



**WEST BRIDGEWATER**  
C O M M U N I T Y C H U R C H

**Sunday, March 29, 2020**

**Welcome and Announcements**

**Opening Prayer**

**Hymn: “Beneath the Cross of Jesus”**

Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would 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 the burden of the day.

There lies beneath its shadow but on the further side  
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide  
And there between us stands the cross two arms outstretched to save  
A watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.

Upon that cross of Jesus mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;  
And from my stricken heart with tears, two wonders I confess;  
The wonders of redeeming love and my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow for my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by to know no gain or loss,  
My sinful self my only shame, my glory all the cross.

**Song: "Yet Not I but through Christ in Me"**

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer.  
There is no more for heaven now to give.  
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom,  
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.  
To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.  
For my life is wholly bound to His.  
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine!  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

The night is dark, but I am not forsaken.  
For by my side, the Savior, He will stay.  
I labor on in weakness and rejoicing,  
For in my need, His power is displayed.  
To this I hold: my Shepherd will defend me.  
Through the deepest valley He will lead.  
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome!  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven,  
The future sure, the price it has been paid.  
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon,  
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.  
To this I hold: my sin has been defeated.  
Jesus now and ever is my plea.  
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free!  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

With every breath I long to follow Jesus.  
For He has said that He will bring me home.  
And day by day I know He will renew me  
Until I stand with joy before the throne.  
To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.  
All the glory evermore to Him.  
When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat:  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me!

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## Scripture Reading and Prayer

### Psalm 127

A SONG OF ASCENTS. OF SOLOMON.

- <sup>1</sup> Unless the LORD builds the house,  
those who build it labor in vain.  
Unless the LORD watches over the city,  
the watchman stays awake in vain.
- <sup>2</sup> It is in vain that you rise up early  
and go late to rest,  
eating the bread of anxious toil;  
for he gives to his beloved sleep.
- <sup>3</sup> Behold, children are a heritage from the LORD,  
the fruit of the womb a reward.
- <sup>4</sup> Like arrows in the hand of a warrior  
are the children of one's youth.
- <sup>5</sup> Blessed is the man  
who fills his quiver with them!  
He shall not be put to shame  
when he speaks with his enemies in the gate.

### Sermon: “Father, Forgive Them”

Luke 23:26–43 (ESV)

<sup>26</sup> And as they led him away, they seized one Simon of Cyrene, who was coming in from the country, and laid on him the cross, to carry it behind Jesus. <sup>27</sup> And there followed him a great multitude of the people and of women who were mourning and lamenting for him. <sup>28</sup> But turning to them Jesus said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. <sup>29</sup> For behold, the days are coming when they will say, ‘Blessed are the barren and the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed!’ <sup>30</sup> Then they will begin to say to the mountains, ‘Fall on us,’ and to the hills, ‘Cover us.’ <sup>31</sup> For if they do these things when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?”

<sup>32</sup> Two others, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. <sup>33</sup> And when they came to the place that is called The Skull, there they crucified him, and the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. <sup>34</sup> And Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” And they cast lots to divide his garments. <sup>35</sup> And the people stood by, watching, but the rulers scoffed at him, saying, “He saved others; let him save himself, if he is the Christ of God, his Chosen One!” <sup>36</sup> The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine <sup>37</sup> and saying, “If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!” <sup>38</sup> There was also an inscription over him, “This is the King of the Jews.”

<sup>39</sup> One of the criminals who were hanged railed at him, saying, “Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!” <sup>40</sup> But the other rebuked him, saying, “Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? <sup>41</sup> And we indeed justly, for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing wrong.” <sup>42</sup> And he said, “Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.” <sup>43</sup> And he said to him, “Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in paradise.”

## **Song: “Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery”**

Come behold the wondrous mystery,  
In the dawning of the King;  
He the theme of heaven’s praises,  
Robed in frail humanity.  
In our longing, in our darkness,  
Now the light of life has come;  
Look to Christ, who condescended,  
Took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous mystery,  
He the perfect Son of Man;  
In His living, in His suffering  
Never trace nor stain of sin.  
See the true and better Adam,  
Come to save the hell-bound man;  
Christ, the great and sure fulfillment  
Of the law; in Him we stand.

Come behold the wondrous mystery,  
Christ the Lord upon the tree,  
In the stead of ruined sinners,  
Hangs the Lamb in victory.  
See the price of our redemption,  
See the Father’s plan unfold;  
Bringing many sons to glory,  
Grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come behold the wondrous mystery,  
Slain by death the God of life;  
But no grave could e’er restrain Him,  
Praise the Lord, He is alive!  
What a foretaste of deliverance,  
How unwavering our hope;  
Christ in power resurrected,  
As we will be when he comes.

## **Benediction**