



WEST BRIDGEWATER COMMUNITY CHURCH

Good Friday, April 18, 2025

Join us live on our Facebook or YouTube page beginning at 6:00 p.m.

Prelude

Quartet: “Nearer My God, to Thee”

Welcome and Announcements

Opening Prayer

Scripture Reading

John 19:1–16a (ESV)

¹Then Pilate took Jesus and flogged him. ²And the soldiers twisted together a crown of thorns and put it on his head and arrayed him in a purple robe. ³They came up to him, saying, “Hail, King of the Jews!” and struck him with their hands. ⁴Pilate went out again and said to them, “See, I am bringing him out to you that you may know that I find no guilt in him.” ⁵So Jesus came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Pilate said to them, “Behold the man!” ⁶When the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out, “Crucify him, crucify him!” Pilate said to them, “Take him yourselves and crucify him, for I find no guilt in him.” ⁷The Jews answered him, “We have a law, and according to that law he ought to die because he has made himself the Son of God.” ⁸When Pilate heard this statement, he was even more afraid. ⁹He entered his headquarters again and said to Jesus, “Where are you from?” But Jesus gave him no answer. ¹⁰So Pilate said to him, “You will not speak to me? Do you not know that I have authority to release you and authority to crucify you?” ¹¹Jesus answered him, “You would have no authority over me at all unless it had been given you from above. Therefore he who delivered me over to you has the greater sin.”

¹²From then on Pilate sought to release him, but the Jews cried out, “If you release this man, you are not Caesar’s friend. Everyone who makes himself a king opposes Caesar.” ¹³So when Pilate heard these words, he brought Jesus out and sat down on the judgment seat at a place called The Stone Pavement, and in Aramaic Gabbatha. ¹⁴Now it was the day of Preparation of the Passover. It was about the sixth hour. He said to the Jews, “Behold your King!” ¹⁵They cried out, “Away with him, away with him, crucify him!” Pilate said to them, “Shall I crucify your King?” The chief priests answered, “We have no king but Caesar.”

Hymn: “How Deep the Father’s Love for Us”

Words and Music: Stuart Townend.

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.

Hymn: “My Savior’s Love”

Words and music by Charles H. Gabriel

I stand amazed in the presence of Jesus, the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me, a sinner, condemned, unclean.

How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful is my Savior’s love for me!

For me it was in the garden He prayed: “Not My will, but Thine.”
He had no tears for His own griefs, but sweat drops of blood for mine.

How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful is my Savior’s love for me!

In pity angels beheld Him, and came from the world of light
to comfort Him in the sorrows He bore for my soul that night.

How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful is my Savior’s love for me!

He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calv’ry, and suffered and died alone.

How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful is my Savior’s love for me!

When with the ransomed in glory His face I at last shall see,
’Twill be my joy through the ages to sing of His love for me.

How marvelous! How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful is my Savior’s love for me!

Scripture Reading

John 19:16b–27 (ESV)

So they took Jesus,¹⁷ and he went out, bearing his own cross, to the place called The Place of a Skull, which in Aramaic is called Golgotha.¹⁸ There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, and Jesus between them.¹⁹ Pilate also wrote an inscription and put it on the cross. It read, “Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.”²⁰ Many of the Jews read this inscription, for the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city, and it was written in Aramaic, in Latin, and in Greek.²¹ So the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, “Do not write, ‘The King of the Jews,’ but rather, ‘This man said, I am King of the Jews.’”²² Pilate answered, “What I have written I have written.”

²³When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his garments and divided them into four parts, one part for each soldier; also his tunic. But the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from top to bottom,²⁴ so they said to one another, “Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see whose it shall be.” This was to fulfill the Scripture which says,

“They divided my garments among them,
and for my clothing they cast lots.”

So the soldiers did these things,²⁵ but standing by the cross of Jesus were his mother and his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene.²⁶ When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to his mother, “Woman, behold, your son!”²⁷ Then he said to the disciple, “Behold, your mother!” And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Hymn: “Beneath the Cross of Jesus”

Words: Elizabeth C. Clephane. Music: Frederick C. Maker.

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.

Hymn: “Go to Dark Gethsemane”

Words: James Montgomery. Music: Richard Redhead.

Go to dark Gethsemane, all who feel the tempter’s pow’r;
your Redeemer’s conflict see; watch with Him one bitter hour;
turn not from His griefs away; learn from Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall; view the Lord of life arraigned;
oh, the worm-wood and the gall! oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; learn from Him to bear the cross.

Calv’ry’s mournful mountain climb; there, adoring at His feet,
mark that miracle of time, God’s own sacrifice complete:
“It is finished!” hear Him cry; learn from Jesus Christ to die.

Scripture Reading

John 19:28–37 (ESV)

²⁸ After this, Jesus, knowing that all was now finished, said (to fulfill the Scripture), “I thirst.” ²⁹ A jar full of sour wine stood there, so they put a sponge full of the sour wine on a hyssop branch and held it to his mouth. ³⁰ When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, “It is finished,” and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

³¹ Since it was the day of Preparation, and so that the bodies would not remain on the cross on the Sabbath (for that Sabbath was a high day), the Jews asked Pilate that their legs might be broken and that they might be taken away. ³² So the soldiers came and broke the legs of the first, and of the other who had been crucified with him. ³³ But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. ³⁴ But one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and at once there came out blood and water. ³⁵ He who saw it has borne witness—his testimony is true, and he knows that he is telling the truth—that you also may believe. ³⁶ For these things took place that the Scripture might be fulfilled: “Not one of his bones will be broken.” ³⁷ And again another Scripture says, “They will look on him whom they have pierced.”

Hymn: “O Sacred Head, Now Wounded”

Words: Paul Gerhardt, based on a Medieval Latin poem.

Music: Hans Leo Hassler, harmonized by J. S. Bach.

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 Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, was all for sinners’ gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! ’Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, assist me with Thy grace.

My burden in Thy Passion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee, wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy, I implore Thee; Redeemer, spurn me not!

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 to Thee.

Sermon: “God So Loved the World”

John 3:14–18 (ESV)

¹⁴And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, ¹⁵that whoever believes in him may have eternal life.

¹⁶“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. ¹⁷For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. ¹⁸Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only Son of God.

Hymn: “Where You There?”

Words: Traditional African American Spiritual. Words adapted by John W. Work, Jr.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Benediction