

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF EVERETT

Online Worship Bulletin

March 28, 2024 – 7pm

Maundy Thursday

*For our liturgy this evening, **BOLD** text invites all to join in the reading.

Prelude *Have Mercy Lord, My Sin Forgive* – J.S. Bach Gary Norris, Organist

Welcome Rev. Dr. Alan Dorway

Call to Worship Psalm 139:1-12 Leslie Sutin

O Lord, you have searched me and known me.

**You know when I sit down and when I rise up;
you discern my thoughts from far away.**

You search out my path and my lying down
and are acquainted with all my ways.

**Even before a word is on my tongue,
O Lord, you know it completely.**

You hem me in, behind and before,
and lay your hand upon me.

**Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is so high that I cannot attain it.**

Where can I go from your spirit?

Or where can I flee from your presence?

**If I ascend to heaven, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.**

If I take the wings of the morning
and settle at the farthest limits of the sea,

**Even there your hand shall lead me,
and your right hand shall hold me fast.**

If I say, “Surely the darkness shall cover me,
and night wraps itself around me,”

**Even the darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day,
for darkness is as light to you.**

Hymn *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* #101

Prayer of Confession

The proof of God’s amazing love is this: while we were still sinners Christ died for us. Because we have faith in him, we dare to approach God with confidence. In faith, let us join in prayer to confess our sins before God. We reflect on the horror of betrayal Jesus would suffer. We

remember the pain that would be his to bear. We gather to bear witness to our Savior. We gather to grow in our faith and be renewed once again. Here us as we confess together:

For every time you asked us to stay with you, and we wandered away, forgive us. For every time we fell asleep on the job of being your disciples, forgive us. For every time we boasted of our loyalty, yet crept away, betrayed, or denied you, forgive us. For every time we hear this story, and think “we would do better,” forgive us.

For every time we meet your faithfulness, with faithlessness, forgive us. God, your love for us is unfathomably deep, that you would take all our failures, and still love us as friends. May we take the gift of your forgiveness, and share it with the world, that you made and loved so much.

Silence is kept.

Assurance of Pardon

Friends, the story we tell tonight is a story of the deepest love; love that would offer forgiveness even to the traitor at its right hand.

We are forgiven, not with cheap grace, but with God’s amazing love. We are forgiven. Praise be to God. Amen.

Passing of the Peace

May the peace of Christ be with you! **And also with you!**

FPCE Sings *The Old Rugged Cross* #198

Scripture 1 Corinthians 11:23-34

Sermon *Preventing Burnout* Rev. Dr. Alan Dorway

Communion

We gather tonight to tell the old, old story.

A story of bitterness and betrayal, of despair, denial, and death.

We gather tonight to tell an even older story prepared before the worlds began:

A story of love powerful enough to rewrite our endings with the promise of new life.

In the telling of the story, in the breaking of the bread, in the coming of the night,

We draw near once more to Christ.

We are at this table because it is an echo of another table: that table in an upper room in Jerusalem where Jesus sat with his twelve friends, friends who would betray, deny, and fall away from him, friends he loved and laid down his life for.

We remember how it all started, when God created the world, every precious beautiful bit of creation, God’s own artwork, including us: but we rebelled, and did the one thing we were asked not to do, and we hid from God in the garden. We were cast out of that garden, but not away from God’s heart.

God sent us prophets to call out our disobedience, and to promise us that God is faithful still.

In time, Christ came to walk among us, to show us just how far God would go to prove his love for us. Christ read to us, taught us, healed us, fed us, prayed for us, cast demons out of us, grew tired like us, and at the end, gave us one last gift.

It was the last supper, but not the last meal that Christ would share with his disciples. Because yes, our faithlessness would sentence him to the cross and yes, the God who was bold enough to be human would die, and yes, the sky would darken, and the Temple curtain would be torn in two.

But God was still faithful. And three days later, Christ would rise again, to prove to us that nothing, not even death, can separate us from the love of God.

God is faithful. So faithful. Then, now, and forever. Amen.

Send your Spirit upon the gifts of the bread and the cup. Our Lord Jesus, on this night of his arrest, took bread, and after giving thanks to God, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying:

**Take, eat. This is my body, given for you.
Do this in remembrance of me.**

In the same way he took the cup, saying:

This cup is the new covenant sealed in my blood, shed for you for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink this cup, do it in remembrance of me.

Every time we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim the saving death of the risen Lord, until he comes.

Please come forward to participate in communion.

Prayer

Choir Anthem

Were You There?

Directed by Steve Torrence

Tenebrae Service

After communion, we will begin our Tenebrae service. Tenebrae is a prolonged meditation on Christ's suffering. The Tenebrae service is marked by readings from the Gospels and the gradual extinguishing of candles until a single candle, considered a symbol of Christ, remains. As each candle is extinguished, we ponder the depth of Christ's suffering, sacrifice and death. At the end of the service, the Christ candle remains anticipating the joy of resurrection and God's final victory over death. The service ends in reflective silence.

A note for those who prefer joyful, upbeat services:

The Tenebrae service will feel uncomfortable, perhaps even questionable to you. "Why be sad when we know God raised Jesus from the grave?" you might ask. And we answer, "Yes! Hallelujah! We will joyfully celebrate this Good News on Easter morning."

But there is no Easter without Good Friday; no resurrection without a tomb; no tomb without the cross; no cross without suffering; and no suffering without our sin. The joyful grace we celebrate on Resurrection Sunday becomes more meaningful when we remember the great suffering and sacrifice Jesus endured for all.

The Shadow of Betrayal

Reading Mark 14:10-13, 16-21

Katherine Campbell

The Shadow of the Agony of Spirit

Reading Luke 22:39-46

Steve Hammond

The Shadow of Arrest

Reading John 18:1-8

Susan Davis

The Shadow of Denial

Reading Luke 22:54-62

Merle Kirkley

The Shadow of Accusation

Reading Mark 15:1-15

Elizabeth Nelson

The Shadow of Crucifixion

Reading Luke 23:32-43

Mike Davis

The Shadow of Death

Reading Matthew 27:45-54

Lisa Comstock

The Shadow of Burial

Reading Matthew 27:57-60

Kari Nupen

Solo

My God, My God

Steve Torrence

The sanctuary will have the banners lowered and the cross on the communion table will be covered in a shroud. Only the Christ candle will remain lit for the benediction.

Benediction

Peggy Ulvestad

The light is failing.

We are failing too.

Yet the ancient promise holds true.

God does miracles at night, and in just a few days, the dawn will break.

The light of the world will rise.

And we will see new life.

Hold fast. The story is not over.

Amen.

Depart in Silence

Part of our liturgy comes from the Presbyterian Outlook, 2024 written by Carol Holbrook Prickett and provided for free distribution.

Upcoming FPCE Worship

Easter Sunrise Service

Mukilteo Beach 6:30 am

Easter Deacons Brunch

Westminster Hall 9:00 am

Easter Service

Sanctuary 10:00 am

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 101

HAMBURG LM

Isaac Watts, 1707

Lowell Mason, 1824

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of - Christ my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.