

THE
MOUNTAIN
RANGE
OF THE LORD'S GLORY



MOUNT CALVARY

Grace Lutheran Church & School



460 75th Ave. NE
Fridley, MN 55432



Email: john.p.hein@gmail.com
Home Page: www.FridleyLutheran.org

Member: *CHURCH OF THE LUTHERAN CONFESSION*

Pastor: John Hein (Cell 612-408-1635)

Phone: 763-784-8784

School Phone: 763-784-6340

Grades: Kindergarten-8th

Church Year: Good Friday

Date: April 15, 2022

✝ **WORSHIP INFORMATION** ✝

- ★ The sanctuary will get darker during the worship service, picturing how Jesus was punished for the darkness of our sin.
- ★ Ponder the great love of our Savior, Jesus Christ, as we progress through the Bible readings and hymns.
- ★ The liturgy and hymns will be projected this evening. Please note that there are times when men or women sing by themselves.
- ★ Please remain silent at the end and usher yourself out, speaking outside if you wish.
- ★ Please turn off all cell phones.
- ★ Our Easter worship service is at 9 am on Sunday with our Easter breakfast at 7:30-8:30 am. Everyone is invited!

Good Friday Devotion Based on Luke 23:33:

And when they had come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the criminals, one on the right hand and the other on the left. *(NKJV™)*

The Mountain Range of God's Glory Mount Calvary: Where Jesus Died for All Sin

Welcome to our guests and visitors. We appreciate the opportunity to share God's Word with you today. Please come again! Those interested in learning more about the Scriptures and our doctrinal position, please speak with Pastor Hein. He would be delighted to visit with you!

THE SCOURGE, THE ROBE, THE THORNS, THE REED

Written by Prof. Em. John Pfeiffer, 4/2022



A scourge am I of cords and hooks;
They lay me on the Nazarene.
I break His flesh, lay bare His bones.
What kind of man must He have been?
A rebel, murderer, or thief?
What wretched crime makes Him unclean?
No judge has sentenced Him as yet,
So, why do I this man demean?
A scourge am I of cords and hooks;
They lay me on the Nazarene.

The purple robe of honor I,
The great and mighty to adorn,
But where's the greatness in this one,
Upon whose shoulders I am borne?
No rich perfume beneath my cloth,
But blood from flesh by scourges torn.
It seems improper, seems not right;
My place is not with jeering scorn.
The purple robe of honor I,
The great and mighty to adorn.

A crown of thorns is what I am;
I rest upon this lowly head.
Yet, I can bring no honor here,
No praise on His behalf is said.
If praise they bring, `tis for His pain
For piercing thorns, for blood that's shed.
They want no king, such as He is.
What kingdom comes from one who's dead?
A crown of thorns is what I am
To rest upon this lowly head.

A reed from by the water's edge,
I am the scepter of this King
To symbolize no sovereignty.
What other king to me would cling?
I am a weak and feeble rod,
And weakness is the thought I bring.
And now, they strike me on His head,
Thus to increase shame's bitter sting.
A reed from by the water's edge,
I am the scepter of this King,

A scourge, a robe, a crown of thorns,
A reed to hold within His hand.
To sinful men these mock the Lord.
So little do they understand.
But, unto us a different word
These speak, a word of love so grand;
They say that by His pain and death
Christ gained for us the Promised Land.
No scourge, no robe, no thorns, no reed.
Now, this One stands at God's right hand.