



# **Resurrection Lutheran Church**

*To Live & Share the Love of Christ*

Pastor Melissa Pagel

**Friday, April 18<sup>th</sup>, 2025. Good Friday**

*(Congregational responses are printed in **Bold type.**)*

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## ***To Live & Share the Love of Christ***

Welcome to Resurrection Lutheran Church where different people come together for the shared purpose of worshiping God and encouraging each other through the inclusive love of Jesus. Whether you are our guest, looking for a church home, or already a member, we want you to feel welcomed by our congregation and inspired by our worship service.

### **Contact Us**

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### **Resurrection's Prayer Chain is available to you!**

Linda Bertrand- 920-217-8770

Val Nelson- 920-499-5481 or 920-621-0474

Kathie McFarlane- 920-499-6381

Please call any of us. Add us to your contact list. You may choose a Bible verse to give us when you call, or we will use an appropriate one.

## Good Friday



April 18, 2025

*Please enter in silence. Today's service is a continuation of the story from the night before. You will find a piece of dissolvable paper within your bulletin. Please write any petitions on this paper and bring it forward when asked.*

*Take time to center yourself to prepare for worship.*

## WORD

*God speaks to us in scripture reading, preaching, and song.*

*(Light the 6 Altar Candles)*

***Hymn                      Jesus, Remember Me                      ELW 616    (2 times)***

## **The Betrayal and Arrest of Jesus: Luke 22:47-62 (Carol)**

While he was still speaking, suddenly a crowd came, and the one called Judas, one of the twelve, was leading them. He approached Jesus to kiss him, but Jesus said to him, "Judas, is it with a kiss that you are betraying the Son of Man?" When those who were around him saw what

was coming, they asked, “Lord, should we strike with the sword?” Then one of them struck the slave of the high priest and cut off his right ear.

But Jesus said, “No more of this!” And he touched his ear and healed him. Then Jesus said to the chief priests, the officers of the temple police, and the elders who had come for him, “Have you come out with swords and clubs as though I were a rebel? When I was with you day after day in the temple, you did not lay hands on me. But this is your hour and the power of darkness!”

Then they seized him and led him away, bringing him into the high priest’s house.

But Peter was following at a distance. When they had kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and sat down together, Peter sat among them. Then a female servant, seeing him in the firelight, stared at him and said, “This man also was with him.” But he denied it, saying, “Woman, I do not know him.” A little later someone else, on seeing him, said, “You also are one of them.” But Peter said, “Man, I am not!” Then about an hour later still another kept insisting, “Surely this man also was with him, for he is a Galilean.” But Peter said, “Man, I do not know what you are talking about!” At that moment, while he was still speaking, the cock crowed. The Lord turned and looked at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said to him, “Before the cock crows today, you will deny me three times.” And he went out and wept bitterly.

*Extinguish the first candle. Silence*

*Individuals are invited to bring your petitions to the font.*

**Jesus Before the Council, Pilate and Herod: Luke 22:63-23:12 (John)**

Now the men who were holding Jesus began to mock him and beat him; they also blindfolded him and kept asking him, "Prophecy! Who is it who struck you?" They kept heaping many other insults on him. When day came, the assembly of the elders of the people, both chief priests and scribes, gathered together, and they brought him to their council. They said, "If you are the Messiah, tell us." He replied, "If I tell you, you will not believe, and if I question you, you will not answer."

But from now on the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of the power of God." All of them asked, "Are you, then, the Son of God?" He said to them, "You say that I am." Then they said, "What further testimony do we need? We have heard it ourselves from his own lips!"

Then the assembly rose as a body and brought Jesus before Pilate. They began to accuse him, saying, "We found this man inciting our nation, forbidding us to pay taxes to Caesar and saying that he himself is the Messiah, a king." Then Pilate asked him, "Are you the king of the Jews?" He answered, "You say so." Then Pilate said to the chief priests and the crowds, "I find no basis for an accusation against this man." But they were insistent and said, "He stirs up the people by teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to this place."

When Pilate heard this, he asked whether the man was a Galilean. And when he learned that he was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him off to Herod, who was himself in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus, he was very glad, for he had been wanting to see him for a long time because he had heard about him and was hoping to see him perform some sign. He questioned him at some length, but Jesus gave him no answer. The chief priests and the scribes stood by vehemently accusing him. Even Herod with his soldiers treated him with contempt and mocked him; then he

put an elegant robe on him and sent him back to Pilate. That same day Herod and Pilate became friends with each other; before this they had been enemies.

*Extinguish the second candle. Silence*

**Hymn**

***Ah, Holy Jesus***

***ELW 349 vs. 1,2***

**Jesus is Sentenced to Death: Luke 23:13-25 (Pastor)**

Pilate then called together the chief priests, the leaders, and the people and said to them, “You brought me this man as one who was inciting the people, and here I have examined him in your presence and have not found this man guilty of any of your charges against him. Neither has Herod, for he sent him back to us. Indeed, he has done nothing to deserve death. I will therefore have him flogged and release him.”

Then they all shouted out together, “Away with this fellow! Release Barabbas for us!” (This was a man who had been put in prison for an insurrection that had taken place in the city and for murder.) Pilate, wanting to release Jesus, addressed them again, but they kept shouting, “Crucify, crucify him!” A third time he said to them, “Why, what evil has he done? I have found in him no ground for the sentence of death; I will therefore have him flogged and then release him.” But they kept urgently demanding with loud shouts that he should be crucified, and their voices prevailed. So Pilate gave his verdict that their demand should be granted. He released the man they asked for, the one who had been put in prison for insurrection and murder, and he handed Jesus over as they wished.

*Extinguish the third candle. Silence*

**Hymn**

***Ah, Holy Jesus***

***ELW 349 vs 4,5***

*Cross is brought in during song*

**The Crucifixion of Jesus: Luke 23:26-49 (Carol)**

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him and made him carry it behind Jesus. A great number of the people followed him, and among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, ‘Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed.’ Then they will begin to say to the mountains, ‘Fall on us,’ and to the hills, ‘Cover us.’ For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?”

**Story: Simon of Cyrene (Pastor)**

Of course they chose me to carry a criminal's cross. Because of my dark skin and foreign clothes, the soldiers mark me as a man no one will stick up for—at least not against Roman spears.

I'm not surprised by the crowd's silence, but it still stings. No matter how many years I make my Passover pilgrimage to this land, they'll never see me as fully one of them. Wherever I go, I'm a man torn in two: not Cyrenian enough for my homeland; not Jewish enough for Jerusalem.

And now, I'm not even human enough for the Romans, who look at me and see nothing but a body they can force into service. Halfway up the hill, I'm not sure I'm going to make it. Is the beam getting heavier as it digs into my shoulder? But the soldiers' whips and spears warn me what will happen if I stumble or stop. For just a moment, the criminal whose cross I carry turns

around and meets my gaze. There's compassion in his eyes, as if he's sorry for my pain—mine!—when we both know the agony he is about to go through!

Just when I think my legs will give out, the criminal pauses, forcing the soldiers to stop too. At last, a moment of rest. He's stopped in front of a throng of crying women. What is he saying?...

"Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me." He is comforting them, too!

Suddenly, I'm not so ashamed to shoulder a cross for this man, whom the poor and powerless love so well. A poor, battered, exhausted soul, just steps away from death—and yet, he radiates compassion. And yet, he is loved. Truly that is power, beyond Rome's wildest imagination.

*Extinguish the fourth candle. Silence*

**Hymn    *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded***

***ELW 351***

**The Other Criminals: Luke 23:32-43 (John)**

Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they

crucified Jesus with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing." And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by watching, but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!" The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine and saying, "If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!" There was also an inscription over him, "This is the King of the Jews."

One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, "Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!" But the other rebuked him, saying, "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong."

Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come in your kingdom." He replied, "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in paradise."

### **Story: The Criminal on the Cross Paradise. (Carol)**

That's what my companion and I are guilty of: intent to bring paradise to our poor, oppressed people, no matter the cost. That's not how Rome sees it, of course; they charged us with robbery and sedition.

We'd heard Jesus was back in town, that he'd ridden in like a king of old in challenge to Pilate's grand parade—and we'd thought he must be here to kick off a rebellion. After all his preaching about the nearness of God's kingdom, and calling himself son of God in defiance to Caesar ...

what could he possibly be promising but revolution? And how does revolution come about, if not with swords? So we ambushed soldiers to seize their weapons. Clearly, it didn't go as planned. Clearly, Jesus never meant to lead an insurrection after all. So here we are, about to die with him anyway, and I get why my companion feels betrayed, why he mocks

the man we'd pinned our hopes on. Still, I can't bring myself to hate Jesus. All the way through my arrest, my trial, my struggle up this hill, I've been pondering ...

Could Jesus know a different path to paradise? A way to hold yourself somewhere between violence and passivity as you fight for justice? A kind of revolution that refuses to use the Empire's weapons and instead creates its own tools for dismantling oppression. I shouldn't have any hope left: not while hanging here between life and death, with no riot, no liberation, no second chance for me. The Messiah we thought would overturn Rome is slowly suffocating to death beside me. Things are hopeless—and yet, absurdly, I hope.

Today I head for paradise. Tomorrow others will take up the work for a better world—until God's kingdom comes to earth at last.

*Extinguish the fifth candle. Silence*

*Choir Anthem*

*Come to the Cross*

*Soma/Schrader*

## **The Death of Jesus: Luke 23:44-49 (John)**

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed,] and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, said, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit." Having said this, he breathed his last.

When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, "Certainly this man was innocent." And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts. But all his acquaintances, including the women who had followed him from Galilee, stood at a distance watching these things.



*Extinguish the sixth candle. Silence*

**Hymn**

***Were You There***

***ELW 353 vs 1,2***

## **Prayer and Adoration of the Cross**

Let us pray, Holy One, we are here.

We don't want to turn away from you this night,  
but our hearts are heavy and our burdens are great.

We lay them at the foot of your cross.

On the cross, you bore the weight of all our cares,  
and the good news is heavy on our souls.

May we not turn away from the spectacle and tragedy of your death.

Draw us to the pain of your cross.

When we judge the crowd, caught up in the frenzy and the fervor,  
help us to recognize our own tendency to follow crowds where we do not  
want to go.

We offer prayers this day for people caught up in crowds, anxiety, fear,  
and the rush of judgment. May we be non-anxious witnesses to the pain of  
the world, able to respond in compassion. Draw us to the peace of your  
cross.

We see your body, broken, O Lord, and we remember the brokenness  
in our community and our lives. Bring your healing, O God,  
into the broken places, the wounds, the fears, the injuries we don't know  
how to heal. We seek your wholeness, your shalom, for the people we  
know to be in need of healing. Draw us to the healing of your cross.

Your cross is a symbol for the whole church. For the ways we have  
divided ourselves and set up walls where you seek bridges, forgive us.

When the body of Christ is broken, you are the one who bleeds.

Lead us to understanding, to acceptance of differences, and to love our  
siblings who serve you differently.

Bless your church in this place and around the world,  
that we may represent your love to the world.

Bless our siblings in other faith traditions as well,

that in our embrace, the world may see a path toward peace.

Draw us to the unity of your cross.

Your cross embraces all of creation, and we are mindful that we have focused too narrowly on our own salvation, as if we could personally be saved while the world burned.

Lead us into a deeper care for this planet we call home. Lead us to seek and savor the majestic beauty around us, from sunset over jagged mountain peaks to dew on a spider web in the early dawn.

Lead us to care for people impacted by a changing climate,  
for people impacted by our disregard for our effect on the planet.

Be with people in the path of winds, rains, fires, and floods.

As you stretch out your arms on the cross,  
reach into lives in need of your rescue.

Draw us to the rescue of your cross.

We hear your voice crying out in pain on the cross  
and we remember the voices crying out around us today.

May we pour out our compassion instead of drowning them out with our indifference.

May we recognize and acknowledge the pain of their lives.

Draw us to the cries of your cross.

Hear our voices now,

as we bring all of our prayers, pain, and hope before you.

Behold the life-giving cross, on which was hung the Savior of the whole world.

**Oh, come, let us worship him.**

*During this time, you may come up to the cross to make a sign of reverence. Reverencing the cross may include actions such as pausing before the cross, bowing, kneeling before it and praying, or touching it.*

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

**By your holy cross you have redeemed the world.**

## **SENDING**

*God blesses us and sends us in mission to the world.*

### **The Burial of Jesus: Luke 23:50-56 (Pastor)**

Now there was a good and righteous man named Joseph who, though a member of the council, had not agreed to their plan and action. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea, and he was waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God. This man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then he took it down, wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in a rock-hewn tomb where no one had ever been laid. It was the day of Preparation, and the Sabbath was beginning. The women who had come with him from Galilee followed, and they saw the tomb and how his body was laid. Then they returned and prepared spices and ointments. On the Sabbath they rested according to the commandment.

### **Closing Litany**

After the betrayal, the accusations, the torturous execution, there seemed to be nothing left of Jesus' life's work, his vision of an upside-down kingdom where the last are first.

The Empire stomped out his spirit, and that was the end...

Except. There were the women who stayed with Jesus until the very end.

Reader: Except. There was the body that had embraced, and fed, and touched so many lives—a body that was still honored, still cared for, still loved.

Except. There was Joseph of Arimathea, who gave up his own tomb to bury the Son of God. A member of the same Jewish council that charged

Jesus with blasphemy, Joseph reminds us that Jewish people were and are not a monolith. He voted against a conviction; he risked safety and good standing to recover Jesus' body for the women who cherished him.

And there was ritual, the motions that carried the women through their grief: burial and the anointing of the body, with Sabbath rest in between, giving them space to mourn.

We end tonight in the space between death and resurrection, as the friends and followers of Jesus go home devastated and afraid. We linger with them, because grief matters. Even when we know a joyful new beginning is soon to come, the grief and pain are still real and deserve to be heard. Go in peace, and in silence, to wait with those who wait and mourn with those who mourn. **Amen.**

*You are invited to sit in silence and pray for as long as you wish. To honor the grief of Jesus' friends, his mother, and the poor, whose lives he'd changed, I invite you to read the poem below. I encourage you to take some time on Holy Saturday to read it, and to sit with your own troubles, fears, and griefs as you remember the day that God lay dead in a tomb, accompanying us even into death.*

## **I've Been the Thief**

I want my own miracle.

I read about the blind man and the woman who touched his cloak.

I read about Lazarus and the little girl who got up.

I have seen love after loss  
and recovery after addiction,  
so I want my own miracle.

And if it helps,

I'd be willing to beg and barter for it.

I'd be willing to kiss the floor,  
to sell a portion of my days,

to press my knees to the ground,  
to live with this ache.  
I'd be willing to pray all night,  
to pray until my voice is hoarse—  
Save yourself, and us, or just,  
Save yourself, and me.  
But eventually, my demands soften.  
Eventually, the edge in my voice smooths.  
Eventually, time wears down my insistence,  
and Save yourself and me will become:  
If you're there,  
just don't forget me.  
Please, don't forget me.

April 20<sup>th</sup> Easter Worship 9:30 am

Assisting us today  
Readers: Carol & John

### **Church Council Members**

Council President: Carol Borremans  
Vice President: John Koch  
Secretary: Jodi Koch  
Treasurer: Debbie LaPlante

Pastor: Melissa Pagel  
Secretary: Jean Kaster  
Musician: Greg Pagel  
Choir Director: Beth Krepline  
Financial Secretary: Chris Peterson

### **Committees**

Resource & Finance: John Koch  
Education: Brent Phare  
Worship & Church Music: Carol Borremans  
Food Pantry: Debbie LaPlante  
Celebration: Christina Marcin  
Church Support & Property: Kevin Wood  
Outreach: Sandy Krakow

Wiener Wednesday: Jodi Koch

Personnel: Carol Borremans



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