
Anacortes Christian Reformed Church
April 2, 2021

Prelude: *Love Crucified Arose*

Welcome and prayer

*Nothing but the Blood / How Deep the Father’s Love*

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain: O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
no other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

This is all my hope and peace:
nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness:
nothing but the blood of Jesus. [Refrain]

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 mar 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
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

*O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
no other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

Robert Lowry, 1876 // © Copyright 1995 Thankyou Music. Stuart Townend CCLI #1331727

The Arrest: John 18:1-14

Meditation on John 18:4-9, The Final “I Am”

Denial and Trial:  John 18:15-27

*Upon a Life*

Upon a Life I have not lived,
Upon a Death I did not die,
Another's Life; Another's Death,
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on the tears which I have shed,
Not on the sorrows I have known,
Another's tears; Another's griefs,
On these I rest, on these alone.

O Jesus, Son of God, I build on what Thy cross has done for me;
There both my death and life I read, my guilt, and pardon there I see.

Lord, I believe; O deal with me,
As one who has Thy Word believed!
I take the gift, Lord, look on me,
As one who has Thy gift received.

O Jesus, Son of God, I build on what Thy cross has done for me;
There both my death and life I read, my guilt, and pardon there I see.

Horatio Bonar, 1881. The full text of Bonar’s “Christ for Us” Communion text is included below.

Jesus and Pilate: John 18:28-19:16

*O To See the Dawn (The Power of the Cross)*

Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

This, the power of the cross: Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.

Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Every bitter thought, Every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.

Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.

Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.
This, the power of the cross:
Son of God, slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.

© Copyright 2005 Thankyou Music. Keith Getty and Stuart Townend CCLI #1331727

Crucifixion: John 19:16-35

*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 through 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.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Meditation on John 19:38-42

*Were You There?*

Dismissal in silence

Horatio Bonar, “Christ For Us”

On merit not my own I stand;
On doings which I have not done,
Merit beyond what I can claim,
Doings more perfect than my own.

Upon a life I have not lived,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another’s life, Another’s death,
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on the tears which I have shed:
Not on the sorrows I have known,
Another’s tears, Another’s griefs,
On them I rest, on them alone.

Jesus, O Son of God, I build
On what Thy cross has done for me;
There both my death and life I read,
My guilt, my pardon there I see.

Lord, I believe; oh deal with me
As one who has Thy word believed!
I take the gift, Lord look on me
As one who has Thy gift received.

I taste the love the gift contains,
I clasp the pardon which it brings,
And pass up to the living source
Above, whence all this fullness springs.

Here at Thy feast, I grasp the pledge
Which life eternal to me seals,
Here in the bread and wine I read
The grace and peace Thy death reveals.

O fullness of the eternal grace,
O wonders past all wondering!
Here in the hall of love and song,