



In Remembrance

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred head, now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown:
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

by Paul Gerhard

Order of Service

O Love Divine, What Hast Thou Done

Welcome

Reflection

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Tribute #1

Tribute #2

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Oh, How He Loves You and Me

Message

Response

Where The Nails Were

How Deep The Father's Love For Us

Communion

You Gave Your Life Away

Jesus Paid It All

Benediction

Recessional

it is finished