
might move in sympathy to save and shelter us.
For in the living temple of your flesh,
perfect justice and perfect mercy were met
and there—in the shedding of your blood—
they were forever reconciled in love.
So you subdued the sting of sin.

You swallowed death for us, and by that act of
willing sacrifice, you pushed death back upon
itself, like the last lapping wave at the turning
of the tide; that high water mark now fading,
as death's dominion ebbs out for all time,
its power to terrorize God's people forever
destroyed by God's own passage through it.

Hear this promise, O children of God, hear and know:
Death will surely die forever, his shoddy works
undone, his usurped crown torn from
his palsied grasp, his impotence unmasked,
his power to harm shattered for all eternity
like shards of thinnest glass.

We who live in this shadowland of death's last stand, await
your appearance and command, O Lord!
Every longing of our souls,
every molecule of our physical bodies,
is crying out for, yearning for, reaching for,
tilted toward, the irresistible gravity
of your being and your glory.

Come quickly, Lord Jesus!

Glories of Calvary

Ryan Baird

Lord, You're calling me to come
and behold the wondrous cross
To explore the depths of grace
that came to me at such a cost
Where Your boundless love conquered my boundless sin
And mercy's arms were opened wide

CHORUS

My heart is filled with a thousand songs
Proclaiming the glories of Calvary
With every breath, Lord how I long
To sing of Jesus who died for me
Lord, take me deeper into the glories of Calvary

Sinners find eternal joy
in the triumph of Your wounds
By our Savior's crimson flow
holy wrath has been removed
And Your saints below join with your saints above
Rejoicing in the Risen Lamb **Chorus**

BRIDGE

For all eternity we will sing worthy
Our God has set us free
We'll sing the glories of Calvary

Jesus, Thank You

Pat Sczebel

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend
The agonies of Calvary
You, the perfect holy One, crushed Your Son
You drank the bitter cup reserved for me

CHORUS

Your blood has washed away my sin
Jesus, thank You
The Father's wrath completely satisfied
Jesus, thank You
Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table
Jesus, thank You

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near
Your enemy You've made Your friend
Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace
Your mercy and Your kindness know no end **Chorus**

BRIDGE

Lover of my soul, I want to live for You

My song is love unknown
The Savior's love for me
Love to the loveless shown
That they might lovely be
For who am I, that for my sake
My Lord should take frail flesh and die

He came from His blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
but men made strange and none
the longed-for Christ would know:
But O my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend

Sometimes they strew his way
and his sweet praises sing,
resounding all the day
hosannas to their king:
then 'crucify' is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry

Why, what has my Lord done
to cause this rage and spite?
he made the lame to run,
and gave the blind their sight:
what injuries! yet these are why
the Lord most high so cruelly dies

They rise and they must have
my dear Lord done away;
a murderer they save,
the prince of life they slay!

Yet willingly, to shame he goes
that he his foes, from this, might free

Here might I stay and sing
of him my soul adores;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like yours!
This is my friend in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend

Scripture Reading - Isaiah 53

Chuck Hrushka

- ¹ Who has believed what he has heard from us?
And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?
- ² For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
and no beauty that we should desire him.
- ³ He was despised and rejected by men,
a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
- ⁴ Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.
- ⁵ But he was pierced for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace,
and with his wounds we are healed.
- ⁶ All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned—every one—to his own way;
and the Lord has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

⁷ He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
yet he opened not his mouth;
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and like a sheep that before its shearers is silent,
so he opened not his mouth.

⁸ By oppression and judgment he was taken away;
and as for his generation, who considered
that he was cut off out of the land of the living,
stricken for the transgression of my people?

⁹ And they made his grave with the wicked
and with a rich man in his death,
although he had done no violence,
and there was no deceit in his mouth.

¹⁰ Yet it was the will of the Lord to crush him;
he has put him to grief;
when his soul makes an offering for guilt,
he shall see his offspring; he shall prolong his days;
the will of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

¹¹ Out of the anguish of his soul he shall see and be satisfied;
by his knowledge shall the righteous one, my servant,
make many to be accounted righteous,
and he shall bear their iniquities.

¹² Therefore I will divide him a portion with the many,
and he shall divide the spoil with the strong,
because he poured out his soul to death
and was numbered with the transgressors;
yet he bore the sin of many,
and makes intercession for the transgressors.

What wondrous love is this
O my soul, O my soul
What wondrous love is this, O my soul
What wondrous love is this
that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul

When I was sinking down
sinking down, sinking down
When I was sinking down, sinking down
When I was sinking down
beneath God's righteous frown
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul

CHORUS

What wondrous love is this
What wondrous love is this
What wondrous love is this
What wondrous love is this

To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing
To God and to the Lamb I will sing
To God and to the Lamb
Who is the great "I Am"
While millions join the theme I will sing
While millions join the theme I will sing **Chorus**

And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on
And when from death I'm free I'll sing on

And when from death I'm free
I'll sing and joyful be;
And through eternity I'll sing on
And through eternity I'll sing on **Chorus**

Beautiful Scandalous Night

Steve Hindalong

Go on up to the mountain of mercy
To the crimson perpetual tide
Kneel down on the shore, be thirsty no more
Go under and be purified

Follow Christ to the holy mountain
Sinner, sorry and wrecked by the fall
Cleanse your heart and your soul in the fountain that flows
For you and for me and for all

CHORUS

At the wonderful tragic mysterious tree
On that beautiful scandalous night you and me
Were atoned by His blood and forever washed white
On that beautiful scandalous night

On the hillside you will be delivered
At the foot of the cross justified
And your spirit restored by the river that pours
From our blessed Savior's side **Chorus**

When I Survey

Isaac Watts

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

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all

The Passion Narrative - John 19:1-37 *Pew Bible, page 905*

Were You There

Chris Jones

Lord Have Mercy (For What We Have Done)

Matt Papa

For what we have done and left undone
We fall on Your countless mercies
For sins that are known and those unknown
We call on Your name so holy
For envy and pride, for closing our eyes
For scorning our very neighbor
In thought, word, and deed,
we've failed You, our King
How deeply we need a Savior

CHORUS

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy

Lord have mercy on us

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy

Lord have mercy on us

For what You have done, Your life of love

You perfectly lived, we praise You

Though tempted and tried, You fixed Your eyes

You finished the work God gave You

And there on the tree, a King among thieves

You bled for a world's betrayal

You loved to the end, our merciful friend

How pure and forever faithful **Chorus**

For hearts that are cold for seizing control

For scorning our very Maker

In thought, word, and deed,

we've failed You, our King

How deeply we need a Savior **Chorus**

My Worth is Not in What I Own *Bethany Bernard/Getty*

My worth is not in what I own

Not in the strength of flesh and bone

But in the costly wounds of love

At the cross

My worth is not in skill or name

In win or lose, in pride or shame

But in the blood of Christ that flowed

At the cross

CHORUS

I rejoice in my Redeemer
Greatest Treasure,
Wellspring of my soul
I will trust in Him, no other
My soul is satisfied in Him alone

As summer flowers we fade and die
Fame, youth, and beauty hurry by
But life eternal calls to us
At the cross

I will not boast in wealth or might
Or human wisdom's fleeting light
But I will boast in knowing Christ
At the cross *Chorus*

Two wonders here that I confess
My worth and my unworthiness
My value fixed - my ransom paid
At the cross *Chorus*

And Can It Be

Charles Wesley

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood
Died He for me who caused His pain
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love, how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?

CHORUS

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?

He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace
Emptied Himself of all but love
And bled for Adam's helpless race
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me! **Chorus**

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light
My chains fell off, my heart was free
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee **Chorus**

No condemnation now I dread
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine
Alive in Him, my Living Head
And clothed in righteousness divine
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown through Christ my own **Chorus**

Thank You Jesus for the Blood

Charity Gayle

I was a wretch, I remember who I was
I was lost, I was blind, I was running out of time
Sin separated; the breach was far too wide
But from the far side of the chasm,
you held me in your sight

So you made a way across the great divide
Left behind heaven's throne
to build it here inside
And there at the cross,
you paid the debt I owed

Broke my chains, freed my soul
and for the first time I had hope

CHORUS

Thank you, Jesus, for the blood applied
Thank you, Jesus, it has washed me white
Thank you, Jesus, you have saved my life
Brought me from the darkness
into glorious light

You took my place, laid inside my tomb of sin
You were buried for three days,
but then you walked right out again
Now death has no sting and life has no end
For I have been transformed
by the blood of the Lamb *Chorus*

BRIDGE

There is nothing stronger than the
wonder-working power of the blood, the blood
That calls us sons and daughters
We are ransomed by our father
Through the blood, the blood

Glory to His name, glory to His name
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name

Scripture Reading - Matthew 27:51-54

Daniel Miles

⁵¹ And behold, the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. And the earth shook, and the rocks were split. ⁵² The tombs also were opened. And many bodies of the saints who had fallen asleep were raised, ⁵³ and coming out of the tombs after his

resurrection they went into the holy city and appeared to many. ⁵⁴ When the centurion and those who were with him, keeping watch over Jesus, saw the earthquake and what took place, they were filled with awe and said, “Truly this was the Son of God!”

Is He Worthy

Andrew Peterson

Do you feel the world is broken? (We do)
Do you feel the shadows deepen? (We do)
But do you know that all the dark won't stop
the light from getting through? (We do)
Do you wish that you could see it all made new? (We do)

Is all creation groaning? (It is)
Is a new creation coming? (It is)
Is the glory of the Lord to be
the light within our midst? (It is)
Is it good that we remind ourselves of this? (It is)

Is anyone worthy? Is anyone whole?
Is anyone able to break the seal and open the scroll?
The Lion of Judah who conquered the grave
He is David's root and the Lamb who died
to ransom the slave
Is He worthy? Is He worthy?
Of all blessing and honor and glory
Is He worthy of this? He is

Does the Father truly love us? (He does)
Does the Spirit move among us? (He does)
And does Jesus, our Messiah,
hold forever those He loves? (He does)
Does our God intend to dwell again with us? (He does)

Is anyone worthy? Is anyone whole?
Is anyone able to break the seal and open the scroll?
The Lion of Judah who conquered the grave
He is David's root and the Lamb who died
to ransom the slave
From every people and tribe
Every nation and tongue
He has made us a kingdom and priests to God
To reign with the Son

Is He worthy? Is He worthy?
Of all blessing and honor and glory
Is He worthy? Is He worthy?
Is He worthy of this?
He is! He is!
Is He worthy? Is He worthy? He is!

Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim
falling down before Thee,
Who was, and is, and
evermore shall be
God in three Persons,
blessed Trinity!

Blessing

Rev. Hunter Jordan

PASSION NARRATIVE READERS

Mary Bennett Pickens - Narrator

Chuck Hrushka - Pontius Pilate

Ed Gilman - Jesus