



GOOD FRIDAY

“Father, into your hands
I commit my Spirit.”

Luke 23:46

Return to Me

By Taylor Scott Davis

PINNACLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CHAMBER CHOIR

David E. Allen, *director*

Dr. Ilona Kubiaczyk-Adler, *organ/piano*

Ruthie Wilde Wenger, *cello*



THE STATIONS *of the* CROSS

The ancient “Stations of the Cross” appear to have begun with pilgrimages to Jerusalem, which were common as early as the 4th century. Pilgrims would follow the path through the streets of Jerusalem that Jesus himself took on his way to Calvary, reverently marking sites along the way where events recorded in scripture would have taken place.

As early as the 5th century, churches in Europe were reproducing that sequence of events in their own architecture, so that even those who could not go to Jerusalem in person could meditate on the “Way of the Cross.” A standard set of 14 stations was settled on, and through the Middle Ages, these stations were illustrated in statuary, stained glass, paintings, and music.

Several of the traditional 14 stations grew from legend, not scripture, and reflect creative embellishments rather than the gospels. In 1991, Pope John Paul II approved an alternate set of 14 stations, called the “Scriptural Stations of the Cross.” The 8 stations that are represented here today—and that form the basis of the musical work, *Return to Me*—are from this alternate set. Each station is drawn from an event recorded in the gospels.

PRELUDE

O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde groß/

O people, weep for your great sins

Johann Sebastian Bach

Ilona Kubiacyk-Adler, organ

OPENING PRAYER

Wes Avram

Most gracious God, look with mercy upon your family gathered here, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was betrayed, given into sinful hands, and suffered death upon the cross; strengthen our faith and forgive our betrayals as we enter the way of his passion: through him who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.

* **Hymn No. 101** *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

Hamburg

**When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.**

**Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.**

**See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

OLD TESTAMENT READING

Isaiah 52:13-15

Reader: This is the Word of God for the people of God.

People: Thanks be to God.

Return to Me

A Choral Service based on the
Stations of the Cross

STATION 1

Luke 22:14-23

Wes Avram

When the hour came, Jesus and his apostles reclined at the table. 15 And he said to them, "I have eagerly desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer. 16 For I tell you, I will not eat it again until it finds fulfillment in the kingdom of God."

17 After taking the cup, he gave thanks and said, "Take this and divide it among you. 18 For I tell you I will not drink again from the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God comes."

19 And he took bread, gave thanks and broke it, and gave it to them, saying, "This is my body given for you; do this in remembrance of me."

20 In the same way, after the supper he took the cup, saying, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is poured out for you. 21 But the hand of him who is going to betray me is with mine on the table.

22 The Son of Man will go as it has been decreed. But woe to that man who betrays him!" 23 They began to question among themselves which of them it might be who would do this.

Salvation Stands with Open Arms

Salvation stands with open arms, with nail prints red and flowing.
Salvation stands upon a nail with love and pain, both glowing.
Salvation's flesh is torn and broken, by thorns and nails and spears
is broken. By greed and hate and war is broken. For love and pity,
for grace and mercy, Salvation's flesh is torn and broken. Now when
you eat, now when you drink, when you see greed and hate and war,
remember me.

STATION 2

Luke 22:63-65; John 19:2-3

Terilyn Lawson

63 The men who were guarding Jesus began mocking and beating him.
64 They blindfolded him and demanded, "Prophecy! Who hit you?" 65
And they said many other insulting things to him.

2 The soldiers twisted together a crown of thorns and put it on his head. They clothed him in a purple robe 3 and went up to him again and again, saying, "Hail, king of the Jews!" And they slapped him in the face.

Hail, King of the Jews

Rejection pierces his heart; Thorns pierce His brow. Soldiers slap His face. Laughter saddens His spirit as those he deeply loves mock His name. Hail, King of the Jews. Condemnation is the purple robe He wears. The innocent stands condemned; hate stands to cheers. Betrayal slaps His soul; hatred slaps love's face. Cursing covers their fear; self-righteousness and pride mock His name. A crown of thorns, fearful lies, tears and love flow from His eyes. The Lord of life condemned to die; Crucify! Crucify!

STATION 3

John 19:15-17

Mike Hegeman

15 But they shouted, "Take him away! Take him away! Crucify him!"
"Shall I crucify your king?" Pilate asked.

"We have no king but Caesar," the chief priests answered.

16 Finally Pilate handed him over to them to be crucified.

So the soldiers took charge of Jesus. 17 Carrying his own cross, he went out to the place of the Skull (which in Aramaic is called Golgotha).

Caesar Is Our King

Thomas Strawser, soloist

Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Shall I crucify your king?

Away with this man, for Caesar is our king. Away with this man, whom it pleases us to hate. Away with this man, for his teachings make no sense. Away with this man, for his claims amount to treason; Away with this man, can there be more damning reason? Away with this man; so Pilate delivered Him, and Jesus bore His cross to the place of the Skull.

STATION 4

Luke 23:26; Matthew 27:32

Wes Avram

26 As the soldiers led him away, they seized Simon from Cyrene, who was on his way in from the country, and put the cross on him and made him carry it behind Jesus.

32 As they were going out, they met a man from Cyrene, named Simon, and they forced him to carry the cross.

Black-Skinned Simon

Black-skinned Simon, tote the cross.

Dark-skinned Simon, bear the load.

Black-skinned Simon, back bent low, know what man-beasts know.

Black Simon.

Tote it like a donkey, tote it for the lamb.

Fully God, fully man, fully lamb,

Jesus falls beneath the load.

Black-skinned Simon, on your back you carry the law's own death.

Carry the trial; carry the verdict. Tote it like a donkey; tote it for the lamb.

STATION 5

Luke 23:27-28

Terilyn Lawson

27 A large number of people followed him, including women who mourned and wailed for him. 28 Jesus turned and said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children.

Daughters of Jerusalem, Weep

Katherine Rosenfeld, soloist

Daughters of Jerusalem weep, weep not for me but for yourselves and your children. Weep for yourselves, for the sources of your tears. Weep for your children, for their fate in coming years. Weep for yourselves, your destruction and disgrace. Weep for your children, from their fate you'll turn your face. Sing your lament; sing abuse and its frustration. Daughters of Jerusalem, weep. I know your tears. Daughters of Jerusalem, weep.

STATION 6

Luke 23:32-38

Mike Hegeman

32 Two other men, both criminals, were also led out with him to be executed. 33 When they came to the place called the Skull, they crucified him there, along with the criminals—one on his right, the other on his left. 34 Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.” And they divided up his clothes by casting lots.

35 The people stood watching, and the rulers even sneered at him. They said, “He saved others; let him save himself if he is God’s Messiah, the Chosen One.”

36 The soldiers also came up and mocked him. They offered him wine vinegar 37 and said, “If you are the king of the Jews, save yourself.”

38 There was a written notice above him, which read: THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

What Was That He Said

Michael Tallino, soloist

Strip him of his clothes, soon he will be dead. What was that, what was that he said? Nailed upon the cross, he dies with the thieves. Roll the dice, for the clothes he leaves. Shame upon shame, the people stare. Name upon name, the people sneer. Are you now a savior? What is that you say? Can he save himself if he’s dressed that way? What was that he said? “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

STATION 7

Isaiah 53:10-12

Wes Avram

10 Yet it was the Lord’s will to crush him and cause him to suffer,
and though the Lord makes his life an offering for sin,
he will see his offspring and prolong his days,
and the will of the Lord will prosper in his hand.

11 After he has suffered,
he will see the light of life and be satisfied;
by his knowledge my righteous servant will justify many,
and he will bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore I will give him a portion among the great,
and he will divide the spoils with the strong,
because he poured out his life unto death,
and was numbered with the transgressors.

For he bore the sin of many,
and made intercession for the transgressors.

Only God Knows

Schae Chapman, soloist

Only God knows the pain of nails in hands and feet.

The pain of bending neck and knee.

Only God knows the pain of nails that will not cease.

Only God knows; God the parent, God the Child.

Only God knows this pain that's running wild.

The pain, the pain beyond the cries.

Only God knows the pain through which I hear and see.

Only God knows, God the parent, God the Child.

Only God knows; the pain of arms outstretched.

Only God knows the pain of every breath.

Only God knows this pain that's sacrament and prayer.

Only God knows; God the parent, God the Child.

STATION 8

Luke 23:44-46

Terilyn Lawson

44 It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, 45 for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two. 46 Jesus called out with a loud voice, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." When he had said this, he breathed his last.

This Mid-Day Night

Melissa Trafficante, soloist

The Savior's grief, a healing sorrow; His night a womb for our tomorrow. His tears, his water, and his blood; This mid-day night, a womb, a womb for our tomorrow. The Savior's death, the parent's loss, the Spirits leaving; how long this darkness, death, and grieving? The temple veil rips as for birth. He speaks his last in shallow, labored breathing.

The Savior's pain, a human shouting; the spirit parting. He cries our tears, he bleeds our blood; This mid-day night, the life in death concealing. The Savior dies, a stiffness creeping; a quiet darkness, save for weeping. No jeers, no more taunts; This mid-day night, no hope, no hope for the dawn revealing.

STATION 9

Luke 23:50-56

Mike Hegeman

50 Now there was a man named Joseph, a member of the Council, a good and upright man, 51 who had not consented to their decision and action. He came from the Judean town of Arimathea, and he himself was waiting for the kingdom of God. 52 Going to Pilate, he asked for Jesus' body. 53 Then he took it down, wrapped it in linen cloth and placed it in a tomb cut in the rock, one in which no one had yet been laid. 54 It was Preparation Day, and the Sabbath was about to begin. 55 The women who had come with Jesus from Galilee followed Joseph and saw the tomb and how his body was laid in it. 56 Then they went home and prepared spices and perfumes. But they rested on the Sabbath in obedience to the commandment.

No Crying He Makes

Again, God's Son sleeps, again no crying he makes.

Again, his body is wrapped, wrapped against the cold.

Where are the Shepherds? Where are the Kings?

Joseph, where are you? Angels guard the door, but not one angel sings.

Where is the hay for this cold room? Every manger knows a tomb, my Jesus, Every manger knows a tomb.

God does not slumber, but God's Son sleeps death's cold dark sleep.

God's Son sleeps. No crying he makes. His body is wrapped against the cold, wrapped against the cold, wrapped against the cold, wrapped against the cold...

Please depart the Sanctuary in silence.

Join us in giving our gifts back to God by placing your offering in the plate found in the back of the Sanctuary.

CHAMBER CHOIR

Soprano

Katherine Rosenfeld
Melissa Trafficante
Elizabeth Monroe

Alto

Shae Chapman
Meredith Downing
Nancy Shamadan

Tenor

Thomas Strawser
Aaron Jones

Bass

Michael Tallino
Mike Jones
Rod Houston



EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday, April 4

Sunrise Service

6:00 am | Memorial Garden

Outdoor Service

9:00 am | The Green

Traditional Service

11:00 am | Sanctuary*

**Live & Live-streamed*



PINNACLE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

25150 N. PIMA ROAD, SCOTTSDALE, AZ 85255
480.585.9448 | PINNACLEPRES.ORG