

FAIRVIEW MORAVIAN CHURCH

Tuesday Evening of Holy Week
March 30, 7:00 PM

Watchword for the Day:

A child has been born for us, a son given to us; authority rests upon his shoulders.
Isaiah 9:6

Prelude *Meditation on WONDROUS LOVE* Arr. Phillips

Hymn 334 *Christ, the Life of All the Living* ZURICH

Christ, the life of all the living,
Christ, the death of death, our foe;
Christ, for us yourself once giving
to the darkest depths of woe:
through your suffering, death and merit,
life eternal we inherit;
thousand, thousand thanks are due,
dearest Jesus, unto you.

You have suffered great affliction
and have borne it patiently,
even death by crucifixion:
our atonement full and free.
Lord, you chose to be tormented,
that our doom should be prevented;
thousand, thousand thanks are due,
dearest Jesus, unto you.

Lord, for all that bought our pardon,
for the sorrows deep and sore,
for the anguish in the garden,
we will thank you evermore,
thank you for the groaning, sighing,
for the vict'ry of your dying,
for that last triumphant cry,
praise you evermore on high.

Welcome and Prayer

Pastor Tony Hayworth

Worship through Music

'Tis Midnight
Kimberly and Jody Brendle, soloists

OLIVE'S BROW

Readings for Holy Week

The Faithful/Unfaithful Slave
(Blue) Pages 47b-55; (New) Pages 54b-63

Kimberly Brendle

Preparation for the Passover
(Blue) Pages 56-65; (New) Pages 65-74

Robert Rascoe

Meditation

Pastor Tony

Hymn 329

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

ST. CHRISTOPHER

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I long to take my stand;
the shadow of a mighty rock
within a weary land,
a home within the wilderness,
a rest upon the way,
from the burning of the noontide heat
and burdens of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus,
my eye by faith can see
the very dying form of one
who suffered there for me.
And from my contrite heart, with tears,
two wonders I confess:
the wonder of his glorious love
and my unworthiness.

The shadow of your cross, Lord,
be my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
than the sunshine of your face;
content to let the world go by,
to know no gain nor loss,
my sinful self my only shame,
my glory all, your cross.

Benediction

Postlude

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

Arr. Whitworth

