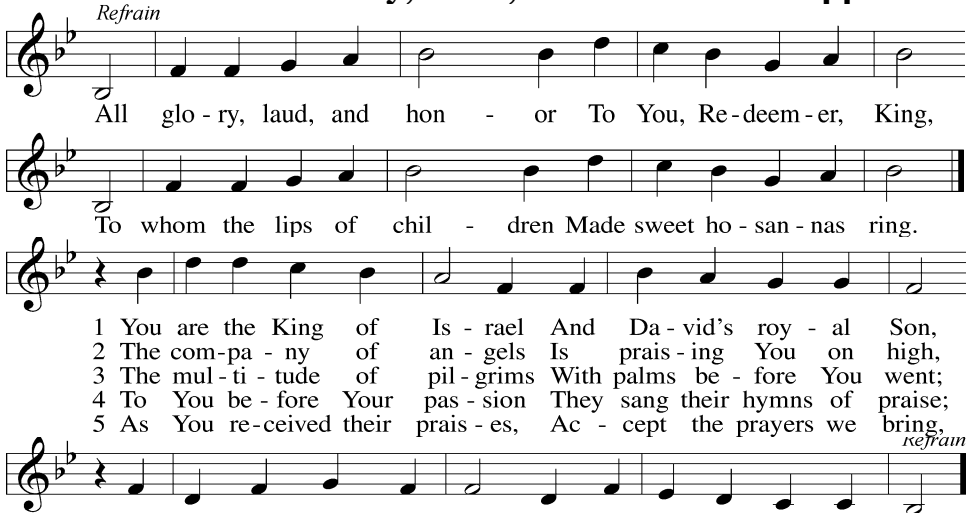


Midweek Lenten 3
Wednesday, March 26, 2025

PRELUDE

“All Glory, Laud, and Honor” LSB 442

Refrain



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To You, Re-deem-er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

1 You are the King of Is - rael And Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Is prais - ing You on high,
3 The mul - ti - tude of pil - grims With palms be - fore You went;
4 To You be - fore Your pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise;
5 As You re - ceived their prais - es, Ac - cept the prayers we bring, *refrain*

Now in the Lord's name com - ing, Our King and Bless - ed One.
And we with all cre - a - tion In cho - rus make re - ply.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore You we pre - sent.
To You, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
O Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Our good and gra - cious King.

Text: Theodulf of Orléans, c. 762–821; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt. Tune: Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635, alt. Text and tune: Public domain

COMMON VERSICLES

- L** O Lord, open my lips,
C and my mouth will declare Your praise.
- L** Make haste, O God, to deliver me;
C make haste to help me, O Lord.
- C** Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.
Praise to You, O Christ. Alleluia.

PSALM

Psalm 85

- ¹LORD, you were favorable to your land; you restored the fortunes of Jacob.
²You forgave the iniquity of your people; you covered all their sin.
³You withdrew all your wrath; you turned from your hot anger.
⁴Restore us again, O God of our salvation, and put away your indignation toward us! ⁵Will you be angry with us forever? Will you prolong your anger

to all generations? ⁶Will you not revive us again, that your people may rejoice in you? ⁷Show us your steadfast love, O LORD, and grant us your salvation.

⁸Let me hear what God the LORD will speak, for he will speak peace to his people, to his saints; but let them not turn back to folly. ⁹Surely his salvation is near to those who fear him, that glory may dwell in our land. ¹⁰Steadfast love and faithfulness meet; righteousness and peace kiss each other.

¹¹Faithfulness springs up from the ground, and righteousness looks down from the sky. ¹²Yes, the LORD will give what is good, and our land will yield its increase. ¹³Righteousness will go before him and make his footsteps a way.

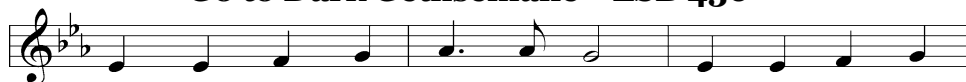
A This is the Word of the Lord.

C Thanks be to God.

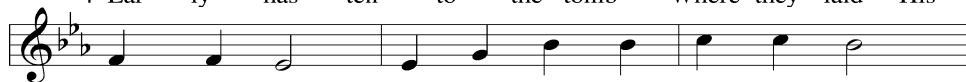
CHORAL ANTHEM

READING FROM THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

“Go to Dark Gethsemane” LSB 436



1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, All who feel the
2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, View the Lord of
3 Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing
4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid His



tempt - er's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,
life ar - rained; Oh, the worm - wood and the gall!
at His feet, Mark that mir - a - cle of time,
breath - less clay; All is sol - i - tude and gloom.



Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His
Oh, the pangs His soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - f'ring,
God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete. "It is fin - ished!"
Who has tak - en Him a - way? Christ is ris'n! He



griefs a - way; Learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.
shame, or loss; Learn from Him to bear the cross.
hear Him cry; Learn from Je - sus Christ to die.
meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854 Tune: Richard Redhead, 1820–1901 Text and tune: Public domain

SERMON

Jairus' Daughter: Don't Be Afraid

ANTIPHON (Common)

- [L]** Let my prayer rise before You as incense,
[C] and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

COLLECTS

COLLECT FOR PEACE

- [L]** O God, from whom come all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, give to us, Your servants, that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts may be set to obey Your commandments and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may live in peace and quietness; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.
- [C]** Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

PRAYER

- [C]** I thank You, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have graciously kept me this day; and I pray that You would forgive me all my sins where I have done wrong, and graciously keep me this night. For into Your hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me.

BENEDICAMUS

- [L]** Let us bless the Lord.
[C] Thanks be to God.

BENEDICTION

- [P]** The grace of our Lord ✠ Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.
- [C]** Amen.

“Christ, the Life of All the Living” LSB 420



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of
 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a
 3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might
 4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur - round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing
 cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,
 all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,
 shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,
 O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my
 Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of
 All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.
 soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.
 God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou-sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.

- 5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee, That from pain I might be free;
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee: Thence I gain security;
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish Me to comfort in my anguish.
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605–81; (sts. 1–2, 5, 7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.; (sts. 3–4, 6): tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis
 Tune: Das grosse Cantional, 1687, Darmstadt
 Text and tune: Public domain

POSTLUDE

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