

Is There No Justice

Midweek Lenten Service 5

7:00 pm

March 20, 2024

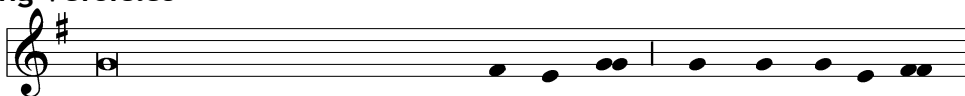
As We Gather Together

During this Lenten season we reflect on the prophet Isaiah's incredible prophecy of our Suffering Savior Jesus Christ. The fourth Servant Song of Isaiah, recorded in Isaiah 52:13-53:12 is one of the clearest depictions of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ anywhere in Scripture. This passage is quoted by Christ Himself as well as by Matthew, Luke, John, Paul and Peter, as an Old Testament revelation of the plan of salvation that Christ intentionally fulfilled for us and for all people.

This evening we consider that the travesties and miscarriages of justice are all around us. Christ suffered the greatest injustice of all: stricken for our transgressions, He was cut off from the land of the living. Through Him, God has accomplished His own plan of justice: our justification by grace alone.

Prelude Welcome

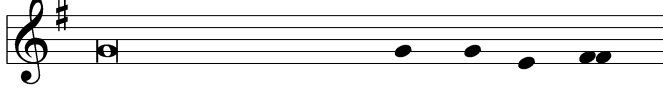
Opening Versicles



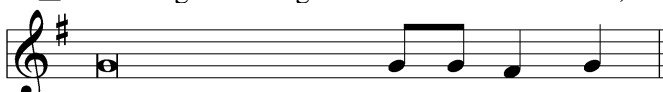
L The Lord Almighty grant us a qui - et night and peace at the last.



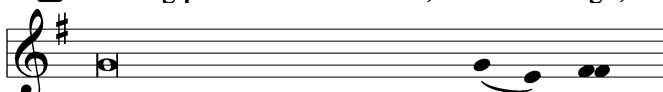
C A - men.



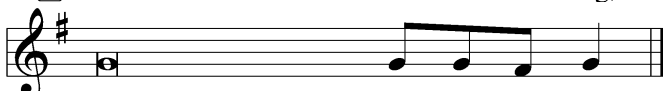
L It is good to give thanks to the Lord,



C to sing praise to Your name, O Most High;



L to herald Your love in the morn - ing,



C Your truth at the close of the day.

Confession

L Let us confess our sin in the presence of God and of one another.

Silence for self-examination.

L Holy and gracious God,

C **I confess that I have sinned against You this day. Some of my sin I know—the thoughts and words and deeds of which I am ashamed—but some is known only to You. In the name of Jesus Christ I ask forgiveness. Deliver and restore me that I may rest in peace.**

L By the mercy of God we are redeemed by Jesus Christ, and in Him we are forgiven. We rest now in His peace and rise in the morning to serve Him.

C **Amen.**

Psalm 27 *spoken responsively by half-verse*

L The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

C **The LORD is the stronghold of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?**

L When evildoers assail me to eat up my flesh,

C **my adversaries and foes, it is they who stumble and fall.**

L Though an army encamp against me, my heart shall not fear;

C **though war arise against me, yet I will be confident.**

L One thing have I asked of the LORD, that will I seek after:

C **that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to gaze upon the beauty of the LORD and to inquire in his temple.**

L For he will hide me in his shelter in the day of trouble;

C **he will conceal me under the cover of his tent; he will lift me high upon a rock.**

L And now my head shall be lifted up above my enemies all around me, and I will offer in his tent sacrifices with shouts of joy;

C **I will sing and make melody to the LORD.**

L Hear, O LORD, when I cry aloud;

C **be gracious to me and answer me!**

L You have said, “Seek my face.”

C **My heart says to you, “Your face, LORD, do I seek.”
Hide not your face from me.**

- L** Turn not your servant away in anger,
C **O you who have been my help. Cast me not off; forsake me not,
O God of my salvation!**
- L** For my father and my mother have forsaken me,
C **but the LORD will take me in.**
- L** Teach me your way, O LORD,
C **and lead me on a level path because of my enemies.**
- L** Give me not up to the will of my adversaries;
C **for false witnesses have risen against me, and they breathe out violence.**
- L** I believe that I shall look upon the goodness of the LORD
C **in the land of the living!**
- L** Wait for the LORD;
C **be strong, and let your heart take courage; wait for the LORD!**

Office Hymn: 420 Christ, the Life of All the Living

sts. 1, 5–7

Christ, the life of all the living, Christ, the death of death, our foe,
Who, Thyself for me once giving To the darkest depths of woe:
Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit I eternal life inherit.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee, That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee: Thence I gain security;
Comfortless Thy soul did languish Me to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou hast suffered great affliction And hast borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion, Fully to atone for me;
Thou didst choose to be tormented That my doom should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Then, for all that wrought my pardon, For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the Garden, I will thank Thee evermore,
Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing, For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
For that last triumphant cry, And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605–81; (sts. 1, 5, 7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.; (st. 6): tr. Evangelical
Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis
Text: Public domain

Readings from Holy Scripture

The First Reading

Isaiah 53:8

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?

L This is the Word of the Lord.

C Thanks be to God.

The Gospel Reading

Matthew 27:15–26

Now at the feast the governor was accustomed to release for the crowd any one prisoner whom they wanted. And they had then a notorious prisoner called Barabbas. So when they had gathered, Pilate said to them, “Whom do you want me to release for you: Barabbas, or Jesus who is called Christ?” For he knew that it was out of envy that they had delivered him up. Besides, while he was sitting on the judgment seat, his wife sent word to him, “Have nothing to do with that righteous man, for I have suffered much because of him today in a dream.” Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowd to ask for Barabbas and destroy Jesus. The governor again said to them, “Which of the two do you want me to release for you?” And they said, “Barabbas.” Pilate said to them, “Then what shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?” They all said, “Let him be crucified!” And he said, “Why, what evil has he done?” But they shouted all the more, “Let him be crucified!”

So when Pilate saw that he was gaining nothing, but rather that a riot was beginning, he took water and washed his hands before the crowd, saying, “I am innocent of this man’s blood; see to it yourselves.” And all the people answered, “His blood be on us and on our children!” Then he released for them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, delivered him to be crucified.

L This is the Word of the Lord.

C Thanks be to God.

Responsory



L In-to Your hands, O Lord, I com - mend my spir - it.

C In - to Your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

L You have re - deemed me, O Lord, God of truth.

C In - to Your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

L Glory be to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho-ly Spir-it.

C In - to Your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

Hymn: 547 The Lamb

sts. 1-4

The Lamb, the Lamb, O Father, where's the sacrifice?

Faith sees, believes God will provide the Lamb of price! Refrain

Worthy is the Lamb whose death makes me His own!

The Lamb is reigning on His throne!

The Lamb, the Lamb, One perfect final offering.

The Lamb, the Lamb, Let earth join heav'n His praise to sing. Refrain

The Lamb, the Lamb, As wayward sheep their shepherd kill

So still, His will On our behalf the Law to fill. Refrain

He sighs, He dies, He takes my sin and wretchedness.

He lives, forgives, He gives me His own righteousness. Refrain

Text: Gerald P. Coleman, 1953

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Sermon *Is There No Justice? ~ Isaiah 53:8*

Offering & Voluntary

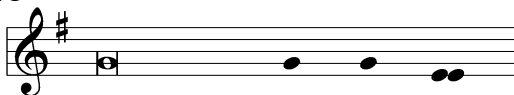
Presentation Hymn

We give Thee but Thine own, Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus As stewards true receive
And gladly, as Thou blessest us, To Thee our firstfruits give!

Text: William W. How, 1823-97 Text: Public domain

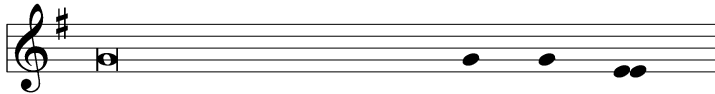
Prayers



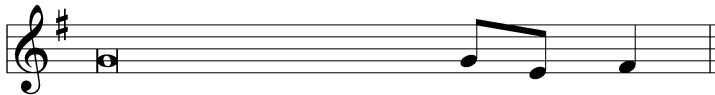
L Hear my prayer, O Lord;



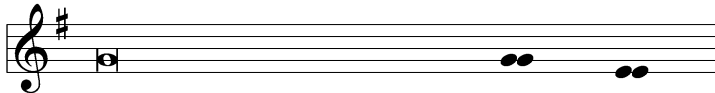
C listen to my cry.



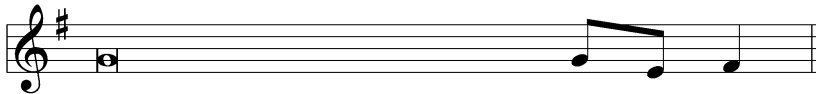
L Keep me as the apple of Your eye;



C hide me in the shadow of Your wings.



L In righteousness I shall see You;



C when I awake, Your presence will give me joy.

Our Prayers are offered.



C A - men.

Lord's Prayer

P Taught by our Lord and trusting His promises, we are bold to pray:

C Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our

daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Nunc Dimittis

Antiphon

Guide us wak - ing, O Lord, and guard us sleep - ing

that a - wake we may watch with Christ and asleep we may rest in peace.

Lord, now You let Your ser - vant go in peace; Your word has been ful - filled.

My own eyes have seen the sal - va - tion which You have prepared

in the sight of ev - 'ry peo - ple: a light to reveal You to the na - tions

and the glory of Your peo - ple Is - ra - el. Glo - ry be to the

Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it;

as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and will be for -

Antiphon

ev - er. A - men. Guide us wak - ing, O Lord,

and guard us sleep - ing that a - wake we may
 watch with Christ and asleep we may rest in peace.

Benediction

L The almighty and merciful Lord, the Father, the ✠ Son, and the Holy Spirit, bless us and keep us.

C A - men.

Hymn to Depart: 433 Glory Be to Jesus

Glory be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains
 Poured for me the lifeblood From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal In that blood I find;
 Blest be His compassion, Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages Be the precious stream
 Which from endless torment Did the world redeem!

Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing Make their glad reply.

Lift we, then, our voices, Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder Praise the precious blood!

Text: Italian, c. 18th cent.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-78, alt.
 Text: Public domain

Postlude

Cantor: Andrea Uhle

Usher: Kelly Greenen