

**ROSLYN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
140 EAST BROADWAY
ROSLYN, NEW YORK
GOOD FRIDAY
SERVICE OF WORSHIP**

APRIL 15, 2022

5:30 PM

+++++

CALL TO WORSHIP (Responsive)

One: Jesus said: If any of you want to be my disciples, take up the cross and follow me.

All: Those who seek to save their lives will lose them, but those who give their lives for Christ's sake will be saved.

PRAYER OF THE DAY

Loving God, you sent Jesus Christ to save us. We have betrayed him. We have denied him. We have abandoned, mocked, and crucified him. Have mercy, O God, have mercy on us; through Jesus Christ, our only hope. **Amen.**

* HYMN: 315 (Red Hymnal) Were You There? Vs. 1 & 3

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Psalm 22:1-8

ANTHEM *In Your Footsteps* Forrest

MEDITATION *LAMENT*

* HYMN: 315 (Red Hymnal) Were You There? Vs. 2

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Psalm 22:9-19

MEDITATION *CRY OUT*

("*" invites all who are able to stand. **Bold** indicates read in unison.)

* HYMN: 327 (Red Hymnal) The Old Rugged Cross Vs. 1 & 2

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Psalm 22: 20-31

MEDITATION *TRUST*

* HYMN: 327 (Red Hymnal) The Old Rugged Cross Vs. 3

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

All: God, we have wandered far from your home, again and again we lose our way. We turn inward, afraid of the world around us. We forget that you have saved your people before and promise to do so again. Do not remember the deeds of our past, but turn our faces toward the future, where your forgiveness is sure, your welcome is clear, and your love overflows.

(Please take a moment for silent reflection.)

ASSURANCE OF PARDON

BENEDICTION

* DISMISSAL HYMN: 314 (Red) What Wondrous Love Is This
Leave in silence during the final verse of the hymn:

**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 thro' eternity, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And thro' eternity I'll sing on.**

THE WORSHIP IS OVER, LET THE SERVICE BEGIN

Rev. Dr. Marjory J. Roth

Pastor

Dr. Gary de Sesa

Director, Ministry of Music

Dr. Natalie Naylor

Clerk of Session

Robert Gilmore

Treasurer

Kita de Sesa is our Soprano soloist.

PLEASE PRAY FOR

Emma Steck
Eddie Balsamo
The Mastrangelo Family
Cathy and Jason Nelson
Rhonda Liss
Sam Rizzo
Merrick Randall
Debra Hecht
Melanie Bailey & Martufi Family
Jeff Lovering
Richard and Lynn Cardozo
Joyce Zanchelli

Dawn and John de Sesa
Rev. Stark Jones
Emily & Dwight Dyer
Paula Liscio
The Stallone Family
Joy Wyler
Anita Catalanello
Casey DeSantis
Elizabeth Jordan
Jack Walker
Edith Van Raalte

Families of victims in Ukraine and all the Ukrainian refugees

All who are struggling due to the Coronavirus outbreak
And those who are on the front lines helping

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Important Dates

Sun, Apr. 17	10 AM	Easter Sunday Service
Wed, Apr. 20	10 AM	Bible Study In Person at Church
Tues, Apr. 26	3 PM	Session Meeting

Scripture Lessons

Psalm 22

New Revised Standard Version (NRSV)

Verses 1-8: My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning? ²O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by night, but find no rest. ³Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. ⁴In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them. ⁵To you they cried, and were saved; in you they trusted, and were not put to shame. ⁶But I am a worm, and not human; scorned by others, and despised by the people. ⁷All who see me mock at me; they make mouths at me, they shake their heads; ⁸“Commit your cause to the Lord; let him deliver—let him rescue the one in whom he delights!”

Verses 9-19: ⁹Yet it was you who took me from the womb; you kept me safe on my mother’s breast. ¹⁰On you I was cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me you have been my God. ¹¹Do not be far from me, for trouble is near and there is no one to help. ¹²Many bulls encircle me, strong bulls of Bashan surround me; ¹³they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion. ¹⁴I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; ¹⁵my mouth is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. ¹⁶For dogs are all around me; a company of evildoers encircles me. My hands and feet have shriveled; ¹⁷I can count all my bones. They stare and gloat over me; ¹⁸they divide my clothes among themselves, and for my clothing they cast lots. ¹⁹But you, O Lord, do not be far away! O my help, come quickly to my aid!

Verses 20-31: ²⁰Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the power of the dog! ²¹Save me from the mouth of the lion! From the horns of the wild oxen you have rescued me. ²²I will tell of your name to my brothers and sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you: ²³You who fear the Lord, praise him! All you offspring of Jacob, glorify him; stand in awe of him, all you offspring of Israel! ²⁴For he did not despise or abhor the affliction of the afflicted; he did not hide his face from me, but heard when I cried to him. ²⁵From you comes my praise in the great congregation; my vows I will pay before those who fear him. ²⁶The poor shall eat and be satisfied; those who seek him shall praise the Lord. May your hearts live forever! ²⁷All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord; and all the families of the nations shall worship before him. ²⁸For dominion belongs to the Lord, and he rules over the nations. ²⁹To him, indeed, shall all who sleep in the earth bow down; before him shall bow all who go down to the dust, and I shall live for him. ³⁰Posterity will serve him; future generations will be told about the Lord, ³¹and proclaim his deliverance to a people yet unborn, saying that he has done it.

ANTHEM
“In Your Footsteps”

- Forrest

Lead me to Gethsemane where all alone You prayed.
Let me see the rebel kiss, and where You were betrayed.
Then before the angry mob You stood condemned to die.
Soon to drink the bitter cup and breathe the mortal sigh.
Alleluia.

Lead me to the wondrous cross where You were crucified.
Let me see Your hands and feet, and touch Your wounded side.
Show me where the piercing thorns were thrust upon Your head.
Cruel were the fatal blows You suffered in my stead.
Alleluia.

Lead me to the empty tomb where on that glorious day
You declared the victory and death released its prey.
God the Father raised You up to reign with Him on high.
Giving me a living hope that I shall never die.
Alleluia!